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"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

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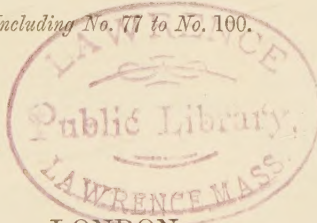
CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

VOLUME IV.

FROM OCTOBER 13 TO MARCH 23, 1861.

Including No. 77 to No. 100.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT N^o. 26, WELLINGTON STREET;
AND BY MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1861.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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N^o. 77.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.]

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XI.

I TAKE it for granted that all special "charities" have had their origin in some specific suffering. At least I can aver that my first thought on landing at Ostend was, Why has no great philanthropist thought of establishing such an institution as a Refuge for the Sea-sick? I declare this publicly, that if I ever become rich—a consummation which, looking to the general gentleness of my instincts, the wide benevolence of my nature, and the kindness of my temperament, mankind might well rejoice at—if, I repeat, I ever become rich, one of the first uses of my affluence will be to endow such an establishment. I will place it in some one of our popular ports, say Southampton. Surrounded with all the charms of inland scenery, rich in every rustic association, the patient shall never be reminded of the scene of his late sufferings. A velvety turf to stroll on, with a leafy shade above his head, the mellow lowing of cattle in his ears, and the fragrant odours of meadow-sweet and hawthorn around, I would recal the sufferer from the dread memories of the slippery deck, the sea-washed stairs, or the sleepy state-room. For the rattle of cordage and the hoarse trumpet of the skipper, I would substitute the song of the thrush or the black-bird; and, instead of the thrice odious steward and his basin, I would have trim maidens of pleasing aspect to serve him with syllabubs. I will not go on to say the hundred devices I would employ to cheat memory out of a gloomy record, for I treasure the hope that I may yet live to carry out my theory and have a copyright in my invention.

It was with sentiments deeply tinged by the above that I tottered, rather than walked, towards the Hôtel Royal. It was a bright moonlight night, and, as if in mockery of the weather outside, as still and calm as might be. Many a picturesque effect of light and shade met me as I went: quaint old gables flaring in a strong flood of moonlight showed outlines the strangest and oddest; twinkling lamps shone out of tall, dark-sided old houses, from which strains of music came plaintively enough in the night air; the sounds of a prolonged revel rose loudly out of that deep-pillared chateau-like building in the Place, and in the quiet alley adjoining I could

catch the low song of a mother as she tried to sing her baby to sleep. It was all human in every touch and strain of it. And did I not drink it in with rapture? Was it not in a transport of gratitude that I thanked Fortune for once again restoring me to land? "O Earth, Earth!" says the Greek poet, "how art thou interwoven with that nature that first came from thee!" Thus musing, I reached the inn, where, although the hour was a late one, the household was all active and astir.

"Many passengers arrived, waiter?" said I, in the easy, careless voice of one who would not own to sea-sickness.

"Very few, sir; the severe weather has deterred several from venturing across."

"Any ladies?"

"Only one, sir; and, poor thing, she seems to have suffered fearfully. She had to be carried from the boat, and when she tried to walk upstairs, she almost fainted. There might have been some agitation, however, in that, for she expected some one to have met her here; and when she heard that he had not arrived, she was completely overcome."

"Very sad, indeed," said I, examining the carte for supper.

"Oh yes, sir; and being in deep mourning, too, and a stranger away for the first time from her country."

I started, and felt my heart bounding against my side.

"What was it you said about deep mourning, and being young and beautiful?" asked I, eagerly.

"Only the mourning, sir—it was only the mourning I mentioned; for she kept her veil close down, and would not suffer her face to be seen."

"Bashful as beautiful! modest as she is fair!" muttered I. "Do you happen to know whether she is going?"

"Yes, sir; her luggage is marked 'Brussels.'"

"It is she! It is herself!" cried I, in rapture, as I turned away, lest the fellow should notice my emotion. "When does she leave this?"

"She seems doubtful, sir; she told the landlady that she is going to reside at Brussels; but never having been abroad before, she is naturally timid about travelling even so far alone."

"Gentle creature, why should she be exposed

to such hazards? Bring me some of this frican-deau with chicory, waiter, and a pint of Beaune; fried potatoes, too.—Would that I could tell her to fear nothing,” thought I. “Would that I could just whisper, ‘Potts is here; Potts watches over you; Potts will be that friend, that brother, that should have come to meet you! Sleep soundly, and with a head at ease. You are neither friendless nor forsaken!’” I feel I must be naturally a creature of benevolent instincts; for I am never so truly happy as when engaged in a work of kindness. Let me but suggest to myself a labour of charity, some occasion to sorrow with the afflicted, to rally the weak-hearted and to succour the wretched, and I am infinitely more delighted than by all the blandishments of what is called “society.” Men have their allotted parts in life, just as certain fruits are meet for certain climates. Mine was the grand comforting line. Nature meant me for a consoler. I have none of those impulsive temperaments which make what are called jolly fellows. I have no taste for those excesses which go by the name of conviviality. I can, it is true, be witty, anecdotic, and agreeable; I can spice conversation with epigram, and illustrate argument by apt example; but my forte is tenderness.

“Is not this veal a little tough, waiter?” said I, in gentle remonstrance.

“Monsieur is right,” said he, bowing; “but if a morsel of cold pheasant would be acceptable—mademoiselle, the lady in mourning, has just taken a wing of it—”

“Bring it directly.—Oh, ecstasy of ecstasies! We are then, as it were, supping together—served from the same dish!—May I have the honour?” said I, filling out a glass of wine and bowing respectfully and with an air of deep devotion across the table. The pheasant was exquisite, and I ate with an epicurean enjoyment. I called for another pint of Beaune, too. It was an occasion for some indulgence, and I could not deny myself. No sooner had the waiter left me alone, than I burst into an expansive acknowledgment of my happiness. “Yes, Potts,” said I, “you are richer in that temperament of yours than if you owned half California. That boundless wealth of good intentions is a well no pumping can exhaust. Go on doing imaginary good for ever. You are never the poorer for all the orphans you support, all the distresses you relieve. You rescue the mariner from shipwreck without wetting your feet. You charge at the head of a squadron without the peril of a scratch. All blessed be the gift which can do these things!”

You call these delusions; but is it a delusion to be a king, to deliver a people from slavery, to carry succour to a drowning crew? I have done all of these; that is, I have gone through every changeable mood of hope and fear that accompanies these actions, sipping my glass of Beaune between whiles.

When I found myself in my bedroom I had no inclination for sleep; I was in a mood of enjoyment too elevated for mere repose. It was so

delightful to be no longer at sea, to feel rescued from the miseries of the rocking ship and the reeking cabin, that I would not lose the rapture by forgetfulness. I was in the mood for great things, too, if I only knew what they were to be. “Ah!” thought I, suddenly, “I will write to *her*. She shall know that she is not the friendless and forsaken creature that she deems herself; she shall hear that, though separated from home, friends, and country, there is one near to watch over and protect her, and that Potts devotes himself to her service.” I opened my desk, and in all the impatience of my ardour began:

“DEAR MADAM’—Quære: Ought I to say ‘dear’? We are not acquainted, and can I presume upon the formula that implies acquaintanceship? No. I must omit ‘dear;’ and then ‘Madam’ looks fearfully stern and rigid, particularly when addressed to a young unmarried lady; she is certainly not ‘Madam’ yet, surely. I can’t begin ‘Miss.’ What a language is ours! How cruelly fatal to all the tenderer emotions is a dialect so matter-of-fact and formal. If I could only start with ‘Gentilissima Signora,’ how I could get on! What an impulse would the words lend me! What ‘way on me’ would they impart for what was to follow! In our cast-metal tongue there is nothing for it but the third person: ‘The undersigned has the honour,’ &c. &c. This is chilling—it is positively repulsive. Let me see, will this do?—

“The gentleman who was fortunate enough to render you some trivial service at the Milford station two days ago, having accidentally learned that you are here and unprovided with a protector, in all humility offers himself to afford you every aid and counsel in his power. No stranger to the touching interests of your life, deeply sensible of the delicacy that should surround your steps, if you deign to accept his devoted services, he will endeavour to prove himself, by every sentiment of respect, your most faithful, most humble, and most grateful servant.

“P.S.—His name is Potts.”

“Yes, all will do but the confounded postscript. What a terrible bathos—‘His name is Potts!’ What if I say: ‘One line of reply is requested, addressed to Algernon Sydney Pottinger, at this hotel’?”

I made a great many copies of this document, always changing something as I went. I felt the importance of every word, and fastidiously pondered over each expression I employed. The bright sun of morning broke in at last upon my labours and found me still at my desk, still composing. All done, I lay down and slept soundly.

“Is she gone, waiter?” said I, as he entered my room with hot water. “Is she gone?”

“Who, sir?” asked he, in some astonishment.

“The lady in black, who came over in the last mail packet from Dover; the young lady in deep mourning, who arrived all alone.”

“No, sir. She has sent all round the hotels this morning to inquire after some one who was

to have met her here, but apparently without success."

"Give her this; place it in her own hand, and, as you are leaving the room, say, in a gentle voice: 'Is there an answer, mademoiselle?' You understand?"

"Well, I believe I do," said he, significantly, as he slyly pocketed the half-Napoleon fee I had tendered for his acceptance.

Now the fellow had thrown into his countenance—a painfully astute and cunning face it was—one of those expressive looks which actually made me shudder. It seemed to say, "This is a conspiracy, and we are both in it."

"You are not for a moment to suppose," said I, hurriedly, "that there is one syllable in that letter which could compromise *me*, or wound the delicacy of the most susceptible."

"I am convinced that monsieur has written it with most consummate skill," said he, with a supercilious grin, and left the room.

How I detest the familiarity of a foreign waiter! The fellows cannot respond to the most ordinary question without an affectation of showing off their immense acuteness and knowledge of life. It is their eternal boast how they read people, and with what an instinctive subtlety they can decipher all the various characters and temperaments that pass before them. Now this impertinent lacquey, who is to say what has he not imputed to me? Utterly incapable as such a creature must necessarily be of the higher and nobler motives that sway men of my order, he will doubtless have ascribed to me the most base and degenerate motives.

I was wrong in speaking one word to the fellow. I might have said, "Take that note to Number Fourteen, and ask if there be an answer;" or better still if I had never written at all, but merely sent in my card to ask if the lady would vouchsafe to accord me an audience of a few minutes. Yes, such would have been the discreet course; and then I might have trusted to my manner, my tact, and a certain something in my general bearing, to have brought the matter to a successful issue. While I thus meditated, the waiter re-entered the room, and, cautiously closing the door, approached me with an ostentatious pretence of secrecy and mystery.

"I have given her the letter," said he, in a whisper.

"Speak up!" said I, severely; "what answer has the lady given?"

"I think you'll get the answer presently," said he, with a sort of grin that actually thrilled through me.

"You may leave the room," said I, with dignity, for I saw how the fellow was actually revelling in the enjoyment of my confusion.

"They were reading it over together for the third time when I came away," said he, with a most peculiar look.

"Whom do you mean? who are they that you speak of?"

"The gentleman that she was expecting. He came by the 9.40 train from Brussels. Just in

time for your note." As the wretch uttered these words, a violent ringing of bells resounded along the corridor, and he rushed out without waiting for more.

I turned in haste to my note-book; various copies of my letter were there, and I was eager to recal the expressions I had employed in addressing her. Good Heavens! what had I really written? Here were scraps of all sorts of absurdity; poetry too! verses to the "Fair Victim of a recent War," with a number of rhymes for the last word, such as "low," "snow," "mow," &c.—all evidences of composition under difficulty.

While I turned over these rough copies the door opened, and a large, red-faced, stern-looking man, in a suit of red-brown tweed and with a heavy stick in his hand, entered; he closed the door leisurely after him, and I half thought that I saw him also turn the key in the lock. He advanced towards me with a deliberate step, and, in a voice measured as his gait, said,

"I am Mr. Jopplyn, sir—I am Mr. Christopher Jopplyn."

"I am charmed to hear it, sir," said I, in some confusion, for, without the vaguest conception of wherefore, I suspected lowering weather ahead.

"May I offer you a chair, Mr. Jopplyn? Won't you be seated? We are going to have a lovely day, I fancy—a great change after yesterday."

"Your name, sir," said he, in the same solemnity as before—"your name I apprehend to be Porringer?"

"Pottinger, if you permit me; Pottinger, not Porringer."

"It shall be as you say, sir: I am indifferent what you call yourself." He heaved something that sounded like a hoarse sigh, and proceeded: "I have come to settle a small account that stands between us. Is that document your writing?" As he said this, he drew, rather theatrically, from his breast-pocket the letter I had just written, and extended it towards me. "I ask, sir—and I mean you to understand that I will suffer no prevarication—is that document in your writing?"

I trembled all over as I took it, and for an instant I determined to disavow it; but in the same brief space I bethought me that my denial would be in vain. I then tried to look boldly, and brazen it out; I fancied to laugh it off as a mere pleasantry, and, failing in courage for each of these, I essayed, as a last resource, the argumentative and discussional line, and said,

"If you will favour me with an indulgent hearing for a few minutes, Mr. Jopplyn, I trust to explain, to your complete satisfaction, the circumstances of that epistle."

"Take five, sir—five," said he, laying a ponderous silver watch on the table as he spoke, and pointing to the minute hand.

"Really, sir," said I, stung by the peremptory and dictatorial tone he assumed, "I have yet to learn that intercourse between gentlemen is to be regulated by clockwork, not to say that I have to inquire by what right you ask me for this explanation."

"One minute gone," said he, solemnly.

"I don't care if there were fifty," said I, passionately. "I disclaim all pretension of a perfect stranger to obtrude himself upon me, and by the mere assumption of a pompous manner and an imposing air, to inquire into my private affairs."

"There are two!" said he, with the same solemnity.

"Who is Mr. Jopplyn—what is he to me?" cried I, in increased excitement, "that he presents himself in my apartment like a commissary of police? Do you imagine, sir, because I am a young man, that this—this—impertinence"—Lord what a gulp it cost me—"is to pass unpunished? Do you fancy that a red beard and a heavy walking-cane are to strike terror into me? You may think, perhaps, that I am unarmed——"

"Three!" said he, with a bang of his stick on the floor, that made me actually jump with the stick.

"Leave the room, sir," said I. "It is my pleasure to be alone—the apartment is mine—I am the proprietor here. A very little sense of delicacy, a very small amount of good breeding, might show you, that when a gentleman declines to receive company, when he shows himself indisposed to the society of strangers——"

"One minute more, now," said he, in a low growl, while he proceeded to button up his coat to the neck, and make preparation for some coming event.

My heart was in my mouth; I gave a glance at the window; it was the third story, and a leap out would have been fatal. What would I not have given for one of those weapons I had so proudly proclaimed myself possessed. There was not even a poker in the room. I made a spring at the bell-rope, and before he could interpose, gave one pull that, though it brought down the cord, resounded through the whole house.

"Time is up, Porringer," said he, slowly, as he replaced the watch in his pocket, and grasped his murderous-looking cane.

There was a large table in the room, and I entrenched myself at once behind this, armed with a light cane chair, while I screamed murder in every language I could command. Failing to reach me across the table, my assailant tried to dodge me by false starts, now at this side, now at that. Though a large fleshy man, he was not inactive, and it required all my quickness to escape him. These manœuvres being unsuccessful, he very quickly placed a chair beside the table and mounted upon it. I now hurled my chair at him; he warded off the blow and rushed on; with one spring I bounded under the table, reappearing at the opposite side just as he had reached mine. This tactic we now pursued for several minutes, when my enemy suddenly changed his attack, and descending from the table he turned it on edge: the effort required strength. I seized the moment and reached the door; I tore it open in some fashion, gained the stairs—the court—the streets—and ran ever

onward with the wildness of one possessed with no time for thought, nor any knowledge to guide; I turned left and right, choosing only the narrowest lanes that presented themselves, and at last came to a dead halt at an open draw-bridge, where a crowd stood waiting to pass.

"How is this? What's all the hurry for? Where are you running this fashion?" cried a well-known voice. I turned, and saw the skipper of the packet.

"Are you armed? Can you defend me?" cried I, in terror; "or shall I leap in and swim for it?"

"I'll stand by you. Don't be afraid, man," said he, drawing my arm within his; "no one shall harm you. Were they robbers?"

"No, worse—assassins!" said I, gulping, for I was heartily ashamed of my terror, and determined to show "cause why" in the plural.

"Come in here, and have a glass of something," said he, turning into a little cabaret, with whose penetralia he seemed not unfamiliar. "You're all safe here," said he, as he closed the door of a little room. "Let's hear all about it, though I half guess the story already."

I had no difficulty in perceiving, from my companion's manner, that he believed some sudden shock had shaken my faculties, and that my intellects were for the time deranged; nor was it very easy for me to assume sufficient calm to disabuse him of his error, and assert my own perfect coherency. "You have been out for a lark," said he, laughingly. "I see it all. You have been at one of those tea-gardens and got into a row with some stout Fleming. All the young English go through that sort of thing. Ain't I right?"

"Never more mistaken in your life, captain. My conduct since I landed would not discredit a canon of St. Paul's. In fact, all my habits, my tastes, my instincts, are averse to every sort of junketing. I am essentially retiring, sensitive, and, if you will, over fastidious in my choice of associates. My story is simply this." My reader will readily excuse my repeating what is already known to him. It is enough if I say, that the captain, although anything rather than mirthful, held his hand several times over his face, and once laughed out loudly and boisterously.

"You don't say it was Christy Jopplyn, do you?" said he, at last. "You don't tell me it was Jopplyn?"

"The fellow called himself Jopplyn, but I know nothing of him beyond that."

"Why, he's mad jealous about that wife of his; that little woman with the corkscrew curls and the scorbatic face, that came over with us. Oh! you did not see her aboard, you went below at once, I remember; but there was she in her black ugly, and her old crape shawl——"

"In mourning?"

"Yes. Always in mourning. She never wears anything else, though Christy goes about in colours, and not particular as to the tint, either."

There came a cold perspiration over me as I

heard these words, and perceived that my proffer of devotion had been addressed to a married woman, and the wife of the "most jealous man in Europe."

"And who is this Jopplyn?" asked I, haughtily, and in all the proud confidence of my present security.

"He's a railway contractor—a shrewd sort of fellow, with plenty of money, and a good head on his shoulders; sensible on every point except his jealousy."

"The man must be an idiot," said I, indignantly, "to rush indiscriminately about the world with accusations of this kind. Who wants to supplant him? Who seeks to rob him of the affections of his wife?"

"That's all very well, and very specious," said he, gravely, "but if men will deliberately set themselves down at a writing-table, hammering their brains for fine sentiments, and toiling to find grand expressions for their passion, it does not require that a husband should be as jealous as Christy Jopplyn to take it badly. I don't think I'm a rash or a hasty man, but I know what I'd do in such a circumstance."

"And, pray, what *would* you do?" said I, half impertinently.

"I'd just say, 'Look here, young gent, is this balderdash here your hand? Well, now, eat your words. Yes, eat them. I mean what I say. Eat up that letter, seal and all, or, by my oath, I'll break every bone in your skin!'"

"It is exactly what I intend," cried a voice, hoarse with passion; and Jopplyn himself sprang into the room, and dashed at me.

The skipper was a most powerful man, but it required all his strength, and not very gingerly exercised either, to hold off my enraged adversary. "Will you be quiet, Christy?" cried he, holding him by the throat. "Will you just be quiet for one instant, or must I knock you down?"

"Do! do! by all means," muttered I, for I thought if he were once on the ground, I could finish him off with a large pewter measure that stood on the table.

With a rough shake, the skipper had at last convinced the other that resistance was useless, and induced him to consent to a parley.

"Let him only tell *you*," said he, "what he has told *me*, Christy."

"Don't strike, but hear me," cried I; and safe in my stockade behind the skipper, I recounted my mistake.

"And *you* believe all this?" asked Jopplyn of the skipper, when I had finished.

"Believe it—I should think I do! I have known him since he was a child that high, and I'll answer for his good conduct and behaviour."

Heaven bless you for that bail bond, though endorsed in a lie, honest ship captain! and I only hope I may live to requite you for it.

Jopplyn was appeased; but it was the suppressed wrath of a brown bear rather than the vanquished anger of a man. He had booked him self for something cruel, and he was miserable

to be balked. Nor was I myself—I shame to own it—an emblem of perfect forgiveness. I know nothing harder than for a constitutionally timid man, of weak proportions, to forgive the bullying superiority of brute force. It is about the greatest trial human forgiveness can be submitted to; so that when Jopplyn, in a vulgar spirit of reconciliation, proposed that we should both go and dine with him that day, I declined the invitation with a frigid politeness.

"I wish I could persuade you to change your plans," said he, "and let Mrs. J. and myself see you at six."

"I believe I can answer for him that it is impossible," broke in the skipper; while he added in a whisper, "They never *can* afford any delay—they have to put on the steam at high pressure from one end of Europe to t'other."

What could he possibly mean by imputing such haste to my movements, and who were "they" with whom he thus associated me? I would have given worlds to ask, but the presence of Jopplyn prevented me, and so I could simply assent with a sort of foolish laugh, and a muttered "Very true—quite correct."

"Indeed, how you manage to be here, now, I can scarcely imagine," continued the skipper. "The last of yours that went through this took a roll of bread and a cold chicken with him into the train, rather than halt to eat his supper—but I conclude *you* know best."

What confounded mystification was passing through his marine intellects I could not fathom. To what guild or brotherhood of impetuous travellers had he ascribed me? Why should I not "take mine ease in mine inn?" All this was very tantalising and very irritating, and pleading a pressing engagement, I took leave of them both, and returned to the hotel.

I was in need of rest and a little composure. The incident of the morning had jarred my nerves and disconcerted me much. But a few hours ago, and life had seemed to me like a flowery meadow, through which, without path or track, one might ramble at will; now, it rather presented the aspect of a vulgar kitchen garden, fenced in, and divided, and partitioned off, with only a few very stony alleys to walk in. "This boasted civilisation of ours," exclaimed I, "what is it but snobbery? Our class distinctions—our artificial intercourses—our hypocritical professions—our deference for externals, are they not the flimsiest pretences that ever were fashioned? Why has no man the courage to make short work of these, and see the world as it really is? Why has not some one gone forth, the apostle of frankness and plain speaking, the same to prince as to peasant? What I would like, would be a ramble through the less visited parts of Europe—countries in which civilisation slants in just as the rays of a setting sun steal into a forest at evening. I would buy me a horse. Oh, Blondel," thought I, suddenly, "am I not in search of you? Is it not in the hope to recover you that I am here, and, with you for my companion, am I not content to roam the world, taking each incident of the

way with the calm of one who asks little of his fellow-men save a kind word as he passes, and a God speed as he goes?" I knew perfectly that, with any other beast for my "mount," I could not view the scene of life with the same bland composure. A horse that started, that tripped, that shied, reared, kicked, cromed his neck, or even shook himself, as certain of these beasts do, would have kept me in a paroxysm of anxiety and uneasiness, the least adapted of all moods for thoughtfulness and reflection. Like an ill-assorted union, it would have given no time save for squabble and recrimination. But Blondel almost seemed to understand my mission, and lent himself to its accomplishment. There was none of the obtrusive selfishness of an ordinary horse in his ways. He neither asked you to remark the glossiness of his skin, nor the graceful curve of his neck; he did not passage nor curvet. Superior to the petty arts by which vulgar natures present themselves to notice, he felt that destiny had given him a duty, and he did it.

Thus thinking, I returned once more to the spirit which had first sent me forth to ramble, to wander through the world, spectator, not actor; to be with my fellow-men in sympathy, but not in action; to sorrow and rejoice as they did, but, if possible, to understand life as a drama, in which, so long as I was the mere audience, I could never be painfully afflicted or seriously injured by the catastrophe: a wonderful philosophy, but of which, up to the present, I could not boast any pre-eminent success.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

It is by no means an uncommon thing, on the contrary it is so common as to approximate to a nuisance, to hear people bitterly complaining of the attention which is paid in this country to the cultivation of Latin and Greek. They say if their sons are to be sent to school and loaded with impositions and progged with a stick, let it be for something which will profit them, if they survive, in after life. Let them be loaded with impositions for French, and progged with a stick for German, and murdered for nothing at all. At any rate, don't make their lives a burden for Latin, and their souls weary for Greek. Now with respect to Latin, we have nothing to say, except that we never heard of its doing any great harm; and, being the most difficult language in point of construction, and the most like the German so far of any with which we are acquainted, it might be supposed to be not a bad starting-point for the acquisition of other languages; however, let it go; our business is with Greek; Greek is still a spoken language, Greek is becoming every day more and more like the Greek that boys learn at school; and but lately there was a dinner at the London Tavern at which all the speeches were made in Greek, and such Greek as any scholar with one day's study of a Modern Greek Grammar might read with considerable ease. It must not be imagined that the gentlemen who dined at that well-known

tavern had fallen victims to strong wine and were trying to outvie each other in extravagance by making speeches in the tongues which they had learnt at school. No, they were all as sober as people usually are, after a dinner at the London Tavern. They were an assemblage of gentlemen who have increased and multiplied amongst us, particularly in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, whose names constantly figure in the columns of our newspapers as mingling in our commerce, inhabiting our most fashionable quarters, frequenting our operas, and adding lustre to our Bankruptcy Courts; in fact, they were Greek merchants. They had met together to celebrate an auspicious event in their modern history—the establishment of a newspaper in their own language, which is to be amongst their people (*όμογενείς*) what the Times (*ό Χρόνος*) is amongst Englishmen. It is called the British Star (*ό Βρεταννικός Άστήρ*), for what reason we cannot say; whether because it is to enlighten us, or because its rays will diverge from Britain and shed light upon Greeks in all parts of the world, did not transpire.

But, whatever be the origin of its title, its establishment is a proof that the Greeks have not yet relinquished their national language, and that the teaching of the ancient tongue at our schools and universities might, with advantage, be combined with that of the modern. And what would make this easier, is the fact that at the court of Athens, and amongst all educated Greeks—witness Tri-coupi's *Έλληνική Έπανάστασις*—every effort is made to assimilate the modern to the ancient Greek. We do not mean in those abstruse points which require an acquaintance with Parson's Preface, and Bos on Ellipses, dissertations on *άν* with the optative mood, essays upon the use of *όπως* with the indicative mood and all sorts of critical jargon, but in the words themselves that they may be all formed according to the rules of Greek analogy, introducing as little as possible foreign elements. The constructions have been altered for good and simplified amazingly, so that there is no language so easy—if you have had a public school education—of acquisition as the modern Greek. And this is the language which our Greek merchants, as we know personally, make a point of speaking amongst one another; a proficiency in it is therefore, with persons engaged in commercial pursuits, a matter of some moment. It is true that most Greek merchants speak French, but it is always worth while to be able to converse with a man in his mother tongue. In Germany we believe all Greek scholars are acquainted both with the modern constructions and the modern pronunciation, and there is no reason on earth why not only English scholars but English boys at school should not be equally well instructed; nothing would be easier than to combine the modern pronunciation with the ancient mode of construction and inflexion. A boy would then see the use of the accents which now appear to him invented by the enemy simply to try his temper. We ourselves recollect the confusion

which we caused in the mind of a Greek to whom we were pointing out the shape of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. We wished him to understand that it was built in the form of a cross, and we said, *Ἡ μορφή ἐστὶν τοῦ σταύρου*. Our Greek friend's mind evidently failed to catch any idea of what we meant; but as soon as we corrected ourselves and said, *Συγγνώμην, κύριε-σταυροῦ*, a gleam of intelligence flashed across his face, and he crossed his forefingers as he answered, *Μάλιστα, μάλιστα, καταλαμβάνω*.

But to return to our friends at the London Tavern. A fanciful captain of Engineers (*λοχαγὸς τοῦ μηχανικοῦ*) says: "I discover Greece in the midst of England, Athens in the centre of London, and I join in your feelings of pride when I see above my head, with joy upon their faces, our ancient gods and heroes listening now for the first time in this famous hall to their own native tongue." There is not a word of Greek in his communication which a very indifferent scholar might not understand; he would translate *φαιδρνομένους*, "cleaned up for the occasion," perhaps; and he might be right, for the word would bear it, and the circumstance would be probable. At any rate, it is a proof that Hellas is reviving, and that the language of Themistocles and Pericles and the great men of ancient Greece is reviving: and we repeat, why should not our youth have the chance of availing themselves of that fact? Answer may now be made to the querulous inquiry, what is the use of Greek? It may be read and it may be spoken. Why, the very first time we were ever in a Greek's house, we took up a book, and what do you think it was called? *Ὁ περιπλανώμενος Ἰουδαῖος*—the Wandering Jew! We had no idea when we stumbled through *τύπτω*, that we should live to read a novel in the Greek character; but greater surprises than that awaited us: we have lived to ask a living creature "if we should ring the bell," "if we should give him some fish," "if we should cut him some bread," "if he would take some meat," &c, all in Greek! But we never thought we should read a police case in Greek; yet we have. The case is headed *Μέθη*—Drunkenness. A woman of dissipated appearance (*ἀκολάστου ὄψεως*) is brought up in the Thames police-court (*ἐν τῷ πιασματοδικεῖῳ Ταμείῳ*), charged with stealing an overcoat (*ἐπενδύτης*), value twelve shillings (*σελίγια*). She pawned (*ἔβαλε ἐνέχυρον*) the coat and got drunk with the money (*ἐμέθυσε μὲ τὰ χρήματα*). The magistrate sentenced the woman to three months' imprisonment and hard labour (*εἰς τριῶν μηνῶν φυλάκισιν καὶ βαρέα ἔργα*). Moreover, the British Star has furnished us with a Life (in Greek) of *Σὶρ "Ερρίκος "Αβελωκ* (Sir Henry Havelock), in which we are informed that the hero was born at *Βισσοπ-ουεαρμούνθ* (Bishop Wearmouth), and in this Life we meet with the names of certain other great men—to wit, *Οὐάσιγγτων* (Washington), *Νέλσων* (Nelson) and *Οὐέλινγτων* (Wellington).

The proper names are of course the great difficulty, and the names of places are sometimes almost unintelligible; and the unintelligibility is increased by the uncertainty that appears to exist as yet with respect to the manner of rendering certain combinations of letters: for instance, we find Manchester written in three distinct fashions, *Μάνσεστερ*, *Μαγγεστρία*, and *Μάντζεστερ*—*τς* being the orthodox equivalent in modern Greek for *tch* or *ch*. *H* is usually represented by *X*, so that we get the following grotesque-looking words to represent the names of our principal manufacturing towns: *ΜΑΝΣΕΣΤΕΡ*, *ΒΡΑΔΦΟΡΑ*, *ΛΗΗΔΣ*, *ΧΟΔΕΡΣΦΙΛΔ*, *ΧΑΛΙΦΑΣ*, *ΡΟΣΔΕΗΔ*, *ΛΕΙΣΤΕΡ*, *ΝΟΤΙΓΤΑΜΗ*, *ΒΟΥΑΒΕΡΧΑΜΠΤΩΝ* (MANCHESTER, BRADFORD, LEEDS, HUDDERSFIELD, HALIFAX, ROCHDALE, LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON).

The inhabitants will perhaps think it very hard to be misrepresented to the world in this way; and poor *Beta* is made to do more work than ought to be expected of him. He represents, it will be observed, *B* and *V* and *W*, whereas his only legitimate function is to discharge the simple duties of *V*; *B* we have hitherto been accustomed to see transmogrified into *ΜΗ*; and *W* invariably resolved into *Ου*. It may be that the British Star, as it gains in brilliancy (unless it be a meteor, destined to sudden extinction), will reveal to its writers some plain way of extricating themselves from their embarrassing position, and establishing a method of exchange between the letters which shall relieve not only the hard-worked *Beta*, but his brother in affliction *Delta*. For in modern Greek the proper sound of *δ* is the *th* in *the*; and the Modern Greeks have no sound *d* except under peculiar circumstances, as when *τ* follows *ν*: thus they pronounce *δντα*, *οντα*.

It is not our intention to write an Essay upon the modern Greek language, we wish simply to point out to all whom it may concern, that an effort is now being made to reintroduce into Europe, in the purest state compatible with inevitable changes in the world, a language which is not only in general use in the East as the medium of commercial intercourse, but the daily language of society amongst a colony of people established in the heart of our own country; that this language, so far as its general structure and actual words go, is taught in all our public schools and universities, and yet is seldom pursued in after life by any English scholar; and that this language must possess to a great extent the elements of vitality, when it can express in words formed after the analogy of the ancient Greek nearly everything connected with the social life, arts, science, and commerce of the nineteenth century. We cannot quite agree with one of the enthusiastic speakers at the London Tavern, who was of opinion that had the Greeks been represented by their own organ, had the British Star, in fact, existed at the time of those disturbances which

preceded the Crimean war, οὗτος ὁ Κριμαϊκὸς πόλεμος δὲν ἤθελεν ἀκολουθήσει (this Crimean war would not have followed). The British Star would have convinced the Greek Christians, both in Greece and in Turkey, that there was no trusting the hollow promises of Russia, and would have convinced the British people, and the world in general, that the best policy of the Greeks as a people was anti-Russian.

However, our view of the British Star is not so much political as educational; it furnishes us with an answer to parents who ask: "But will Greek be any use to my boy *in life*?" "Yes, sir," or "madam, he may converse in it at the Baltic and elsewhere, if he pleases, and he may read a newspaper printed in that language in the heart of London." But surely, some one will say, you can't talk about "the markets" in Greek! Read this, then:

ΑΛΕΥΡΑ. Ἔνεκα τῆς ἀβεβαίτητος τοῦ καιροῦ, τὸσον οἱ κάτοχοι ὅσον καὶ οἱ ἀγορασταὶ εἰδειξαν μεγίστην ἐπιφύλαξιν κατὰ τὴν παρελθούσαν ἐβδομίδα, αἱ τιμαὶ ὅμως ὑψώθησαν κατὰ τὰς χθεσινὰς πληροφορίας ἀπὸ φρ. 60 μέχρι 65 κατὰ σάκ. (Flours.—In consequence of the unsettled state of the weather, holders as well as buyers have displayed very great reserve during the past week; prices had risen, however, according to yesterday's accounts, from 60 to 65fr. per sack.) Isn't that the true business smack? Of course if you *will* be schoolboyish and translate "so much the holders as much as also the purchasers," &c., you may make it sound absurd; but there is nothing intrinsically queer in the Greek. Then we have ΣΙΤΟΙ (wheats), ΒΑΜΒΑΚΙΑ (cottons), ΚΑΦΕΔΕΣ (coffees), ΖΑΧΑΡΕΙΣ (sugars), ΑΛΕΙΜΜΑΤΑ (tallows), ΠΙΝΕΥΜΑΤΑ (spirits), ΔΕΡΜΑΤΑ (hides), ΠΑΛΛΙΑ (wools), ΝΗΜΑΤΑ (yarns). Then we read that τὰ χειμερινὰ ὑφάσματα ἐξητήθησαν πλειότερον (winter stuffs were more asked after), or that ἡ ἀγορὰ εἶναι στάσιμος (the market is firm), or the old sad tale πολλοὶ τῶν ἐργατῶν κάθηνται ἄργοι (many of the hands are out of work—there's no difficulty about translating that, it means that many men are starving); or we are a little cheered to find that τὸ μαυροπίπερον ἐξακολουθεῖ σταθερὸν εἰς τὴν προτεράνυπερτίμησιν (black pepper—like a good boy—continues steady at its former high price), together with useful information upon the subject of ῥουμιά (rum), κάκαον (cocoa), τίμιον (tea), καφῆς (coffee), ὀρύζιον (rice), ἀρώματα (spices), νίτρον (saltpetre), σάγος (sago), κοκκινίλη (cochineal), δοσπρακοβαφίη (indigo), κάνναβις (hemp), ἔλαια (oils). And to those who are not commercially disposed, we would submit for their consideration and amusement the question how they would translate into Greek "the Prince of Wales's visit to Canada?" And then, when they had puzzled sufficiently over it, we would ask them whether they had any idea it would result in anything so curious (to look at) as ἡ εἰς ΚΑΝΑΔΑΝ ἘΠΙΣΚΕΨΙΣ ΤΟΥ ΠΡΙ-

ΓΗΠΙΟΣ ΤΩΝ ΟΥΕΛΣ! Could they, moreover, fancy a descendant in a direct line from Plato, writing: Διὰ τηλεγράφηματος ἀπὸ "Ἀγίου Ἰωάννου" ἐμάθομεν ὅτι ὁ Πρίγγιψ τῶν Οὐέλς ἔφθασεν ὑγιῶς εἰς Νιουφουνδλανδίαν τὴν 23 τὸ ἑσπέρας, καὶ ὅτι μεγάλα προετοιμασίαι ἐγένοντο πρὸς ὑποδοχὴν του (By telegram from St. John, we learnt that the Prince of Wales arrived safely at Newfoundland on the 23rd, in the evening, and that great preparations were made to receive him)? At any rate the descendant of Plato follows the correct rule of composition enunciated by Mr. Shilleto, and gives us τηλεγράφημα like a Greek and not τηλεγράμμα like a scholar of Balliol. Nor let it be for one instant supposed that crinoline is unrepresented in the new-old language; but as the Grecian ladies of the olden time were sung of by the poets rather as βαθύκολποι than βαθύπυγοι, a word was to be invented. That was not difficult: κρινολίνα does well enough. Let us see how the Greek renders "the wadding struck the young woman and broke the steel hoops of her crinoline." Nothing can be simpler: τὸ στυπτεῖον ἐκτύπησε τὴν νεανίδα καὶ ἔθραυσε τοὺς χαλυβδίνους στεφάνους τῆς κρινολίνας.

Advertisements in Greek are particularly refreshing: we meet Benson's watches, or Ὁρολόγια: we are notified that Χρυσὰ πωλοῦνται ἀπὸ 4 ἕως 100 γκινέας, and Ἀργυρὰ ἀπὸ 2 ἕως 50 γκινέας, and that τὰ ὥρολόγια στέλλονται πανταχοῦ δι' ἐξόδων τοῦ ὥρολογιοποιοῦ (the watches are sent to all parts at the expense of the maker). There is here a slight departure (unless there be a misprint) from Greek accuracy, which would require πανταχοῦ or πανταχόσε. The Ῥεβόλβια τοῦ Κόλτς (Colt's revolvers) also greet us, and appropriately near to them the Πένυθια φορέματα (or mourning garments) of Jay and Co. ἐς μετριωτήν τιμὴν (at a very moderate price). The Κόλλα τοῦ Glenfield, or Glenfield starch, is also before our eyes, and Κύριος Γεώργιος Σκότ (Mr. George Scott) recommends his Ἀκαδημία εἰς Alderley Edge πλησίον τῆς Μαργεστρίας.

We hope we have now made it sufficiently apparent that the simple reading of modern Greek, particularly in the improved and purified form which is now gaining ground amongst the Hellenes, is a matter of tolerable ease to any one who is acquainted even with only the English system of teaching ancient Greek. The scholar will occasionally be shocked at the cases which certain prepositions are made to govern; but let him only make up his mind to bear it like a man, and he will soon become accustomed to it. Conversation will be a little more difficult, but pronunciation might be learnt in half an hour. The chief stumbling-block would be the fusions and clippings in which the modern Greeks indulge; for instance they say, καλημέρας, good day to you; τίνας or τίπατε (for τί εἶπας or τί εἶπατε), what did you say? Then they use λέμμεν for λέγομεν, πάγω for ὑπάγω,

ὄψαρι for ὀψάριον, νερό for νερόν, ψωμί for ψωμίον, κ.τ.λ., though there appears to be an inclination now-a-days to use the old word ἄρος instead of ψωμί. Bearing this in mind, we venture to say that any Englishman with a good knowledge of ancient Greek might, in three months, not only make himself understood by a modern Hellenic, but (which is not so easy) also understand him, supposing him to belong to the educated class.

THE GREAT SOWER.

LINNÆUS, investigating the causes of the dissemination of the plants of one locality over the whole inhabitable earth, says "the first cause is the force or power of the air." "We must admire," he continues, "the providence of the Creator who sends his winds, especially in the autumn, to shake the trees and make their leaves and seeds fly like flakes of snow; these winds sweep also the surface of the earth, lift again and again the fallen seeds, and disperse them on every side until at last they may have been sent even to remote regions propitious to germination. It is scarcely a hundred years ago that a plant, indigenous to America, was brought to the Garden of Plants in Paris, from which its seeds have been dispersed by the winds over France, Italy, Sicily, Belgium, and Germany. The snapdragon (*Antirrhinum*) has been widely disseminated in the neighbourhood of Upsal, from a few plants sent to the Botanic Garden. It is to facilitate this dissemination by the air, that when the fruit has become ripe it is elevated on stalks or stems. For the same purpose most seed-vessels are open only at the top. The seeds do not fall on the ground at the foot of the mother plant; they can get out only when the seed-vessel, beaten by a very strong wind, is turned upside down, and they are dispersed on every side. The seed-vessel of henbane (*Hyoscyamus*) has a horizontal opening when the seeds become ripe, but this opening does not permit their egress unless the seed-vessel is violently shaken by the wind."

Other seeds when ripe are provided with hooks made to catch hold of passing animals, which, after a time, get rid of them by rolling on the ground. Those seeds which are surrounded by a succulent pulp, and are swallowed by birds and quadrupeds, are generally favourably consigned to the earth. Most seeds pass uninjured through the stomach and intestines of all animals, with the exception of gallinaceous fowls. Currant seeds, after having been eaten by man, can germinate. Foxes sow the seeds of the cranberry (*Vaccinium*) after eating its red berries. Apple and pear trees are often found in ditches and under hedges, proceeding, it is said, from fruit which has been devoured by peasants. Farmers are often astonished when, after having, as they think, perfectly prepared their fields, and sown excellent corn, on reaping they find some places covered only with useless oats.

In other cases, mammiferes and birds devour

only a portion of seeds, while the rest fall and become productive. When the squirrel shakes the cones of the pine-tree to obtain the seeds, a great number fall to the ground and are lost to him. The inhabitants of Iceland call a particular sort of nut "rats' nut," from the circumstance that the rats gather them in great numbers, and hide them in the ground. But as the rats are very often killed by one or other of their numerous enemies, the nuts are left to germinate. Seeds falling into worm-holes are sure to germinate, as well as seeds which drop into the subterraneous passages made by the moles to ensnare worms and insects. The hog, by tearing up the earth as with a ploughshare, prepares it for the reception of seeds; the hedgehog passes his life in doing the same service.

Linnæus says that in Lapony the power of rivers in dispersing seeds is seen very plainly. "I have found," he says, "on the banks of the rivers of that country, alpine plants, often at the distance of thirty leagues from their native soil. The ripe seeds of these alpine plants, swept away by the waters, after being carried longer or shorter distances along the course of these rivers, are at last thrown upon their banks, where they strike root."

Seas, also, have a great share in the transmission of seeds. It is generally believed that seeds, when steeped in water, become corrupt and unfruitful, but this is a mistake. The water of the sea has seldom sufficient heat to destroy seeds. For the same reason, fields are sometimes covered with water during a whole winter, and yet the seeds with which they were sown remain in good condition.

Linnæus thus describes the dissemination of the rose of Jericho. "Nature has wonderfully endowed the *anastatica*: while its seeds are being ripened, the branches which surround the fruit contract and seize it as in a fist, so putting the seeds beyond the reach of birds. This plant growing upon the sandy shores of the Red Sea, is exposed to the fury of the autumnal storms, when the sea beating violently upon the plant, seizes its fruit and hurls it into the deep; but the following tides throw it back upon the sandy beach. Now, this fruit has the property of remaining uninjured by cold sea water, but when this last has become lukewarm (which takes place when the fruit is left on the sand), the fruit swells, the branches which unfold it relax, the seeds are poured out, and, finding all that is necessary for germination, send forth their roots, and soon cover the whole coast with their verdure."

Some seeds when put into the earth germinate quickly, others more slowly; some even stay there a long and very variable time before they appear on the surface.

Linnæus says: "When but a boy, my father had given me a little garden within his own, where I reared all sorts of plants in great numbers. Among others, I remember very well a particular thistle, which for many years my father had in vain made every effort to destroy

completely: the same ground bringing forth every succeeding year new individuals of this detested species, although their predecessors had invariably been pulled up and burnt. I have now learned the cause of what appeared unaccountable to us then. It must have been the presence of latent seeds coming to light from time to time, as I know that these seeds, when consigned to the earth, may remain there during two, three, and even ten or twenty years without losing their power of germination."

A plant which had not been seen for forty years in the Botanical Garden of Upsal, reappeared there spontaneously in the year 1731 after the ground had been dug up. Another plant, a lobelia, reappeared and flourished in the Botanical Garden of Amsterdam, after lying buried in the earth twenty years. Cucumber seeds have been kept forty years, and even fifty years, without losing their germinative power. The railway excavations everywhere have brought to light, plants long supposed to be extinct.

Corn found in the ruins after the fire of London has been raised; wheat which has been enclosed in the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy has been reared, and has reproduced fruit in Germany; Indian corn taken from the tombs of the Incas has done the same thing in America. It has been observed that when the virgin forests of America have been burnt down, and the land ploughed up, an entirely new flora has appeared: a fact which has been accounted for, by the supposition that the seeds had been buried for ages, in depths beyond the reach of vegetation.

The ground or earth nut (*Arachis*) is the fruit of a plant growing in South America, not unlike our bean. After the flowers fall off, the young pods bend until they reach the ground, where they bury their seeds three or four inches under the soil. These nuts contain an extremely sweet fixed oil, like that of almonds, which, if they were allowed to ripen above ground, would become rancid and useless, and the seeds would not germinate when planted. The negroes of South Carolina make these earth nuts their principal food.

The seeds of the pine and fir trees are protected in a somewhat similar manner. On account of their oily nature, too much heat would be apt to make them rancid and sterile; therefore the scales of the cone, which, while the tree is in flower are spread out when the seed is ripe, close one over the other like the tiles of a roof, effectually shutting out the rain; and in proportion as winter approaches and the cold increases, the scales tighten more and more round the seeds they defend. About the beginning of April, when the returning sun sends forth his first warm rays, the scales of the cone open, and let the seeds fall to be received into the bosom of the tepid earth, where vernal showers soon draw out their roots.

The subterraneous pea (*Lathyrus subterraneum*) bears very few blossoms upon its flower-stalk, and still fewer fruits; but there

spring from the plant, white flower-stalks, having no leaves, and bearing not variegated coloured flowers like the others, but white ones. These white flowers produce fruit which is immediately consigned to the earth, and thus screened from devastation by birds. It would appear that the coloured flowers are for show, and the white flowers for use. The seeds of one of the clovers are protected in the same way.

Certain seeds, owing to a curious arrangement of their various parts, have a tendency to move about. If a seed of the plant called *crupina* (a kind of centaury) is placed in the palm of the hand, it will be sure to move off; and if put between the stocking and the back part of the foot, it will work its way over the whole body, and at last get out, either at the collar or at the sleeve. These movements are made by the erect and projecting bristles with which the seeds are armed, moving always in one direction, like feet. The seeds of the sterile oat (*Avena nuda*), after it has been gathered into the barn, will wander out of their seed-cups, and, if the weather is damp, march off in a body, like a regiment of flies to the nearest wall, where they will fix and take root. The explanation of this apparently marvellous phenomenon is extremely simple. Each grain is surmounted by a long spiral bristle or awn, which is very sensitive to every change of weather, and which lengthens or contracts according as the air is moist or dry. Thus, a forward motion is produced like a snail putting out its body and then pulling its shell after it. The seed is prevented from going backwards, by the small spines placed backwards covering the awn. If the seeds or spores of any of the ferns are dropped on a piece of paper and examined with a microscope, they are seen to jump about and disperse themselves like mites or small insects.

Some plants propagate by means of their roots and sprouts. The mangrove fig-tree (*Rhizophora mangle*) is found growing on the low marshy parts of all tropical sea-shores. The fruit germinates in the seed-cup while hanging on the tree, and grows downwards until it reaches the ground, where it takes root in the mud. Each plant in its turn multiplies and spreads in the same way; and Linnæus asserts that a single plant, if preserved from destruction, would, in course of time, multiply so as to cover the entire inhabitable surface of our globe.

Linnæus, keeping within reasonable limits, and calculating what would be the effect of a single plant producing constantly only two successful bearing seeds each season, finds that in twenty years there would be one hundred and ninety-one thousand two hundred individuals. "What then," he exclaims, "would be the astonishing effect of such a multiplication continued over more than six thousand years!"

About the year 1660, the Christian Fathers at Paris possessed a root of barley, bearing forty-nine stalks and more than eighteen thousand seeds. Ray counted thirty-two thousand seeds in a poppy-head, and three hundred and sixty

thousand on a tobacco-plant. Dodart is said to have counted five hundred and twenty-nine thousand seeds on a single elm-tree, and yet these plants are far from being the most fecund. The number of spores produced by a fern is almost incalculable.

A Monsieur Pouchet, Professor of Natural History at Rouen, and a zealous defender of the spontaneous generation theory (or, as it is now called, "heterogenia"), was annoyed by continually hearing statements and speculations about what the air might carry; and he resolved to find out what it did really carry. Having procured with the greatest care some dust from nooks and crannies on the tops of the towers and steeples of ancient Rouen, which, in all probability, no hand had touched since the mason placed the stones, M. Pouchet examined it with most scrupulous attention. He found, amidst much inorganic matter, more or less organic substances, and among these were always found minute seeds easily distinguishable by their microscopical characteristics. Respecting the power of the air and winds in transporting small bodies to enormous distances, it is unquestionably proved that in a great irruption of Vesuvius its ashes were carried into Bohemia, and the great Pacific Ocean; of course, then, the spores of fungi might be carried all round the world.

MY WILL.

SINCE I have no lands or houses,
And no hoarded golden store,
What can I leave those who love me
When they see my face no more?
Do not smile; I am not jesting,
Though my words sound gay and light,
Listen to me, dearest Alice,
I will make my will to-night.

First for Mabel, who will never
Let the dust of future years
Dim the thought of me, but keep it
Brighter still—perhaps with tears;
In whose eyes whate'er I glance at,
Touch, or praise, will always shine,
Through a strange and sacred radiance,
By Love's charter, wholly mine;
She will never lend another
Slenderest link of thought I claim,
I will therefore to her keeping,
Leave my memory and my name.

Bertha will do truer service
To her kind than I have done,
So I leave to her young spirit
The long work I have begun.
Well! the threads are tangled, broken,
And the colours do not blend,
She will lend her earnest striving,
Both to finish and amend:
And, when it is all completed,
Strong with care and rich with skill,
Just because my hands began it,
She will love it better still.

Ruth shall have my dearest token,
The one link I dread to break,
The one duty that I live for,
She, when I am gone, will take.

Sacred is the trust I leave her,
Needing patience, prayer, and tears,
I have striven to fulfil it,
As she knows, these many years.
Sometimes hopeless, faint, and weary,
Yet a blessing shall remain
With the task, and Ruth will prize it
For my many hours of pain.

What must I leave for my Alice?
Nothing, love, to do or bear,
Nothing that can dim your blue eyes
With the slightest cloud of care;
I will leave my heart to love you
With the tender faith of old,
Still to comfort, warm, and light you,
Should your life grow dark or cold:
No one else, my child, can claim it;
If you find old scars of pain,
They were only wounds, my darling,
There is not, I trust, one stain.

Are my gifts indeed so worthless
Now the slender sum is told?
Well! I know not; years may bless them
With a nobler price than gold.
Am I poor? Ah, no, most wealthy!
Not in these poor gifts you take,
But in the true hearts that tell me
You will keep them for my sake.

UNIQUE PUBLISHING.

IN a shady corner of that incomprehensible Palais Royal miscellany, where magazines of sham jewellery are set out to view, and a thriving business is done in that way, and where Monsieur Lucullus is walking down eternally to dine with Monsieur Lucullus at the sign of the Three Provençal Brothers—where a many-headed Heliogabalus rides rampant, and where bonnes, or nursery-maids, do mostly congregate, lies the modest tabernacle of M. Dentu, the famous pamphlet publisher, whence flutters forth, daily, clouds of Sybilline leaves, which shadow out obscurely the changes political of the awful Memnon of the Tuileries. Under strange titles they fall rustling at the feet of astonished Parisians, who pick them up, and try to spell out what the oracle means to say. There is nothing that outrages the fitness of things in this function of M. Dentu's; and though one may whisper, lightly, "What on earth does he in this galley?" being thus awkwardly hedged in with incompatible kitchen batteries and aluminium ornaments, the locality is about the best in the whole great Pandemonium on the Seine.

But some thirty or forty years back this Arcadia, whose sylvan deities are the faun Soyer and the satyr Carême, could scarcely boast so innocent a worship. There was then sempiternal bal masqué, day and night; there was then saturnalia in permanence; and those pretty gardens, round which run the shopkeeping arcades, were but the happy hunting-grounds of vice and flaunting abomination. Overhead, at those bright windows, au premier, where smug restaurant sets you out the little table for the déjeuner at "fixed price," where, too, mounts soothingly the afternoon's music, discoursed by

Garde Impériale, were set out other tables, fatally green and dangerously smooth. And the bright windows being flung open to let in air to gasping fevered gamblers, sent down in exchange the rattle of the wheel and click of the rake. From the bright windows, too, have come down, in despair, lost men, impaled upon those gilded railings. The air was filled, not with the fragrance of flowers, but with reeking perfumes, as Lais and her sisterhood swept by, in unholy bands. It was a horrid medley of fluttering plumes, flaunting gauds, painted cheeks, wine, smoke, blood at times, brawls, misery, luxuriance, brazen impudence, and cringing servitude, this pastoral "royal palace," now almost rural in its innocence: a hideous sloughing sore, an open sewer in the heart of the city.

Now it came to pass that a young man, of ardent hopes and prodigious enthusiasm, and of some capital besides, was just then hesitating by which of the many professional gates he should enter into active life, and at last discovered in himself an irresistible vocation to become—a publisher. A publisher, of all professions! just as we read the traditional stories of notable men fighting in early stages with poverty, and such cruel impediments, and finally struggling into artists, poets, and philosophers. So our *Ladvo-cat*—for this was the name of the unique publisher—had some such elastic spirit in him. "It was there," as the late Mr. Sheridan once remarked of himself, needlessly strengthening his assertion with an adjuration; "and by (adjuration), it should come out!" This was the way it came out in M. *Ladvo-cat*'s case. With a daring originality, the unique publisher determined to select for his place of business the most irregular of localities, and in this very hot-bed of Bohemia, the company of wantons and masquers was one morning surprised to find among them a curious intruder, who dealt in books. What scoffing must it have furnished to the two millinery ladies between whom he had pitched his tent, and who dealt in laces and general frippery, and did a little business of another character besides. It would be hard to count the number of times the well-worn saying of "How, in the Evil One's name, had he gotten into that galley?" passed from light to lighter lips. Yet there was the modest little tabernacle, and inside the young and aspiring knight—a very publishing Gideon. No doubt it fell out, as it had been prophesied to him by wise and dimly shaking heads, that the light masquers came to him, asking for *Faublas* and the *Liaisons Dangereuses*, and such indecorous literature. No doubt the Bohemians stopped before his windows, and had much merriment out of the serious matter exposed there. But the unique publisher inside, thrilling with a new faith, could bide his time, which he knew was at hand, and presently began to preach.

The old Grub-street tradition as to the relations between authors and publishers has prevailed to much the same degree in most capitals. These poor scribbling parents who have children to be brought into the world have had to sue humbly for the common accoucheur's offices.

The practitioners have driven cruel bargains; but in most cases the inky progeny have never seen the light, and die an undeveloped fetus. But the creed of our publisher was of another order. He chose to sue, not to be sued; he sought and was not sought. And going out into the highways and by-ways, ranging the slums, and scaling the loftiest garrets, where writing men did mostly congregate, and chanting as he went a genuine *Excelsior!* and calling on the brave, the beautiful, and, above all, the young, the chivalrous publisher seized the first bundle of MSS., placed in his hands with timorous hesitation, and courageously performed his first clinical operation. Within a few days, there was in his window the famous *Messéniennes*, of an obscure youth called *ALFRED DE VIGNY*, and in a few days all Paris was rushing frantically to buy. In this blindfold lottery he had drawn a prize, and gold poured into his coffers. The poet was devoured, and the unique publisher began to be talked of.

Radiant with success, he stands at his door, and watches the people going by. Presently there passes a young man of good address, very handsome, with genius written upon his brow, but with the ugly characters of reduced circumstances also written upon his person. The unique publisher marks him at once. "Young man," he says, "it strikes me that I see in your pocket that sort of swelling which a bundle of manuscript is likely to produce. Permit me. Ha! so it is! tied up with a bit of blue ribbon, too! Courage, friend; let us look it over together. *ODES AND BALLADS!* H'm! The Loves of the Angels—by Jove! Excellent! the very thing! Step inside, my friend—quick! You must give me this—rather, let me buy it of you."

The bargain was made. Again had the unique publisher drawn a prize. The reduced young poet's name happened to be a certain *VICTOR HUGO*; and again the public came, gathering up its skirts as it passed through the unclean throng, to buy frantically.

When it became known that there was a chevaleresque publisher in the city inclined to do business on such unheard-of principles, there must have set in such a rush of youths freighted with manuscripts tied up in blue ribbon, as would have reduced any less elastic spirit to despair. But the unique publisher held on to the unique track he had chosen. He was successful, too, because he had succeeded; for nothing, according to the well-worn canon, succeeds like success. All his proceedings, too, were of the same liberal character. Five or six copies of his favourite poets always lay out upon the counter, with chairs set ready, for the public to enter and read, not buy, unless they fancied it specially. He almost preferred to give a volume away, rather than sell it; and set curiously high prices upon his works. Naturally, the unique publisher became the talk of Paris, and presently became the rage. He grew rich; and the Boulevards were soon astonished by the unusual spectacle of a publisher flying by in a superb cabriolet, with his

arms (a publisher's arms!) emblazoned on the panels. People looked up from their little tables outside the cafés, and said to each other with wonder, "It is the unique publisher."

Endless were the stories that went round of his revolutionary principles. How widows came to him in deep mourning, to tell with tears how they had been refused a miserable forty pounds for their husbands' poems. "Astonishing, madam!" exclaims the sympathetic and unique publisher. "A shame! a disgrace! Do me the honour to accept this trifle of, say, three hundred. I am exceedingly indebted to you for this preference—I am indeed!" For the copyright of Chateaubriand's works, he gave five and twenty thousand pounds, and celebrated the contract by a superb entertainment to that viscount and his friends, in a superb hotel, such as publisher, unique or other, had never dwelt in before now. He revelled in what are called in France "luxurious editions," in the dissipation of costly papers and the most exquisite type. He gloried in monster undertakings, what are called "heavy" in the trade, series of sixteen and twenty tomes. They were his Austerlitz and Marengo, to which he would point with pride.

But one day when he was advanced in life, there came his Waterloo, and he sank crushed by his own speculations. Perhaps, the hotel, the cabriolet, and the entertainments to noble viscounts had something to do with the catastrophe; more likely it was the unwieldy proportions of his enterprises. The little shop in the Palais Royal, fondly looked back to, did not witness this decadence. It had long been exchanged for the stately hotel, where the banquets had been given to distinguished guests. But, with the banquets it had now faded away, like a tinsel pantomimic structure; and it actually came to this sad end, that the poor unique, beaten at last by fortune, was glad to yield up his spirit upon a settle-bed in the dismal ward of a public hospital.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

THE rising of the Italian people from under their unutterable wrongs, and the tardy burst of day upon them after the long long night of oppression that has darkened their beautiful country, has naturally caused my mind to dwell often of late on my own small wanderings in Italy. Connected with them, is a curious little drama, in which the character I myself sustained was so very subordinate, that I may relate its story without any fear of being suspected of self-display. It is strictly a true story.

I am newly arrived one summer evening, in a certain small town on the Mediterranean. I have had my dinner at the inn, and I and the mosquitoes are coming out into the streets together. It is far from Naples; but a bright brown plump little woman-servant at the inn, is a Neapolitan, and is so vivaciously expert in pantomimic action, that in the single moment of answering my request to have a

pair of shoes cleaned which I left up-stairs, she plies imaginary brushes, and goes completely through the motions of polishing the shoes up, and laying them at my feet. I smile at the brisk little woman in perfect satisfaction with her briskness; and the brisk little woman, amiably pleased with me because I am pleased with her, claps her hands and laughs delightfully. We are in the inn yard. As the little woman's bright eyes sparkle on the cigarette I am smoking, I make bold to offer her one; she accepts it none the less merrily, because I touch a most charming little dimple in her fat cheek, with its light paper end. Glancing up at the many green lattices to assure herself that the mistress is not looking on, the little woman then puts her two little dimpled arms a-kimbo, and stands on tiptoe to light her cigarette at mine. "And now, dear little sir," says she, puffing out smoke in a most innocent and Cherubic manner, "keep quite straight on, take the first to the right, and probably you will see him standing at his door."

I have a commission to "him," and I have been inquiring about him. I have carried the commission about Italy, several months. Before I left England, there came to me one night a certain generous and gentle English nobleman (he is dead in these days when I relate the story, and exiles have lost their best British friend), with this request: "Whenever you come to such a town, will you seek out one Giovanni Caravero, who keeps a little wine-shop there, mention my name to him suddenly, and observe how it affects him?" I accepted the trust, and am on my way to discharge it.

The sirocco has been blowing all day, and it is a hot unwholesome evening with no cool sea-breeze. Mosquitoes and fire-flies are lively enough, but most other creatures are faint. The coquettish airs of pretty young women in the tiniest and wickedest of dolls' straw hats, who lean out at opened lattice blinds, are almost the only airs stirring. Very ugly and haggard old women with distaffs, and with a grey tow upon them that looks as if they were spinning out their own hair (I suppose they were once pretty, too, but it is very difficult to believe so), sit on the footway leaning against house walls. Everybody who has come for water to the fountain, stays there, and seems incapable of any such energetic idea as going home. Vespers are over, though not so long but that I can smell the heavy resinous incense as I pass the church. No man seems to be at work, save the coppersmith. In an Italian town he is always at work, and always thumping in the deadliest manner.

I keep straight on, and come in due time to the first on the right: a narrow dull street, where I see a well-favoured man of good stature and military bearing, in a great cloak, standing at a door. Drawing nearer to this threshold, I see it is the threshold of a small wine-shop; and I can just make out, in the dim light, the inscription that it is kept by Giovanni Caravero.

I touch my hat to the figure in the cloak, and

pass in, and draw a stool to a little table. The lamp (just such another as they dig out of Pompeii) is lighted, but the place is empty. The figure in the cloak has followed me in, and stands before me.

"The master?"

"At your service, sir."

"Please to give me a glass of the wine of the country."

He turns to a little counter, to get it. As his striking face is pale, and his action is evidently that of an enfeebled man, I remark that I fear he has been ill. It is not much, he courteously and gravely answers, though bad while it lasts: the fever.

As he sets the wine on the little table, to his manifest surprise I lay my hand on the back of his, look him in the face, and say in a low voice: "I am an Englishman, and you are acquainted with a friend of mine. Do you recollect——?" and I mention the name of my generous countryman.

Instantly, he utters a loud cry, bursts into tears, and falls on his knees at my feet, clasping my legs in both his arms and bowing his head to the ground.

Some years ago, this man at my feet, whose overfraught heart is heaving as if it would burst from his breast, and whose tears are wet upon the dress I wear, was a galley-slave in the North of Italy. He was a political offender, having been concerned in the then last rising, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. That he would have died in his chains, is certain, but for the circumstance that the Englishman happened to visit his prison.

It was one of the vile old prisons of Italy, and a part of it was below the waters of the harbour. The place of his confinement was an arched underground and under-water gallery, with a grill-gate at the entrance, through which it received such light and air as it got. Its condition was insufferably foul, and a stranger could hardly breathe in it, or see in it with the aid of a torch. At the upper end of this dungeon, and consequently in the worst position, as being the furthest removed from light and air, the Englishman first beheld him, sitting on an iron bedstead to which he was chained by a heavy chain. His countenance impressed the Englishman as having nothing in common with the faces of the malefactors with whom he was associated, and he talked with him, and learnt how he came to be there.

When the Englishman emerged from the dreadful den into the light of day, he asked his conductor, the governor of the gaol, why Giovanni Carlavero was put into the worst place?

"Because he is particularly recommended," was the stringent answer.

"Recommended, that is to say, for death?"

"Excuse me; particularly recommended," was again the answer.

"He has a bad tumour in his neck, no doubt occasioned by the hardship of his miserable life. If it continues to be neglected, and he remains where he is, it will kill him."

"Excuse me, I can do nothing. He is particularly recommended."

The Englishman was staying in that town, and he went to his home there; but the figure of this man chained to the bedstead made it no home, and destroyed his rest and peace. He was an Englishman of an extraordinarily tender heart, and he could not bear the picture. He went back to the prison-gate: went back again and again, and talked to the man and cheered him. He used his utmost influence to get the man unchained from the bedstead, were it only for ever so short a time in the day, and permitted to come to the grate. It took a long time, but the Englishman's station, personal character, and steadiness of purpose, wore out opposition so far, and that grace was at last accorded. Through the bars, when he could thus get light upon the tumour, the Englishman lanced it, and it did well, and healed. His strong interest in the prisoner had greatly increased by this time, and he formed the desperate resolution that he would exert his utmost self-devotion and use his utmost efforts, to get Carlavero pardoned.

If the prisoner had been a brigand and a murderer, if he had committed every non-political crime in the Newgate Calendar and out of it, nothing would have been easier than for a man of any court or priestly influence to obtain his release. As it was, nothing could have been more difficult. Italian authorities, and English authorities who had interest with them, alike assured the Englishman that his object was hopeless. He met with nothing but evasion, refusal, and ridicule. His political prisoner became a joke in the place. It was especially observable that English Circumlocution, and English Society on its travels, were as humorous on the subject as Circumlocution and Society may be on any subject without loss of caste. But, the Englishman possessed (and proved it well in his life) a courage very uncommon among us: he had not the least fear of being considered a bore, in a good humane cause. So he went on persistently trying, and trying, and trying, to get Giovanni Carlavero out. That prisoner had been rigorously re-chained, after the tumour operation, and it was not likely that his miserable life could last very long.

One day, when all the town knew about the Englishman and his political prisoner, there came to the Englishman, a certain sprightly Italian Advocate of whom he had some knowledge; and he made this strange proposal. "Give me a hundred pounds to obtain Carlavero's release. I think I can get him a pardon, with that money. But I cannot tell you what I am going to do with the money, nor must you ever ask me the question if I succeed, nor must you ever ask me for an account of the money if I fail." The Englishman decided to hazard the hundred pounds. He did so, and heard not another word of the matter. For half a year and more, the Advocate made no sign, and never once "took on" in any way, to have the subject on his mind. The Englishman was then obliged

to change his residence to another and more famous town in the North of Italy. He parted from the poor prisoner with a sorrowful heart, as from a doomed man for whom there was no release but Death.

The Englishman lived in his new place of abode another half-year and more, and had no tidings of the wretched prisoner. At length, one day, he received from the Advocate a cool concise mysterious note, to this effect. "If you still wish to bestow that benefit upon the man in whom you were once interested, send me fifty pounds more, and I think it can be ensured." Now, the Englishman had long settled in his mind that the Advocate was a heartless sharper, who had preyed upon his credulity and his interest in an unfortunate sufferer. So, he sat down and wrote a dry answer, giving the Advocate to understand that he was wiser now than he had been formerly, and that no more money was extractable from his pocket.

He lived outside the city gates, some mile or two from the post-office, and was accustomed to walk into the city with his letters and post them himself. On a lovely spring day, when the sky was exquisitely blue, and the sea Divinely beautiful, he took his usual walk, carrying this letter to the Advocate in his pocket. As he went along, his gentle heart was much moved by the loveliness of the prospect, and by the thought of the slowly-dying prisoner chained to the bedstead, for whom the universe had no delights. As he drew nearer and nearer to the city where he was to post the letter, he became very uneasy in his mind. He debated with himself, was it remotely possible, after all, that this sum of fifty pounds could restore the fellow-creature whom he pitied so much, and for whom he had striven so hard, to liberty? He was not a conventionally rich Englishman—very far from that—but he had a spare fifty pounds at the banker's. He resolved to risk it. Without doubt, God has recompensed him for the resolution.

He went to the banker's, and got a bill for the amount, and enclosed it in a letter to the Advocate that I wish I could have seen. He simply told the Advocate that he was quite a poor man, and that he was sensible it might be a great weakness in him to part with so much money on the faith of so vague a communication; but that there it was, and that he prayed the Advocate to make a good use of it. If he did otherwise no good could ever come of it, and it would lie heavy on his soul one day.

Within a week, the Englishman was sitting at his breakfast, when he heard some suppressed sounds of agitation on the staircase, and Giovanni Carlavero leaped into his room and fell upon his breast, a free man!

Conscious of having wronged the Advocate in his own thoughts, the Englishman wrote him an earnest and grateful letter, avowing the fact, and entreating him to confide by what means and through what agency he had succeeded so well. The Advocate returned for answer through the post. "There are many things, as you know, in this Italy of ours, that are safest and

best not even spoken of—far less written of. We may meet some day, and then I may tell you what you want to know; not here, and now." But, the two never did meet again. The Advocate was dead when the Englishman gave me my trust; and how the man had been set free, remained as great a mystery to the Englishman, and to the man himself, as it was to me.

But, I knew this:—here was the man, this sultry night, on his knees at my feet, because I was the Englishman's friend; here were his sobs choking upon my dress; here were his kisses choking his utterance; here were his kisses on my hands, because they had touched the hands that had worked out his release. He had no need to tell me it would be happiness to him to die for his benefactor; I doubt if I ever saw real, sterling, fervent gratitude of soul, before or since.

He was much watched and suspected, he said, and had had enough to do to keep himself out of trouble. This, and his not having prospered in his worldly affairs, had led to his having failed in his usual communications to the Englishman for—as I now remember the period—some two or three years. But, his prospects were brighter, and his wife who had been very ill had recovered, and his fever had left him, and he had bought a little vineyard, and would I carry to his benefactor the first of its wine? Ay, that I would (I told him with enthusiasm), and not a drop of it should be spilled or lost!

He had cautiously closed the door before speaking of himself, and had talked with such excess of emotion, and in a provincial Italian so difficult to understand, that I had more than once been obliged to stop him, and beg him to have compassion on me and be slower and calmer. By degrees he became so, and tranquilly walked back with me to the hotel. There, I sat down before I went to bed and wrote a faithful account of him to the Englishman: which I concluded by saying that I would bring the wine home, against any difficulties, every drop.

Early next morning when I came out at the hotel door to pursue my journey, I found my friend waiting with one of those immense bottles in which the Italian peasants store their wine—a bottle holding some half-dozen gallons—bound round with basket-work for greater safety on the journey. I see him now, in the bright sunlight, tears of gratitude in his eyes, proudly inviting my attention to this corpulent bottle. (At the street corner hard by, two high-flavoured able-bodied monks—pretending to talk together, but keeping their four evil eyes upon us.)

How the bottle had been got there, did not appear; but the difficulty of getting it into the ramshackle vetturino carriage in which I was departing, was so great, and it took up so much room when it was got in, that I elected to sit outside. The last I saw of Giovanni Carlavero was his running through the town by the side of the jingling wheels, clasping my hand as I stretched

it down from the box, charging me with a thousand last loving and dutiful messages to his dear patron, and finally looking in at the bottle as it reposed inside, with an admiration of its honourable way of travelling that was beyond measure delightful.

And now, what disquiet of mind this dearly-beloved and highly-treasured Bottle began to cost me, no man knows. It was my precious charge through a long tour, and, for hundreds of miles, I never had it off my mind by day or by night. Over bad roads—and they were many—I clung to it with affectionate desperation. Up mountains, I looked in at it and saw it helplessly tilting over on its back, with terror. At innumerable inn doors when the weather was bad, I was obliged to be put into my vehicle before the Bottle could be got in, and was obliged to have the Bottle lifted out before human aid could come near me. The Imp of the same name, except that his associations were all evil and these associations were all good, would have been a less troublesome travelling companion. I might have served Mr. Cruikshank as a subject for a new illustration of the miseries of the Bottle. The National Temperance Society might have made a powerful Tract of me.

The suspicions that attached to this innocent Bottle, greatly aggravated my difficulties. It was like the apple-pie in the child's book. Parma pouted at it, Modena mocked it, Tuscany tackled it, Naples nibbled it, Rome refused it, Austria accused it, Soldiers suspected it, Jesuits jobbed it. I composed a neat Oration, developing my in-offensive intentions in connexion with this Bottle, and delivered it in an infinity of guard-houses, at a multitude of town gates, and on every draw-bridge, angle, and rampart, of a complete system of fortifications. Fifty times a day, I got down to harangue an infuriated soldiery about the Bottle. Through the filthy degradation of the abject and vile Roman States, I had as much difficulty in working my way with the Bottle, as if it had bottled up a complete system of heretical theology. In the Neapolitan country, where everybody was a spy, a soldier, a priest, or a lazzarone, the shameless beggars of all four denominations incessantly pounced on the Bottle and made it a pretext for extorting money from me. Quires—quires do I say? Reams—of forms illegibly printed on whity-brown paper were filled up about the Bottle, and it was the subject of more stamping and sanding than I had ever seen before. In consequence of which haze of sand, perhaps, it was always irregular, and always latent with dismal penalties of going back, or not going forward, which were only to be abated by the silver crossing of a base hand, poked shirtless out of a ragged uniform sleeve. Under all discouragements, however, I stuck to my Bottle, and held firm to my resolution that every drop of its contents should reach the Bottle's destination.

The latter refinement cost me a separate heap of troubles on its own separate account. What corkscrews did I see the military power bring out against that Bottle: what gimlets, spikes,

divining rods, gauges, and unknown tests and instruments! At some places, they persisted in declaring that the wine must not be passed, without being opened and tasted; I, pleading to the contrary, used then to argue the question seated on the Bottle lest they should open it in spite of me. In the southern parts of Italy, more violent shrieking, face-making, and gesticulating, greater vehemence of speech and countenance and action, went on about that Bottle than would attend fifty murders in a northern latitude. It raised important functionaries out of their beds, in the dead of night. I have known half a dozen military lanterns to disperse themselves at all points of a great sleeping Piazza, each lantern summoning some official creature to get up, put on his cocked-hat instantly, and come and stop the Bottle. It was characteristic that while this innocent Bottle had such immense difficulty in getting from little town to town, Signor Mazzini and the fiery cross were traversing Italy from end to end.

Still, I stuck to my Bottle, like any fine old English gentleman all of the olden time. The more the Bottle was interfered with, the stauncher I became (if possible) in my first determination that my countryman should have it delivered to him intact, as the man whom he had so nobly restored to life and liberty had delivered it to me. If ever I have been obstinate in my days—and I may have been, say, once or twice—I was obstinate about the Bottle. But, I made it a rule always to keep a pocket full of small coin at its service, and never to be out of temper in its cause. Thus I and the Bottle made our way. Once, we had a break-down; rather a bad break-down, on a steep high place with the sea below us, on a tempestuous evening when it blew great guns. We were driving four wild horses abreast, Southern fashion, and there was some little difficulty in stopping them. I was outside, and not thrown off; but no words can describe my feelings when I saw the Bottle—travelling inside, as usual—burst the door open, and roll obesely out into the road. A blessed Bottle with a charmed existence, he took no hurt, and we repaired damage, and went on triumphant.

A thousand representations were made to me that the Bottle must be left at this place, or that, and called for again. I never yielded to one of them, and never parted from the Bottle, on any pretence, consideration, threat, or entreaty. I had no faith in any official receipt for the Bottle, and nothing would induce me to accept one. These unmanageable politics at last brought me and the Bottle, still triumphant, to Genoa. There, I took a tender and reluctant leave of him for a few weeks, and consigned him to a trusty English captain, to be conveyed to the Port of London by sea.

While the Bottle was on his voyage to England, I read the Shipping Intelligence as anxiously as if I had been an underwriter. There was some stormy weather after I myself had got to England by way of Switzerland and France,

and my mind greatly misgave me that the Bottle might be wrecked. At last to my great joy, I received notice of his safe arrival, and immediately went down to Saint Katharine's Docks, and found him in a state of honourable captivity in the Custom House.

The wine was mere vinegar when I set it down before the generous Englishman—probably it had been something like vinegar when I took it up from Giovanni Carlavero—but not a drop of it was spilled or gone. And the Englishman told me, with much emotion in his face and voice, that he had never tasted wine that seemed to him so sweet and sound. And long afterwards, the Bottle graced his table. And the last time I saw him in this world that misses him, he took me aside in a crowd, to say, with his amiable smile: "We were talking of you only to-day at dinner, and I wished you had been there, for I had some claret up in Carlavero's Bottle."

MUCH BETTER THAN SHAKESPEARE.

AN ignorant British public has long taken it for granted that Shakespeare wrote the play of Hamlet. It is time the confiding public should be undeceived, and forced by direct evidence to acknowledge that, although Shakespeare did indeed supply certain crude materials for a play of that name—materials incongruous, wild, and full of anachronisms—the real play, shaped, squared, and harmoniously arranged according to the Unities, was written by Ducis, and first played at the Théâtre-Français in Paris, in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine.

It is to be hoped that an obstinate British public will not pretend ignorance of the name of Ducis; this would exhibit the national prejudice against foreigners in a deplorable light, and, moreover, would show an ingratitude and a want of appreciation of a great literary service, unworthy of a generous people. Our own duty, however, as faithful exponents of a fact not universally acknowledged, obliges us as a matter of routine to state that Jean François Ducis was born at Versailles in seventeen hundred and thirty-three; that he was the associate and friend of Thomas and of Florian; that he succeeded Voltaire in the fauteuil of the Académie Française in seventeen hundred and seventy-nine; that besides writing an infinite number of epistles and minor poems, he performed the kind office of reconstructing in French, and in accordance with the Unities, the mass of incongruities collected by Shakespeare as plays, and called Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, Macbeth, King John, Othello. He did something of the same kind for Sophocles with his play of *Œdipus*, although Sophocles ought certainly to have known all about the Unities himself.

The complete works of Ducis were collected for the first time in eighteen hundred and eighteen, two years after his death; and the enthusiastic editor of an edition published at

Brussels by Wahlen and Company, imperial publishers, explains the whole state of the case, as between Shakespeare and Ducis so clearly, and to an unprejudiced British mind with such ingenuous fairness, that I cannot do better than lay his exposition at the outset before the reader:

"Shakespeare, almost entirely debarred of education, writing in the midst of a still barbarous people, in a language scarcely formed, and for a stage utterly without order, was either ignorant of, or disdained those rules, and that dramatic affinity, the observance of which distinguishes our theatre; and what is perhaps more grievous, he often allied with the truest and most exalted beauties, now the fault of obscenity, and now the vice of affectation. Ducis, with an art which would have been more appreciated if the difficulties of the enterprise had been better understood, reduced to proportion, and subdued to the established laws of our dramatic system, the gigantic and monstrous works of the English dramatist. He knew how to separate the pure and sublime traits from the impure alloy which dishonoured them, and to render them with that force, that warmth, that truth of expression, which associates—nay, which almost places on an equality—the rights of imitative talent with those of original genius. Indeed, how much of bold and profound thought, of touching and elevated sentiment, has he added to that furnished to him by his model!"

Fortunately, no dead poet is responsible for the enthusiasm of his live editor, and in spite of the above trumpet-blast of panegyric, we firmly believe that Ducis was a modest and amiable poet. That he possessed some of the best qualities of a man, is shown by the fact that after having been attached to the service of Monsieur, afterwards Louis the Eighteenth, as *Secrétaire des Commandemens* (whatever that may have been), he refused, although then reduced to poverty, the position and emolument of senator, offered to him by Napoleon. When pressed by a friend to accept the lucrative sinecure, he replied: "I have always consulted my interests but little, and my distastes a great deal. Besides, when I come to look upon the gold lace with which the *Solliciteur-Général* is adorned, I am quite sure I could never bring myself to wear that coat."

There must be a subtle refinement necessary for the thorough enjoyment of the Unities, to which we Englishmen cannot lay much claim. We must either be very dull, or diseasedly imaginative, when our play-going nature does not insist upon the reproduction of an event on the stage in precisely the same number of minutes which its action would occupy in reality; and when we are indifferent to the apparent annihilation of both time and space, in order to work out a good story. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the best of us would not prefer the Life of a Gamester, with a lapse of five years between each act, to the classical severity of Cato. Only this much may be said in our favour: that Corneille, in *The Cid*, one of his best plays, broke through the Unities more than once—perhaps it was on that account the Académie rejected the piece—and that the classical model

upon which the old French dramatists built their epics has but few modern disciples.

For our own part, we confess to the vulgar want of capacity for the thorough appreciation of the Unities. We have a lugubrious recollection of the performance of Hamlet at the Théâtre-Français: the Hamlet of Shakespeare, by Ducis. We came away from that elevated representation full of Ducis—and dreariness.

But let us take the play as it is writ, and see what the Unities have done for it. In order to do justice to Ducis we must first forget Shakespeare. The simplicity of the play, according to the Unities, is astonishing. There is but one scene in the whole tragedy, and that is at "Elsinore, in the palace of the kings of Denmark." The first act sets us right with regard to some of our old friends. Hamlet is king, not prince, of Denmark, consequent upon the sudden death of his father. Claudius, "first prince of the blood," is conspiring the king's overthrow, assisted by that pleasant old gentleman whom we delight to hear called a "fishmonger," Polonius, now active as a cool, villanous conspirator, of middle age, and without a spark of eccentricity about him. This precious pair are quite agreed that Hamlet, the king, from some cause unexplained, is "silent, sad, morose," half dead, and more than half insane; and this view of his case they have impressed upon their co-conspirators as a sufficient reason for his overthrow. Claudius has, besides, some special grievances against the old king, inasmuch as his late majesty had never properly appreciated his military services, and had even disgraced him at court. Worse than this, he had decreed that the beautiful Ophelia,

The sole and feeble scion of my race,

exclaims Claudius, "should never marry." Here is a correction! Ophelia is the daughter of Claudius, not of Polonius, "O Jephthah, judge of Israel!" This determination on the part of the late king, that Ophelia

The light of hymen's torch should ne'er behold,
creates an agreeable complication which the readers of Shakespeare will be quite unprepared for, and as it can scarcely be called justifiable, excites a sort of sympathy in the audience for Claudius which assists in the general bewilderment.

Polonius, in his heavy villany, suggests to Claudius that, as the queen-mother, Gertrude, doubtless intends that he should take the place of her dead husband, a refusal might jeopardise the whole plot; upon which Claudius explains that he is about to make an offer of himself at once to the queen, not in earnest, but as a blind till the conspiracy shall be ripe for execution. Gertrude opportunely enters; Polonius discreetly retires; and Claudius makes his proposal, with considerable formality, however, seeing that his offer is set in Alexandrine verse, and in rhyme. The queen is in no humour for love; seized with remorse for the murder of her husband, in which she had assisted, she reproves Claudius for this

expression of his passion so soon after the death of the king:

Upon whose dust, within an urn enclosed,
The darkness of the tomb has scarcely closed.

Here we have the first intimation of the jar business, which afterwards assumes such formidable proportions.

The queen, in her repentance, has become so thoroughly virtuous, that she repudiates all thought of marriage; declares herself resolved to devote her life in future to the welfare of her son, King Hamlet, and directs Polonius, who is called upon the stage for the purpose, to give immediate orders for his coronation. This disposed of, there enters Elvire, who is the confidante of Gertrude—somehow they never can get on without a confidante in the Unities—and who comes to announce the arrival of Norceste: Norceste, the dread of the conspirators, the hope of the queen-mother, and the dear friend of Hamlet. Norceste, indeed, is no other than our old crony Horatio, with new powers, who has just hastened from England to comfort and assist Hamlet on the death of his father.

An episode is now introduced in the shape of a revelation on the part of the queen-mother of her share in the murder of the late king. This is partly extorted from her by Elvire, who had beheld Gertrude in her throes of anguish, and being in her innocent stupidity unable to define the cause, presses the queen for an explanation. Gertrude confesses that Claudius had been her first love, but that, for state reasons, she had married the king. Upon the return of the victorious Claudius from the wars, her first passion had been reawakened, and the slights cast upon him by her husband had increased her love for the one while they had excited an aversion for the other. At a time when the king was sick, and craved refreshing drinks, Claudius prepared a "perfidious cup" of poison for his especial solacement, and committed it to the hands of the too willing Gertrude, his wife, to be given to him. She, poor, weak woman, at the sight of the haggard face of her sick husband, repented of her purpose:

My blood froze up; of reason's power denied,
I fled—but left the chalice by his side.

As a natural consequence of which oversight, the fevered thirsty king, on waking, drank up the poison and died.

Norceste (Horatio) now arrives upon the scene to find the king dead and buried—that is to say inurned; confusion and gloom in the court; and his old companion, Hamlet, afflicted with all the signs of incipient madness. Upon this state of matters he makes the bold reflection:

In court suspicion only waits its time;
A mighty secret there is oft a mighty crime.

The interview between Hamlet and Norceste brings Shakespeare faintly before our eyes. Hamlet has only seen the spirit of his father in imagination. Twice he has dreamed of him, and on the latter occasion the angry apparition

had accused him of neglecting to avenge his murder, and thus censured and instructed him :

Is it enough thy tears should wet my dust ?

Go ! take the urn wherein my bones are thrust,

Then seize thy poniard, strike ! thy steps retrace,

And, smoking still, my ashes then replace.

To digress a moment on this matter of the urn. Is it not a question whether the Unities, in correcting the anachronisms of Shakespeare, have not themselves committed a greater one, seeing it is not historically proven that the Danes were in the habit of burning their dead relatives, and of potting them in this way ? The idea is so classical that I suppose it must be accepted without a murmur ; or perhaps it was an exceptional proceeding adopted by the cunning Claudius to efface the traces of poison ; in which supposition, what a pity it is the case never came to be tried at the Old Bailey, that the analytical chemists might have come out in full feather ! What an interesting chapter in the *Causés Célèbres* of the *Newgate Calendar* would it have afforded !

Norcestre, like a sensible man, pooh-poohs the notion of the spiritual visitation of the feu roi, which he imputes to the heated imagination of Hamlet, acted upon by the story of the death of the King of England, who had just then, conveniently enough, been found stabbed in his bed. The ghost, in the dream of Hamlet, had accused his "perfidious mother" and the "infamous Claudius" of being the joint murderers of his body ; and the idea now occurs to Hamlet that the recital of the murder of the King of England to the guilty pair, by Norcestre, may awaken such remorse in their consciences as to betray them by some visible emotion. And this is how the Unities dispose of the grand episode of the play ! To them the play is not "the thing," as being out of time, and the players out of place as a troublesome mob. Hamlet imposes another task upon Norcestre. He is anxious for the possession of the urn :

I would that here before the poisoners' eyes

My father's ashes should accusing rise ;

And of thy faithful love the kindness bless

That to my heart his sacred urn I press.

In the mean time the two vulgar conspirators, Claudius and Polonius, are becoming seriously alarmed lest their plots should, by the inopportune arrival of Norcestre, and the éclat of the coronation, become impossible of execution. They resolve, therefore, to watch the one and interrupt the other. Polonius is for action. The attempt to surprise Claudius and the queen into an implied confession of their guilt by the narration of the murder of the King of England, turns out a complete failure, so far as Claudius is concerned, who keeps his countenance like a consummate hypocrite as he is, and has only a partial success with the queen. This troubles Hamlet, and we then have a speech in which, after some difficulty, we discover a faint trace of the soliloquy on death, but oh, how faint ! Ophelia here appears for the first time on the stage. As she is the daughter of Claudius, and

not of Polonius, the garrulous old chamberlain of Shakespeare ; as she never goes mad ; never sings sweet melancholy songs ; is never drowned, and, consequently, never buried, all resemblance between her and the original is entirely lost ; and the Unities, by this means, dispose at once of Laertes, of the grave, the skulls, and the gravediggers ; and the heavy drama groans on its dreary methodical course to the end.

In the fifth act Norcestre appears with the urn. It is blue, and of a dropsical shape. He commends it to the tears and embraces of Hamlet. The latter thus addresses it :

Thou pledge of all my vows, urn terrible, yet dear,
Thee, weeping, I invoke, and yet embrace with fear.

Ophelia, in this scene, endeavours to soften the heart of Hamlet by appealing to his love for her, but failing in the attempt, she assumes the tragedy-queen tone, and exclaims :

My duty from this hour is parallel to thine,
Thou wouldst avenge thy father—I must succour mine.

Hamlet, still doubtful of the queen's guilt, and of the credibility of the spectre's story, is resolved to "swear" his mother on the urn. This scene is very impressive, and the best in the play. Gertrude is unequal to the ordeal, and faints at the foot of the urn when about falsely to attest her innocence. In this scene, and in one other, Hamlet is supposed to see the ghost of his father, and even speaks to it, but the spectre forms no part of the dramatic personæ, and is no more than an "air-drawn dagger," invisible to the audience. The climax approaches. Claudius attacks the palace with his conspirators, and forces his way upon the scene, restrained only by Norcestre and his faithful followers. Norcestre plants himself, sword in hand, before Hamlet :

Norcestre. Save Hamlet, people !

Claudius. Soldiers, seize your prize !

Hamlet. Thou comest, monster, here thyself to sacrifice !

Behold this urn !

Claudius. What then ?

Hamlet. Within there lie

The ashes of thy king. Thou, his assassin !

Claudius. I !

Hamlet. Yes, thou, barbarian ! Prepare thy thoughts to die.

The Unities are too proper in behaviour to state distinctly that Hamlet stabs Claudius, but "he draws a dagger," and we are left to imagine the use he makes of it when we read immediately afterwards, "Exit Voltimand with the body of Claudius ; surrounded by Polonius and some others of the conspirators." Gertrude, the queen-mother, unable to support the sense of her crime, and the degradation of its discovery, kills herself ; and Hamlet, after a suitable expression of grief at her loss, concludes the play with the following tag :

Within this fatal hall deprived of all my line,
My cup of grief is full ; my virtue still is mine.
I still am man and king, reserved by Him on high,
I'll live to suffer still, and so do more than die.

Whether this is the Hamlet intended by Shakespeare is not the question; it is doubtless the Hamlet of the Unities, executed by a very respectable hand. Our lively Brussels editor cannot constrain his rapture:

Who can speak of the beautiful productions with which Ducis has enriched our stage, without the names of Sophocles and Shakespeare being brought back to his memory—I had almost said, to his gratitude?

How strange, then, that any reference to the works of Sophocles and Shakespeare should fail to bring before the "mind's eye" the name of Ducis!

A CARDINAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

It is the morning of that notable Sunday, waiting on the threshold of the week called Holy, when the sun is glinting through the dome windows of the grand mosque, and the children of Rome are gathered within the walls. The music is swelling high, and the white waves ecclesiastical have been frothing and eddying backwards and forwards light as spray. Figures drift by mistily for hours, and the chief priest sits and distributes whole fields of the wheat-coloured branches. There was a world of poesy abroad that day, and I could almost have wished that sweet vision to repeat itself over and over again, were it not that I am being drawn aside, and almost troubled uneasily by the disturbing of a Face!

I have been conscious of it from the very beginning. Travelling lightly down those ranks of features ecclesiastic ranged in lines about that amphitheatre—physiognomies old and worn, and stern and soft, mundane and devotional, listless and absorbed—I am stopped irresistibly at that one Face, and pass it by doubtfully. By-and-by my eye has wandered back, searching for the Face restlessly, and so I return again and again, drawn by some curious unaccountable fascination. A face not to be passed by—one not bold or obtrusive, rather shrinking and retiring, and yet standing out from its face-company, which become only so many poor subservient foils—a face of potential mark, that lives, that thinks, that works, that can play at human chess, dulling the others into pure bucolical expression. Such a face, if met in the street, you *must* go back, and by some artifice meet again, or dog home. And this is the manner of it, for it is close by me, and I can almost lay my hand upon its emined shoulder: a leaf from an old vellum missal, a fine ivory yellow, firm features, all marked and massive, yet not large; hair richly black, and strong, and wavy, yet not long, brought out with superb effect by that dash of bright scarlet skull-cap! Rembrandt would have rubbed that "accident" in frantically, with great flakes and welts—with his thumb, perhaps. It would have been his darling effect. Forehead in smooth knolls; nose firm and substantial, yet clearly cut. From two dark caves shoot and

glance Spanish eyes, fierce, full of flashing light. How many women have envied them to the Face! how many hearts have they made to shrink and tremble! And the mouth——

Now does that coarse and terrible portrait of Voltaire the younger's ferocious handling intrude itself! And, without such hint, had I not presentiment of this from the beginning? has it not been hanging over me with a dim foreshadowing that mind and power were within that small circle—that the Anax king, the Can-nig man of Prophet Carlyle, was at hand—that with all the fantoccini round, playing out their parts, here was the figure, so still and impassive, that could move the wires and work the machinery? But the mouth——

Not quite that "bouche de brigand," M. Edmond; give me leave, in this humble way of mine, to interpret that feature. A long bar drawn down, but tortured with an eternal bitterness in the palate. Rue-leaves are being always on his tongue; sour lozenges are being moistened there perpetually; and so it now takes a shape of sad contempt, almost disgust. That sour smile lets me see his teeth,—superb, white as a negro's! A mouth of infinite play and power, that can smile sweetly and contract, and look cold, and kill. How the face shifts and plays! A stooped Brother of the Seventy is beside him, shrunken and bent, and to him he whispers. Brightly flash the famous jet eyes, and the sweetest, softest smile, breaking through rue-leaves and ipecacuanha, has warmed the stooped brother's heart. No brigand's mouth, I say again, M. Edmond. Yet it is gone, faster than a cloud reflected in a field of corn, and here are rue-leaves again. As the glitter and colour of the pageant proceeds, the vellum face now moves to the right or to the left, following the stages with a sort of tranquil interest. Now are the overhanging crags of eyebrows lifted, wrinkling the smooth forehead, and the thick lip corners drawn down with a spasm of repugnance—some rue-leaf memory has occurred to him; now are the eyes cast down demurely, and he looks a simple priest, a modest village curate.

And presently, when that twisting of the cord of the gold and purple strands sets in, and the vellum cheeks, being of such consideration, must go up second in order to receive its wheat-coloured palm, and I look with an absorbing interest to see it in this new function, there rises a general flutter and light buzzing of well-known name, with a ring of silver in it, as the small figure, modest, unobtrusive as a monk, almost shrinking, but with the jet eyes glistening and roving like a snake's, moves forward with a stiff, quiet walk, and hands in prayerful attitude peeping from under the ermine cape. Does that modest monk from the country—such he must be—suspect that every eye follows his steps? Now he has knelt at his prince's knees, and turns round freighted with his tall palm-staff, all curled, and flowered, and taller than he is. He is overcome by the honour, and helpless and irresolute, and with the rue-leaf flavour distilling with extra

bitterness, picks his way slowly down the steps, holding that yellow wand of his away from him with two fingers. Long shall I recollect the helpless, timid look with which, as he sits down, he tries to adjust the long and inconvenient emblem he has brought back with him; and I translate that sour pout upon the sour mouth into "What do I with this unmanageable toy?"—"Que diable fais-je dans cette galère!" And so he presently fades out, being drifted away in the ranks of the snowy figures. But I take home with me the impassive vellum cheeks, the close-grained face cut out of solid ivory. It walks with me all day long. It tempts me back to it with overpowering interest. I feel that there is a world of mystery working ever so deep beneath those cheeks.

Rolls away now the dark cloud that overhangs that week—the sad and lugubrious succession of commemorative offices; the dismal wailing, most musical but most bald and austere; the flaring of yellow torches, and flitting of indistinct figures in the half-darkness,—and the glorious Easter Day has flashed out, triumphant and jubilant, with ringing of bells, and fuming incense, and riotous organ music, and figures in sparkling silver and scarlet, and other cheerful tones, bathed in a dazzling sunlight.

As humanity, crowded very densely before me, is rent asunder periodically, I catch glimpses of that picturesque function in all its stages, of the silver-white figures, seen mistily through incense clouds, now clustered on the steps, now scattered, now flitting past like spirits to be suddenly shut out by a heave of the dense humanity. Then do I hear the gospel chanted in Greek, according to the quaint tradition, and then, humanity parting suddenly, I see through the cloud a small train glide by—a figure, snow white and sparkling in sheen, whom I seem to know, and start as I recognise—

The vellum cheeks, the ivory yellow face again, floating through this day's solemnity as Deacon. Deacon in the high high mass! Desperately do I struggle with perverse humanity before me, who let me have but short-lived glimpses of that small glittering figure, gliding, not walking, through its function with a matchless grace. But with the day has come a change. The vellum face is glorified, is lit up with a soft tranquillity. There is the sweetest smile in the world on the bar mouth, with not a trace of rue-leaves. There is even a soft melancholy, which draws you with an irresistible fascination. It looks holy, it looks resigned, and even persecuted. No one, Romans will tell you, takes his part in this function so magnificently. Hush! irreverent humanity in front there! And from out of a dazzling mystery of lights, priests, acolytes, and fuming incense, rises a soft, sweet voice, very clear and melodious, the cardinal Deacon chanting the gospel. And by this duty, being brought to face stiffened and bedizened diplomacy, those functionaries garotted in their gold lace, look askant at each other with a smile and almost sneer; and then I see rue-leaves

back again, with a flash of menace and contempt; but all passed away in a second, even as he opens the great missal. And so through all the rest of the ways and windings of the ceremonial, tortuous certainly, I see him glide and flit by with the same soft tranquillity and matchless dignity. I feel that I must know this mysterious man.

The lights are gone, the figures have all faded away, and the sun has gone down. The pageant is over for this year. Only one day later, a retiring priest, who would not harm a fly, tells how he has that morning, wandering among the galleries in the Vatican, lost his way; and how, of a sudden, fierce sbirri came sweeping along, precursors as it were, clearing from the road all dangerous things—all men or women in fact. For he is coming, the vellum-cheeked, passing from the Pope's chambers to his own. Back, intruders! disguised assassins, as ye may prove to be. So priest is hustled away to a corner anywhere, with much suspicion and violence, while presently passes by swiftly the black short figure, dark and terrible, and is gone in an instant. Is not here a new element, a new part in the piece? Vellum-cheeked, with Damocles's sword shining over his head. It adds a deeper fascination to that picture. Again I whisper to myself, "I must see, and know, and speak with him."

One night, passing late under our modest archway, I find a state of general illumination and festivity, wholly abnormal and foreign to the known habits of the host. There is a flush and hum of expectation, and men look round corners and convenient places with a sense as of some awful event now at hand and about to burst. Grand-Ducal Calmuck disguised, now in resplendent livery, is seen afar off at the top of the marble flight, waiting tranquilly. Host now surely demoted, and with a wild look in his eyes I had not noticed before, brushes by me without speech, still holding his head between his hands. I can see before many hours he will be ripe for the waistcoat that is not crooked. Information being hopeless from such a quarter, an intelligent menial lets me know that "Il Cardinale" is expected to visit the grand-ducal immensities now residing at the hotel; and knowing that to all intents and purposes there is but one definite practical cardinal spoken of in the city, I can guess to whom this points.

The vellum-cheeked again! Thus brought on the stage with this mysterious designation—the cardinal, the man, the can-ning man. All things fit harmoniously with his popular attributes. I have heard him talked of with 'bated breath as plain HE! "What will HE say? what will HE do?" falls on my ear at street-corners, as two purple monsignori glide past. Bogueyism still in the ascendant! and in excellent keeping is this nightly flight through the shadows from the three little windows high in the Vatican. Who rides by night? the great mystery-man and vampire cardinal, as he is known in popular

Roman Volks'-lore. It is but rational to hope that he will come in preternatural plumage, and flit by me, as I stand on the bottom step of my marble flight of stairs (mine by temporary use), and wait for him anxiously.

Clatter of carriages and hoofs growing more and more obstreperous as they draw near—but merely passing on with a flash of lamps into the night—excite only empty alarms and a justifiable resentment. For one poor sufferer, the suspense must be horrible. How many times that night did the brain of demented host topple on the verge of lunacy? But hark! Clatter again of carriage and hoofs, but this time of a stately solemn order: hoofs tramping it solemnly, as is only befitting the Barclay and Perkins animals that draw princes of the Church. As the great flaming red berline comes reeling and heaving up, and its one eye pours a flood of light into the arch, the three pantomimic footmen in the comic cocked-hats and flowing beades' cloaks, are on the ground in an instant, discharging the door and steps with a succession of bangs: instantly opens little folding-door at the top of marble flight, disclosing illuminated chambers with disguised Calmucks, artfully made up in florid livery, seen flitting in the light. Descends now a dark-robed Maggiordomo (he might have been a notary lent from the Opera) with a pair of wax candles ready lighted, and lurks round the corner until the fitting moment. Hush! he comes—descending lightly from his great flame-coloured berline. Emerge now from ambush, notary from L'Elisir d'Amore, with thy candles, and make as though you would kiss the dust.

The light being suspended overhead and casting spasmodic shadows, it is a positive Rembrandt figure that walks by me so swiftly, as though it were trampling roughshod over obstacles. The ivory face shining out yellowly, the eyes, the famous eyes like coals, at the bottom of their caverns, the mouth compressed and almost insolent. He is dark, all dark to-night; a carravaggio figure rubbed in with chalk and charcoal. Black-robed, save as to the neat little scarlet buttons and scarlet stockings peeping out. I think with wonder of the soft, gentle, white-robed ascetic, seen but yesterday amid floating clouds of incense, and crucifixes, and lighted tapers, attended with dreamy notions of a day not far distant when I shall sing, "Sancte Antonelli, ora pro nobis!" and, presto! he walks by, roughly tramping on imaginary rebellious necks, and with a scornful face—still not approaching to that "bouche de brigand" of yours, M. Edmond: to-night it is Il Cardinale Segretario, H.E. the Cardinal Secretary of State! yesterday we were but a poor holy man and simple deacon.

As I go out again into the night and see the suspicious errandless figures hovering about the flame-coloured coach, who have the look indefinable of disguised police, and the lounging gendarmes hanging about, striving to appear purposeless too, and then look up to the brightly illuminated window where there are Grand-

Ducal shadows flitting past, and where "He" is sitting next her highness, rippling off most sweet and silvery French, I think what a wretched sinking heart must shrink and wither away behind those cardinal's robes! What sort of a grisly private skeleton has he to come home to and find sitting in those Vatican chambers? or who indeed may travel abroad with him on state occasions and triumphs, standing by his ear on the wheel of the flame-coloured coach, to whisper, not "Remember that thou art but man!" but this, "Remember thou art the most hated man in Rome! Remember that this hate is savage, furious, and to be sated with blood only: at the first sign of revolution, wild, bleared-eyed sans-culottes will make straight for that chamber of the three windows, frantic women rending thee limb from limb, men bearing thy head upon a pole!" *That* is something to think on at the dead hours of the night.

I go out into thoroughfares and by-ways, pursued by the strangest craving to hunt to earth this mysterious character; I gather opinions from various ranks, and find a curious unanimity—at best a certain doubtfulness. There is no quarter. Every man's hand is armed with a rough stone, flung on the first invitation. It is Aunt Sally in purple; and the sticks come flying fast and thick.

And yet this curious fact remains. Bogie is impalpable! Gentle and simple join in the hue and cry, but are unable to account for this singular antipathy. I grow weary of putting to them the question, "What wrong hath this man done that you must so persecute him?" Stimulated by opposition, I determine to do battle with the spectre. I actually feel it incumbent to issue a sort of "royal commission" directed to myself, to collect evidence and report upon the facts. And your special commissioner does hereby respectfully submit the following report, which is in a manner no report:

There was the special cabman, with a great bushy beard, and a gruff voice, and a cap that swelled and overflowed after the manner of a turban, with a general Turkish flavour about him, to whom I was at first attracted by the royal Ottoman fashion in which he was having his boots cleaned as he sat upon his box. The special Turco-cabman being skilfully quickened by artful allusion to the unprecedentedly high quotation of oats, and the general indisposition to enjoy carriage exercise, lashes his horses vindictively. His horses start away with a bound. "*He* has done it," special cabman remarks, pointing his thumb over his shoulder. "'Tis all *his* work. See you this, signor? Last year, did not every gentle stranger, if he only wished to cross the street, send for a vettura and do the thing in a princely manner? Whose work, I say, is this?" (emphasised by a ferocious crack of his whip). "A-r-r-r! An-to-NEL-li's!" (with a savage stress on the third syllable). Special cabman will not bear pressing as to the immediate connexion considered in the relation of cause and effect between this wicked minister and the marked disinclination of tourists to enjoy carriage exercise. He would plainly

concur in that famous solution of all the wrecks on Goodwin Sands, and have heartily condemned Tenterden steeple; but, seeing that he has not convinced, Ottoman cabman hoarsely intimates that he has an argument in his quiver which is, so to speak, a perfect clincher—it is only too plain, the thing is not worth discussion—all the world knows it: IS NOT HIS BROTHER GOVERNOR OF THE BANK? A smile of triumph, with an ominous shake of the bushy beard, and he has lashed his horses into a furious gallop. No need of argument after *that*! He retires crowned from the discussion after *that*!

Burgher behind his counter, delving, a perfect navy, among his trays and shelves of commodities below, upon the mysterious bogie name being mentioned to him, is brought up suddenly in his mining, and rests, as it were, upon his spade. "An-to-NEL-li," he repeats, softly (with the popular stress on third syllable). "Il Cardinale! ah, to be sure, yes!" The "eminentissimo" is the bane of the country. From those three Vatican windows descends a blight worse than the *aria cattiva*, the bad air. "What has he *done*? what has he *done*? what *has* he *done*?" Burgher folding his arms, pauses, then doubtfully goes on: "The noble strangers will not buy; they cheapen our wares; the harvests, signor, are getting worse every year; the ground is parched with excessive drought." "But," it is mildly objected, "this is only Tenterden steeple again. Is this poor baited eminentissimo one of the geni, or a familiar of the Great Nameless?" "Pah!" exclaims burgher, dropping his voice, "IL SUO FRATELLO E GOVERNATORE DELLA BANCA." *Causa finita est*!

"The day HE falls," another trading burgher tells me, "all Rome will illuminate! The Santo Padre himself is weary of him." Comes then impatient rejoinder, "What wrong has he done? Has he robbed the state?" "Well, no. But have you not heard? His brother is Governor of the Bank." "Has he worked homicide, murder, and the rest of it?" "No. But his brother," &c. &c. It revolves in that eternal circle: NON E FRATELLO IL GOVERNATORE DELLA BANCA?

It was the misfortune of our Cardinal Secretary of State to have first seen the light close to the notoriously operatic locality of Terracina. It is set out conspicuously in the almanacks of the polite circles. Hence, I suspect as I muse about him, that fitting on of the *bouche de brigand*; hence the pleasant legends of the early life of young Giacomo Antonelli, reared in all the excitement of bandit life, and playfully taking part as an outsider, dressed in a miniature little hat and ribbons, and jacket of the regulation pattern, while his sire and other friends stopped and rifled the well-lined diligence.

Let us think of this, too. There are his scarlet brethren, overshadowed by the broad hat, hedging him round in a circle and watching him distrustfully. There is a strong party among the seventy who would thrust him gently

from the wheel, holding that his bad seamanship has endangered the heavy temporal tender which sails behind the spiritual bark of Saint Peter. But they are powerless, single or in combination. "If he fall, not one of us is fit to step into his place." The days of ambitious cardinalships are gone by, and these are mostly gentle, pious well-meaning men, of little capability beyond their ecclesiastical *lasts*. Such as look on from afar off, think of the florid English cardinal, sitting in the ministerial chair, and signing decrees, but flounder sadly in such speculation. He could not battle down the tide of nationalities. Italy for the Italians is as loud and persistent as was ever Ireland for the Irish. He has no "party" among the seventy. He will never sign himself "Nic. Card. Wiseman, Segretario."

Amid all this tempest of obloquy, this din of evil tongues, enough to chill the most iron heart, the vellum-cheeked has a sort of comforting bower to withdraw into—a circle of the firmest and fastest friends man ever possessed. Sheltered round by these protecting trees, for him the storms no longer blow; he sits in the shade and forgets that he has enemies. Cheerfully he sits among them, and says, with a smile and with a half sigh, that he is the best abused man in Europe! He gives way to a childlike gaiety. It is Cato at Tusculum over again. He is full of a sweet merriment—the best abused man in Europe. He brings out his marbles and curiosities, and delivers a sportive lecture on their beauties. He gives dinner parties, where he is the smooth, graceful host. He dines out himself, and is a witty talker.

No wonder, then, when gigantic friend strides in cheerily one morning, and bids me arise, for he has arranged a visit to the mysterious Cardinal, that I spring up excitedly. He had seen, had gigantic friend, the Secretary's secretary, and all things had been made straight and smooth.

Not long is our Roman chariot scouring the narrow line of streets between the English pale and the towering ochre-coloured palace.

Flight after flight of marble stair. Broad, sufficient for a dozen men to march up abreast, each flight in itself so high that, after the third or so is surmounted, you begin to pause and gasp. It becomes a grand Mont Blanc ascent, with eternal marble for eternal snows. And now the Grands Mulets come in sight; we could go yet higher, but we pass, instead, into this ante-chamber, where are the servants sitting, who rise up and do us homage. Pass on, if it so please you, signori, into the next chamber.

A long low chamber, positively brilliant with windows, whence is a matchless view; a pretty chamber, with rich green and gold panelling, and furnished with many elegancies. Furnished, too, with visitors—patients it may be, or clients—sitting round, leaning on the tops of sticks or umbrellas. A curious miscellany, suggesting forcibly the dismal company that wait in a dentist's ante-chamber. Most are of the humbler order, one being clearly agricultural, on leave, as it were, from Wilkie's famous Rent Day.

How did the bucolic farmer waiting his turn, sucking his stick top, with his hat on the ground between his knees, get into an Eternal City? Here, he unquestionably is. A pale widow-looking woman, in rusty black, sitting there, sad and patient; what can she have to trouble a Cardinal Secretary with? A trader, and a soldier. These are the patients waiting outside the operating-room.

A little silver bell has tinkled, and Secretary's secretary skims away like a bird. Gigantic friend and I feel curious sensation, and dread the appalling "Now, sir!" of the dentist's familiar.

Reappears, presently, Secretary's secretary, with much mystery, making passes and significant gestures. Agriculturist seeing us moving forward in obedience to this Od force, enters a faint protest by rising from his chair; but subsides again into the Rent Day, feeling that he is powerless. We enter a little chamber, and the door is softly closed behind us: a dainty little cabinet of a place, panelled in green and gold also, but whose appointments and appropriate furniture are all absorbed into the small dark figure sitting at the table. With magnificent effect, stands out the firm cleanly cut face, no longer vellum-cheeked in the broad light rushing in, in floods, at the window, and rising on billows, as it were, of flowing papers, petitions, and documents official, unrolled and tossed lightly before him. So clear and brilliant is it flung out by that deep richly green background and scarlet carpet, that I think the great mystery cardinal must have studied the fine old portrait colouring, and artfully selected this bold combination. As he rises out of that documental foam, and with a smile the most overpoweringly gracious and fascinating welcomes his two visitors, the hair seems to me at this closer view yet more richly luxuriant, more classically waving, and the eye caverns the darkest and most piercing, that man can conceive. In that vividly scarlet skull-cap, and dark cloth robe with a little cape, edged with a fine scarlet line and dotted with minute scarlet buttons, he becomes to me the most mysterious awe-inspiring figure—true, genuine secretary of state. Sweet phrases come rolling thickly over those lips which the profane wit would christen "brigand," and it seems to me the most melodious voice I ever heard.

Now, two chairs are drawn close to the documental table, and H.E. the Cardinal Secretary, with his chair thrown back a little, reels forth discourse most musical, at times quaintly bilingual, running fitfully from Italian into French. I steal a glance round the room and wonder at its small size; but then recollect that this is a cabinet—a minister's boudoir. A most coquettish and artistic disorder prevails in it, too, and there are rare prints hung on the green wall; the furniture is of a quaint pattern; and an ancient altar triptich of Byzantine pattern, leans against a chair. A pretty little open-work screen, the

carving of which is a speciality in certain Italian provinces, stands erect upon the table and fences off the glare. Even as he sits, most graceful is the attitude and effect: his black robe of the finest cloth, falling in judicious folds, and the neatest cleanest-shaped ankle cased in a bright scarlet stocking without crease or seam, peeping out under the skirt daintily looped up. Gigantesque friend alludes to a certain friendship as dating from school-days. "Ah," sighs softly the Cardinal, with a plaintive regret, "ce sont quelquefois les connaissances les plus agréables!" And I think for the moment that I have heard a Rochefoucauld maxim of singular point and novelty. Gigantesque friend, knowing that his eminence is curious in bric-a-brac and art relics, has ventured to bring some rare engraved signet rings from his well-known collection, for H.E.'s inspection. The dark eyes lighten—he is virtuoso himself—and yonder, in those inner chambers, keeps an unique collection of gems and marbles. Another day he will show us these treasures, with a trifle in the way of a picture or two; but alas! are there not the clients outside, waiting to devour him? These art enemies must have their prey; but the ring is curious—most curious—and he smiles over it with love, and peers into it with the piercing eyes, then fetches out from somewhere under the great flood of lawyers' briefs, a great magnifier, and studies it with that aid. There is yet another signet wondrously wrought as to framework, in the Cellini manner, but unhappily lacking the stone. Eminency suddenly be-thinks him of a remedy, and, groping in a little cabinet drawer, fetches forth a little casket, and out of the little casket picks, with neat fingers, one special green gem, which he has had in his mind, but which will not suit. He has fallen into a bric-a-brac dream; but presently a cloud gathers about the caverns, and he wakes. The clients press on him in a practical reality. The bugbear Business comes in, roughly tramping down these delicate fancies. So gigantesque friend rises, and chairs are pushed away, and Eminency rises, and the black shiny cloth falls gracefully and hides the neat scarlet ankle. Sweetest and most gracious dismissal, the shining teeth flash upon us, little bell rings softly, and Cardinal Secretary of State fades into his deep green background. It is bucolic's turn at last.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 78.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.]

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE

CHAPTER XII.

I GREW impatient to leave Ostend: every association connected with the place was unpleasant. I hope I am not unjust in my estimate of it. I sincerely desire to be neither unjust to men nor cities, but I thought it vulgar and common-place. I know it is hard for a watering-place to be otherwise; there is something essentially low in the green-baize and bathing-house existence—in that semi-nude sociality, begun on the sands and carried out into deep water, which I cannot abide. I abhor, besides, a lounging population in fancy toilets, a procession of donkeys in scarlet trappings, elderly gentlemen with pocket-telescopes, and fierce old ladies with camp-stools. The worn-out debauchees come to recruit for another season of turtle and whitebait; the half-faded victims of twenty polkas per night, the tiresome politician, pale from a long session, all fiercely bent on fresh diet and sea-breezes, are perfect antipathies to me, and I would rather seek companionship in a Tyrol village than amidst these wounded and missing of a London season.

With all this, I wanted to get away from the vicinity of the Jopplyns—they were positively odious to me. Is not the man who holds in his keeping one scrap of your handwriting which displays you in a light of absurdity, far more your enemy than the holder of your protested bill? I own I think so. Debt is a very human weakness; like disease, it attacks the best and the noblest amongst us. You may pity the fellow that cannot meet that acceptance, you may be sorry for the anxiety it occasions him, the fruitless running here and there, the protestations, promises, and even lies, he goes through, but no sense of ludicrous scorn mingles with your compassion, none of that contemptuous laughter with which you read a copy of absurd verses or a maudlin love-letter. Imagine the difference of tone in him who says: "That's an old bill of poor Potts's; he'll never pay it now, and I'm sure I'll never ask him." Or, "Just read those lines; would you believe that any creature out of Hanwell could descend to such miserable drivel as that? It was one Potts who wrote it."

I wonder could I obtain my manuscript from Jopplyn before I started? What pretext could I adduce for the request? While I thus pondered,

I packed up my few wearables in my knapsack and prepared for the road. They were, indeed, a very scanty supply, and painfully suggested to my mind the estimate that waiters and hotel porters must form of their owner. "Cruel world," muttered I, "whose maxim is, 'By their outsides shall ye judge them.' Had I arrived here with a travelling-carriage and a 'fourgon,' what respect and deference had awaited me! how courteous the landlord, how obliging the head waiter! Twenty attentions which could not be charged for in the bill had been shown me, and even had I, in superb dignity, declined to descend from my carriage while the post-horses were being harnessed, a levee of respectful flunkeys would have awaited my orders. I have no doubt but there must be something very intoxicating in all this homage. The smoke of the hecatombs must have affected Jove as a sort of chloroform, or else he would never have sat there sniffing them for centuries. Are you ever destined to experience these sensations, Potts? Is there a time coming when anxious ears will strain to catch your words, and eyes watch eagerly for your slightest gestures? If such an era should ever come it will be a great one for the masses of mankind, and an evil day for snobbery. Such a lesson as I will read the world on humility in high places, such an example will I give of one elevated, but uncorrupted, by fortune.

"Let the carriage come to the door," said I, closing my eyes, as I sank into my chair in reverie. "Tell my people to prepare the entire of the Hôtel de Belle Vue for my arrival, and my own cook to preside in the kitchen."

"Is this to go by the omnibus?" said the waiter, suddenly, on entering my room in haste. He pointed to my humble knapsack.

"Yes," said I, in deep confusion—"yes, that's my luggage—at least, all that I have here at this moment. Where is the bill? Very moderate indeed," muttered I, in a tone of approval. "I will take care to recommend your house; attendance prompt, and the wines excellent."

"Monsieur is complimentary," said the fellow, with a grin; "he only experimented upon a 'small Beaune' at one-twenty the bottle."

I scowled at him, and he shrank again.

"And this 'objet' is also monsieur's," said he, taking up a small white canvas bag which was enclosed in my railroad wrapper.

"What is it?" cried I, taking it up. I almost fell back as I saw that it was one of the

despatch bags of the Foreign-office, which in my hasty departure from the Dover train I had accidentally carried off with me. There it was, addressed to "Sir Shalley Doubleton, H.M.'s Envoy and Minister at Hesse-Kalbratenstadt, by the Hon. Grey Buller, Attaché," &c.

Here was not alone what might be construed into a theft, but what it was well possible might comprise one of the gravest offences against the law: it might be high treason itself! Who would ever credit my story, coupled as it was with the fact of my secret escape from the carriage—my precipitate entrance into the first place I could find, not to speak of the privacy I observed by not mixing with the passengers in the mail packet, but keeping myself estranged from all observation in the captain's cabin? Here, too, was the secret of the skipper's politeness to me: he saw the bag, and believed me to be a Foreign-office messenger, and this was his meaning, as he said, "I can answer for him he can't delay much here." Yes; this was the entire mystification by which I obtained his favour, his politeness, and his protection. What was to be done in this exigency? Had the waiter not seen the bag, and with the instincts of his craft calmly perused the address on it, I believe, nay, I am quite convinced, I should have burned it and its contents on the spot. The thought of his evidence against me in the event of a discovery, however, entirely routed this notion, and, after a brief consideration, I resolved to convey the bag to its destination, and trump up the most plausible explanation I could of the way it came into my possession. His excellency, I reasoned, will doubtless be too delighted to receive his despatches to inquire very minutely as to the means by which they were recovered, nor is it quite impossible that he may feel bound to mark my zeal for the public service by some token of recognition. This was a pleasant turn to give to my thoughts, and I took it with all the avidity of my peculiar temperament. "Yes," thought I, "it is just out of trivial incidents like this a man's fortune is made in life. For one man who mounts to greatness by the great entrance and the state staircase, ten thousand slip in by 'la petite Porte.' It is, in fact, only by these chances that obscure genius obtains acknowledgment. How, for example, should this great diplomatist know Potts if some accident should not throw them together? Raleigh flung his laced jacket in a puddle, and for his reward he got a proud Queen's favour. A village apothecary had the good fortune to be visiting the state apartments at the Pavilion when George the Fourth was seized with a fit; he bled him, brought him back to consciousness, and made him laugh by his genial and quaint humour. The king took a fancy to him, named him his physician, and made his fortune. I have often heard it remarked by men who have seen much of life, that nobody, not one, goes through the world without two or three such opportunities presenting themselves. The careless, the indolent, the unobservant, and the idle, either fail to remark, or

are too slow to profit by them. The sharp fellows, on the contrary, see in such incidents all that they need to lead them to success. Into which of these categories you are to enter, Potts, let this incident decide."

Having by a reference to my John Murray ascertained the whereabouts of the capital of Hesse-Kalbratenstadt, I took my place at once on the rail for Cologne, reading myself up on its beauty and its belongings as I went. There is, however, such a dreary sameness in these small ducal states, that I am ashamed to say how little I gleaned of anything distinctive in the case before me. The reigning sovereign was of course married to a grand-duchess of Russia, and he lived at a country seat called Ludwig's Lust, or Carl's Lust, as it might be, "took little interest in politics"—how should he?—and "passed much of his time in mechanical pursuits, in which he had attained considerable proficiency;" in other words, he was a middle-aged gentleman, fond of his pipe, and with a taste for carpentry. Some sort of connexion with our own royal family had been the pretext for having a resident minister at his court, though what he was to do when he was there seemed not so easy to say. Even John, glorious John, was puzzled how to make a respectable half-page out of his capital, though there was a dome in the Byzantine style, with an altar-piece by Peter von Grys, the angels in the corner being added afterwards by Hans Lüders; and there was a Hof Theatre, and an excellent inn, the "Schwein," by Kramm, where the sausages of home manufacture were highly recommendable, no less than a table wine of the host's vineyard, called "Magenschmerz," and which, Murray adds, would doubtless, if known, find many admirers in England; and lastly, but far from least, there was a Musik Garten, where popular pieces were performed very finely by an excellent German band, and to which promenade all the fashion of the capital nightly resorted.

I give you all these details, respected reader, just as I got them in my "Northern Germany," and not intending to obtrude any further description of my own upon you; for who, I would ask, could amplify upon his Handbook? What remains to be noted after John has taken the inventory? has he forgotten a nail or a saint's shin-bone? With him for guide, a man may feel that he has done his Europe conscientiously; and though it be hard to treasure up all the hard names of poets, painters, priests, and warriors, it is not worse than botany, and about as profitable.

For the same reason that I have given above, I spare my reader all the circumstances of my journey, my difficulties about carriage, my embarrassments about steam-boats and cab fares, which were all of the order that Brown and Jones have experienced, are experiencing, and will continue to experience, till the arrival of that millenary period when we shall all converse in any tongue we please.

It was at nightfall that I drove into Kalbratenstadt, my postilion announcing my advent

at the gates, and all the way to the Platz where the inn stood, by a volley of whip-crackings which might have announced a grand-duke or a prima donna. Some casements were hastily opened as we rumbled along, and the guests of a café issued hurriedly into the street to watch us, but these demonstrations over, I gained the Schwein without further notice, and descended.

Herr Kramm looked suspiciously at the small amount of luggage of the traveller who arrived by "extra post," but, like an honest German, he was not one to form rash judgments, and so he showed me to a comfortable apartment, and took my orders for supper in all respectfulness. He waited upon me also at my meal, and gave me opportunity for conversation. While I ate my Carbonade mit Kartoffel-Salad, therefore, I learned that, being already nine o'clock, it was far too late an hour to present myself at the English Embassy—for so he designated our minister's residence; that at this advanced period of the night there were but few citizens out of their beds: the ducal candle was always extinguished at half-past eight, and only roisterers and revellers kept it up much later. My first surprise over, I own I liked all this. It smacked of that simple patriarchal existence I had so long yearned after. Let the learned explain it, but there is, I assert, something in the early hours of a people that guarantee habits of simplicity, thrift, and order. It is all very well to say that people can be as wicked at eight in the evening as at two or three in the morning; that crime cares little for the clock, nor does vice respect the chronometer; but does experience confirm this, and are not the small hours notorious for the smallest moralities? The grand-duke, who is fast asleep at nine, is scarcely disturbed by dreams of cruelties to his people. The police minister, who takes his bedroom candle at the same hour, is seldom harassed by devising new schemes of torture for his victims. I suffered my host to talk largely of his town and its people, and probably such a listener rarely presented himself, for he certainly improved the occasion. He assured me, with a gravity that vouched for the conviction, that the capital, though by no means so dear as London or Paris, contained much if not all these more pretentious cities could boast. There was a court, a theatre, a promenade, a public fountain, and a new gaol, one of the largest in all Germany. Jenny Lind had once sung at the opera on her way to Vienna; and to prove how they sympathised in every respect with greater centres of population, when the cholera raged at Berlin, they, too, lost about four hundred of their townsmen. Lastly, he mentioned, and this boastfully, that though neither wanting in organs of public opinion, nor men of adequate ability to guide them, the Kalbrateners had never mixed themselves up in politics, but proudly maintained that calm and dignified attitude which Europe would one day appreciate; that is, if she ever arrived at the crowning knowledge of the benefit of letting her differences be decided by some impartial umpire.

More than once, as I heard him, I muttered to myself, "Potts, this is the very spot you have sought for; here is all the tranquil simplicity of the village, with the elevated culture of a great city. Here are sages and philosophers clad in homespun, Beauty herself in linsey-woolsey. Here there are no vulgar rivalries of riches, no contests in fine clothes, no opposing armies of yellow plush. Men are great by their faculties, not in their flunkeys. How elevated must be the tone of their thoughts, the style of their conversation, and what a lucky accident it was that led you to that goal to which all your wishes and hopes have been converging!—For how much can a man live—a single gentleman like myself—here in your city?" asked I of my host.

He sat down at this, and filling himself a large goblet of my wine—the last in the bottle—he prepared for a lengthy sentence. "First of all," said he, "how would he wish to live? Would he desire to mingle in our best circles, equal to any in Europe, to know Herr von Krugwitz, and the Gnädige Frau von Steinhaltz?"

"Well," thought I, "these be fair ambitions." And I said, "Yes, both of them."

"And to be on the list of the court dinners? There are two yearly, one at Easter, the other on his highness's birthday, whom may Providence long protect!"

"To this also might he aspire."

"And to have a stall at the Grand Opera, and a carriage to return visits—twice in carnival time—and to live in a handsome quarter, and dine every day at our table d'hôte here with General von Beulwitz and the Hofrath von Schlaffrichter? A life like this is costly, and would scarcely be comprised under two thousand florins a year."

How my heart bounded at the notion of refinement, culture, elevated minds, and polished habits: "science," indeed, and the "musical glasses," all for one hundred and sixty pounds per annum.

"It is not improbable that you will see me your guest for many a day to come," said I, as I ordered another bottle, and of a more generous vintage, to honour the occasion. My host offered no opposition to my convivial projects—nay, he aided them by saying,

"If you have really an appreciation for something super-excellent in wine, and wish to taste what Freiligrath calls 'der Deutschen Nectar,' I'll go and fetch you a bottle."

"Bring it by all means," said I. And away he went on his mission.

"Providence blessed me with two hands," said he, as he re-entered the room, "and I have brought two flasks of Lieb Herzenthaler."

There is something very artistic in the way your picture-dealer, having brushed away the dust from a Mieris or a Gerard Dow, places the work in a favourite light before you, and then stands to watch the effect on your countenance. So, too, will your man of rare manuscripts and illuminated missals offer to your notice some

illegible treasure of the fourth century; but these are nothing to the mysterious solemnity of him who, uncorking a bottle of rare wine, waits to note the varying sensations of your first enjoyment down to your perfect ecstasy.

I tried to perform my part of the piece with credit: I looked long at the amber-coloured liquor in the glass, I sniffed it and smiled approvingly; the host smiled too, and said "Ja." Not another syllable did he utter, but how excessive was that "Ja!" "Ja" meant, "You are right, Potts, it is the veritable wine of 1764, bottled for the Herzog Ludwig's marriage; every drop of it is priceless. Mark the odour how it perfumes the air around us; regard the colour—the golden hair of Venus can alone rival it; see how the oily globules cling to the glass!" "Ja" meant all this, and more.

As I drank off my glass, I was sorely puzzled by the precise expression in which to couch my approval; but he supplied it and said, "Is it not Göttlich?" and I said it *was* Göttlich; and while we finished the two bottles, this solitary phrase sufficed for converse between us, "Göttlich" being uttered by each as he drained his glass, and Göttlich being re-echoed by his companion.

There is great wisdom in reducing our admiration to a word; giving, as it were, a cognate number to our estimate of anything. Wherever we amplify we usually blunder: we employ epithets that disagree, or, in even less questionable taste, soar into extravagances that are absurd. Besides, our moods of highest enjoyment are not such as dispose to talkativeness: the ecstasy that is most enthralling is self-contained. Who on looking at a glorious landscape does not feel the insufferable bathos of the descriptive enthusiast beside him? How grateful would he own himself if he would be satisfied with one word for his admiration. And if one needs this calm repose, this unbroken peace, for the enjoyment of scenery, equally is it applicable to our appreciation of a curious wine. I have no recollection that any further conversation passed between us, but I have never ceased, and most probably never shall cease, to have a perfect memory of the pleasant ramble of my thoughts as I sat there sipping, sipping. I pondered long over a plan of settling down in this place for life, by what means I could realise sufficient to live in that elevated sphere the host spoke of. If Potts père—I mean my father—were to learn that I was received in the highest circles, admitted to all that was most socially exclusive, would he be induced to make an adequate provision for me? He was an ambitious and a worldly man; would he see in these beginnings of mine the seeds of future greatness? Fathers, I well knew, are splendidly generous to their successful children, and "the poor they send empty away." It is so pleasant to aid him who does not need assistance, and such a hopeless task to be always saving him who *will* be drowned!

My first care, therefore, should be to impress upon my parent the appropriateness of his contributing his share to what already was an ac-

complished success. "Wishing, as the French say, to make you a part in my triumph, dear father, I write these lines." How I picture him to my mind's eye as he reads this, running frantically about to his neighbours, and saying, "I have got a letter from Algy—strange boy—but as I always foresaw, with great stuff in him, very remarkable abilities. See what he has done! struck out a perfect line of his own in life; just the sort of thing genius alone can do. He went off from this one morning by way of a day's excursion, never returned—never wrote. All my efforts to trace him were in vain. I advertised, and offered rewards, did everything, without success; and now, after all this long interval, comes a letter by this morning's post to tell me that he is well, happy, and prosperous. He is settled, it appears, in a German capital with a hard name, a charming spot, with every accessory of enjoyment in it: men of the highest culture, and women of most graceful and attractive manners; as he himself writes, 'the elegance of a Parisian salon added to the wisdom of the professor's cabinet.' Here is Algy living with all that is highest in rank and most distinguished in station; the favoured guest of the prince, the bosom friend of the English minister; his advice sought for, his counsel asked in every difficulty; trusted in the most important state offices, and taken into the most secret councils of the duchy. Though the requirements of his station make heavy demands upon his means, very little help from me will enable him to maintain a position which a few years more will have consolidated into a rank recognised throughout Europe." Would the faintest of fathers, would the most primitive-rock-hearted of parents resist an appeal like this? It is no hand to rescue from the waves is sought, but a little finger to help to affluence. "Of course you'll do it, Potts, and do it liberally; the boy is a credit to you. He will place your name where you never dreamed to see it. What do you mean to settle on him? Above all things, no stinginess; don't disgust him."

I hear these and such-like on every hand; even the most close-fisted and miserly of our acquaintances will be generous of their friend's money; and I think I hear the sage remarks with which they season advice with touching allusions to that well-known ship that was lost for want of a small outlay in tar. "Come down handsomely, Potts," says a resolute man, who has sworn never to pay a sixpence of his son's debts. "What better use can we make of our hoardings than to render our young people happy?" I don't like the man who says this, but I like his sentiments; and I am much pleased when he goes on to remark that "there is no such good investment as what establishes a successful son. Be proud of the boy, Potts, and thank your stars that he had a soul above senna, and a spirit above *sal volatile*!"

As I invent all this play of dialogue for myself, and picture the speakers before me, I come at last to a small peevish little fellow named Lynch, a merchant tailor, who lived next door

to us, and enjoyed much of my father's confidence. "So, they tell me you have heard from that runaway of yours, Potts. Is it true? What face does he put upon his disgraceful conduct? What became of the livery-stable-keeper's horse? Did he sell him, or ride him to death? A bad business if he should ever come back again, which, of course, he's too wise for. And where is he now, and what is he at?"

"You may read his letter, Mr. Lynch," replies my father; "he is one who can speak for himself." And Lynch reads and sniggers, and reads again. I see him as plainly as if he were but a yard from me. "I never heard of this ducal capital before," he begins, "but I suppose it's like the rest of them—little obscure dens of pretentious poverty, plenty of ceremony, and very little to eat. How did he find it out? What brought him there?"

"You have his letter before you, sir," says my parent, proudly. "Algernon Sydney is, I imagine, quite competent to explain what relates to his own affairs."

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly; only that I can't really make out how he first came to this place, nor what it is that he does there now that he's in it."

My father hastily snatches the letter from his hands, and runs his eye rapidly along to catch the passage which shall confute the objector and cover him with shame and confusion. He cannot find it at once. "It is this. No, it is on this side. Very strange, very singular indeed; but as Algernon must have told me——" Alas! no, father, he has not told you, and for the simple reason that he does not know it himself. For though I mentioned with becoming pride the prominent stations Irishmen now hold in most of the great states of Europe, and pointed to O'Donnell in Spain, Mac Mahon in France, and the Field-Marshal Nugent in Austria, I utterly forgot to designate the high post occupied by Potts in the Duchy of Hesse Kalbbratenstadt. To determine what this should be was now of imminent importance, and I gave myself up to the solution with a degree of intentness and an amount of concentration that set me off sound asleep.

Yes, benevolent reader, I will confess it, questions of a complicated character have always affected me, as the inside of a letter seems to have struck Tony Lumpkin—"all buzz." I start with the most loyal desire to be acute and penetrating; I set myself to my task with as honest a disposition to do my best as ever man did; I say, "Now, Potts, no self-indulgence, no skulking; here is a knotty problem, here is a case for your best faculties in their sharpest exercise;" and if any one come in upon me about ten minutes after this resolve, he will see a man who could beat Sancho Panza in sleeping!

Of course this tendency has often cost me dearly; I have missed appointments, forgotten assignments, lost friends through it. My character, too, has suffered, many deeming me insupportably indolent, a sluggard quite unfit for

any active employment. Others, more mercifully hinting at some "cerebral cause," have done me equal damage; but there happily is an obverse on the medal, and to this somnolency do I ascribe much of the gentleness and all the romance of my nature. It is your sleepy man is ever benevolent, he loves ease and quiet for others as for himself. What he cultivates is the tranquil mood that leads to slumber, and the calm that sustains it. The very operations of the mind in sleep are broken, incoherent, undelineated—just like the waking occupations of an idle man; they are thoughts that cost so little to manufacture that he can afford to be lavish of them. And now—Good night!

SANITARY SCIENCE.

MANY of the Levitical laws are sanitary laws. In the fourteenth chapter of Leviticus, and beginning at the thirty-third verse, we have the signs of leprosy and plague in houses described, and means of removing or destroying such leprosy and plague set forth. The description is not more curious than it is true of houses in the present day. There are at this time in London, and in great Britain generally, as also over the whole of the known world, sites and houses with subsoils so tainted, and the walls of the houses so leprous, plague-stricken, and foul, that entire removal of such houses, and of the material, is the only safe remedy. Some of our hospital surgeons could have defined streets, and even houses, from which patients, suffering under certain forms of malignant diseases, were regularly brought, and had been brought, for years. With a destruction of such houses there has been a cessation of that form of virulence in the particular class of disease. "And he shall break down the house, the stones of it, and the timber thereof, and all the mortar of the house; and he shall carry them forth out of the city, into an unclean place."

Examine the cities in the East, and we shall find pre-eminent ignorance of Sanitary law, and consequent filth, squalor, and human misery, disease and premature death. The entire subsoil is a vast mass of putrid and putrefying human and animal refuse and ordure. Recently, in Calcutta, the workmen employed to excavate the trenches for laying gas-pipes died from the effects of the noxious gases liberated by breaking through the upper oxydised crust of foul deposit, the accumulation of years. Sunshine, rain, and wind are most powerful disinfectors; if it were not so, the sites of cities and houses would long since have become more deadly than the emanations from the upas-tree of fable.

Owners of estates and builders of houses are alike ignorant of sanitary laws, even now in this our day, or alike careless as to consequences. Architects design and execute cloud-capp'd towers, solemn temples, and gorgeous palaces, but only that these buildings, with richly-carved outsides, may become vast poison generators, health destroyers, and life shorteners. In this

huge metropolis no real remedy is applied to the sanitary evils existing, nor does a remedy form any portion of the gigantic plans of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Outlet sewers will not purify the miles of sewers now ruinous and choked with foul deposit. Disinfecting may be a slight palliative, but it is not an effectual remedy. The Queen, Lords, and Commons fare no better in their new and gorgeous palace at Westminster than the poorest subject in the realm. The architect has elaborated the outside of the building with carvings in endless repetitions, whilst within there is rottenness generating the seeds of disease and premature death. This "gorgeous building" has been placed on a site below the level of river floods and daily tides. All the sewers and drains are within the "richly-carved walls;" all the traps and sinks connect every apartment with such drains and sewers; and the foul contents are retained by river flood and tidal waters, to ferment and give off the injurious gases of decomposition. The government of the day had the wisdom to consider the question of ventilation, and some hundred thousands of pounds sterling have been laid out, and many thousands are annually expended, to work the ventilating apparatus provided. The architect did not, however, believe in the ventilating doctor; and, consequently, little besides cost, blundering, quarrelling, and law expenses, have come of the money expended on ventilation. The corridors and the committee-rooms are totally unventilated.

London is said to be "the best-sewered large city in the world," and this, no doubt, is true. But London sewers require many improvements. The flat inverts and ruinous sides retain all the foul solids, and the subsoil soaks in the tainted fluids, so that the earth beneath and the air above are alike poisoned. The greater portion of the sewers in Westminster, around and within Buckingham Palace, and about Belgravia, have been constructed of bad sectional forms, with defective, spongy, porous bricks and inferior mortar, and are, consequently, inefficient. Fever has prevailed in the neighbourhood.

The foul sewers of London taint the atmosphere in the streets, and, through drains, contaminate the air within the houses. Many of the inhabitants of London judge as to changes of weather by the effluvia from their drains. During the so-called disinfecting operations of last summer, the peculiar taint of certain disinfecting material, passed down the main sewers, was perceived within the houses on each side of the streets: proving that sewer gases constantly have access to the interior of such houses.

The fashionable novelist describes vast mansions, surrounded by park and gardens, where servants in gorgeous liveries attend the noble and wealthy of the land. In this England of ours, many such houses bear names renowned in history, and are celebrated in song. The fashionable novelist would write something as follows: "Before us stood the embattled walls of this famous castle, out of whose gates lords, knights, and ladies rode forth to par-

take of the excitements of the chase, in the wide-spreading meadows and extensive woods around." Or, "The traveller arrived before the entrance to the park. An elaborately polished stone archway, gates of cunning workmanship, richly edged with gold, lodge and gateway bearing the arms of the noble family, stood partially shrouded amidst full-grown trees. A neatly-kept carriage-drive led on through forest trees centuries old, amidst which antlered deer bounded in native freedom. At each turn of the road some new beauty was opened to view; until at length glimpses were seen of grass and water, and then was fully revealed a breadth of lake and lawn; above which, terrace on terrace, rose the palace-like residence of his Grace." There are many seats in England more picturesque than the words even of the novelist can paint. Nature and art combine to make a perfect whole. Within, we tread polished floors and velvet pile to examine the evidences of luxury and taste. Every square yard of wall and ceiling has been an artistic study. Windows of coloured glass light up hall and corridor with rainbow-tinted shadows. Great artists are represented in cabinet pictures bearing fabulous prices. Wealth, judgment, and refined taste have accomplished all that money could do to make a luxurious and comfortable abode for intellect and worth. Sanitary knowledge has alone been absent.

The castle may be surrounded with remains of a moat, the whole basement subsoil may be damp and rotten, so that leprous blotches of mildew and decay are spread over floors and walls. The mansion, in its beautiful grounds, may stand upon a wet subsoil, ever damp and cold. The architect was skilled in all the learning of the Greeks and Romans, in grouping useless columns to bear incongruous pediments, filled with unmeaning sculpture. There may be no room for even an architectural pedant to find fault, as there is "precedent" for every line, and for every break, and for every form. The elevation in central mass and wings, from ground to sky line, is presumed to be "perfect." Yet, who has thought of sanitary arrangements? Not the architect. The family physician, generation after generation, visits and prescribes in crampy-written Latin. The grand house swarms with quadruped vermin, the natives in the adjoining village know when the family is at home or from home by the migrating movement of the rats. Servants suffer from rheumatism and fever, ladies may have died of consumption, and several heirs to the illustrious house may have been gathered to their fathers in babyhood. There has been fresh decorating, renewed painting and gilding, additional pictures and statuary. But, year by year, foul subsoil, foul drains, and foul sewers become still fouler.

Here is no over-statement. There are few houses in which, or about which, there are not some causes of discomfort which are easily removable. The sewers may be too large and not sufficiently ventilated, the drains may ho-

neycomb the basement and not remove the refuse passed into them, the water may be hard, the tanks and cisterns may be in improper places, and may also be neglected and foul with deposited sediment. Basements, halls, staircases, corridors, and rooms may be unventilated, a considerable number of the rooms may be permanently without sunshine, and some even without any direct sunlight. A princely income will not secure health to any person voluntarily, or otherwise, passing the greater part of his time in such character of house. An untainted subsoil, a thoroughly ventilated basement, large and lofty rooms, exposed to direct sunshine, pure water, preserved pure for use, afford a chance of health and comfort. Carving, gilding, rich carpets, costly works of art, and close and dark rooms, may only contribute to splendid misery.

There are many houses in Great Britain which have inherited evil reputations; there is a "ghost's room," or "a ghost's corridor," or "a ghost's tower," or "a ghost's terrace." The true ghost's walk is, however, in the basement; amongst and through fetid drains and foul sewers, the ghost's reception-chambers are ancient cesspools, and the ghost's nectar is drawn from tainted wells and neglected water cisterns. There are British ghosts; but there are also continental ghosts, if possible, more terrible: the chilling palaces of Italy, the gilded splendours of Paris, are alike ghost-haunted. Your only exorcist is the sanitary engineer.

PROSCRIBED POETRY.

It is curious how little we in England, who pique ourselves, and not without reason, on our general knowledge of contemporary French literature, know of certain names and popularities—and those not of the vulgar or ephemeral order—which, from time to time, spring up and grow at the other side of the Channel, making their way, exerting their influence, and sending forth their voices, through the length and breadth of France, without an echo finding its way across so narrow a space. Few of us have heard of *PIERRE DUPONT*, now living, who was born at Lyons on the 23rd of April, 1821. His family were simple artisans, and, at the death of his mother—which occurred when he was four years old—his godfather, a priest, took him to his home, and commenced his education, which, later, was advanced in the little seminary of *Largentière*. On quitting the religious school he was bound apprentice to a silk weaver, but shortly after obtained a clerkship in a bank.

Then came the old story, often repeated but ever new, of the poet-nature revolting against the regular discipline, the dry details, what appears to it the vulgar tyranny of commercial habits and rules, and in his new position *Pierre Dupont* chafed and fretted for the liberty which poets, and especially young poets, dream, often erroneously, as essential, not only to their happiness, but to the development of their genius.

It happened that at *Provins* there resided a

grandfather of *Dupont*, who was acquainted with *M. Pierre Lebrun*, a member of the Academy. Occasionally our budding poet visited this grandfather, and became an object of considerable interest to *M. Lebrun*. At this time he had completed one of his earliest poems, *Les Deux Anges*, *The Two Angels*. Being drawn for the conscription, he was, much to his dissatisfaction, ordered to join a regiment of chasseurs, but the idea occurred to *M. Lebrun* to publish this poem by subscription, and thus endeavour to obtain a sufficient sum to purchase a substitute.

The plan was tried and succeeded, and thus *Dupont*, unlike most youthful artists (using the word in its larger and more general sense), was, so to say, enabled to enter regularly on his poetical career through the profits of the first fruits of his poetical genius.

Les Deux Anges, though in many respects incomplete, incorrect, and wanting in the vigour that is so remarkable a characteristic of many of his later productions, yet contained so much promise, had in it so many indications of an original genius and an elevated intelligence, that in addition to the material benefit he obtained by it, he was honoured by a prize from the Academy, and on this, was offered a small place in the Institute as assistant in the compiling the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*. There is no doubt but that his labours in this department, however material they may seem, and the opportunities he frequently had of hearing the sometimes stormy, often eloquent, discussions on philological points, of such men as *Victor Hugo*, *Cousin*, &c., went far to perfect his style, teach him the value of words, and give force, elegance, and correctness to his language.

But still *Dupont* aspired to live entirely free, to follow poetry exclusively, to live for it and by it; and, after a time, he resigned his post at the Academy, explaining to *M. Lebrun* his reasons for doing so, and expressing the warmest gratitude for the interest and assistance he had accorded him.

Free to follow the bent of his inclinations, he worked hard to complete a series of songs entitled *Les Paysans*, *Chants Rustiques*, *Peasants*, *Rustic Songs*, of which not the words but the music (though he was utterly ignorant of music as a science, inasmuch that when he had composed his airs he was obliged to sing them to be noted down by another person) was his own. A neat edition, illustrated with tolerable lithographs, appeared, and then commenced his popularity.

For many years the vocal drawing-room music of the middle classes had consisted of "romances," of which words and music rivalled each other in mawkish sickliness and inane monotony. Here was something new, something sparkling with truth, and life, and freshness, with earnestness and originality; words, now plaintive, simple, tender, now overflowing with a wild, turbulent, but never coarse gaiety, now marked with the manly tone of wholesome, loving labour; music instinct with feeling, melody, va-

riety and originality, indeed, often rising to a degree of excellence most difficult to comprehend as the work of one totally ignorant of all scientific rules. And the new voice thus speaking speedily found an echo among nearly all classes of society, descending from the drawing-rooms to the streets.

Thus Dupont continued to labour in his calling, gathering fresh strength, seeking inspiration in natural scenery, his love for which breaks out at all times, even amid the sterner accents of patriotic and political denunciation—philosophising, in a word, thinking, and putting his thoughts into strong, true, and eloquent language.

In 1846, Dupont composed a song, *The Song of the Working Men*, of which I shall presently give a translation; however feebly it may represent the verve of the original, it is yet, I think, nearly as faithful and literal a rendering of its force as can be produced.

The *Song of the Working Men* forms a sort of epoch in the history of Dupont's genius. Here mind and heart and virile indignation assert themselves in tones hitherto unuttered. The poet himself was half uneasy at the echoes of his own voice, and in his uncertainty kept back the song for a while, and consulted some of his friends ere deciding to publish it. One of these, M. Charles Baudelaire, from whose brief notice of the life and works of Dupont some of the facts here recorded are gathered, thus relates the impression caused by the first hearing, from Dupont's lips, of *Le Chant des Ouvriers*:

"When I heard this admirable cry of suffering and melancholy, I was dazzled and affected. For so many years we had waited for some poetry that was strong and true! It is impossible, to whatever party we may belong, in whatever prejudices we may have been brought up, not to be touched by the spectacle of a sickly multitude, breathing the dust of the workshops, swallowing cotton, becoming actually impregnated with white lead, mercury, and all the poisons necessary for the creation of the wonders they execute; sleeping amid vermin, buried in quarters where the greatest and the humblest virtues lodge side by side with the most hardened vices, and the offscourings of the hulks" (*bagne*); "of that suffering, languishing multitude to whom the earth owes her wonders, who feel

—the vermillion blood

Through their veins impetuous flow;
who cast long and saddened looks on the sunshine and shade of broad parks, and who, for sufficient consolation and encouragement, shout their saving refrain, '*Aimons-nous!*' Let us love."

Thenceforward, Dupont's poetry continued chiefly to pursue the new course it had struck out. He wrote earnestly, passionately, feelingly, though perhaps at times somewhat one-sidedly, of the rights, the wrongs, the sufferings, the temptations of the working classes, bringing to bear on all a hopeful, loving philosophy which makes his songs find an echo wherever they are heard in France.

The revolution of 1848 gave new vigour and new voice to Dupont, and all the hopes, interests, and prospects it awakened were sung by him with a passion and energy that are yet tempered by the tender and pastoral character of his earlier muse. At all times his intense love of nature breaks forth, and he always seems to view it with a sort of tender, mysterious melancholy: the waving boughs of the thick forest, its whispering shades, the murmur of hidden streams, the pale beauties of the most ephemeral and fragile flowers, all the more mystic and essentially poetical views of natural scenery and objects are what seem especially to address themselves to his feelings. Listen to the vague, dreamy, half-supernatural tone that breathes through

LA BLONDE.*

Dream of a landscape pale,
With heather and birches light,
Whose silvery leaves on the passing wind
Float like foam on the surges white:
And beneath their flickering shade,
A graceful form behold,
More fair and slight than the birches white,
The virgin with locks of gold.
Day and night, all pale and fair,
She roams the woodland bowers,
Child beloved of the earth and sky,
Sister of stars and flowers.
All gaze as she passes by,
All praise her near and far,
Break the guitar and the sounding lyre,
The wild woods her minstrels are!
The beast from its den looks forth,
The birds from their downy nests,
And river and lake for her sweet sake,
As mirrors spread forth their breasts.
Day and night, all pale and fair, &c.
They say that with the stars
She communes when the night wind blows,
Some whisper a tale of mysterious love,
But her lover no one knows.
Oh it is not beneath the boughs
Of the fir-trees and birchen groves,
Their feathery shade was never made
To shelter her earthly loves!
Day and night, all pale and fair, &c.
She loves 'neath the mystic shade
Of the heavens' golden palms,
Far from the mortal world her soul
Dissolves in the voice of psalms!
Angel! a woman thou art,
Ere called to thy home above,
Among mankind one soul thou couldst find
To love thee and merit thy love.
Day and night, all pale and fair, &c.

But before long the government found that Pierre Dupont's songs were of a character far too revolutionary to be uttered in the ears of a republic constituted under the existing and only possible and perfect form, and under a princely president who, a few months later, accomplished the coup d'état of the second of December, and Dupont was warned that he must moderate his tone, or take the consequences.

As, however, the warning produced but little

* The Fair Woman.

effect, he found himself obliged to keep out of the way of the police; and having many sincere friends, admirers, and sympathisers in Paris and its environs, he remained hidden in the houses of various of these "till this tyranny should be overpast."

I remember seeing him at this time. He was then about thirty, of middle height, with good features, a somewhat full, fresh-coloured face, and brown hair, a very quiet and somewhat shy manner, and a countenance rather indicative of frank simplicity than of force or energy. An evening was appointed when I was to hear him sing, but ere it came he was obliged to change his quarters to escape arrest.

I remember being much struck with a picture of his life at this time. Among his friends were a young sculptor, since celebrated in France, and his young wife, daughter of one of the most gifted writers of the day. In their country retreat Pierre Dupont was staying, and of a summer evening the three would wander forth through the fields, to the banks of the Seine, and lying hidden among the reeds and willows, the poet, in a low tone of suppressed energy, would sing to his friends the forbidden songs composed from day to day, songs he dared not sing in the house, lest the servants should hear and denounce him, but which he could not shut up silent in his breast, however great might be the risk of uttering them.

Here is one of the songs that belong to this period—the Song of Bread:

When in the stream and on the air
Is hushed the busy mill's tic-tac,
When listlessly the miller's ass
Browzes and bears no more the sack;
Then like a gaunt she-wolf comes in
Fierce Hunger to the peasant's hearth;
A storm is brooding in the heavens,
A great cry rises from the earth.
There is no stilling the cries
Of human creatures unfed,
'Tis Nature herself doth rise,
Crying, "I must have bread!"

Up to the village Hunger walks,
Up to the frightened town she comes;
Go, stop her progress, drive her back
With all the rattle of your drums!
Despite your powder and your shot
She passes on her vulture-wing,
And on the summit of your walls
She plants her black flag triumphing.
There is no stilling the cries
Of human creatures unfed,
'Tis Nature herself doth rise,
Crying, "I must have bread!"

What will your marshalled armies do?
Hunger steals from the farm, the field,
Arms for her fierce battalions, scythes,
Reap-hooks and shovels the farm-yards yield.
In the town I hear the tocsin's knell,
All are stirring: they rise, they run!
The breasts of the very girls are crushed
With the sharp recoil of a heavy gun.
There is no stilling the cries
Of human creatures unfed,
'Tis Nature herself doth rise,
Crying, "I must have bread!"

Arrest among the populace

All the bearers of scythes and guns,
Scaffolds erect till the public place
Red with the people's life-blood runs.
Before the eyes of the shuddering crowd,
After the fall of the slippery knife
Has cut the thread of their destinies,
Their blood shall send forth a cry of life.
There is no stilling the cries
Of human creatures unfed,
'Tis Nature herself doth rise,
Crying, "I must have bread!"

For bread is needful as fire, or air,
Or water. What can a people do,
Unsustained by the staff of life,
That God to his creatures seems to owe?
But God has amply done His part:
Has He refused us field or plain?
His sun is glowing upon the earth
Ready to ripen the golden grain.
There is no stilling the cries
Of human creatures unfed,
'Tis Nature herself doth rise,
Crying, "I must have bread!"

The kindly earth unploughed remains
The while that all the temperate zone
'Twixt pole and pole with yellow corn
To feed the nations might be sown.
Open the bosom of the earth,
And for the combat let us learn
To use new arms, and guns and swords
To instruments of labour turn.
There is no stilling the cries
Of human creatures unfed,
'Tis Nature herself doth rise,
Crying, "I must have bread!"

What to us are the quarrels vain
Of cabinets and states afar?
Must we, for all these useless brawls
Be called to share in a bloody war?
The surging people-ocean fear,
Behold its awful tide with dread,
Give the earth to the patient plough,
And the nations will all have bread.
There is no stilling the cries
Of human creatures unfed,
'Tis Nature herself doth rise,
Crying, "I must have bread!"

It is remarkable that, while treating of natural scenery, Dupont's poetry is instinct with an impression of melancholy mystery, many of his other songs, as *Ma Vigne*, *My Vine*, *La Noël des Paysans*, *The Peasant's Christmas*, *La Fête du Village*, *The Village Fair*, &c., are full of a wild, boisterous gaiety, which irresistibly carries the reader along, making the refrain (almost without an exception Dupont's songs have a refrain, in which is contained the very pith and essence of the spirit of the song) ring in his ears like a passage in some pleasant melody, which haunts him while the rest has escaped his memory. But it is almost impossible to give any notion of these songs (which are by no means the best, as poetical compositions) by translation; rendered into another language they become vulgar and trivial, and losing the local character, which forms one of their most remarkable features, they lose the chief part of the charm and effect that belongs to them in the original.

Pierre Dupont's songs may be divided into four categories.

His first "manner," as painters say, is seen in the Peasants, of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen:

LES BŒUFS. THE OXEN.

Two oxen in my stable stand,
Two great oxen, white and red,
The plough is all of maple-wood,
Of holly-branch the goad is made.
All by their labour is the plain
In winter green, in summer gold,
They gain more money in a week
Than the price at which they sold.
If I had to sell the pair,
I'd rather hang myself, I swear!
Jeanne my wife I love, but if I had to
choose
'Tween her and them, 'tis her I'd rather
lose!

Mark them well, the gallant beasts!
Delving deeply, tracing straight,
Rain and tempest, heat and cold,
Hinder not their patient gait.
When I halt awhile to drink,
Like a mist on summer morns
Stems their breath, and little birds
Come and perch upon their horns.
If I had to sell the pair, &c.

Strong as any oil-press, they
Gentle yet as sheep can be;
Every year the town-folk come
Bargaining for them with me,
To keep them till Shrove-Tuesday comes
And lead them out before the king,
Then sell them to the butcher's knife—
They're mine: I'll have no such thing!
If I had to sell the pair, &c.

When our daughter is grown up,
If the regent's son should come
To marry her, I promise him
All the money saved at home;
But if for dowry he should ask
The two great oxen, white and red,
Daughter, bid the crown good-by,
Home the oxen shall be led.
If I had to sell the pair, &c.

It was these songs that first established his popularity, and many of them, especially the foregoing and Les Louis d'Or, The Golden Louis, may still be heard on organs and hurdy-gurdies all over France.

THE SONG OF THE WORKING MEN.

We whose lamp, when the shivering morn
Is announced by the cock-crow, is lit,
We all, whom the struggle to live
Brings ere dawn to the forge and the pit;
We whose labour from morning to night
Is a struggle of arms, hands, and feet—
And that but to live for to-day—
No earning for age a retreat.
Brothers! let's love, and think,
When round the table we stand,
Though the cannon be near at hand,
To drink
To the freedom of every land!

Our arms, from the niggardly earth,
From the jealous wave, painfully bring
Hid treasures, food, metals, and gems,
Pearls and diamonds to deck out a king:

Rich fruits from the glowing hill-sides,
From the plains golden grain, ripe and full.
Poor sheep! while our backs remain bare
What warm mantles are made of our wool!
Brothers! let's love, and think,
When round the table we stand,
Though the cannon be near at hand,
To drink
To the freedom of every land!

What profit have we of the work
That crookens our meagre spines?
Gain we aught by our floods of sweat?
We are nothing but mere machines!
To the sky do our Babels mount,
To us earth owes her rarities;
But when once the honey is made
The master has done with the bees.
Brothers! let's love, and think,
When round the table we stand,
Though the cannon be near at hand,
To drink
To the freedom of every land!

Our women must offer their breasts
To the feeble stranger-child,
Who, later, to sit by their side,
Would consider himself defiled.
The rights of the lords of the soil
Upon us heavily tell,
Our daughters their honour for bread,
To the lowest of shopboys sell.
Brothers! let's love, and think,
When round the table we stand,
Though the cannon be near at hand,
To drink
To the freedom of every land!

Half-naked, 'neath rafters we dwell,
Amid ruins, in pestilent holes,
Now lodging 'mid villains and thieves,
And now with the rats and the owls.
Yet withal, our vermilion blood
Through our veins impetuous flows—
How we joy in the sunshine's gold,
And the green of the oaken boughs!
Brothers! let's love, and think,
When round the table we stand,
Though the cannon be near at hand,
To drink
To the freedom of every land!

Every time that the purple tide
Of our life-blood waters the earth,
'Tis for tyrants' lust that the dew,
Is of fertilising worth.
Let us spare it, brothers, henceforth,
For love is stronger than war,
While we pray that better days,
May come with a happier star!
Brothers! let's love, and think,
When round the table we stand,
Though the cannon be near at hand,
To drink
To the freedom of every land!

But beside these two styles, and mingling with them, are two others, of which the one is from an idyllic cast, delicately imaginative, as in *La Blonde*, *Eusèbe*, &c., touched, here and there, with a sort of mystic and loving philosophy; and the other a lighter kind of verse, as in *L'Emigrée de France*, *The French (female) Exile*, and *La Chataine*;* but in this latter order

* A woman between dark and fair.—We have no English equivalent.

of song, descriptive of that curious specimen of humanity, *la Parisienne*, Dupont is, as may be supposed, far less at home, and the result is not satisfactory. Here is

EUSEBIUS.

The woodmen of the valley pause,
And point with smile of scorn,
At the foolish youth, whose floating hair
Is blowing all forlorn.
His eye, blue as a summer stream,
Swims with a bitter tear,
For his heart is full as the boundless sea,
With a mighty grief and fear.
He loves—oh, folly wild!
The nameless, low-born youth—
He loves the only child
Of the Christian baron, forsooth!

He saw her as one day he went
By her window, at her glass,
And now he roams from park to church,
In the thicket to see her pass.
Fair, slender, tall and graceful, she,
From her hair to her shoe, in truth,
She looks a baroness, every inch,
And he's but a student youth.
He loves—oh, folly wild! &c.

No Greek nor Latin does he know,
His studies come by chance,
Only in Nature's book he reads,
And in the lady's glance—
And yet the world must yield to him—
Will the baron say him nay?
A secret, God to him reveals,
That chases fear away.
He loves—oh, folly wild! &c.

This secret deep, this mystery,
Makes him at once a sage,
It teaches that the rich and poor,
In every clime and age,
Are moulded from the self-same clay,
That love and learning raise
All to a level. Forth he goes
To seek the baron's face.
He loves—oh folly wild! &c.

His tale he to the baron tells,
Who bears upon his shield,
A cross, a lance-head, and a gem,
Upon an azure field.
"Twere a scurvy thing," the baron says,
No wise inclined to yield,
"To see thy science and thy love,
Engraved upon my shield!"
He loves—oh, folly wild! &c.

The damsel listened silently,
The while her fingers fair
Entwined the laurel and the rose
That clustered richly there.
"These lovely branches can but add
New grace to it, I wis."
"Your hand, young man," the baron said,
And joined the two in his.
"He loves me! bliss extreme!
His heart—the noble youth!—
Is worth the love supreme
Of the baron's child, in truth!"

To regard Pierre Dupont's works in a merely literary point of view would be altogether a mistake; their claims to actual poetical merit varying considerably, and seldom rising to the first

rank. But he was the poet the times required; he rose from among the class who wanted a voice to speak their wrongs and their sufferings, their few joys and many sorrows, their claims and their aspersions, with a personal knowledge and experience of what these were: he refused to let himself be trammelled by the lifeless conventionalities of the modern French school of poetry, and above all, though sometimes prejudiced, he was always true, to the extent of his knowledge and belief; always in earnest, and despite occasional outbursts of indignation, his was a loving, hopeful, and essentially genial and human nature, and when the voices of such men speak, they must infallibly find an echo. He believed that men were honest; that they had hearts and consciences; that they loved what was right, and high, and true; and that they were anxious and able to advance to freedom and regeneration through love and union, through hope and courage; and if ever men are so to advance, it will, under God, be through the sound of such appeals, through the awakening of their nobler and better natures by confident addresses to such higher part of them.

Many a time France has been called to assert herself by empty swash-buckler cries of "*La patrie!* Our country!" "*La Fr-r-rance!*" and "*A bas, Down with this!*" "*A bas, Down with that!*" it has always been down with something; surely now it is time to think of building something up.

In the year 1850 or 1851 commenced the publication of an edition of Pierre Dupont's songs in numbers, each number containing an illustration; which illustrations, be it remarked in passing, although in some instances signed by the names of Tony Johannot, Andrieux, &c., were, for the greater part, singularly poor, ill-imagined, conventional, ugly, and most carelessly executed. With the words was the music, which, with very rare exceptions, was of Dupont's own composition. But whether this edition was ever completed, I have not been able to ascertain: I should think that the political tone of some of the songs would render their appearance, under the existing condition of the laws that govern the press, highly problematical.

Some time after the coup d'état it was decided that Pierre Dupont's republican notions were no longer in any degree to be tolerated in France, and he was sentenced to transportation.

Many persons, however, even among those who had given in a more or less sincere adherence to the new order of things, were interested in him, and Gudin, the celebrated marine painter, whose house had afforded him very efficient shelter and hospitality in these perilous times—when men of weight and note were sent out of France at twenty-four hours' notice, without any further reason being assigned than that it was for the "general security" of the nation—organised a dinner to which were invited the *Maréchal Magnan* and other influential guests, among whom Pierre Dupont, unnamed and unknown, took his place. After dinner, Gudin,

still without mentioning the name of the very quiet, inoffensive guest who had taken so small a part in the conversation at table, called upon Dupont to sing. He did so, choosing, as may be supposed, such of his songs as were least calculated to offend the loyal ears of the company, and having succeeded in charming those of the *maréchal*, Gudin revealed the obnoxious name of the singer, begging the great man to exert his influence in his favour. This the *maréchal* promised to do, but as his master was strongly prejudiced against the rebellious bard, the friends of the latter counselled his leaving Paris, and keeping altogether out of reach till his security should, in one way or another, be established. But this he neglected to do, whether out of defiance or a too great confidence in the *maréchal*'s intercession, or its results, does not appear. The consequence was, that before long he was arrested, and lodged in the *Conciergerie*, the prison from which Louis Napoleon himself had, but a few years previously, been transported to Ham. After spending some time in this incarceration, he was released through the influence of the late Prince Jérôme, since which period he seems quite to have kept out of public sight.

Pierre Dupont was married to a woman in his own class of life, to whom, it is said, he was much attached; but she kept entirely in the background, and except that the heroines of all his Peasant Songs are called Jeanne, which, let us hope, was the name of Madame Dupont, we have no clue at all to her identity or history.

It is hard to think that at thirty-nine the poet's career should be finished; that any man possessing the gifts and the feelings he undoubtedly possesses, should, in the force of age and strength, finally cast aside his arms, give up the struggle, and resign himself to fall into an apathetic indifference to the things that made his blood boil, that stirred all the pulses of his heart, that inspired him to raise his single voice in songs to which the nation sang a passionate and soul-felt chorus. Perhaps, seeing that, at present, any attempt to raise that voice again would be mere Quixotism, that its first accents would be stifled, and the singer sacrificed at a time when the sacrifice could render no service to the nation he loves so well, he bides his time, seeing, or deeming he sees, in the horizon the dawn of a happier day.

UNCLE'S SALVAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

My uncle Sam was a man to be proud of. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and could jump a wall, ride a horse across country, or wrestle with any man in Cornwall. There are few of your fox-hunters throughout England who would care to put a horse on his mettle up and down our Cornish hills. Uncle's horse seemed made to his measure, "foaled to order," as our people said; and daring riders as Cornishmen are, no friend borrowed the beast twice. Uncle Sam bought him at Bodmin; they could do nothing with him there, and were

only too glad to get rid of him. His previous owner hailed from the metropolis of the west, but the horse did not long remain at Plymouth, owing to an unfortunate habit of returning home without his rider. The Americans had not yet invented Mr. Rarey, and, but for my uncle purchasing Rambumpitious, I do believe he must have been cut up into cat's-meat. Uncle Sam's "breaking-in" was unlike Mr. Rarey's, but equally efficacious. Rambumpitious stared at him, he stared at Rambumpitious; then, leaping upon his back, uncle rode him to his house, eight-and-twenty miles off.

Uncle Sam's favourite amusement was swimming. He lived on the northern coast of the county, where the great Atlantic rolls in its mighty billows unchecked; the shore shelved out gradually for a long distance, and to gain the deep blue water he had to beat his way through a mile of breakers. We often watched him plunging through the white-crested waves and manfully surmounting the "rollers," looking like Neptune in his own element. Sometimes he was away so long that folks said he was gone to Lundy Island, or to the Welsh coast, or Ireland. Nearly everybody in our little out-of-the-way town could swim, many having taken their first lessons from him, and he laid it down as a rule that no person's education was complete who could not undress and dress and support himself any number of hours in the water. I do think, if it had not been for the pigs and the poultry and the cows and Rambumpitious and myself, Uncle Sam would have lived in the sea altogether. When anybody wanted him, he was generally to be found somewhere off the coast; reminding one of Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, who, if not on the Bench or in Chambers, was sure to be in the Thames between Kew and Richmond. Lawyers tell us that he once granted an injunction in the water.

When I was ten years old (I recollect the time well, for it was just before I was sent to Winchester), uncle went to London, and I did not see him for three weeks. Wasn't I glad to welcome him back again? He told me he was sea-sick, pining for the salt-water, the surf and the billows, and that London smoke and fog made him feel as though he had not washed himself for a month. So down we trudged towards the beach, and soon were in the water. Uncle told me he meant to make up for lost time, and that if he did not return within the hour, I could walk home and await his coming. At other times, he would take me a long way through the surf on his back, then throw me in and watch me regain the shore, for I was a capital swimmer for my age, having been quite at home in the water before I reached my sixth birthday. But this day uncle was ravenous, and I really think he ran through the breakers, like Atalanta over the standing corn, until he plunged into the deep blue water. I watched him out to sea as far as the breakers would permit, and then tried conclusions with the waves until my young strength was exhausted. I dressed myself, and sat down on the beach to read a funny

book uncle had brought with him from London. I know I must have read a long time, for I got tired of reading and laughing, and wished uncle would come back. Then I walked about and strained my eyes to catch sight of him, but to no purpose, and if I hadn't been sure he could swim to America if he wished, I should have been frightened for him. At last I saw a speck upon the water at a great distance, and I knew it must be uncle's head; and it came nearer and nearer, until finally there were two specks—a big one and a little one. Then I ran to the highest ground I could find, and watched him, as the French say, "with all my eyes," and I got excited and wondered who was swimming with him, and whether his head was the big speck or the little one. Both of them came nearer and nearer, and I undressed myself again and plunged in to go and meet them. I was so excited that I think I could have swum ten miles, and in a short time I neared the blue water, and discovered that the little speck was uncle's head, and the big one I had seen first a great cask covered all over with barnacles. Uncle was angry at my venturing out so far, but I told him I thought he was bringing somebody to land with him, and that he must forgive me as I did not feel at all tired. I asked him what the great thing was he was pushing in front of him, and he said it appeared to be a hogshead of French brandy. I helped him as well as I could to propel it through the surf, and after some considerable trouble we rolled it safely upon the beach.

Wasn't this a funny kind of fish to be swimming in the sea? But we do pick up funny things all along the Cornish coast. I have heard of bottles of wine by the dozen, floating ashore, and silks and satins, and shawls and laces, and gold watches and jewellery, and tobacco and clocks. When I asked uncle how it was such things came there, he told me it was all due to the tariff and customs. I am sure I was obliged to them for their kindness to Cornwall.

We did not leave our hogshead. Oh no! We pushed far up the sands, out of reach of the sea, and dressed ourselves, and uncle said he would go and fetch a cart from the town. Four or five persons ran down to the beach, and there was great excitement about uncle's capture, until who should arrive but the exciseman. I never could like that man. He was a fussy little fellow, with a large head, and talked so much about one thing called the revenue, that everybody in the neighbourhood hated him. He came running to us, saying "Hi, hi! what have we got here?" as though it was any of his business. Uncle told him that he had found the hogshead floating in the sea, about three or four miles from shore, and that he was going to cart it to his house, when the exciseman stated that he had equal claims upon it, and that uncle must resign it to his care and keeping. Then he sent off for a cart, and we all accompanied the hogshead into town, uncle and the exciseman chatting amicably by the way. The news spread

like wildfire, and very shortly there appeared a third claimant, in the person of Lawyer Tregarthen, the steward of the lord of the manor. I was very glad when we got the hogshead safely under cover in the exciseman's store, for I was afraid there would shortly be so many claimants that uncle, who had done all the work, would get little or nothing for his pains. The exciseman tapped the cask and handed a glass of the contents to uncle and Lawyer Tregarthen, both of whom said it was very fine claret. It was then agreed that the hogshead should remain under lock and key until the following morning, when they would all three repair to the magistrates and request their opinion as to the ownership of the prize.

There was a good deal of excitement in the town when we went before the magistrates next day. Everybody said the hogshead belonged to uncle, because he alone had captured it; but there were other reasons for the townspeople being in his favour. They all liked him and disliked the other claimants. Lawyer Tregarthen was particularly obnoxious to many of them; on "court" days, when the tenantry came to pay their rents, he never admitted any excuse, merely offering them one alternative—"Payment or penalty: receipts, gentlemen, for your money, or writs for the want of it." Need I say Lawyer Tregarthen was not popular? As for the exciseman, the poorer townspeople positively hated him, for many of them had received his attentions in the shape of fines and imprisonments, merely for picking up a few articles of foreign manufacture on the coast. Uncle Sam was their idol, their tribune. His advice was asked and followed in every emergency, and his giant arm and well-filled purse were ever ready to succour the unfortunate. I don't think he had an enemy; if he had, the individual didn't like to show himself, out of fear of the townsfolk.

The three claimants walked together to the court-house, followed by a crowd of persons, all anxious to see how the case would be decided. Uncle, who was accommodated with a chair near the magistrates, stated how the hogshead came into his possession, adding, that he should have removed it to his house, had not two other claimants appeared whose rights seemed apparently co-equal with his own. They all three had agreed to submit their claims in an amicable manner to their worship, and he therefore, on behalf of himself and friends, requested their advice in this strange case of disputed ownership.

I noticed Lawyer Tregarthen nodded to uncle when he had finished his speech, but the exciseman thought he could still further ventilate the affair, and having cleared his throat with an explosion which startled several persons, me among the rest, he began as follows: "Yer wushups, there's a good deal of the genteel in what the squire has told yer, but I appears here for the revenue—" when the senior magistrate stopped him, observing, "Their worship are perfectly advised of all the facts bearing upon the point at issue." There was a general laugh

at the exciseman, and numerous advices to "Shut up, ugly!" "Choke off!" &c. The magistrates retired for a few minutes, and, on their return, they gave their decision as follows:

"Their worshipers are unanimously agreed that they can offer no decision in regard to the hog's-head and its contents. The claims are conflicting, and may or may not be coequal and co-existent, for though the capturer of the hog's-head may with some colour of justice uphold his right to the claret, on the plea of *salvage*, yet do the rights of *flotson* and *jetsam* give a coequal claim of ownership to the lord of the manor, whilst the rights of the excise interfere with both, and may, in their worshipers' opinion, be, perhaps, pre-existent. But while unprepared to give any decision upon the points at issue, for the case is not down in the books, their worshipers are relieved from further trouble by the amicable manner in which the case has been submitted to them. They are therefore unanimously of opinion that the hog's-head should remain secure under lock and key, and a memorial be forwarded to the Board of Excise, praying the board to take the various claims into their earliest possible consideration, so that the hog's-head and its contents may be disposed of as to them may seem fit."

The three claimants left the court together, as they entered. They proceeded to the store where the hog's-head was imprisoned, and having made sure it was all safe, they rolled it up against the wall, shut it in, turned the key, and all three affixed their seals upon the door, with the understanding that these were not to be broken until such time as the Board of Excise returned an answer to their memorial.

Letters did not travel so fast in those days as they do now, but I expected uncle would have an answer in a week or ten days, at furthest. How uncle laughed at me. "Willy," said he, "we shall indeed be fortunate if we hear anything about the claret within six months. The government coach is a stick-in-the-mud vehicle, and the coachman sleeps on his box." And he was right, too, for six months passed, and a year, and then six months more, and no answer came back, and I thought they had forgotten all about it. At last uncle had to go up to London, and he got one of our county members to make inquiries about the hog's-head. Didn't he laugh when he told us, on his return, that the memorial had been handed from one clerk to another in the Excise, and referred back again, and laid before a committee, then reported upon by a commission, submitted to counsel for opinion, covered over with figures and hieroglyphics, passed on through various stages, then docketed, tied up in red tape, and laid upon somebody's desk until he chose to look at it. They don't use red tape in government offices now, as formerly. Some naughty man, who I did hear was hanged, drawn, and quartered for it (the Lord Chancellor and all the great lawyers saying he was guilty of high treason), wrote wicked things about the Circumlocution Office, accusing the gentlemen in government departments of

tying up John Bull with red tape, and strangling him with it. People laughed so much about this red tape, that it was ordered not to be used any more, and official documents are now tied in pretty green ribbon. Isn't that clever? Nobody can laugh at great folks any longer about "red-tapeism!"

Would you think it? Nearly two years after uncle found the claret we heard that a fourth claimant had started up in the person of a Mr. Droits, of the Admiralty, and that perhaps we might get none of it. I asked everybody I met, who this Mr. Droits was, and everybody I asked told me he didn't know. Lawyer Tregarthen laughed at me when I said it wasn't a Cornish name, and advised me to question uncle about the gentleman. I did so, and uncle told me it was not a gentleman at all, but the droits or rights which the Admiralty possessed over all property found at a certain distance from shore. The Lords of the Admiralty did not, however, press their claim upon the hog's-head, and folks down our way said it would have been very different if the claret had been port. I asked somebody why this was, and he told me that "mulberry-nosed, gouty-toed admirals were fed on nothing but port wine and turtle."

We did get an answer to the memorial after all. The Board of Excise took two years and three months to decide the question, and then sent word that the claret was to be divided equally amongst the three claimants. Lawyer Tregarthen and the exciseman called upon uncle (I was home then for the holidays), and it was arranged that the next day but one all three were to be at the store at nine o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of bottling off the claret. I shall never forget that day. Uncle Sam sent down nine dozen empty claret bottles in a cart, and I accompanied him to the store, where we found Lawyer Tregarthen and the exciseman waiting our arrival. The steward had an assemblage of bottles similar to uncle's, but I never saw such a lot of odd-shaped things as the exciseman had brought there. He had magnums, quart and pint wine bottles, champagne bottles, soda-water and ginger-beer bottles, and three big medicine bottles. Everybody laughed at him, but he laughed too, and said his bottles would hold as much wine as the others. Then he broke the seals on the door, and in we went—uncle, Lawyer Tregarthen, the exciseman, and I—the crowd standing outside by the bottles.

The exciseman grasped a gimlet in his hand, and with a magnificent flourish, plunged it into the hog's-head, turned it round and round, and pushed it in up to the handle. He had previously placed a can underneath to catch the wine, but when he pulled out the gimlet not a drop followed. We all looked at each other in astonishment, and uncle said we had better remove the head of the cask. This was soon done, amidst peals of laughter outside, and we discovered that the interior of the cask was dry as a chip. What could have become of the wine? We turned the hog's-head over and examined the

head next the wall, when what should we find but a large hole through which all the wine had been abstracted. Who had done it? The crowd outside quickly hit upon the culprit, for we heard them cry, "That's Polzue! Bravo, Polzue!" We examined the remains of the seals upon the door, and satisfied ourselves they had not been tampered with, and for a long time could not make out how the rascal had managed to suck the monkey, as sailors call it. But when we went next door the mystery was explained. Polzue was a little cobbler who assisted in rolling the hogshead into the store, and had watched his opportunity to break through the lath and plaster partition dividing the store from his shop. Some months previously he had left the town, and glad all parties were to get rid of him, for he had taken to habits of drunkenness, and made himself a nuisance to the neighbourhood. But he had first finished our hogshead of claret.

Uncle Sam enjoyed the joke amazingly, but Lawyer Tregarthen and the exciseman felt much hurt, and threatened all the terrors of the law and the revenue. "Who drank the claret?" has passed into a proverb in our little out-of-the-way Cornish town ever since.

A ROMAN RECEPTION.

THE Baron Bureaucrat, Envoy Extraordinary of the Most Christian King, is of the mystic "bund" diplomatic, and an accredited chrysalis living in a cocoon of protocols. Periodically, he takes his turn on the crank plenipotential, and regularly lets himself be tightened into a gorgeous prison jacket, like Mr. Reade's criminals, choking splendidly. I am bound to say—having seen him on public occasions, with the gold daubed on profusely, and the orders nailed on firmly to his wooden chest, and the stiff patent saw which he wears as collar—that he makes up as about the best doll of the party.

The order of precedence throws him next to the great Panjam of France. He is, in a manner, handcuffed to that awful representative; and the eldest son of the Church and the most Christian king may be said to be chummed together, vicariously.

Curious to say, though the noble baron has been sojourning here in Rome, some six or eight months, we cannot be taken to be officially cognisant of his being. We have all seen him doing his puppet's business in the public shows—in which parts he is more than respectable—but we cannot be said to be aware of his existence. He has not been born to us plenipotentially; and until he has passed through the formal rite customary, we shall obstinately disbelieve in him.

At last, on one clear night, a carriage trundles me noisily into the broad Piazza di Venezia, where the genuine plenipotentiary dwells in state, and where the possible one has consented to undergo the probationary rite. There is to be jubilee to-night. The newly-made ambassador will be at home to all the world. Decent apparel is the only necessary passport.

I suppose there is no accredited man of protocols who lays his head in so grand and mediæval a fortress as that Palazzo di Venezia. To look on that bare stiff waste of wall, capped with battlements, stretching away down a whole side of an open square, and then running on still further down a narrow squeezed passage where you cannot pursue it further—a great blank chilling bit of desolation, with tremendous accommodation in the way of chambers, dungeons, chapels, and what not—this spectacle is, in the open daylight, one of the most sombre and suggestive; for it sets us galloping back a by-road of history (without reference to the crimson Koran of Murray the prophet) to the fiercer days when it harboured the representative of the magnificent Lion of St. Mark. But at night, as I see it now from the carriage window, it rises, a dark mysterious fastness, its battlements standing out clear and defined against a dull blue sky, wonderfully like to the operatic castles disclosed at the opening of the third act, where the wicked Basso lives, and the two sentries pace to and fro, with their tin armour glinting fitfully in the moonlight. Every window has a line of flaring lamps upon its sill, which marks out so many yellow bands, and lights the old grey waste in a sort of mournful fashion. In front, in the open place, crammed thickly with the dark figures of the populace, are two enormous orchestras garnished with wildly flickering torches, and crowded with good players, discoursing exquisite operatic music under the moonlight. The strangest, most Dantesque effect, for one looking from the carriage! A true mediæval, semi-barbaric savour in this kind of feudal entertainment of the populace. For, it is rigorously enacted that these noble signors, while doing honour to the higher classes, must also furnish Panem et circenses, in this musical shape, to the mob. Very weird-like and fitful show the ranks of faces looking upwards, turned to flaming red in the glare of the torches; and the musicians raised aloft among the lights; and the carriages rolling in and out at the fiery archway—a perfect blaze of illumination—and the pale horsemen in their white cloaks, like mounted Dominicans, plunging among the dark figures, shouting hoarsely, and flashing their swords; the old fortress looming out solemnly behind. A scattering of gravel, a tramping of restive horses, a banging of steps, and I am discharged at the fiery arch in a miscellany of guards, servants, and scarlet carpeting, and blaze of light.

Ranks of the great Liveried look down expectant from the top of the scarlet stair, up which make progress, a company of golden puppets—illustrious Panjams—military, civil, and with a sprinkling of the great Diplomatic Befflapped—while, at the top, the Liveried Interest waves you on gracefully into the illuminated corridor.

I rub my eyes. Am I being taken bodily to Dublin "Kestle" and the Lord "Lift'nint?" or will this gallery lead me out with a surprise into familiar "Patrick's" Hall? Or how is this sudden gush of court suits, the real steel

buttons and chains, the embarrassing spike called in courtesy a sword, the comic bag-wig, which we are accustomed to associate with that striking solemnity, to be accounted for? Glories of the "levy," incomparably unbecoming suits—they touch a chord far off in this Eternal City! Chamberlains these—a flock, a bery; but the court suits? They trouble me. For how could they have compassed them, unless indeed it be that one Nathan has an agency and fancy dépôt in the Old Jewry or Ghetto yonder? One singles me out as his special prey, and being entreated in a confidential manner to entrust to him my name, and style, and titles, I break them to him with the same caution and diplomatic reserve which I can see is the correct tone of the place. Being thus formally consigned to this officer, we set out in a kind of procession, down the galleries: Court Suit leading. Wondrously it affects me to see the long white spike embarrassing his movements, precisely as in the dear old Dublin days—the guise of the lower limbs suggesting the usual menial associations. But whither, O Chamberlain?

The procession moves forward, not gathering as it goes, limited strictly to its original elements: Court Suit pattering on in front: victim following close. Through many brilliant passages, through many scarlet-lined chambers, no help from without; but glancing back, I see in the far distance another victim following *his* Court Suit meekly. I grow nervous. Whither, again, O Chamberlain? This way. In here. We are plunged suddenly into a bright glaring room, all deep crimson and gold, and flooded with the golden puppets; with gaudy military, civil, ecclesiastical; with our own ball-room uniform, and shot and sprinkled with glittering ladies. Millennium for the Great Beflapped is at hand. Gorgeous Buckram is rampant. It seems to me an illimitable perspective of backs, of the long blue backs, with the tails and the flowered flaps, and the white trousers. All seem to have been temporarily elected into French mayors, and councillors "privés," and deputies. Dive in now into the glowing atmosphere—Court Suit still leading, and looking round cautiously for his prisoner—past this temporary mayor, who is at the doorway, with his finger on the wooden chest of another mayor, and the captive is led up straight into a clearing, where the great Panjam is standing in all his state. He stands in his embroidered prison jacket, suffering the usual strangulation fixed for solemn occasions. I see that he is a very florid man, perhaps a little goggle-eyed, and works his chin convulsively over the saw-edged collar. Chest is so well wood-lined and thrust forward, with such a crop of orders nailed firmly down, that I manufacture a new ornithological variety on the spot, and prefigure to myself a Robin Bluebreast.

What was the fate of the name so privately confided to the Court Suit I never could learn. In what unrecognisable shape the mutilated syllabic remains were laid to the ear of the

august diplomat, I cannot so much as speculate. There was profound obeisance on one side, and on the other reciprocal dippings of the head and neck (attended with spasms of pain) of the fitful jerky character peculiar to the Robin Bluebreast.

Court Suit, with yet something upon his mind, has fluttered round to where a small lady, a little bit faded yet not without a dignity of hers, stands beside the noble Panjam. Yet, she is not linked matrimonially to the noble baron, but is only, as it were, lent for the evening by a brother of the cloth—of gold. A phantom ambassadress, to whom all comers shall bow obsequiously. Noble cardinals "receiving," invite a distinguished kinswoman to stand in their brilliant chambers and play hostess for them. Court Suit and his trust being now parted for ever, he fades off into space, and the Trust having passed through his probation, it is hoped with tolerable credit, backs gently in the compressed humanity, and is absorbed into the gold-embroidered backs, the buckram figures, the slowly turning kaleidoscope of rustling silks and laces, cloths polychromatic, and dazzling pendent jewels that positively chink and tinkle.

A perfect Babel as to hum and chatter, every one talking and whispering with a strained earnestness as though he had his last worldly directions to give before immediate execution, and but two minutes for that mournful office. Every one has a finger upon his neighbour's breast, thus putting home to him what he has to say. Every one is elbowing by every one else, and begs pardon of every one else. Every one is military, ecclesiastical, or diplomatic, and wears the cloth of his order. The whole mass scintillates and shifts, like a piece of shot silk. As shifting humanity glints and is rent open, now and then I see a white gauzy fringe or waistcoat against the wall round the room: a fringe that rustles and turns, and, in parts, flashes and reflects. The noble Roman ladies have come to see a diplomatic bureaucrat at home, and are decked in their purple and fine linen, and gold and jewels; they blaze with these adornments. The family secretary has been summoned and has given up the gems which he holds in trust, has received receipt for the same, and will come for them again to-morrow. I see perfect cables of pearls, and lustrous chains of diamonds and emeralds, coiled thickly round fragile necks. It is gratifying to see here a sort of Indian idol—a person of the *most* awful consideration, cream of cream, princess and what not—decked extravagantly, literally encrusted, with these ornaments. Gratifying, I say, as a joss or idol whose high priests shall be the Inaam Hancock, or Dervishes Hunt and Roskell; but otherwise a fearful little old lady, a perfect hag of quality, whose abundant bewellment only brings out in more repelling hideousness the tawny skin of her poor shrunk neck, crumpled into a score of plaits and wrinkles. The earrings swing heavily from her ears, a great tiara flashes on her head, she has a stomacher for a jewelled

breastplate, and she turns slowly round on a pivot, this terrible little old lady, to furnish astonished beholders with the best view. There are other noble ladies thickly encrusted too, but they are, on the whole, minor nebulae.

Such a tangled yarn of bishops, monsignori, cardinals, soldiers, priests, ladies, and the unadorned black privates of the drawing-room, all jammed and huddled together in one seething mass! There are dainty bishops all violet, with light violet silk mantles fluttering behind, and violet limbs, and shading black hat with gold cord entwined with a wreath of green velvet leaves. There are monsignori, daintier still, the very dandies of their cloth, some unordained and untoured, being conspicuous at parties questing the well-endowed English belle. Most reasonably do their stricter brethren protest against *their* being credited with these light doings, these gay bachelors belonging to their guild only in respect of dress. One hundred years back, it was à la mode for every one to wear the dress ecclesiastical; and all such as enjoyed the patronage or protection of a cardinal or any influential authority in the Church, were privileged to masquerade it in grave sacerdotal robes. Barbers, apothecaries, and others, went abroad in decent black, and made the Eternal streets positively teem with clergy-men.

I see a tall and imposing figure, rustling and flaming in scarlet, capped by a round, florid, and amiable face not wholly unfamiliar to London streets, and the famous English Cardinal whose seat is at Westminster breaks out of the crowd. I admire how, at one moment, he is all Italian redundancy; at another, plain English; shifting swiftly, according to his company, from lively animated gesticulation of arm and finger and feature, and from a liquid and most musical fluency, into sober, tranquil, and severe Saxon. How his crimson flashes, and rustles noisily as he turns, and the light is reflected from broad round forehead, russet also! He is taller by a head than all these. And do I not know, and recognise with a start, this little figure, now gliding by, in violent contrast to the scarlet cardinal! Familiar the ivory face, and the shadows and caves in the ivory face, and the massive black hair, and the bar mouth with the shining teeth all on view, and the plain unassuming black habit set off so daintily with the thick sprinkling of tiny scarlet buttons: set off, too, more effectively by the blazing diamond star upon his right breast. But that little patch of scarlet upon his coal-black hair is more effective still, and should fill a painter's heart with gratitude and refreshing comfort. He glides by with his head bent a little forward, and brushes by opposing figures ever so softly, and with a liquid "Perdona" sliding from the shining teeth. Inert military clothes-blocks look over their shoulders disdainfully as they feel the touch, and shrink back with a cowering humility as they discover who passes. Golden dolls of diplomacy salute him with the smirk of their order, and he flings them back a superb

nod. Some dare to accost him with a sort of timorous servility, and to each he casts a sentence or two, with a magnificent insolence I could hug him for. Eyes meet eyes furtively as he glides, and many times are whispered the words, "Il famoso cardinale!" A poor little shrivelled ancient, with a "civil" air about him, and who has plainly hung on at some courts time out of mind, and at whose button-hole jingles a whole string of little medals and orders, like a bunch of keys, has with a frightful audacity ventured to stay the progress of "Il famoso." I tremble for the little grizzled ancient, but he goes to his work manfully. He pours some hurried tale in at the ivory ear. More precious than the best bit of comedy is the impatient roving of the black eyes travelling on their course, though the dark body be stopped. The bar mouth lengthens sourly. The firm fleshy nose is drawn downwards, and I catch the words "E fatto! è fatto!" as who should say, "'Tis done, I tell you, old man; plague me no more! let me be by!" ground out. Ancient retires with joy on his wizened face, and with his bunch of keys jingling.

To men thus deliciously overbearing, he tramples his way onward. Grammont, the Werther-faced, true "Alfredo mio," smiles on him sweetly, and it strikes me half sarcastically; but is flung back with a bare nod of defiance. And now, touching his goal, reaching to the soft fringe of fluttering muslin, and clouds of lace and shining silks, whence Madame la Princesse has been smiling smile of invitation and wooing with her face, bar mouth fades away and dissolves utterly, and a sweet soft expression takes its place. Presently he is sitting opposite the two noble ladies, distilling the sweetest honey of small-talk, most fascinating, insinuating, and seducing.

Stalks by, now, the gigantic Edinburgh Volunteer: whom bystanders civil and military survey curiously and with a sense of awful mystery. Friends, privileged to such familiarity, take hold of his dirk and hairy pouch, feeling them all over, as do Indians the dress of the white men. But to the august princesses and other ladies, that needless exposure of lower limbs is a terrible scandal. Brush by me, too, many ministers and envoys, not one of whom, I will venture to affirm, is fitted with the odd exceptional no-mission which belongs to the short black-bearded little man, whom foreigners call "Odoroosell." He is the envoy unaccredited, in diplomatic relation to the state with whom we have no diplomatic relations. He is a plenipotential contradiction and diplomatic anomaly. He officially exists, and has his being as Secretary of Legation, far down at Florence; but comes up on little amateur missions prying about, and questing little facts and damaging matters which he shall embody in a despatch to "my government." Wise legislators, who shrink from any contact with the scarlet hats that reign on the Seven Hills, and who fought the good fight, years since, in that famous debate on the Diplomatic Relations with Rome Bill, now little

dream that a real red-tape official goes up daily to the Vatican, and is closeted for hours with the Cardinal Secretary of State, arranging English interests with that person, and playing a little at diplomatic chess.

Meantime, company pours in fast and thick. Court Suits are overborne utterly, and finally break down, having at last to make no more than a feint of going through their office. French colonels are brought up in clusters, and go through their bowing with a finished grace. Enter profusely the gold dolls, brethren of the cloth: and when envoy meets envoy, then comes the tug of wrist and industrious shake of welcome. The heads plenipotential keep jerking downward towards each other with the spasmodic motion of robins and canaries slaking their thirst. I am told that both these motions, in proportion to their length, are demonstrations of extravagant diplomatic affection.

Liveried retainers in the uniform (temporarily I suspect, for a reason to be mentioned presently), come struggling by, freighted with a cool load of ices, and cut their bright way through. The ices are fashioned into pleasing configurations of plump yellow pears and scored tortoise backs. More perilous is that heap of bonbons, macaroons, and such toothsome delicacies, piled high upon a tray, in a slippery and uncertain cohesion, borne also by a daring menial into the very thick of the crowd. Broad hands are plunged into the dainty heap, and return with a rich booty. It seems to me that each succulent item is detached according to the delicate manipulation which can alone secure success at the exciting sport of Jack Straws. How the whole was not overthrown and swept overboard by redundant cuffs and flaps, strewing the carpet with luscious débris, is to me a source of the strangest speculation.

In this fashion, then, is the noble baron at home until close upon midnight; the polyglot company, remaining firmly compact, eddying and fluctuating, and at the same hothouse temperature, until that hour when it begins to dissolve.

There remains only this pregnant fact to be appended by way of moral. The noble baron has a book in which you are invited to subscribe your name (not without a certain overstrained courtesy and anxiety on the part of the book-holders): with a view, it is to be presumed, of his knowing who had done him the honour of waiting on him. With another view, also: to be discovered betimes on the morrow—

Certain gentlemen in shabby cloaks, and *very* shabby cocked-hats, will come round officially to your hotel, and send up by waiter their desire that you would enrich the hand that last night presented the ice, hat, or coat. These are ducal or baronial menials: so we think we must not wound their nicer feelings by a poor honorarium. But this is pure weak-mindedness, and a mistake. Any humble offering will suffice. Date obolum! Two Pauls, say, and you will have their prayers. But I think it is not handsome

on the part of the noble baron—at least not conducive to the honour of the noble nation he represents.

STOMACH FOR STUDY.

It would be a good thing for the taught, if teachers fairly understood that, among the young always, and among the old most commonly, the relation of ten hours' learning to five hours' learning is not as ten to five. We understand that Mr. Edwin Chadwick has been engaged lately in researches among teachers and scholars in national schools, factory schools, and elsewhere, which, when their results are detailed, will demonstrate what reason alone might suffice to establish as a truth, that the children of the working classes who study books only for three or four hours a day and give the rest of their time to play and active labour, have brighter wits and more true knowledge than those who are at school both in the morning and the afternoon, and spend their evenings in preparing lessons. Employers of intelligent labour in the manufacturing districts have discovered the superiority of half-time scholars. In the agricultural districts, let a boy work half the day at school and half the day in the fields, and he brings energy of health to studies never followed with a jaded mind, while he has time enough out of school for the digestion of his mental food, and it becomes, not a weight to be borne on his mind's back, but part of its life and growth, source of new strength. A boy's or a girl's body thrives by food given at about four hour intervals, and the mind only is made sickly by incessant stuffing! Intellectual growth depends not upon quantities devoured, nor very much on the sort of nourishing and wholesome food that may be taken, but on that strength of the digestive power which is certainly destroyed by gluttony. "I read fourteen hours a day," said a proud working student to a famous scholar. "Indeed, sir!" was the reply; "and pray when do you think?"

The practical issue of Mr. Chadwick's inquiries is to show that without laying any more bricks upon bricks, we can almost double the school accommodation, while we improve the efficacy of instruction for the masses. Grant that three hours a day of energetic study in the school-house, with the hour or two of home preparation it demands, gives to a child's brain as much of that particular form of diet as it can digest, and we throw open the national schoolroom or the factory school every day to two bodies of scholars. A hundred may be taught where there was only space for fifty, and at the end of the year the hundred will have sounder knowledge, brighter wit, and, at the same time, healthier frames, than would have been given to the fifty with cramped bodies and crammed heads.

Many teachers, we know, honestly believe that the young mind has no digestive power; that its stomach is, so to speak, a sack of unlimited size and elasticity which is to be stuffed with knowledge, likely—or not at all likely—to be

wanted as provision for the voyage of life after the age of fourteen, sixteen, or twenty. They look upon teaching as the provisioning of some newly-built ship for a long passage, or the coaling of a steamer; and even then there are some who have such faith in old stores or in worked-out mines, that they will mix their supplies largely with wormeaten biscuit, and pour in more slate than coal, to be thrown overboard as soon as the good ship has discharged her pilot, and is fairly tossing on the open sea.

In childhood and in age there is, as to the mind, too little practical distinction made between feeding and working. The body's power of strengthening itself by the assimilation of food has understood limits, and its power of putting out the strength so got is known to be a great deal less limited. A man who eats for two hours works for ten. The swallowing of facts by the mind is as the swallowing of food by the body. Reading, repetition, learning by rote, are but means to an end, and the end to which they are a means is not the mere power of vomiting forth again what has been taken in. The mental digestion of the young is naturally very energetic. Hear a child besieging those about it with its endless *Why?* and *How?* and wonder at the blindness of men who think that dogmatic authority is the best help to the growth of its understanding, and that it suffices to reply to those questions with, *Because I say it, and As I say.* The spirit of independent research, of endless inquiry and comparison, leading to innumerable shrewd little conclusions, is the process of digestion in the child's mind. The combative argumentative temper of the boy and girl, so prompt to question all that is presented to it, is a sign of healthy hunger in the brain, not to be checked as presumptuous challenging of the authority of elders, but to be encouraged as a means of building up the strong life of the mind. Is it not notorious that in schools and families this habit of constant questioning by the young, is often forcibly repressed because it becomes so direct and searching, or so wide in its range, that the elder to whom appeal is made, if it be his rule, or her rule, fairly to meet every inquiry, may many times a day have no better reply to give than, "I don't know"?

It is a miserable vanity that shrinks from uttering that little "I don't know;"—vanity founded on the meanest estimate of the infinity of knowledge. There was a time when a few bookshelves would hold the written record of all that men knew; now, it would take a life to learn all that is known and thought about a single subject. The new degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Science at the London University are founded upon the understanding that even of the imperfect knowledge man has of each small branch of the study of nature, one branch alone can be mastered thoroughly by one mind. It is not even considered to be in the power of one man to master, as it stands, the whole science of chemistry—a science still in its infancy: the doctor of chemical science may be an inorganic or an organic chemist, he

cannot be both. In the commonest truths lie often the deepest of unfathomed mysteries. Is the child, then, to be brought up in the persuasion that his father or his schoolmaster can answer every question if he will, but is unwilling to be teased too much? Wholesome teaching no youth ever gets than when the person who is held to be the wisest, and who is most ready to guide with his knowledge, is found daily, and as it were hourly, pointing to the vast regions of knowledge and thought which are beyond even his vision with the honest "I don't know," which makes the way straight for pursuance of inquiry.

Centuries ago, Roger Bacon declared one of the chief hindrances to increase of sound knowledge was the prevalent willingness of men to receive credit for knowing that of which they indeed were ignorant. Honour be to "I don't know" in the schoolhouse! If the teacher be only reasonably wise, and answer questions of all sorts to the best of his ability, never affecting knowledge that he has not, rather proud than ashamed to guide those who learn from him by the honesty with which he confesses ignorance when he is ignorant, he will be in the eyes of the young about him a true Solomon. It is amazing that men who have been boys, who have been to school and shared with the race of boys clear-sighted ridicule of affectation in their rulers, can suppose that their own airs of infallibility, maintained by more or less suppression of inquiry, are as against the same race a successful fraud upon intelligence.

Whatever goes into the brain ought to be properly debated there, that is to say digested. Together with the time for swallowing the daily bits of knowledge, should go a longer time for their conversion into the material of thought. The process is one that may be almost left to nature. In youth it begets infinite research into the experience of others, and in age it goes on silently. At each period the process is the same; the best attainable experience of others is sought, and compared. The young can only appeal to those about them and work upon oral testimony; the old seek information of the best attainable authorities by questioning their books. At every age the vitality of the whole process depends upon that quiet turning over of facts and reflections in the mind. Perhaps even the mental state known as "wool-gathering" in men who study much, is as truly a result of the process of digestion in the mind as the bodily torpor sometimes following a full meal is associated with the labours of the stomach.

If these be truths, it is not hard to see how possible it is that three hours a day spent in the mere feeding on facts may be of six times more value than six hours so spent, if the facts learnt in the shorter time be fairly dwelt upon during the intervals of feeding. The medical student, even in the strength of his youth, is made to feel that three lectures a day—that is to say, a three hours' supply of naked facts—are as much as he can honestly digest; more work than they afford to his mind is cram, for which—though it may make a prize animal of him and get him

famously through two or three years of competition—he is in the end weaker of wit. The scholar who is crowding information into his head all the day long, is of no use to his fellows except as a compiler, and he compiles badly; while the scholar who spends only a few hours a day in the acquisition of fresh knowledge, and gives all the rest of his time to fair bodily and mental exercise, can get through twelve, or at a pinch, even sixteen hours of the mental work by which his fellows are most truly benefited. The distinction is a wide one, in mind as in body, between feeding that supports and increases the strength, and the real use and exercise of the strength so maintained. There are plenty of books printed by men who throw their time away on each extreme. Some cram their brains but never use them; others use their brains but never feed them.

The hurt of competitive examinations among students, and especially among students who have passed their boyhood, is, that they are too commonly made tests rather of memory than of intelligence. They are based on the long accepted dictum that young people have not to think, but to fill their minds with facts taken for granted. Whoever can show recollection of the greatest number of such facts, or of the reasonings of other people, which he has been taught in the same manner to take without question and repeat by rote, is the prize wit in whom examiners delight: though they know well that memory is no sign of intelligence, and has indeed not seldom been found strong where the higher powers of the mind are undeveloped. But the compulsion to remember or be plucked, is at this day forcing teachers and learners to feel that there is no time for the deliberate study which aims only at producing vigour of intellect. The thing wanted, is power to turn facts to good account, not transfer of the facts themselves in a great heap into the mind out of the books in which they can be kept on a shelf ready for use as easily as drugs in jars. We make a doctor of a man by teaching him to use drugs, not by forcing him to carry them about upon his back. Examinations of students, as they are commonly conducted, have their good side, but their bad side is that they offer premiums rather upon repletion than on power. It is a vile comparison, but not entirely an untrue one, to compare them with a trial of bodily strength, in which, instead of a fair test of the power of endurance in running, leaping, hurling, wrestling, every candidate should be required to cram himself till he could cram no more, and then, basins being set before the competitors, the praise were to be to him who cast up most.

Much that we have here said, may be illustrated by the unexpected success of a system of instruction founded without any particular reference to views like these. The secretary of a great educational institution in the heart of London saw outside its doors of an evening young men set free from hours of business in government offices, counting-houses and elsewhere, willing to carry on steadily the work of

their own education if they could; and within the building he saw all appliances for systematic education locked up in deserted lecture-rooms. He urged his views on the proper authorities, and so it came to pass, four or five years ago, that the evening classes at King's College were established. The success of the experiment has far exceeded every expectation. Young men, generally between the ages of twenty and thirty, flock to the classes, in numbers rapidly increasing session after session, and, after the routine work of their day, apply themselves for one or two, seldom for so much as three hours, to the reception of direct teaching. This involves, of course, the application of spare time to independent preparation and reflection, but until last year the college itself was thrown open only for two hours on five evenings, as now only for three hours in five evenings of the week, and they suffice. The students in these classes face the lecturers with an energy of thoughtful work, and make advances upon which nobody had calculated when the plan was first established. Where there was one class receiving two lectures a week upon one branch of study, there are now four classes, or even six. In four years there has been fourfold increase of the classes first established; and new classes for the study of Natural Philosophy, of Political Economy, of Italian, and so forth, have been demanded. Of each subject there is elementary teaching, and in most there is a demand also for the highest forms of knowledge. There are students of mathematics busying themselves with the differential calculus, and the abstruser refinements of that science; there are students of English, studying difficult problems of philology, and creating out of their own healthy spirit of inquiry a demand for the addition that has just been made to the department of an Anglo-Saxon class. The evening classes have in fact outnumbered other departments of the college, and have become an evening college in which men, somewhat older than those who attend in the morning, work as occasional students at particular subjects, or, as regular matriculated students, don the cap and gown, go through full courses of study, earning college distinctions, and obtaining at Burlington House—all being done during the spare time between hours of office work—their University degrees. The high average of power shown by these men, and their unfaltering attention, are, of course, owing in some measure to their greater age and to the common bond of earnestness implied in the fact that each of them has paid his own money, out of his own earnings, for the information he receives. It is said to be a literal fact that during these four or five years in a department which last winter numbered five hundred and fifty students, no class has once been disturbed by active thoughtlessness or the most distant approach to misconduct.

Assuredly, these good results depend in a great measure upon the fact that there is brought into every class-room, freshness of attention. The pouring in of information and suggestion

lasts for three hours at most; few attend more than two classes on one evening; and there are no lectures at all on Saturday. All information goes, therefore, only to the satisfying of a healthy appetite, and there is ample time for each meal of study to be digested properly, before the next is taken. The eight or ten lectures a week thus actually give more of sound training to those who attend them, than they would have had from attendance upon eight or ten lectures a day.

CITY OF FLOWERS, AND FLOWER OF CITIES.

OUR readers have recently had daguerreotyped for them a portrait of "Rome the Eternal" by a pen skilled to reproduce every outline of form, and each light and shade of character visible there to an observant eye. The present writer can, from his own personal knowledge, offer an independent testimony to the accuracy of the picture drawn by his unknown fellow-contributor to these columns. It was the perusal of that truthful description which suggested the desirability of placing before the English public an equally truthful, and, as far as his powers will permit, an equally accurate presentation of another Italian city; not being induced thereto by any pretension of producing a "pendant" to the former canvas, but by the consideration that a comparative estimate of the leading Italian cities, and especially of the two to which we are here referring, is, at the present moment, and under the circumstances which are on the eve of being completed, a matter of urgent and important interest.

The kingdom of Italy will shortly take its place among the members of the European family of nations. There is still room for the speculations of politicians as to the more or less of difficulty and struggle which may precede and attend the birth of the new kingdom, and for dissertations on the greater or less amount of ill will and jealousy with which the new comer will be regarded by several of its elder sisters. But, doubts as to the safe delivery of this new birth of time are already out of date. Like it or dislike it who may—few or many lives, and little or much sacrifice and suffering as the achievement may cost—Italy will shortly be an independent and united nation under the constitutional sceptre of Victor Emmanuel, first King of Italy. And this kingdom of Italy will have a capital. And the choice of this capital is a matter of infinite importance to Italy, and of no small interest to Europe. Absolutists and friends native and foreign of the fallen and falling tyrannies which divided the peninsula among them, are already speculating eagerly on the consequences of discord on this point, which they deem must needs arise from the selfishness and want of patriotism of the different cities, each wont to lead the life of a capital, and each worthy of being the capital of a nation. They will be disappointed. They may dismiss all hope of seeing Italy risk the loss of all she has gained,

and all she so dearly prizes, by suicidal quarrels on any such subject. There will doubtless be differences of opinion on the point, and there will be need of mature consideration (though much has already, it may be observed in passing, been given to the subject by several of the leading minds in Italy); but there will be no quarrelling.

It may be considered that, numerous as are the cities which might, from their former rank and importance, fairly make pretension to supremacy, the choice, in fact, lies between Rome and Florence. Turin would prefer to be itself the capital of Italy. But if this cannot be (and even the Torinese themselves feel that it cannot be), then Turin would prefer that Florence should be raised to the vacant throne. Precisely similar sentiments prevail at Milan. The question, in short, may be assumed to be narrowed to a choice between the Eternal City and the City of Flowers. Let us examine a little, their comparative claims.

Those of Rome appeal irresistibly to the sympathies of imaginative minds nourished on classical associations and reminiscences. There is also, of course, a class of persons to whom the ecclesiastical supremacy of papal Rome will seem to constitute a claim to civil pre-eminence. But, sentiment of this kind is very much more common northward of the Alps than in Italy; and it is assuredly not on such grounds that the Italians will choose their new capital. The Rome which exercises a potent spell by the greatness of its name on the imaginations of many Italians, is not papal, but imperial and pagan Rome: the Rome which once boasted itself the capital of the civilised world. And it is hardly necessary to expend a word in pointing out how little papal Rome, especially the papal Rome of the nineteenth century, has in common with the mighty "nominis umbra" which exercises this fascination; or to insist on the absurdity of proceeding to the eminently practical business of selecting a capital for the young nation under the influence of a sentimental enthusiasm not only so empty, but so utterly delusive. The practical and insuperable objections which exist to making Rome the capital of the new constitutional monarchy may be briefly stated.

It is, and, as far as can be at present foreseen, it is likely for some time further to remain, the residence of the Pope. And this fact alone is felt by the great majority of Italians to be an absolutely fatal objection. Those who bear in mind the nature of papal influence, its *modus operandi*, and the impossibility of *suddenly* ejecting it from the old paths, will comprehend at once the insuperable nature of the difficulty, which would alone be sufficient to decide the question, if it were seconded by no others.

But in the next place the climate of Rome is a fatal objection to it. What would be said of the wisdom of wittingly selecting for the capital city of a great nation, a spot in which, during six months of the year, none save natives acclimatised from their infancy can re-

main without danger to life? And this when the most effectual means for welding together in one homogeneous whole, the different peoples of the Italian family will consist in the course at the capital which the necessities of representative government occasion and promote; when the sole agency by which all that is best in each of the widely differing races of the peninsula can be selected and preserved, and all that each has of bad can be diminished and eradicated, will be the social mixing in the capital arising from those necessities, and the active propagandism of ideas and habits which a society so constituted in the capital would exercise in the remotest corners of the kingdom.

Either of the reasons above stated would amply suffice for setting aside the mere poetical claims of the great "nominis umbra," which has, at all events in our own day, so balefully overshadowed all that has stagnated and rotted beneath its upas-tree shelter. But there are others which will suggest themselves readily to the readers of that picture of the Eternal City above referred to, and which may be further illustrated by contrasting them with the characteristics of the Tuscan candidate for the promotion.

In the days when every Italian city had an independent life and social characteristics of its own, each of the fair sisterhood was familiarly known by some special epithet appropriated to it, as compendiously descriptive of its peculiar charms and idiosyncrasy. Rome, as all the world knows, was "the Eternal;"—Naples, "la bella;" Genoa, "la superba;" Lucca, "la industriosa;" Padua, "la dotta;" and Bologna, "la grassa," &c. And Naples the beautiful, Genoa the superb, Lucca the industrious, Padua the learned, and Bologna the fat, were deemed, not only by their own inhabitants but by the general consent of Italy, to merit these special distinctions. And Florence, in many respects the noblest of them all, what was the peculiar characteristic of fair Florence? "Firenze la gentile" was the style and title accorded by universal consent to the city which historians have designated as the most republican of republics; and the qualities expressed by the term are readily recognised to be especially characteristic of the "city of fair flowers and flower of fair cities" by those who know her well. But the complete sense of the word is not so readily rendered by any one English adjective as in the case of the epithets applied to other cities which have been quoted. The reader will have seen at once that the word "gentile" is etymologically equivalent to our adjective *genteel*. But, apart from the disagreeable vulgarity which the cant use of this unlucky word has stamped it with, "genteel" in its best day only partially conveyed the ideas comprised in the Italian word "gentile." In the mouth of an Italian the idea expressed by it includes all the amenities and agreeabilities, which result from a high state of civilisation and social culture. It is of all words that which most completely expresses what is in truth the especial quality of Florence

and the Florentines, and never was epithet more happily applied. The population of Florence *does* manifest assuredly more than that of any other city of Italy, perhaps more than that of any city in the world, the results of long and highly cultivated civilisation. Of course such a statement will seem monstrous to Londoners or Parisians; but I think that, even bearing in mind all the triumphs of those rival centres of the civilised world, what I have said may be maintained. I have *not* said, be it observed, that Florence is a more civilised capital than London, or that a Florentine is a more civilised man than a Londoner. Guizot defines civilisation to be progress;—not badly perhaps. And assuredly Florence can lay no claim to rivalry with the great centres of movement in that respect. But she possesses a more universally diffused result of former high civilisation. Her people are in a more marked degree the product of a long ancestry of highly civilised forefathers. The habits and modes of feeling of the population supply a curious confirmation of the truth of old Ovid's dictum,

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

To have well studied the liberal arts softens the character, and prevents men from being brutal;—prevents even their descendants for a long time from becoming so;—for, though the "faithful" study of art may be more a thing of the past than of the present in Florence, it is impossible not to recognise the humanising effects on this people of a traditional as well as organic love for, and appreciation of, the beautiful. A Florentine, of whatsoever class, is never brutal;—he is rarely vulgar. He is often insincere, and not unfrequently dishonest; for princes and priests have through many a generation perseveringly and consistently striven to educate him to falsehood and fraud. But he is in these respects assuredly no worse than the populations of other Italian cities; similar causes have, in them also, been at work to produce similar results. When these causes shall have been removed entirely, as they have been in great part removed already, the lapse of one generation will suffice to efface the consequences of their evil teaching. But the lapse of many generations has not availed to destroy the essentially social nature, the love of order, and the respect for law, which have been the product of those happier previous centuries when each citizen had his part in the making of the laws he was called on to obey.

The old civic nurture crops out remarkably also in that special courteousness and good breeding which has helped to gain for Florence the epithet of "la gentile." It is not too much to say, that when, after having been accustomed for some time to the manners of the Tuscan people, one is brought into contact with other populations, whether Italian or on the northern side of the Alps, the world seems suddenly to have become full of angles and roughnesses. The universal and rarely failing good humour of the people of Florence contributes much also, it

is true, to this result, which is the case to a degree that those who have never experienced it will scarcely believe. This good humour may be referred by physiologists to climate, food, race, or whatever cause may to their wisdom seem capable of producing it; but it is undeniably a very valuable portion of a Tuscan man or woman's inheritance.

Another mode, in which the fruits of the old civic civilisation manifest themselves, is in the fact that crimes of violence are almost wholly unknown in Tuscany; with the exception, perhaps, it ought to be added, of Leghorn, the peculiar and mixed population of which city places it in a category apart from the rest of Tuscany. This habitual aversion to violence has been attributed, very unfairly, to want of manhood, energy, and courage. But such a taunt is out of date now. Since Curtatone, the Tuscan Thermopylae, and the recent doings of the Tuscan volunteers in Sicily and Naples, we shall not hear much more of Tuscan inability to take a good man's part in the roughest work that may be needed. Besides, the use of the stiletto has not generally been held to denote manliness or courage in the bravo who makes street corners unsafe in the dark hours. Cowards can hate, and can find safe means of gratifying hatred; but assassination is as entirely unknown in Tuscany as open violence.

It is needless to insist at length on the truly incalculable importance to the future kingdom of Italy of this deep-dyed, ingrained civilisation in the people of its capital. We all know how wide and deep is the influence exercised on the manners of a nation by those of its chief city, especially in the case of people ruled by representative government. In despotisms, the capital, with an unhealthy and mischievous action, attracts to itself and absorbs the best energies and capabilities of the nation; and though it is the cynosure of provincial eyes, it fails, for want of a reflux of the tide, in exercising a civilising influence on the provinces. In a representative government, on the contrary, the ebb and flow to and from the capital, healthfully circulates the social life-blood through the system; the civilisation of the chief city acts powerfully on the remotest portions of the body politic. That Italian manners and social ideas should be assimilated to those of Florence rather than to those of Rome, would be worth to the nation, starting on its path of progress, a good century of advance.

A consideration of the causes of this superiority of the Tuscan civilisation has also an important bearing on the question in hand. We are told much of the grand memories and associations connected with the great name of Rome. If by these are meant the old classic glories of republican and imperial Rome, the well-known topics of the great historians and poets whose works form the earliest and unforgettably associations of the schoolboy days of all educated Europe, then one has to observe simply that those pagan times and that society are so far removed as to exercise no sort of influence

on the Roman world of the Christian period;—removed, not only by distance of time, and diversity of religion and civilisation, but cut off from all connexion with modern Rome by the great cataclysm of the barbarian irruption. Even were it not so—even were there unbroken continuity of the old civilisation—even granting that the eloquence of an honourable member for Syracuse, or for Susa, might be warmed by the consciousness that he was speaking on the spot where Cicero spoke—even then it would be questionable—or rather it would not be a question at all—whether it would be desirable to inspire Italy's *Rè galantuomo*—the honest king—with ideas drawn from the exemplar of Augustus; to hold up to the national guards, the prætorian guards as a model; or to encourage the senate to gather its precedents from the traditions of the senators of the empire.

But if, on the other hand, those who invoke these "mighty memories" are thinking of any period in the history of papal Rome, or of any of the "glories" of the "capital of Christendom," it must be replied that, even admitting it to be a moot point whether the influence of the vast system whose centre and head were at Rome may not have been, at certain epochs and in certain respects, more beneficial than harmful to Europe, it assuredly was never anything to Italy but a fountain-head of barbarism, and an obstacle to every principle of civilisation. While civism at Florence was laying down the deep foundations of the principles of modern liberty, feudalism and sacerdotalism at Rome were engendering and perpetuating the most unimprovable barbarism, and educating the people to a savagery which no after time has yet availed wholly to efface. Turbulence and violence were then universal throughout Italy; but in Florence, the violence and the turbulence were the struggles and the stumblings of a people painfully striving to accomplish the high and arduous feat of orderly self-government: while the turbulence and violence at Rome were due to the imbecility of a galling yet undisputed despotism, and the anti-social excesses of ruffian barons. The violences of Giano della Bella were the throes attending the birth of principles and ideas yet fruitful in the popular Florentine mind. The excesses of the Orsini and Colonna were the brutalising assertion of the supremacy of lawless force—fruitful this also, even to the present day, in the popular mind at Rome.

There are several other reasons for selecting the city of flowers, and flower of cities, as the Florentines love to call their gentle Firenze, to be the future capital of Italy. These, though they may appear to many to be more weighty grounds of choice than that which I have been insisting on, may be stated more compendiously. To my own mind no consideration is of greater importance than the admitted and special characteristics of the population.

Of all the cities on which the choice could fall, Florence is the most central. It is true

that if the number of miles from the foot of the Alps to the toe of the boot were measured, Rome might be found nearer to the middle of such a line. But, if the centre of the population, instead of that of the soil be sought—and it is of course this which is required—Florence would be found to come nearer to the requirement. All the miles to be travelled by the representatives of the kingdom in coming to their parliamentary duties, would be fewer if the capital were at Florence than if it were at Rome.

In the next place, Florence is very favourably placed in a military point of view. It is from its position more secure from a hostile coup de main than any of its rival sisters. And to many minds, this will appear not the least of its numerous advantages.

Then again, in point of climate and sanitary considerations, it fairly bears the bell among all the first-class cities of Italy. The death rate is more favourable than in any of them; and the medical statistics indicate, with regard to all the great classes of disease which chiefly shorten and destroy life, that the prevalence of them in Florence is below the average.

There still remains to be mentioned one of the most important considerations; many people will say, the most important of all. If Italy wills to be a homogeneous and united nation, it is exceedingly desirable that it should have a homogeneous and single language. Few, perhaps, save those who have dwelt much in Italy, are aware of the degree to which the want of such a language extends. It is not merely that the Piedmontese, the Lombard, the Venetian, the Bolognese, and the Neapolitan populace speak all of them dialects mutually unintelligible, and all equally unlike the language of Italian literature; but even the educated classes in all these districts often are unable, and always are unwilling, to use any but their own provincial speech.

"You have had a great treat," said I once to an Italian friend in Paris, who had been sitting at dinner by the side of a very distinguished exile, and talking all the time as fast as their tongues could go, "you have had the great treat of a good bout of Italian talk." "Much better than that," was the reply, "we have been talking Milanese." The true delight of these two compatriot exiles meeting on a foreign soil was to hear the dear abominable jargon which brought back to their recollections the drawing-rooms and promenades of Milan.

It is needless to spend a word in insisting on the supreme importance to the newly-born nation of putting an end to this diversity of tongues; the importance of it to the literature, to the forensic and legislative eloquence, and even to the social progress, of the nation. And it is equally unnecessary to point out the well of pure and undefiled Italian. Lombards, Romans, Neapolitans, all consider themselves co-heirs of the Tuscan literature. But if Dante

is to be an Italian and not a Tuscan glory, the "bel paese ove il sì suona" must not be confined to the banks of the Arno. In fact, Florence is, and indefeasibly must be, the intellectual, literary, and educational capital of Italy. And how far more completely and efficiently it could exercise its functions as such for the benefit of the nation, if it be also the political and social capital, must be evident to every one.

Finally, there is one other consideration, which, though of less political or social importance than those which have been spoken of, is yet worthy of being taken into account. No city in Italy—unless it be poor, hapless, lone Venice—has such a provision of public buildings as Florence. And *they*, indeed, are stored with associations which may be invoked to some good purpose. If there is on the face of the earth one spot which more than another may be deemed the veritable cradle of modern European liberty, it is that noble old "Hall of the Five Hundred," in the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence. Should that be selected as the chamber of meeting of a new Five Hundred, chosen from all Italy to uphold the principles once maintained there by five hundred Florentine citizens, there would hardly be among them a "soul so dead" as not to feel his patriotism exalted and his eloquence warmed, by the mute witnesses looking down on him from the pictured walls which have re-echoed the brave words of so many generations of free citizens.

It would be tedious to enter on a long catalogue of the noble edifices, such as any capital in Europe might be proud of, which adorn every part of Florence. Those who have ever seen them will admit, not only that their abundance is such as to offer ready provision for well-nigh every need of the chief city of a great people, but—what is of more consequence—that the style and character of their architecture is such as worthily to represent the grand and severe majesty of a free people.

Nature and art, past history and present convenience, agree in designating the city of flowers and flower of cities, Firenze la gentile, as the capital of Italy. There is good reason to believe that most of the best heads and most influential men in Italy have come to the conclusion that such is the case. There can be no doubt that if the question were to be settled after the fashion of the election of the Greek general of old, by the majority of *second votes* of all the candidates, fair Florence would come out of the scrutiny without a black ball.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 79.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.]

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.

BREAKFAST over, I took a walk through the town. Though in a measure prepared for a scene of unbustling quietude and tranquillity, I must own that the air of repose around far surpassed all I had imagined. The streets through which I sauntered were grass-grown and untrodden; the shops were but half open; not an equipage, nor even a horseman was to be seen. In the Platz, where a sort of fruit-market was held, a few vendors of grapes, peaches, and melons sat under large crimson umbrellas, but there seemed few purchasers, except a passing schoolboy, carefully scanning the temptations in which he was about to invest his kreutzer.

The most remarkable feature of the place, however, and it is one which through a certain significance has always held its place in my memory, was that, go where one would, the palace of the grand-duke was sure to finish the view at one extremity of the street. In fact, every alley converged to this one centre, and the royal residence stood like the governor's chamber in a panopticon gaol. There did my mind for many a day picture him sitting like a huge spider watching the incautious insects that permeated his web. I imagined him fat, indolent, and apathetic, but yet with a gaoler's instincts, ever mindful of every stir and movement of the prisoners below. With a very ordinary telescope he must be master of everything that went on, and the humblest incident could not escape his notice. Was it the consciousness of this surveillance that made every one keep the house? Was it the feeling that the "Gross Herzogliche" eye never left them, that prevented men being abroad in the streets and about their affairs as in other places? I half suspected this, and set to work imagining a state of society thus scanned and scrutinised. But that the general aspect of the town so palpably proclaimed the absence of all trade and industry, I might have compared the whole to a glass hive; but they were all drones that dwelt there, there was not one "busy bee" in the whole of them.

While I rambled thus carelessly along, I came in front of a sort of garden fenced from the street by an iron railing. The laurel, and arbutus, and even the oleander, were there, grace-

fully blending a varied foliage, and contrasting in their luxuriant liberty so pleasantly with the dull uniformity outside. Finding a gate wide open, I strolled in and gave myself up to the delicious enjoyment of the spot. As I was deliberating whether this was a public garden or not, I found myself before a long, low, villa-like building, with a colonnade in front. Over the entrance was a large shield, which on nearer approach I recognised to contain the arms of England. This, therefore, was the legation, the residence of our minister, Sir Shalley Doubleton. I felt a very British pride and satisfaction to see our representative lodged so splendidly. With all the taxpayer's sentiment in my heart, I rejoiced to think that he who personated the nation should, in all his belongings, typify the wealth, the style, and the grandeur of England, and in the ardour of this enthusiasm I hastened back to the inn for the despatch-bag.

Armed with this, and a card, I soon presented myself at the door. On the card I had written, "Mr. Pottinger presents his respectful compliments, and requests his excellency will favour him with an audience of a few minutes for an explanation."

I had made up my mind to state that my servant, in removing my smaller luggage from the train, had accidentally carried off this Foreign-office bag, which, though at considerable inconvenience, I had travelled much out of my way to restore in person. I had practised this explanation as I dressed in the morning, I had twice rehearsed it to an orange-tree in the garden, before which I had bowed till my back ached, and I fancied myself perfect in my part. It would, I confess, have been a great relief to me to have had only the slightest knowledge of the great personage before whom I was about to present myself, to have known was he short or tall, young or old, solemn or easy-mannered, had he a loud voice and an imperious tone, or was he of the soft and silky order of his craft. I'd have willingly entertained his "gentleman" at a moderate repast for some information on these points, but there was no time for the inquiry, and so I rang boldly at the bell. The door opened of itself at the summons, and I found myself in a large hall with a plaster cast of the Laocoon, and nothing else. I tried several of the doors on either side, but they were all locked. A very handsome and spacious stair of

white marble led up from the middle of the hall, but I hesitated about venturing to ascend this, and once more repaired to the bell outside, and repeated my summons. The loud clang re-echoed through the arched hall, the open door gave a responsive shake, and that was all. No one came; everything was still as before. I was rather chagrined at this. The personal inconvenience was less offensive than the feeling how foreigners would comment on such want of propriety, what censures they would pass on such an ill-arranged household. I rang again, this time with an energy that made the door strike some of the plaster from the wall, and, with a noise like cannon, "What the hangman!"—I am translating—"is all this?" cried a voice thick with passion; and on looking up I saw a rather elderly man, with a quantity of curly yellow hair, frowning savagely on me from the balcony over the stair. He made no sign of coming down, but gazed sternly at me from his eminence.

"Can I see his excellency the minister?" said I, with dignity.

"Not if you stop down there, not if you continue to ring the bell like an alarm for fire, not if you won't take the trouble to come up-stairs."

I slowly began the ascent at these words, pondering what sort of a master such a man must needs have. As I gained the top, I found myself in front of a very short, very fat man, dressed in a suit of striped gingham, like an over-plethoric zebra, and wheezing painfully, in part from asthma, in part from agitation. He began again:

"What the hangman do you mean by such a row? Have you no manners, no education? Where were you brought up that you enter a dwelling-house like a city in storm?"

"Who is this insolent creature that dares to address me in this wise? What ignorant menial can have so far forgotten my rank and his insignificance?"

"I'll tell you all that presently," said he; "there's his excellency's bell." And he hustled away, as fast as his unwieldy size would permit, to his master's room.

I was outraged and indignant. There was I, Potts—no, Pottinger—Algernon Sydney Pottinger—on my way to Italy and Greece, turning from my direct road to consign with safety a despatch-bag which many a less conscientious man would have chucked out of his carriage window and forgotten—there I stood to be insulted by a miserable stone-polishing, floor-scrubbing, carpet-twiggling Hausknecht! Was this to be borne? was it to be endured? Was a man of station, family, and attainments, to be the object of such indignity?"

Just as I had uttered this speech aloud, a very gentle voice addressed me, saying:

"Perhaps I can assist you? Will you be good enough to say what you want?"

I started suddenly, looked up, and whom should I see before me but that Miss Herbert, the beautiful girl in deep mourning that I had met at Milford, and who now, in the same pale lovely

ness, turned on me a look of kind and gentle meaning.

"Do you remember me?" said I, eagerly. "Do you remember the traveller—a pale young man, with a Glengary cap and a plaid overcoat—who met you at Milford?"

"Perfectly," said she, with a slight twitch about the mouth like a struggle against a smile. "Will you allow me to repay you now for your politeness then? Do you wish to see his excellency?"

I'm not very sure what it was I replied, but I know well what was passing through my head. If my thoughts could have spoken, it would have been in this wise:

"Angel of loveliness, I don't care a brass farthing for his excellency. It is not a matter of the slightest moment to me if I ever set eyes on him. Let me but speak to you, tell you the deep impression you have made upon my heart; how, in my ardour to serve you, I have already been involved in an altercation that might have cost me my life; how I still treasure up the few minutes I passed beside you as the Elysian dream of all my life——"

"I am certain, sir," broke she in while I spoke—I repeat, I know not what—"I am certain, sir, that you never came here to mention all this to his excellency."

There was a severe gravity in the way that she said these words that recalled me to myself, but not to any consciousness of what I had been saying; and so, in my utter discomfiture, I blundered out something about the lost despatches and the cause of my coming.

"If you'll wait a moment here," said she, opening a door into a neatly furnished room, "his excellency shall hear of your wish to see him." And before I could answer, she was gone.

I was now alone, but in what wild perplexity and anxiety! How came she here? What could be the meaning of her presence in this place? The minister was an unmarried man, so much my host had told me. How then reconcile this fact with the presence of one who had left England but a few days ago, as some said, to be a governess or a companion? Oh, the agony of my doubts, the terrible agony of my dire misgivings! What a world of iniquity do we live in, what vice and corruption are ever around us! It was but a year or two ago, I remember, that the Times newspaper had exposed the nefarious schemes of a wretch who had deliberately invented a plan to entrap those most unprotected of all females. The adventures of this villain had become part of the police literature of Europe. Young and attractive creatures, induced to come abroad by promises of the most seductive kind, had been robbed by this man of all they possessed, and deserted here and there throughout the Continent. I was so horror-stricken by the terrors my mind had so suddenly conjured up, that I could not acquire the calm and coolness requisite for a process of reasoning. My over-active imagination, as usual, went off with me, clearing obstacles with a sweeping

stride, and steeple-chasing through fact as though it were only a gallop over grass land.

"Poor girl, well might you look confused and overwhelmed at meeting me! well might the flush of shame have spread over your neck and shoulders, and well might you have hurried away from the presence of one who had known you in the days of your happy innocence!" I'm not sure that I didn't imagine I had been her playfellow in childhood, and that we had been brought up from infancy together. My mind then addressed itself to the practical question, What was to be done? Was I to turn my head away while this iniquity was being enacted? was I to go on my way forgetting the seeds of that misery whose terrible fruits must one day be a shame and an open ignominy? or was I to arraign this man, great and exalted as he was, and say to him, "Is it thus you represent before the eyes of the foreigner the virtues of that England we boast to be the model of all morality? Is it thus you illustrate the habits of your order? Do you dare to profane what, by the fiction of diplomacy, is called the soil of your country, by a life that you dare not pursue at home? The Parliament shall hear of it, the Times shall ring with it; that magnificent institution, the common sense of England, long sick of what is called secret diplomacy, shall learn at last to what uses are applied the wiles and snares of this deceitful craft, its extraordinary and its private missions, its hurried messengers with their bags of corruption—"

I was well "into my work," and going along slappingly, when a very trim footman, in a nankeen jacket, said:

"If you will come this way, sir, his excellency will see you."

He led me through three or four salons handsomely furnished and ornamented with pictures, the most conspicuous of which, in each room, was a life-sized portrait of the same gentleman, though in a different costume—now in the Windsor uniform, now as a Guardsman, and, lastly, in the full dress of the diplomatic order. I had but time to guess that this must be his excellency, when the servant announced me and retired.

It is in deep shame that I own that the aspect of the princely apartments, the silence, the implied awe of the footman's subdued words as he spoke, had so routed all my intentions about calling his excellency to account, that I stood in his presence timid and abashed. It is an ignoble confession wrung out of the very heart of my snobbery, that no sooner did I find myself before that thin, pale, grey-headed man, who, in a light silk dressing-gown and slippers, sat writing away, than I gave up my brief and inwardly resigned my place as a counsel for injured innocence.

He never raised his head as I entered, but continued his occupation without noticing me, muttering below his breath the words as they fell from his pen. "Take a seat," said he curtly, at last. Perceiving now that he was fully aware of my presence, I sat down without reply. "This bag is late, Mr. Paynter," said he, blandly,

as he laid down his pen and looked me in the face.

"Your excellency will permit me, in limine, to observe that my name is not Paynter."

"Possibly, sir," said he haughtily; "but you are evidently before me for the first time, or you would know that, like my great colleague and friend, Prince Metternich, I have made it a rule through life never to burden my memory with whatever can be spared it, and of these are the patronymics of all subordinate people; for this reason, sir, and to this end, every cook in my establishment answers to the name of Honoré, my valet is always Pierre, my coachman Jacob, my groom is Charles, and all foreign messengers I call Paynter. The original of that appellation is, I fancy, superannuated or dead, but he lives in some twenty successors who carry canvas reticules as well as he."

"The method may be convenient, sir, but it is scarcely complimentary," said I, stiffly.

"Very convenient," said he, complacently.

"All consuls I address as Mr. Sloper. You can't fail to perceive how it saves time, and I rather think that in the end they like it themselves. When did you leave town?"

"I left on Saturday last. I arrived at Dover by the express train, and it was there that the incident befel me by which I have now the honour to stand before your excellency."

Instead of bestowing the slightest attention on this exordium of mine, he had resumed his pen and was writing away glibly as before. "Nothing new stirring, when you left?" said he, carelessly.

"Nothing, sir. But to resume my narrative of explanation—"

"Come to dinner, Paynter; we dine at six," said he, rising hastily; and, opening a glass door into a conservatory, walked away, leaving me in a mingled state of shame, anger, humiliation, and, I will state, of ludicrous embarrassment, which I have no words to express.

"Dinner! No," exclaimed I, "if the alternative were a hard crust and a glass of spring water! not if I were to fast till this time to-morrow! Dine with a man who will not condescend to acknowledge even my identity, who will not deign to call me by my name, but only consents to regard me as a pebble on the seashore, a blade of grass in a wide meadow! Dine with him, to be addressed as Mr. Paynter, and to see Pierre, and Jacob, and the rest of them looking on me as one of themselves! By what prescriptive right does this man dare to insult those who, for aught he can tell, are more than his equals in ability? Does the accident—and what other can it be than accident—of his station confer this privilege? How would he look if one were to retort with his own impertinence? What, for instance, if I were to say, 'I always call small diplomatists Bluebottles; you'll not be offended if, just for memory's sake, I address you as Bluebottle—Mr. Bluebottle, of course?'"

I was in ecstasies at this thought. It seemed to vindicate all my insulted personality, all my outraged and injured identity. "Yes," said I,

"I will dine with him; six o'clock shall see me punctual to the minute, and determined to avenge the whole insulted family of the Paynters. I defy him to assert that the provocation came not from *his* side. I dare him to show cause why I should be the butt of *his* humour, any more than he of *mine*. I will be prepared to make use of his own exact words in repelling my impertinence, and say, 'Sir, you have exactly embodied *my* meaning; you have to the letter expressed what this morning I felt on being called Mr. Paynter; you have, besides this, had the opportunity of experiencing the sort of pain such an impertinence inflicts, and you are now in a position to guide you as to how far you will persist in it for the future.'"

I actually revelled in the thought of this reprisal, and longed for the moment to come in which, indolently thrown back in my chair, I should say, "Bluebottle, pass the Madeira," with some comment on the advantage all the Bluebottles have in getting their wine duty free. Then, with what sarcastic irony I should condole with him over his wearisome, dull career, eternally writing home platitudes for blue-books, making Grotius into bad grammar, and vamping up old Puffendorf for popular reading. "Ain't you sick of it all, B.-B.?" I should say, familiarly; "is not the unreality of the whole thing offensive? Don't you feel that a despatch is a sort of formula in which Madrid might be inserted for Moscow, and what was said of Naples might be predicated of Norway?" I disputed a long time with myself at what precise period of the entertainment I should unmask my battery and open fire. Should it be in the drawing-room, before dinner? Should it be immediately after the soup, with the first glass of sherry? Ought I to wait till the dessert, and that time when a sort of easy intimacy had been established which might be supposed to prompt candour and frankness? Would it not be in better taste to defer it till the servants had left the room? To expose him to his household seemed scarcely fair.

These were all knotty points, and I revolved them long and carefully, as I came back to my hotel, through the same silent street.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Don't keep a place for me at the table d'hôte to-day, Kramm," said I, in an easy carelessness; "I dine with his excellency. I couldn't well get off the first day, but to-morrow I promise you to pronounce upon your good cheer."

I suppose I am not the first man who has derived consequence from the invitation it has cost him misery to accept. How many in this world of snobbery have felt that the one sole recompense for long nights of ennui was the fact that their names figured amongst the distinguished guests in the next day's Post?

"It is not a grand dinner to-day, is it?" asked Kramm.

"No, no, a merely family party; we are very old chums, and have much to talk over."

"You will then go in plain black, and with nothing but your 'decorations.'"

"I will wear none," said I, "none; not even a ribbon." And I turned away to hide the shame and mortification his suggestion had provoked.

Punctually at six o'clock I arrived at the legation; four powdered footmen were in the hall, and a decent-looking personage in black preceded me up the stairs, and opened the double doors into the drawing-room, without, however, announcing me, or paying the slightest attention to my mention of "Mr. Pottinger."

Laying down his newspaper as I entered, his excellency came forward with his hand out, and though it was the least imaginable touch, and his bow was grandly ceremonious, his smile was courteous and his manner bland.

"Charmed to find you know the merit of punctuality," said he. "To the untravelled English, six means seven, or even later. You may serve dinner, Robins. Strange weather we are having," continued he, turning to me; "cold, raw, and uncongenial."

We talked "barometer" till the door opening, the maître d'hôtel announced, "His excellency is served;" a rather unpolite mode, I thought, of ignoring his company, and which was even more strongly impressed by the fact that he walked in first, leaving me to follow.

At the table a third "cover" was just being speedily removed as we entered, a fact that smote at my heart like a blow. The dinner began, and went on with little said; a faint question from the minister as to what the dish contained and a whispered reply constituted most of the talk, and an occasional cold recommendation to me to try this or that entrée. It was admirable in all its details, the cookery exquisite, the wines delicious, but there was an oppression in the solemnity of it all that made me sigh repeatedly. Had the butler been serving a high mass his motions at the sideboard could scarcely have been more reverential.

"If you don't object to the open air, we'll take our coffee on the terrace," said his excellency; and we soon found ourselves on a most charming elevation, surrounded on three sides with orange-trees, the fourth opening a magnificent view over a fine landscape with the Taunus mountains in the distance.

"I can offer you at least a good cigar," said the minister, as he selected with great care two from the number on a silver plateau before him. "These, I think, you will find recommendable; they are grown for myself at Cuba, and prepared after a receipt only known to one family."

In all this there was a dignified civility, not at all like the impertinent freedom of his manner in the morning. He never, besides, addressed me as Mr. Paynter; in fact, he did not advert to a name at all, not giving me the slightest pretext for that reprisal I had come so charged with; and as to opening the campaign myself, I'd as soon have commenced acquaintance with a tiger by a pull at his tail. We were now alone; the servants had retired, and there we sat,

silently smoking our cigars in apparent ease, but, one of us at least, in a frame of mind the very opposite to tranquillity. What a rush and conflict of thought was in my head! Why had not *she* dined with us? Was her position such as that the presence of a stranger became an embarrassment? Good Heaven! was I to suppose this, that, and the other? What was there in this man that so imposed on me that when I wanted to speak I only could sigh, and that I felt his presence like some overpowering spell? It was that calm, self-contained, quiet manner—cold rather than austere, courteous without cordiality—that chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. Lecture *him* on the private moralities of his life! ask *him* to render me an account of his actions! address *him* as Bluebottle!—

"With such tobacco as that, one can drink Bordeaux," said he. "Help yourself."

And I did help myself—freely, repeatedly. I drank for courage, as a man might drink from thirst or fever, or for strength in a moment of fainting debility. The wine was exquisite, and my heart beat more forcibly, and I felt it.

I cannot follow very connectedly the course of events; I neither know how the conversation glided into politics, nor what I said on that subject. As to the steps by which I succeeded in obtaining his excellency's confidence, I know as little as a man does of the precise moment in which he is wet through in a Scotch mist. I have a dim memory of talking in a very dictatorial voice, and continually referring to my "entrance into public life," with reference to what Peel "said," and what the Duke "told me."

"What's the use of writing home?" said his excellency, in a desponding voice. "For the last five years I have called attention to what is going on here: nobody minds, nobody heeds it. Open any blue-book you like, and will you find one solitary despatch from Hesse-Kalbratenstadt?"

"I cannot call one to mind."

"Of course you can't. Would you believe it, when the Zeringer party went out, and the Schlaffdorfers came in, I was rebuked—actually rebuked—for sending off a special messenger with the news? And then came out a despatch in cipher, which being interpreted contained this stupid doggrel:

Strange that such difference should be
Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

I ask, sir, is it thus the affairs of a great country can be carried on? The efforts of Russia here are incessant: a certain personage—I will mention no names—loves caviar, he likes it fresh, there is a special estafette established to bring it! I learned, by the most insidious researches, his fondness for English cheese; I lost no time in putting the fact before the cabinet I represented, that while timid men looked tremblingly towards France, the thoughtful politician saw the peril of Hesse-Kalbratenstadt. I urged them to lose no time:

'The grand-duchess has immense influence—countermine her,' said I, 'countermine her with a Stilton;' and, would you believe it, sir, they have not so much as sent out a Cheddar! What will the people of England say one of these days when they learn, as learn they shall, that at this mission here I am alone—that I have neither secretary nor attaché, paid or unpaid—that since the Crimean war the whole weight of the legation has been thrown upon me—nor is this all, but that a systematic course of treachery—I can't call it lies—has been adopted to entrap me, if such were possible? My despatches are unreplyed to, my questions all unanswered. I stand here with the peace of Europe in my hands, and none to counsel nor advise me. What will you say, sir, to the very last despatch I have received from Downing-street? It runs thus:

"I am instructed by his lordship to inform you that he views with indifference your statement of the internal condition of the grand-duchy, but is much struck by your charge for sealing-wax.

"I have, sir, &c."

"This is no longer to be endured. A public servant who has filled some of the most responsible of official stations—I was eleven years at Tragotà, in the Argentine Republic; I was a chargé at Oohululoo for eight months—the only European who ever survived an autumn there; they then sent me special to Cabanhos to negotiate the Salt-sprat treaty; after that——"

Here my senses grew muddy: the grey dim light, the soft influences of a good dinner and a sufficiency of wine, the drowsy tenor of the minister's voice, all conspired, and I slept as soundly as if in my bed. My next conscious moment was as his excellency moved his chair back, and said,

"I think a cup of tea would be pleasant; let us come into the drawing-room."

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

HOUSES AND MODES OF LIVING.

TO-DAY you—who are, let us suppose, a provincial, and I, your London cicerone—will revisit some of the places which we passed yesterday,* and inspect such houses as may be unoccupied. The street by Oldbourne is perhaps the most healthy and pleasant, being situated on an eminence overlooking the gardens of Ely House and the fields of Iseldune. As we walk thither we may put you in possession of such information as may be needful for your guidance before making an agreement with the landlord of the house you may intend to rent.

By a recent civic ordinance, tenants at will, whose rent is under forty shillings yearly, must give their landlords a quarter's notice to deter-

* See number 76, page 608. At page 609, line 32, there is an error, which we take this opportunity of correcting. Instead of "1366, some eighteen years," the passage should have stood, "1377, some few weeks before the close of the reign of Edward the Third."

mine the tenancy. If the rent be above that sum, half a year's notice is required: neglect of this provision burdens you with the payment of rent for the additional quarter or half-year, unless you can obtain a tenant in your stead. The same notice is exacted from your landlord if he desires to oust you from possession, but, should he sell the house, the buyer may eject you at pleasure, unless you have a special agreement to the contrary.

Oldbourne-street, to which we are approaching, is in the ward of Farringdone, which is so extended by the number of houses built without the walls that there is an intention shortly to petition parliament to divide it into two wards—one within and one without. The houses to which we most commend you are newly built, a little higher up the hill than Thavie's Inn. This first one may be had at a rent of eighty shillings yearly. It is substantially erected, and finished with much care. The party-walls and chimneys, in conformity with the Assize of which we told you, are of freestone, brought, as it seems, from Maidenstone in Kent: they are sixteen feet high and three feet thick. The paint on the ash-laring is gaudy in your eyes, no doubt, but is commonly employed with us, whose atmosphere being freer from smoke and many other vapours, agrees with bright colours better than yours. The mortar is of lime mixed with sand or broken tiles. The framework built upon the walls, and the gables, both front and back, are of wood, whitewashed with plaster of Paris. The roof is tiled and pitched high, so that rain may readily fall into the gutters at the side. The windows in houses of this description are not always glazed as here; but, of late, glass has been largely imported from Flanders, Normandy, and Lorraine, and the glaziers now constitute a mystery, or distinct trade.

If you happen to be acquainted with the principles of architectural construction, you will conclude, from the external appearance of the house, what is the fact, that the chief mechanical powers in use amongst you—as the crane and lewis, for example—are familiar to us. The numerous improvements made in the science of building are almost confined to the elaboration of machinery for obtaining increased expedition.

Let us now enter the house and see the plan of it. We first come to the vestibule leading to the hall, or sitting apartment. The latter, you may see from the single chimney, is one room, although divided into two by a wooden partition. Both are of good size, as houses run with us, though eight feet in height may be thought low. The floors are well planked, and, as well as the wainscoting, are of Norway fir. In houses of a better class than this, designs of figures or flowers are generally painted on the wainscoting. If you object to the aspect of these whitewashed walls, you can easily drape them with hangings, as we commonly do. That floriated ironwork on the lock of the door is of excellent workmanship. We obtain most of our iron from Spain, though there are extensive

bloomeries in the Forest of Dean, and at Furness in Lancashire. These aumbries, or, as you would call them, cupboard, are formed by means of arches in the wall, which, in accordance with the Assize, do not exceed a foot in depth.

On the right of the vestibule we come to the kitchen, which doubtless strikes you as strangely and inconveniently constructed. In houses of this description, and, indeed, in many of the better sort, it is usual to leave the kitchen uncovered, so that the smoke from the grate in the centre and the vapours of cooking may have free exit. This, of course, is objectionable in rainy weather, and we are beginning to use roofs and chimneys, the expense of constructing which hinders their general adoption. The floor here being unplanked, the refuse is carried off by this gutter into a sink outside. The buttery (the larder of your country) is on the other side of the vestibule. The entrance to the cellars is by the steps outside, in the curtilage or courtyard.

Let us now ascend by this internal staircase to the solar or upper chamber. In older houses than this you will often find the staircase external. The solar, like the hall, is one room divided by wooden partitions. The compartment that contains the chimney you will of course make your own chamber. The other rooms, with central hearths and louvers above, are not so pleasant. The windows here, you see, are not glazed, but protected by wooden shutters, and lattices filled in with canvas. It is not unfrequent to glaze the upper lights, and keep the wooden shutters for the lower. At the back we look out on the curtilage and garden sloping down to the houses on the Fleet banks. There is a well in the former, together with a sink for refuse water, faced with stone. Our drainage in London, by the way, though far behind yours, is not ill managed. Besides private sinks, there is a common drain in the great streets communicating with the houses. The Thames is happily little polluted by the discharge of sewage, much of which falls into the town ditch. There are strict and continual regulations issued to keep the highways clear from rubbish, and officers are appointed by each ward to see that these ordinances are put in force. There are also rakers, as we have said, whose duty it is to remove the garbage to places made to receive it. These places are periodically cleansed, the contents being carried away in carts provided by the City.

You will be glad to know what precautions we take against peril from fire, and the attacks of enemies. Certain provisions against the former are exacted from all builders of houses in the City—such as the construction of stone chimneys, and the prohibition of thatched roofs, and ovens placed near timber structures. It is further demanded of all the holders of large houses that they keep a ladder or two for the rescue of their neighbours, and in summer a large water-vessel always full. Each ward is bound to keep ready for use an iron crook,

two chains, and two cords, with which to demolish burning houses; while the bedel of the ward is furnished with a horn to rouse the neighbourhood.

Against foes from within and without we have an organised system of protection, not wholly contemptible, though in no way comparable to yours. The curfew bell ordained by the Conqueror to be rung nightly at eight o'clock, still duly sounds from the City churches; after which hour no person with arms or without a light ought to be found abroad. A regular watch is kept in each ward by the alderman and certain members of the wardmote on horseback. To prevent thieves escaping pursuit, bars and chains are placed across the streets, especially those leading to the river. The gates, as we told you yesterday, have their daily and nightly guard. On certain festivals in the summer there are goodly musters of the City watch, who, arrayed in bright armour, and carrying lighted cressets, march through the chief streets; their fellow-citizens, to do them honour, garnishing the houses with oil-lamps hung round with green boughs and flowers, the evening concluding with bonfires and open-air banquets, where all passers-by are invited to make merry.

As the house pleases you, we need not seek further. Your outlay in the matter of furniture need not be large, as our modes of life are simple. We have no "marts" as you have, but you must employ a carpenter to make each article as you want it. For the hall you will require a table, either dormant (that is, fixed) or on trestles. By the hearth you may have two or three fixed chairs, and a few benches and stools. Carpets are not in use, save at court and in great houses, but we strew the floors with dry rushes in summer, and green fodder in winter. For covering the benches, you may have osier mats or cushions. For the solar you will require some tester-beds, each consisting of a bench to support the mattress, and a canopy over the head. Mattresses you can procure of rich stuff, and elaborately quilted, if you will. Pillows, bolsters, châlons (as we call the blankets made at Châlons in France), linen sheets, and counterpanes, can be had of equal costliness, or of more moderate quality and price. Two or three chests for clothes, some ewers and basins of earthenware, a few towels, combs, and mirrors of polished steel, will complete the furniture of the bed-chambers.

For the table you require some wooden trenchers, and plates, and bowls, either of wood or earthenware. The latter from its costliness, is not much used. The wealthy dine off silver, gilt, and enamelled dishes. Goblets can be obtained of various kinds, from gold, silver, crystal, glass, alabaster, agate, or cocoa-nut, down to pewter and wood. None are better than those which we call mazers, made out of the masere or walnut-tree. A large wooden salt-cellar is requisite for the centre of the table. Spoons are commonly made of silver for persons of the

middle class. Forks are in less frequent use, but can be purchased. It is usual to send the meat to table on a spit of silver, which is handed round to the guests, each man cutting off with his knife as much as he requires. As the fingers become soiled by this fashion of eating, we commonly have a lavatory in the hall. Knives may be purchased with silver, enamelled, or agate handles, and are generally carried about the person in plain or ornamented sheaths. Tablecloths and napkins you can procure of various qualities.

For the kitchen, all the requisite utensils, as caldrons, dishes, pots, pails, spits, and trivets, you may buy on Cornhill. Candlesticks are commonly made of iron. You will find the wax candles imported from Paris, called perchers, the best for your own use, tallow being good enough for household purposes. Soap is much imported from Spain, but some very good of a grey colour is made at Bristol. For fuel, there are various sorts in use; consisting of either charcoal, seacoal, fagots, brushwood, or fern.

As to the garden, which you should stock with the ordinary fruit-trees and vegetables, you will find the soil favourable, though somewhat moist hereabouts from the multitude of springs. Your neighbour, the Earl of Lincoln, manages to derive a considerable income from the sale of his fruits. Apples of the costard and pearmain species are common with us. Of pears we have several kinds—the Kaylewell (which you call Caillou), a stewing pear, the Rewl (or St. Règle), and the Pesse Pacelle, being the best. If you visit Bedfordshire, be sure to obtain a graft from the Cistercian monks of Wardon, who have a famous baking pear, called after them. To pears you may add cherries, peaches, plums, coynes (quinces in your tongue), medlars, and mulberries. Gooseberries, strawberries, and raspberries we have in a wild state, but do not often cultivate. Chesnuts and walnuts are not unfrequently grown. Vines demand such a large space and careful culture that they would be unfit for this piece of ground. In some districts, as at Teynham and Northflete, in Kent, manors of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and at Ledbury under Malvern, a manor of the Bishop of Hereford, they attain great richness and value. Of flowers, you should plant roses, lilies, violets, sunflowers, gillyflowers, or clove pinks, poppies, and periwinkles (your periwinkles), and enclose them, as our wont is, in a wattled fence. Of vegetables, we have cabbages, peas, beans, radishes, onions, garlic, leeks, sorrel, beet, lettuce, parsley, rape (a species of what you call turnip), rocket, mustard, and cress. Of herbs, sage, mint, fennel, hyssop, and rue are grown. If you will, you may set up a beehive, the honey wherefrom is certain of a purchaser among the brewers, who use it for their ale. Were you not a heretic, we should advise you to dig and stock a vivary with fish, which, by reason of our many Church fasts, we eat more commonly than flesh.

You will be glad of a little information touching the customs of trade amongst us, and the best shops and markets at which to purchase. Our ordinary shops, as you may see, are open chambers on the ground floor. Beneath them are in some cases sheds for warehouses; but to your repositories of stock answer our shealds (or sheds) attached to the hythes, or landing-places. There certain public officers, called scavengers, are in attendance, who take customs for the stowage of goods in these receptacles. Besides their shops our tradesmen have stalls, which in assigned places they are allowed to keep stationary. Elsewhere they stand, as you saw yesterday, in the road. Trades being generally handed down from father to son, or restricted to a guild, it is usual for all men of the same calling to inhabit a separate district. To remedy the evil effects of the monopoly that would ensue from the restriction of trades, the authorities are wont from time to time to publish an assize, or fixed scale of charges, which no trader may exceed. This rule applies to handicraftsmen as well as to dealers. No doubt a certain degree of injustice is thereby occasioned, but assuredly less than would fall upon the poorer public if the guilds were under no control. Before you blame our system you must be reminded that in your country a similar restraint is placed upon the extortion of the drivers of public conveyances.

The civic officers exercise the strictest control over the quality of food and liquors, and the weights and measures whereby they are sold. It is the duty of the alderman of each ward to inspect the latter periodically, and certify to their accuracy by affixing his seal. No private and unsealed vessels, such as the common drinking cups of the taverns, called hanaps and cruskyns, or cruises, are allowed to be used as measures. Wine cannot be sold until scrutinised and gauged. The bakers have their ovens regularly inspected, and the bread compared with the assessed standard. If any one is detected giving false weight he is pilloried in Chepe for the offence. After two convictions, his oven is pulled down, and he is expelled from the trade. The pillory is the ordinary punishment for selling unsound, imperfect, and counterfeit goods of any description, the articles themselves being not only forfeited, but burnt.

There is but one more custom of our trade which it is requisite that you should know, and that is the franchise of purveyance enjoyed by the king and certain privileged bodies and individuals. To form an adequate conception of it, you must call to mind the condition of some of your own seaport towns, where, to the prejudice of the residents, the first supply of fish is daily bought up by the metropolitan traders. Here the metropolis and the whole country are in a similar position, with the additional disadvantage of the hardship being legalised. It is usual for the servants of the king, and certain spiritual and temporal lords, to attend the markets between midnight and the

hour of prime (the Church service at six A.M.), and choose the best articles for the use of their masters. Public trading is only legal after this period. Of late years, through the manly opposition of the Commons, this drawback to our commercial prosperity has been mitigated to some extent, and its limits are always guarded with the utmost jealousy.

Of edibles let us begin with bread. There are several sorts in regular consumption. The best white bread we call "demeine," or lord's quality. The next sort is "wastel," that is, cake or biscuit bread, which, though good, is half the price of demeine. A third kind is called French; a fourth "puff," from its lightness; and a fifth "tourte," or "bis," that is, brown bread. The leaven employed is also of different qualities. The loaves, which are circular in shape, are always stamped with the baker's private seal—a counterpart of which is kept by the alderman of the ward, who makes a periodical tour of inspection. Mixed flour is often used in the country—especially a combination of wheat and rye, which we call "mystelon," or "monk-corn," from its being a favourite food in the monasteries. It is the same as the maslin of your country. To prevent fraud, this, and every other commixture of flour, is forbidden in London. For a similar reason, the bakers of tourte bread, which is made of unbolted flour, are prohibited from making any other sort, and a converse restriction extends to the bakers of white bread. The places for the sale of loaves are public, and it is illegal to purchase at the baker's oven. Cornhill and Chepe are the largest markets. Private families, however, usually buy of the regratresses, women who regrate, or retail bread from the bakers, and deliver it at the doors of their customers. The profit of these hucksters is limited to the thirtieth batch, which they receive over and above each dozen. You, too, are familiar with the term "baker's dozen." The bread most in demand with us is not made in the City, but at Stratford, and Bremele in Essex, and St. Alban's in Hertfordshire, whence it is brought up in carts every morning. The reason of its popularity is its cheapness—two ounces over London weight being gained in every pennyworth.

Should you have occasion to buy corn, you will find the regular markets at Billingsgate, Queenhythe, Grascirche, and the Friars Minors' pavement at Newgate. To prevent any chance of the collision of eager competitors, certain places are assigned to farmers from the eastern, and those from the western counties; and to prevent fraud, restrictions of time and place are put upon regraters. There are millers in the City, should you require their services. The few sokes still remaining confer upon the owners a right of multure; that is, the exclusive privilege of grinding the corn of their tenants.

We Londoners eat less flesh than fish, and pork more than other kinds of meat, but you will find ample means of gratifying your own

taste in this respect. West Smithfield is our largest cattle market, but for meat you must go to St. Nicholas flesh-shambles by Newgate, or to the Stokkes market near the Poultry. Beef, mutton, veal, pork, and venison, may there be had. If you are a sportsman at home, you will be horrified to hear that we eat the latter as often salted as fresh, and pay so little regard to season as to kill all the year round, save only in the fence-month, or fawning-time, which lasts from fifteen days before to fifteen days after Midsummer.

Of poultry and game you will find in our markets nearly all the kinds prized in your country—turkeys being the chief exception. We eat also several kinds that you either have not, or do not value—such as peacocks, esteemed with us a royal delicacy, swans, cranes, herons, curlews, bitterns, thrushes, and finches. So with fish. We think delicious several species which you despise—such as whale, sturgeon, porpoise, grampus, sea-calf, sea-wolf (or dog-fish as you call it), and conger—while we care very little for your favourite lobsters, crabs, and shrimps. The chief landing-places for fish are Queenhythe and Billingsgate, and its regular markets the Stokkes, Old and New Fish Streets. From Prussia we import stock-fish, the sale of which is a special trade. Scotland sends us salmon and cured cod. There are several regulations of the fish trade, with which it would be very tedious to acquaint you. One of them only may be mentioned, as being for the benefit of the poor; prohibiting whelks, mussels, and such common fish from being regrated, so that the price may not be heightened by a double profit.

Of minor articles of food you can obtain all you want at the various markets. Butter we hold in slight esteem. It is more thin and watery than that which is made in your country, so much so that we sell it by liquid measure. Cheese is made in the country, but also largely imported by the French and Hanse merchants. That of Brie is as great a favourite with us as with you. The French merchants of Amiens, Corby, and Nesle, also bring us onions and garlic. You can obtain here most of the common groceries and spices to which you are accustomed: sugar (which we import from Alexandria and Sicily), pepper, ginger, cannell (your cinnamon), caraway, liquorice, mastic, cubebs, cardamums, anise, rice, cloves, mace, muscads (as we call your nutmegs), and olive oil. Salt we obtain from the Cinque Ports chiefly. Besides native fruits, you may purchase the following imports: figs, almonds, dates, raisins, currants, prunes, damascenes (damsons in your tongue), and occasionally oranges, and pomegranates.

Wine is the ordinary drink of the middle classes with us, and is imported in large quantities from France, Spain, Italy, and Greece. The sale of sweet wine is a special trade, and there are only three taverns in the City where it is allowed to be sold. Of this sort, Malvesie, a Greek wine (your Malmsey), and Claire, a French wine boiled and sweetened, are chiefly

in demand. Of wines without sweetness, the white wine of Gascony, the red of Bordeaux, Lepe (made in the neighbourhood of Cadiz), and Rhenish, are much drunk. You will recognise the ordinary wine tavern by a pole which projects from the gable, and has a bush or bunch of leaves at its extremity. Ale is sold at separate taverns. It is made from either barley, wheat, or oats. Though a favourite beverage with us, it may not be to your taste, on account of its sweetness and heat. Instead of hops our brewers mingle honey, pepper, and spices with the malt liquor. As, unlike you, we prefer new ale to old, it is usual for the customer to send his vessel to the brewery at night and call for it in the morning, that the ale may have time to work. Cider is made from pear-main apples, in Yorkshire, Norfolk, and other counties; mead is a common drink in the Welsh marches; but neither is much known in London.

We must add a few general words respecting the coinage current amongst us, and the average prices at which the commodities we have mentioned are sold. In theory, our monetary system is the same as your own, the pound being divided into twenty shilling parts, of twelve penny-weights each. In practice, we differ widely, as our money is thrice as heavy as yours; we have no coins answering to your pound and shilling, and no copper coinage at all. With us, the pound is of twelve ounces of silver, and equal to three pounds of your money. We reckon not only by pounds, shillings, and pence, but by the mark. No such coin is now in circulation, but its representative value is thirteen shillings and fourpence, or two pounds of your money. Our highest gold coin is the half-mark or noble. There are also half and quarter nobles of gold. Besides these, we have the gold florin, so called from its Florentine coiners, worth about six shillings (between eighteen and nineteen shillings of your money); the half and the quarter florin. These pieces, not being thought convenient, are being withdrawn from circulation. The Royal Mint, in the Tower, has also issued of late years a large silver piece, called, from its size, a groat (gros), and legally worth fourpence; but not being equal in weight to four pennies sterling, the price of commodities sold by it has been generally raised. The word sterling we derive from the Easterlings, or East German traders, whose money has always been noted for its special fineness. The silver penny is now about eighteen grains in weight. We have also the halfpenny, and quarter, or farthing. Pieces to that value are now generally coined, but the broken halves and quarters of pennies were not long since in common use. Certain foreign coins still circulate amongst us. The bezant of Constantinople is no longer to be found, but the French florin of three shillings and fourpence, the crown of six shillings and eightpence, which, from the shield on its face, is called a "schelde," and the piece of five shillings, termed, from the *Agnus Dei* upon it, a "mouton," are legally current. The Genoese coins known as Jane, or

Galley halfpence, and the money of the Counts of Luxembourg, which we call Lussheburgs, are not held to belong to our currency. The utterance of several spurious coins, as crocads, pollards, rosaries, staldings, cocodones, eagles, leonines, mitres, steepings, and black mail, is prohibited by express statutes.

The values of ordinary articles of commerce vary greatly within short periods of time, and you must be guided by the Assize—generally an equitable estimate—which is periodically published for every trade. You will find, as a rule, that owing to the difference between our country and yours with respect to the importation of bullion, and the supply of commodities, the command over the latter represented by our money is fifteen, if not twenty, times as great as that which you can obtain. Wheat fluctuates extremely in price, a few years ago having reached twenty shillings per quarter (of eight bushels); whereas now it is cheap, and will not fetch more than four or five shillings per quarter in the country, and five or six shillings in London. Its average price is held to be six shillings and eightpence per quarter. Bread, at the present price of wheat, is sold at the rate of a halfpenny for a two-pound loaf. A fat ox may fetch from twelve to sixteen shillings—a fat sheep about eightpence—a hen twopence—eggs a penny a score. Fish is sold in various ways, according to its kind. If in large quantities, it may be bought by the basket, each to contain as much as a bushel of oats. Nothing varies more in price, as every one knows. Salmon, from Christmas to Easter, costs half as much again as after Easter. Mackerel doubles its price in Lent, when it is much eaten. Oysters are sold by the gallon, twopence being a fair price; eels by the strike of twenty-five, at the same cost; pickled herrings by the score, for one penny.

Spices and groceries we, like you, sell by the pound. Sugar may cost from a shilling to two shillings per pound, rice three halfpence to twopence, almonds twopence halfpenny to threepence halfpenny, pepper eightpence to a shilling. Cloves and saffron, though much used for flavouring wine and meats, are high-priced, costing sometimes as much as ten shillings a pound. Apples sell at a shilling a hundred; pears, according to the sort, from threepence to three shillings a hundred; coyns (quinces), fourpence a hundred.

The average price of Malvesie wine is about sixteenpence per gallon (of four quarts); of Rhenish, eightpence. The sextary, by which wine is also sold, contains four gallons. The pottle, which is a common measure, holds two quarts. Ale is generally assessed at a penny to three halfpence per gallon for the best, and at three farthings to a penny for the second quality. The fluctuations of the Assize, as respects all these articles, are of course owing to a variety of causes, of which war and weather are the most influential. To fully understand their operation, you must know the condition of our agriculture and the extent of our commerce.

For the present you have probably had as much information as you will be able to digest at one time.

A ROMAN SOLDIER.

I SHOULD say—whatever significance lies below the fact—that an Eternal city must be the very happy hunting-grounds of the guild of bill-stickers. They are the free lances of their profession. No scowling “Post nobills” or “Défense d’afficher” warns them off jealously kept premises; no niggard proprietor shall extend the provisions of the game laws to his tenements and hereditaments, and strictly “preserve” a tempting bit of wall or virgin corner. They roam hither and thither wheresoever they list, and coming to a likely angle (they have a nice eye, and a taste almost artistic in these matters) or a piece of unsullied brickwork enjoying a suitable publicity, the artist of the beautiful sets up his scaling ladder, and spreading his adhesive mixture, affixes his little proclamations deftly. I am sorry to see that he affects no distinction between premises sacred and profane, decorating the walls alike of church and palace with the strictest impartiality. With a little attention to the choice of subject, there might be a certain discrimination in the distribution of the notices, for it does not harmonise with the fitness of things that lost dogs should be proclaimed from beside the church door, though it may be whispered that invitations for lost sheep to return might suit such a situation with more appropriateness. It must be said, however, that they are shut out from the usufruct of scaffoldings, hoardings, and such enclosures, and are thus thrown back upon more solid surfaces; but it must be said also, that this is to be placed to the account of the well-known impediment which once interfered with the discharge of a certain famous salute. Hoarding—at least not of this harmless timber nature—is unfamiliar to Roman street economy.

However this may be, the labours of these gentlemen seem to be altogether absorbed in the promulgation of controversial matter. There seems, at this crisis, to have fallen a perfect shower of pamphlet hail; dead walls are galvanised into a certain liveliness and theological briskness. I come to-day by this palace corner and find it overlaid with a myriad of these proclamations, all glistening in their new print and shining paste. Stolid faces collect and read, and a black-robed priest with a hat broad and flat as an Indian bowl, leans on his ancient green umbrella, and reads thoughtfully. I see one take out his book and pencil and make a note of the price and address, then go his way briskly. There is surely a “mort” of titles to pick from, and the most fastidious taste can satisfy itself. There is “Il Papa,” “Il Rè e l’Italia,” besides which shines out in broad black letters “Il sovrantà temporale del Papa.” Not far off is “Lo spirituale e il temporale nella Chiese,” and a little to the right, in suggestive proximity, is “La Francia, l’Impero, et il

Papato." Vast and comprehensive subjects which would seem to exhaust these nice questions, and each offered at the humble figure of twopence-halfpenny! I come next day by this familiar corner, and find that the wall is still there, but the papers are gone; at least they are hidden away under a fresh company of clean glistening sheets, displaying an entirely novel and appetising (for such as love the aliment) titles. Now I read it "Il Congresso e il Papa" (this poor name is sadly buffeted in the dust of the conflict), and M. Villemain's brochure done out of his heavy French into heavier Italian. A distinguished nobleman belonging to our country, I see, has been glorified by a similar compliment: and "Debate in the English Parliament di Milor Normanby," swells the crowded ruck of these lighter squibs. As each day succeeds, so does a fresh shower come fluttering down from the clouds; and as each day closes, so is it absorbed into that waste-paper limbo reserved for pamphlets, and newspapers, and playbills. Doctors of law, canons, lawyers, prelates, all descend into the arena and ignite their little squibs. Populus rushes and buys with avidity, and has the whole niceties of that intricate question expounded for the small charge of five halfpennies.

Wandering up and down through these Roman thoroughfares, in which there is inexhaustible entertainment, I hail a decently stocked shop with a certain thankfulness. It is a species of spring in the desert, even though it be but a poor tenth-class article, stuck with indifferent little table ornaments of the Palais Royal make, only sadly dimmed and of the pattern the season before last. In such a miscellany there are not many things likely to make you start, yet when I see three little yellow busts in a line looking at me steadfastly from the window of one emporium, I do own to such an emotion. There is nothing in the fact of three yellow busts in a line looking out of a window, but when the centre one proves to be an exact portrait of his Holiness Pius the Ninth, and the one on the right his excommunicated Majesty Victor Emmanuel, and the one on the left the eldest but sadly undutiful son of the Church, Napoleon the Third, the combination becomes suggestive and most significant. I pass and re-pass the same establishment pretty often, and always find the Holy Father supported by this Royal Peachum and Loekit. I wonder is this exposition a mere stupidity on the part of the innocent proprietor, or a bit of sly satire fitted to the crisis? More surprising still, where are the Argus-eyed? where Manteucci, chief of the thief-takers, to forbid this unlawful collocation?

It was thought that when the late Signor Lablache passed away, Doctor Dulcamara, with his elixirs, nostrums, and carriage, retired from business. I am very glad to see that this is not the case. For, coming round by that space in front of the Pantheon, whose dark pillars look as though they had been smoked black by fire, I come upon Doctor Dulcamara, aloft upon his quaint machine, half carriage, half caravan, and,

by his lusty voice, full of strength and spirits. Neither have the gaping rustics retired from business, for here they are gathered, open-mouthed, greedy, stolid, and purchasing briskly. The doctor wears his bright charlatan's robes of office, and is assisted by a theatrical-looking young lady, who *may* be his daughter, but may more reasonably be presumed to be his slave, for I should take the doctor to be Eastern in his tastes and habits. I draw near, and am delighted with his harangue. It is irresistible. His little bottles go off like wildfire. I draw near and hear him say: "Friends! Signori and Signore! Might I not have been rich, powerful, flourishing, at this moment, great in the courts and in the palaces? but I scorned them all!" (Orator flings back his arm with much heat and violence.) "I preferred—ay, ten thousand times preferred" (orator now crouching low like a cat, and running on hurriedly in a low guttural and mysterious tone)—"the gratification of alleviating the sorrows of my fellow-creatures, soothing their woes, bearing health, life, and consolation to the sick-bed of the poor and suffering!" (Climax is emphasised by a tremendous thump on his breast, and a burst of applause encourages the production of such noble sentiments. Wiping his brow, orator proceeds.) "Has not" (this is spoken very slowly and impressively)—"*non ha il impero di le Francesi*" (pause)—"*di TUTTI le Francesi*" (protracted pause, while rustic visages lengthen visibly at the awful name), "did he not offer with his *own* hand—*colla sua mano*" (pause, rustics breathless), "offer to pin on my *own* breast *le magnificente decorazioni* of the *Legion of Honour*? Did not the Empress of the Russias—of *all* the Russias? did not the Grand Seigneur the Sultan—" (I do not catch the magnificent offers made by those august persons.) "Ecco! Behold! See! Look on the precious papers!" (And he drags from his breast a bundle of greasy parchments with seals dangling from them.) "*Ma non!* Never! never! never!" (This is spoken with the vehemence of virtue and self-abnegation. The parchments are flung back contemptuously into an omnibus.) "I have it *here*" (thumping his breast violently) "what repays me for all!" And as I walk away, I see that the young lady assistant can scarcely meet the demand for the efficacious bottles.

This little alley takes me away from Doctor Dulcamara, round by the soot-coloured Pantheon, which some way fits into its place as familiarly and as practically as does the Bank of England or the General Post Office, and leads me up to the great hostelry, which is, sub tutela—under the protection—of the Goddess of Wisdom, and is christened Minerva. From Pantheon to Minerva is not so outrageous a leap; but it is hard to fathom what special affinity binds that wise divinity to hotel-keeping. Had she, indeed, sprung armed from the stomach, not the brain, of Jupiter—but it is not so written. Unexplained, too, the mysterious law that seems to draw under its roof, clergymen of all climes and countries, but of one denomina-

tion. It overflows with the sacerdotal element, and in case of extremity you would be only embarrassed with redundancy of spiritual aid. I know also the significance of the two lean sentries at the gate, who, by their lean faces and coarse grey coats, of the prison or workhouse colour, hanging on them in bags, and garnished with pewter buttons, unconsciously resuscitate the lanky soldier who staggered under a famous chine of beef at Mr. William Hogarth's Calais Gate. The potentate they do honour to, has been whispered of for weeks back, and has now but newly come. He is at the sign of Pallas Athene and her wise bird. Rusties stand about and eye the lean sentries curiously. Do they remark (as I do, and it is a very painful eyesore) that the pewter buttons of this left-hand sentry are buttoned all awry; or are they speculating upon this carriage now driving up, with the four gentlemen in the French hats inside, and whom lean sentries (buttoned awry) salute noisily? Crowd hurries up in an instant. He—that short dark man—of the true French colonial stamp, who springs out so light, is the general, the fighting Algerian and famous Legitimist warrior. He sits in his chamber on that first floor, with orderlies waiting in the lobby. He has changed the face of the hotel sacerdotal. He has made the goddess furbish up her old armour. Staff officers come and go. Later I see one: tall, handsome, of good figure, his military frock fitting him without a wrinkle (it was cut out by no Roman tailor), mounting his charger in the court. He looks an earnest soldier, and has seen fighting; but I am more struck by a mournful preoccupied look in his eyes, that seems to speak of a sad fixity of purpose. I meet him, now descending the stairs with a broad despatch in his hand, now clattering down some narrow street with a mounted dragoon behind him. But the same stern, sad fire looks out from his eyes, as he thinks that perhaps another orderly, in the shape of Atra Cura, is riding unseen beside. When some one tells me that this is Colonel Pimodan, chief of the staff to General Lamoricière, it much helps me, and the name passes me by lightly; but now the name recurs to me with events of yesterday, with a suspicion that some presage or presentiment was working under those handsome features.

It seemed an odd conception that fixity of head-quarters at an hostelry, and setting up the Horse Guards at the sign of the Dragon. But they do fierce battle at dinner-time, and are terrible customers these gentlemen of the staff. I see them at the daily banquet, sitting, many together, and victualling on the old anticipating system so admirably inculcated by the late Major Dalgetty. There is the old French officer, whose jaws seem to me to work as by some artificial mechanical agency, whose performance is something fearful to look at, and who—though he at different occasions has lost out of his person various teeth, muscles, tendons, and important bones—still has apparently suffered in no respect in the matter of relish

and appetite. It is a marvel to see that ancient officer chopping and munching his food.

Not many days since, wandering into the spacious Piazza of Saint Peter's, I found the fruits of this hostelry Horse Guards already in full work and vigour. That superb approach has become a training-ground, and is dotted over with parties of the lank, lean, Calais Gate soldiery, at drill. Such poor stuff, such insufficient food for powder! O great miscellany of the pewter-buttoned and cold workhouse-toned grey! you must first fill in those bags and wrinkles with good solid meat, before the Algerine can make much of you! They seem to me of the same texture and quality as that notable leg of mutton which Dr. Johnson once partook of, when coaching it up or down for Lichfield, and which he vehemently stigmatised as "ill kept, ill dressed, ill cooked, and as bad as bad could be." The practice was, I suppose, no worse and no more awkward than elemental drilling all the world over. There were the stiff hands galvanised (palms forward) to the sides of the human figure; the strained neck, and the goggling eyes with the alarming stare. They were at their goose-step, poor boys, and reflected the gait of that familiar bird very faithfully. It is curious, certainly, to see an officer playing drill-sergeant, and stepping backwards in front of that doubtful, hesitating line, which now reels into a concave arc, now wriggles into a perfect snake. Officer may shout hoarsely and take measurements with that steel instrument of his, but I suspect it will be long before he shall work up these raw recruits into good fighting fabric. If Santo Padre would but come to that high window yonder, and look down upon these combative children of his! It would not be encouraging.

Writing in the banquetting-chamber of our hostelry, seated on a sort of steep sliding bank popularly known as a sofa, I hear the braying of military music below in the street, and fly to the balcony. I see a whole regiment of blue-and-gold men-at-arms defiling under the windows—privates, officers, drummers even—all faced and smeared plentifully with gold-lace. The Palatine Guard, or Loyal Pontifical Volunteers, all the tailors, hatters, and other artificers, who have embodied themselves into this flashy corps. In return for such devotion, the state must, at its own charges, find them the showiest uniform that can be got for money. But what rivets my whole attention is the mounted officer who rides in front: a youth of not more than three or four-and-twenty: the most corpulent, plethoric, florid youth my eye has ever rested on. They have their music, too, which works obstreperously. I see that, after office and shop hours, they delight in showing themselves and their gaudy clothes at public ceremonies, where they are treated obsequiously; and I find the *Giornale di Roma* repeatedly complimenting them on their attendance, in some such form as, "We observed among the crowd several of the new Palatine Guard in *full regimentals*, who have

eagerly seized this opportunity of testifying," &c. &c.

Peace be with these worthy fencibles! There was some such civic guard once seen on duty muffled in great-coats, and sheltering themselves under umbrellas. A languid Neapolitan, sunning himself on the shore of his own bright bay, has been heard to excuse himself from fighting, with this irresistible argument: "What would you have? Life is very sweet—we don't want to die!" It is not difficult to read in the eyes of these creatures, so diligent at their goose-step, future decampment into the open country and desertion of their general at the first shot.

As I lounge down the long Corso in the cool afternoon, I hear slow steady tramping behind, with spur music chinking in proper time; and, looking back, I see a different quality of fighting men. A patrol party of pontifical men-at-arms coming their rounds, eight or ten strong, and two abreast—strong broad-chested men, of fine figure and proportions, and stepping with a slow, ponderous dignity. In dress they are the gendarmes of the stage, who arrest Robert Macaire, with the familiar white cord epaulettes, and cross-belts, and cocked-hats. Walk up the street some hundred feet higher, and there meets them another party, just as strong, sauntering by in solemn dead march. These are ticklish days: a spark may at any moment fall upon the republican tinder and blow all up. Towards midnight, when you have passed the band of youths arm-in-arm, fresh from the pit of the Opera, and chanting the favourite tenor air in their own tenor voices, you hear the measured tread of the patrol draw near, and the company of shadowy figures, now draped in long pyramidal cloaks that sweep the ground, pass by sadly, and are gone into the night. Very peaceful are Roman streets at such hours. Even the sleeping dogs take their rest in prodigious numbers, stretched on the open pathway. It is almost comical to see the long bodies of these laid out so boldly, secure of not being disturbed; for a gentle toleration for the four-footed is one of the redeeming points in the Roman commonwealth. Of a Sunday morning I have seen a whole congregation stepping aside respectfully into the road to avoid inconveniencing a great yellow hound snoring in the sun on the pathway. Nothing could be more tenderly gracious than the manner in which this act of courtesy was paid, or more delicious than the conscious security with which the drowsy brute held his place, blinking luxuriously.

As I look at Roman Pincher snoozing thus of the Sunday morning, he brings to my mind a legend—a dog legend—growing out of the humours of the Roman fair. An Irish friend is returning home cheerfully—when it is pretty far gone in the small hours—from that famous ball at the Princess Piccinino's, and, meeting on his progress, many dogs of various sizes and breeds, begins regaling them with bits of biscuit and other delicacies. To his surprise, on turning round a corner, he finds himself waited on by a

whole procession—a sort of dense company of irregular light dogs, the spahis of the tribe. All are expectant, and follow his motions wistfully; reckoning on entertainment. My Irish friend bethinks him what to do with this miscellany, and suddenly determines to get as much comedy out of the situation as possible. He sets off again, making for the house of a friend whom he loves not too well, and the irregulars, now swelled by numerous volunteers, follow closely. Knocking loudly, he is presently admitted. "Signor is asleep, just come from the ball." "No matter—business of importance—news from England—go and wake." Porter goes up. Irish friend then enters, and flings biscuit up-stairs. Enters loudly, and with savage contention, whole troop of irregulars, hurrying pell-mell up-stairs. Comic friend then shuts the door, and goes his way.

UNDER THE SNOW.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE FIRST.

ALTHOUGH Switzerland is famous, all the world over, for its lofty mountains, still, in foreign countries, many lads of my age, and in my station of life, may not exactly know that the Jura is a chain of mountains formed by several parallel chains which extend from Basle, in Switzerland, quite up to France and a little way into it, running in the direction from north-east to south-west. The length of the Jura is about one hundred and seventy miles, and its breadth from thirty-five to forty miles. It contains a great number of deep valleys, and several mountains whose summits are very lofty.

I mention these dry details at the outset, in order that you may better understand what happened to me; for it is, in great measure, the difference of the height of the mountains which renders them more or less habitable. The higher they are, the sharper is the cold there, the shorter is the summer, the scantier is the vegetation, and the earlier does the snow cover it. Some of these mountains are even so lofty that the snow on their tops is never entirely and completely melted, but remains in patches in the hollows. Nevertheless, all the mountains of the Jura lose their upper garment of snow every year; some sort of herbage springs on the highest summits; at many points they are clothed with magnificent woods of beech, oak, and especially firs; whilst other parts afford excellent pasture-ground, on which very fine cattle are reared, and particularly oxen, cows, and goats. Notwithstanding which, these beautiful mountains are scarcely habitable more than five months in the year, from May or June until the beginning of October.

As soon as the snows are melted and the summits are clothed again with green, our villages, which are all built in the valleys or on the lower slopes, send their herds up the mountain. This departure is quite a holiday; and yet we herdsmen have to spend the whole summer away from our families, leading a hard-working life with many privations. We live almost entirely

on a milk-and-cheese diet, which we call by a general name, *laitage*, having often nothing else to drink by way of a change but water from the spring. We spend our time in grazing our herds and in making those large and handsome cheeses which are known as Gruyère.

Every herdsman has, up in the mountain, a *châlet*, which is a wretched place for human habitation, although mostly built of stone. It is roofed with small deal planks called *bardeaux*; heavy stones, laid in rows upon them, press them down, and prevent the storms from stripping them off. The interior of a *châlet* is divided into three apartments; a well-closed stable or cow-house, to lodge the cattle at night; a narrow and cool dairy, where the milk is kept in broad wooden bowls; and a kitchen, which also serves as a bedroom, where the herdsman not unfrequently sleeps on a bed of straw. The kitchen is furnished with a vast chimney, in which hangs an enormous caldron, for warming the milk and helping to convert it into cheese. As the *châlet* is our residence the whole summer long, we are obliged to store it with many little articles of necessity, to save having to go down to the valley to fetch them when wanted unexpectedly.

Our season hardly finishes before St. Denis's-day, the 9th of October. We then quit the mountain, again making a holiday, delighted to return to our families. But we do not lead an idle life in the village, any more than we did at the *châlet*. We are accustomed to depend upon ourselves, and are obliged to turn our hands to everything. We make household utensils, tools, and furniture; we carve wood into fancy articles, which are afterwards dispersed all over Europe. But, what is of the greatest importance, the winter allows us spare time for our education. If the path to the school is not always open, the children are made to learn their lessons at home. The art of writing is not forgotten; and by reading aloud, we amuse and instruct others as well as ourselves. It was a good thing for me that I was so brought up. If I had not had these resources in my trouble, I know not what would have become of me. One thing at least is clear: the journal which follows could not have existed. Although only a Swiss country-lad, I have been able to write some sort of a history. Here it is, as I was able to note it down from day to day.

November 22.—Since it is the will of God that I and my grandfather should be imprisoned in this *châlet*, I intend to record in writing what happened to us. If we are destined to perish here, our relations and friends will learn how our last days were spent; if we are delivered, this journal will preserve the recollection of our dangers and our sufferings. It is also my grandfather's wish that I should undertake it.

The day before yesterday, in the village, we had been expecting my father for several weeks past. St. Denis's-day was over; all the herds had come down from the mountain together with their keepers. My father alone failed to make his appearance, and we began to ask,

"What can possibly detain him?" I lost my mother three years ago; but my uncles and aunts assured me that I need not make myself uneasy; that probably there remained some grass to be eaten, and that was why my father kept the herd a little later up the mountain.

At last my grandfather became alarmed. He said, "I will go myself and see why François does not come. I shall not be sorry to see the *châlet* once more. Who knows whether I shall be able to visit it next summer? Will you like to come with me?"

It was the very request I was going to make; for, as I have no mother, we are almost always together. We were soon ready to start. We mounted slowly, sometimes following narrow gorges, sometimes skirting the brink of deep precipices. About a quarter of a league before we came to the *châlet*, I was attracted by curiosity to the edge of a very steep rock. My grandfather, who had told me more than once that he did not like my doing so, hastened forward to pull me back; but a large stone, rolling backwards as he stepped upon it, caused him to sprain his foot, and put him to considerable pain. But in a few minutes he felt better, and we hoped that no bad consequences would ensue. With the help of his stout holly stick, and by leaning on my shoulder, he was able to drag himself as far as this place.

My father was greatly surprised to see us. He was busy preparing for his departure; so that if we had quietly waited at home one day longer, his arrival would have put an end to our uneasiness. That very same evening, Pierre was to set off with the remainder of the cheeses.

After a short repose, my grandfather asked me, "Are you very tired, Louis?" The manner in which he made the inquiry seemed to betray some secret intention, and I did not give a very decided answer. "I was thinking," he added, "that it might be prudent to send on the boy with Pierre. The wind has changed during the last half-hour, and may perhaps bring us bad weather in the course of the night."

My father expressed the same fear, and urged me to follow that counsel.

"I had much rather wait for you," I said. "Grandfather, with his lame foot, stands in great need of a good night's rest."

There hung over the fire a boiler which I regarded with greedy eyes. My father understood the signal, and served us some soup made of maize-flour and milk, which we ate, like soldiers, all out of one bowl. It was agreed that we should all go down together next day, which was yesterday. After which, I went to bed and fell asleep, without paying much attention to what was said by my father and grandfather, who had a long conversation in an under tone after their supper.

Next morning I was quite surprised to see the mountain all covered with white. The snow was still falling with unusual heaviness, being driven by a violent wind. I should have been highly amused, had I not remarked my relations' anxiety. I was very uneasy myself, when I saw

my grandfather try to take a few steps, and drag himself along with great difficulty, supporting himself by the furniture and against the wall. The accident of the day before had caused his foot to swell, and made it very painful.

"Go," he said. "Lead away the child, before the snow is deeper. You see it is impossible for me to accompany you."

"But do you suppose, father, I can abandon you in that way?"

We spent a good portion of the day without coming to a decision. We had still hopes that assistance would be sent to us from the village. I said that I was big enough to do without a guide, and to help my father to drive the herd. My representations were of no use; my grandfather persisted in his resolution. He would not expose us to danger, by becoming a burden on us.

My father insisted, almost angrily. I wept while I witnessed the painful altercation. At last I contrived to put an end to it, by saying, "Leave me also in the chalet; you will reach home all the sooner. You will come back with sufficient help to fetch us. Grandfather will have somebody to wait upon him and keep him company. We shall take care of one another, and Providence will take care of us both."

"The boy is right," my grandfather said. "The snow is already so deep, and the storm so violent, that I apprehend more danger from his following you than from his staying with me. Here, François, take my stick, it is a strong one and pointed with iron. It will help you down the mountain, as it helped me up. Let the cows out of the stable; leave us the goat and all the provisions which remain. I am more anxious about you than I am about myself."

When my father was on the point of starting, I gave him a handsome flask covered with fine wicker-work, which was a present from my mother, the first time I came up to the chalet. It contained wine which I had provided for my grandfather the day before. He pressed me in his arms.

We drove out the herd, which appeared much surprised to find the earth covered with snow. Some of the cows seemed at a loss to find their way, and kept running in circles round the chalet. At last they congregated in a body, and set off in the right direction. At a very few paces' distance, both my father and the herd disappeared, being lost to sight in the whirls of snow. When we saw them no longer, my grandfather appeared to follow them with his eyes. He leaned in silence against the window, but his lips appeared to be articulating words; his hands were clasped and his eyes raised to heaven.

We were roused from serious thoughts by the increasing violence of the wind. We were wrapped round by a curtain of thick black clouds, and nightfall came almost suddenly. Nevertheless, our wooden clock had only just struck three. We had been so anxious all day long, that we had never thought of taking food, and I was dying of hunger. At that moment, I made grandfather listen how the goat was bleating.

"Poor Blanchette!" he said. "She wants to be relieved of her milk. She is calling us to come and do it. Light the lamp; we will go and milk her, and then we will sup."

The wind roared loudly; it forced its way under the bardeaux of the roof, making them rattle; you would have fancied the whole roof was going to be carried away.

"Don't be alarmed," my grandfather said. "This house has resisted many a like attack. The bardeaux are laden with very heavy stones, and the roof, with its slight inclination, gives very little hold to the wind."

When the goat saw us she redoubled her bleatings; she seemed as if she would break her rope to get at us. How greedily she licked the few grains of salt which I offered in my hand. She gave us a large pot of milk. I stood in need of it. My grandfather said, as we returned to the kitchen, "We must take good care not to forget Blanchette; we must feed her well, and milk her punctually morning and evening. Our life depends on hers."

After supper, we sat down by the fire; but the flakes of snow which fell down the chimney almost extinguished it. A cold draught of air also descended, and we could only keep ourselves warm by going to bed, after commending ourselves, by prayer, to the Lord's protection.

This morning, on waking, I found myself in complete darkness, and at first supposed that sleep had left me earlier than usual; but hearing my grandfather groping his way about the room, I rubbed my eyes, and saw none the clearer for that. The snow had blocked up the window.

"The window is low," the old man remarked. "Besides, it is probable that the snow has been drifted into a heap on that particular spot; perhaps we should not find it more than a couple of feet deep a few paces from the wall."

"In that case, they will come and help us out?"

"I hope so; but, supposing that we are to be detained here for any length of time, we must see what resources we have; when we have done that, we will consider how we can best employ them. The day has dawned, there can be no doubt; for the hour-hand of the wooden clock points to seven. It is fortunate I did not forget to wind it up last night. We must always be punctual with Blanchette."

November 23.—Yesterday morning, when we discovered that we were more close prisoners than we were the day before, we were very much depressed and saddened; nevertheless, we did not forget our breakfast and the goat. Whilst grandfather was milking her, I watched him closely, with great attention. He noticed it, and advised me to try and learn to milk, in order to replace him, in case of need. I made an attempt, which was clumsy and unsuccessful at first, especially as Blanchette kept wincing and shifting her ground, as if aware of my inexperience; but I improved greatly after three or four trials.

When we had taken stock of our provisions

and utensils, we wished to know what sort of weather it was out of doors. I went under the chimney and looked up through the only outlet which remained open in the chalet. In a few minutes, the sun suddenly shone upon the snow which rose around the opening to a considerable height. I pointed out the circumstance to my grandfather. We could exactly distinguish the thickness of the layer of snow, because the chimney does not rise outside above the roof. In fact, there is simply a hole in the roof, the outside chimney having been blown down in a storm.

"If we had a ladder," my grandfather said, "you might get up and disengage a trap which your father lately fixed on the top of the chimney, to keep out cold and wet, until the outer chimney is repaired."

"Never mind the ladder," I replied. "I saw in the stable a long fir-pole, and that is all I want. I have often climbed up trees no thicker than that, and the pole has still its bark on, which makes it easier to mount."

I set to work, tying a string to my waistband, to haul up a shovel after I got to the top. I managed so well with feet and hands, and by pressing against the walls of the chimney as the Savoyards do, that I reached the roof. With the shovel, I cleared away an open space, and found that there was about three feet of snow on the roof. Around the chalet it appeared to me that there was a great deal more. In fact, the wind had swept it up into a heap; nevertheless, there must have fallen an enormous mass of snow in a very short space of time. Everything round about the chalet is hidden under a thick white carpet; the forest of fir-trees, which surrounds it in the direction of the valley, and which shuts in the prospect, is white like the rest, with the exception of the trunks, which appear all black. Many trees are crushed by the weight; I saw large branches, and even stems, that were broken into fragments. At that moment, there blew a strong and bitter cold wind from the north; the dark clouds which it drove before it opened at intervals. Gleams of sunshine flashed through the openings, and ran over the field of snow with the swiftness of an arrow.

The cold began to lay hold of me. When I tried to describe to my grandfather what I saw, he heard that my teeth chattered. He told me to make haste and clear the trap, and as far as I could reach around the aperture of the chimney. It took some time, and was hard work; but it warmed me. Following my grandfather's directions, I passed the string I had brought through a pulley, in such a way that, by pulling from below, the trap would open, while its own weight would cause it to shut. When we had rehearsed this little manœuvre two or three times, to see that it worked properly, I descended more easily than I had mounted.

My clothes were all wet, and I had no others to put on. We lighted a bright fire of twigs and fir-cones; and then, lowering the trap and leaving no more than the necessary space for

the smoke to escape, we spent the greater part of the day by the chimney-corner, with no other light than that from the hearth; for our stock of oil was very small, and we clearly saw that we must not expect to quit our prison so soon. We did not light our lamp till it was time to milk the goat.

We find it a very unaccustomed and melancholy life, to have to drag through a whole day in this dull manner. Still I think that the hours would be less wearisome, if we were not living in a constant state of expectation. It always seems as if some one were on the point of coming to rescue us. I mounted a second time upon the roof to look whether anybody had arrived; I incessantly questioned grandpapa. He is in hopes, he says, that my father reached home safely; but perhaps the roads are completely choked by the drifted snow.

At last, after completely closing the chimney by means of the trap, we went to bed, hoping that somebody might come to our assistance to-day; but this morning we find that, for the present, the thing is almost impossible. As far as we can observe, it must have snowed all night. We had considerable difficulty in opening the trap to light our fire; I found two feet of fresh snow.

November 25.—The snow continues to fall abundantly. I have again had great difficulty in raising the trap. We think it prudent to clear the roof of a portion of the snow with which it is laden. It employed a great part of the day. I leave under my feet a layer of snow sufficiently thick to keep out the cold, and I throw off the rest.

It is some amusement to escape out of my dungeon for a little while; and yet, what I do see is very sad. The inequalities of the ground around us are scarcely distinguishable; the whole landscape is most forlorn. The earth is white, the sky is black. I have read at school the narratives of voyages in the Icy Sea and the Polar regions; I fancy we must be transported there. But since those wretched travellers, who suffered so much from cold and incurred such great dangers, have sometimes returned to their native land, I hope that we also shall see my father and our village again.

We are not deprived of *every* comfort in our sequestered habitation. We have found more hay and straw than Blanchette would consume in a whole twelvemonth for food and bedding. If she continues to yield us milk, we have in her a valuable resource. But an accident might deprive us of her; and we were very glad to find, in a corner of the stable, a small stock of potatoes. We have begun to cover them with straw, to protect them from the frost. My father had packed the woodstack also in the stable; but there is not enough to carry us through a long winter. We did right, therefore, in thinking of closing the trap at the times when we have no urgent need of fire; as we have reason to fear that our fuel may run short, it is a good thing to be able to keep out the cold. Fortunately, the snow, which imprisons us, also shelters us. I am sur-

prised that we feel the cold so little, buried up as we are. "That is why," my grandfather observed, "the young wheat gets through the winter so well." We will do the same. We will lie snug and close all the winter, and in spring we will put our heads out of the window. But what a wearisome time we have to get through till then; and God grant that that may be all we have to suffer!

To make up for the wood we have a heap of fir-cones, which I partly collected myself, to burn at the village. It is a mere chance they were not taken there. And in short, if we are driven to it, we shall not hesitate to burn the hay-racks and the mangers in the stable. When it becomes a question of life and death, we must not look too closely at trifles; we shall be acting like the navigators who cast their cargoes into the sea.

Our people had already in part unfurnished the chalet. What we regret the least, is the great caldron for making cheese. They have left us a few necessary kitchen utensils; and besides, a hatchet all jagged at the edges, and a saw which will hardly cut. We have each of us a pocket-knife. Although our housekeeping articles are very incomplete, we shall manage to get on with these. We much more regret the provisions: ours are but scanty. What a pity we could only find three loaves, of the sort which are kept for a whole year in the mountain, and which are obliged at last to be chopped up with a hatchet! We also found plenty of salt, a small quantity of ground coffee, five bottles of old white wine, a little oil, and a small stock of pork lard.

We have only one bed, but we sleep at our ease. According to our mountain custom, it is big enough to hold five or six persons. It stands in the corner of our only living-room, which is also the kitchen and the cheese factory. Only one blanket has been left us; if it is not enough, we must make use of hay and straw. "I only wish," I said, "that I could do as the marmots do, go to sleep and remain torpid until the return of spring."

November 26.—While examining the state of our furniture and our provisions, I have searched into every corner, to see if I could not find some books. I knew that my father never went up to the chalet without taking with him a Bible and several religious books, which he read to his workmen on Sundays, to supply in some degree the public service which they attend in the village. But, apparently, he had sent his little library away.

We much regretted, in our solitary prison, not having this means of sustaining and consoling ourselves during our long watches. To-day, having noticed, behind the old oak wardrobe, a plank which somebody had stuck there out of the way, I pulled it out, thinking that it might serve some useful purpose. With it, there fell down an old dusty book which must have been lost and forgotten for several years. It was a Bible.

November 27.—Continually snowing! It is

rare to see so great a quantity fall even at this season, and on the mountains. In spite of that, I cannot get over my surprise at my father's not coming to our assistance, nor can I help expressing it. Hitherto, my grandfather has not allowed me to perceive his uneasiness; our conversation to-day has shown that he is not less alarmed than myself.

"In fact," I said, "this immense fall of snow did not come all at once. On the first, the second, and even the third day of our captivity, they might, one would think, have cleared a path up to the chalet."

"I am certain," said my grandfather, "that François has done all he could; but perhaps he could not get our friends and neighbours to share his fears, and it was out of his power to rescue us without assistance."

"Do you believe that, if it had been possible to fetch us away, they would have left us here, at the risk of finding us dead in the spring? Can they be less humane than the persons of whom we read in the newspapers, who make the greatest exertions, often at the peril of their lives, to save some unfortunate fellow-creature who is buried in a mine, in digging a well, or under a vault which has fallen in?"

"I grant, my dear Louis, that our position is very sad; but, after all, they know that we are under shelter, and have some provisions."

We went on for some time in this strain. When my grandfather was silent, I took his hands in mine, and said:

"Hide nothing from me, I entreat you. Tell me, are you not quite as uneasy as I am? Speak frankly. I am able to bow with resignation to the will of God; I therefore deserve your confidence. Acquaint me with your suppositions, and do not let me torment myself with my own alone. I had rather look misfortune full in the face, and know what you really think."

"Well, my poor boy, I cannot deny that I fear some accident has happened to your father. Now it has come to this, I had better tell you so at once. But, in short, I hardly know what to think of it; because, in default of him, other persons ought to have borne us in mind."

At this, I could restrain my tears and sobs no longer. My grandfather allowed me to give way to my grief. The fire went out as we sat before it. We remained there in the dark, till it was quite late. My grandfather kept one of my hands in his, pressing it from time to time.

"I have told you my fears," he said, at last; "but do not forget that I still have hopes. We cannot tell what unforeseen cause may have prevented their coming. All may yet turn out well. Put your trust in Providence."

December 1.—I cannot conquer the terror which seizes me as I write this date. If some of the November days appeared so long and wearisome, what will they be this month? At least it would be bearable if we were sure this were the last of our captivity! But I no longer dare fix any term to it. The snow is heaped up to such a height that it looks as if it would take the whole summer long to melt it. It is

now on a level with the roof; and if I did not get up every day to clear the chimney, we should soon be unable to open the trap or to light a fire.

It vexes me that my grandfather cannot sometimes step out of this confined vault into the open air. I asked him this morning what he longed for the most, and he said, "A ray of sunshine. Nevertheless," he added, "our lot is much less wretched than that of very many prisoners, a number of whom have not deserved imprisonment any more than we have. We enjoy a certain amount of liberty in our seclusion, and we find subjects of amusement which are not attainable inside the four walls of a dungeon; we are not visited every day by a suspicious or cruel or even an indifferent gaoler. The evils which we suffer from the hand of God have never the bitterness of those which we believe we may attribute to the injustice of men; and lastly, my boy, we are not in solitary confinement; and, if your presence here causes me to feel regret for your sake, which I make no attempt to conceal, it also sustains me, and is almost necessary to my existence. I do not think you are very dissatisfied with your companion; everything about us, even up to Blanchette, is some alleviation to our captivity, and I assure you it is not merely for her milk's sake that I feel attached to her."

These last words set me thinking, and I proposed to let the poor creature live more in our company. "She is uncomfortable all alone in the stable," I said; "she bleats frequently, and that may do her harm, and us also. What is there to hinder us from letting her have a corner here? There is plenty of room for all of us. She will be much obliged to us for the honour we do her." I nailed a little manger against the wall, in the corner where she would be the least in our way, fixing it firmly with a couple of stakes; and, without further delay, introduced Blanchette into our sitting-room.

How delighted she is at the change! She does nothing but thank us, in her way. If it went on so, she would become fatiguing; but when she is accustomed to her novel position, she will be quieter. At this very moment, while I am committing these details to paper, she is lying on some fresh litter, chewing the cud peaceably, and gazing at me so contentedly that she seems to guess I am writing her history. Hitherto, she has wanted for nothing, and at least there is one happy being inside the chalet.

December 3.—The sunshine to-day attracted me out on the roof. Cold dry weather has succeeded to the continued snow-storms. How my eyes were dazzled by the great white expanse, and how beautiful the forest looked! I hardly dared mention to grandfather the delight it gave me; but it suggested that I might dig away the snow in front of the door, and make a sloping path upwards from it to the surface of the snowdrift. I have already set to work, and my grandfather will soon enjoy

what he has long been wishing for, a ray of sunshine.

December 4.—My task progresses; I labour at it as long as my grandfather will allow. The idea had struck him before it occurred to me, and I have scolded him for not communicating it. He was afraid that the exertion and the moisture to my feet might do me harm.

December 5.—We can step out of our house; the path is made; I have had the pleasure of leading my grandfather along it, supporting him on one side. We remained several minutes at the end of our avenue, which is not long; but the day was gloomy, and it made us very sad to see the black forest, the cloudy sky, and the snow surrounding us with the silence of death. We beheld only one living creature, a bird of prey, which passed at a distance with a hoarse scream. It flew down towards the valley in the direction of our village. The pagans would have derived some omen from it, but we have no such superstition.

December 9.—What a dreadful day! I had yet to learn what a hurricane up in the mountains was like. I can hardly describe what passed out of doors. We heard a frightful roaring. When we tried to open the door ajar, the chalet was filled with a whirlwind of snow; the wind rushed in with such fury that we had great difficulty in closing the door again. We were obliged to drop the trap of the chimney; and, besides, it was impossible to light a fire, because the smoke was continually driven down again. We ate our milk without boiling it. My grandfather keeps up my courage by his calm behaviour, as well as by his grave and pious words. At the time when one would say that the wrath of God was hanging over us, he speaks to me of His compassion and His mercy. On trying a second time to open the door, we found that a mass of snow had fallen back upon it, so that we are completely imprisoned, as before. What I most regret is my window; it is drifted up again. Decidedly, as soon as the weather permits, I will make a fresh attempt to regain a little light and liberty.

December 11.—The cold is much sharper. Although we are buried under the snow, which perhaps prevents our hearing the storm, the frost strikes to our very bones. My grandfather says that, to be felt so keenly inside the chalet, the cold must be extremely intense. He supposes that the wind has changed to the north.

December 13.—I was milking the goat, while my grandfather lighted the fire. Suddenly, she pricked up her ears, as if she heard some extraordinary noise. She trembled violently from head to foot.

"What is the matter, Blanchette?" I asked, caressing her. I could now hear the noises; they were low and distant howlings, which gradually grew louder and louder. We then heard hundreds of feet pattering on the crisp snow overhead; we heard a rush of animals, a fierce struggle above us, mingled with horrid cries that made my blood run cold.

"What is that?" I asked, though I knew what it must be, without asking.

"Hush! The wolves!" said my grandfather in a whisper, blowing out the light and extinguishing the fire. "Keep Blanchette quiet; take her in your arms, and give her a little salt to lick, to keep her from bleating."

PAY FOR YOUR PLACES.

In a former number of this periodical,* the present writer endeavoured to illustrate the great injustice and the evil working of the purchase system in the commissioned ranks of the British army. Nearly twenty years' experience in the service has convinced him that whatever other reforms our military organisation has need of, all changes which leave promotion by purchase part of our army code, are and will be in vain. Not only is the law which allows an officer who has a certain sum of money at command to pass over the head of all those who cannot command that amount, a standing disgrace to our service and to our country, but it is the leaven of evil which has leavened the whole lump of our regimental system high and low, from the colonel to the private.

Take, for instance, the humbler ranks of the service; what is it that prevents young men of what may be called the lower middle class—the sons of small farmers, petty shopkeepers, and such-like—from enlisting in our army? Here and there an individual of this standing may be found, but seldom or never one who has entered the army with the intention of making it his calling for life. How many of this class ever rise? How many even hope ever to rise, in the profession of arms? Yet, is not an increase of this class much wanted in our ranks, and would it not tend to diminish greatly the number of inmates in our military prisons, the number of offenders against military law? Do not this class flock in thousands to Canada, to Australia, to wherever English pluck and English strength are likely to push men on in the world? How is it, then, that more of this raw material does not find its way into our army? The reply is easy; so plain, that any child may read it. There is virtually no advancement for our non-commissioned officers to the higher ranks; and even if one of that excellent class—than which there does not exist a more praiseworthy set of men in the world—does obtain a commission, he is perforce obliged to remain in the junior ranks; for, without money, there is—unless in rare and exceptional cases—no promotion in the English army.

Like most military men, the writer is pretty well acquainted with the contents of the Army List, but from first to last of that compendious volume, he does not know a single individual who from the ranks has risen to be a field-

officer. Here and there—they might be counted on one's fingers—there exists a captain who was once a non-commissioned officer, and who, after obtaining his commission—after being purchased over again and again by his juniors who were probably not born when he commenced soldiering—has at last attained unto the rank of captain; only, however, to retire from the service as soon as possible, being already too old for active service of any kind. Of subalterns there are certainly some—two for each regiment is above the average—who have risen from the ranks; but these, after a few years, invariably become spiritless soldiers and hopeless men, for they are aware that, not having money, they can advance no higher in their profession. In fact, a non-commissioned officer is seldom promoted until he is an elderly man. The writer knows a cavalry quartermaster who enlisted as a private dragoon in 1822; but was only promoted to be a commissioned officer thirty-one years later, when he was upwards of fifty years of age. If this man, who saw plenty of active service a quarter of a century before he got his commission, was fit to promote so late in life, surely he was so at an earlier period. Another gallant officer of his acquaintance who enlisted in 1812, went through several campaigns in India, but only obtained a commission in the year of grace 1844. The truth is—as the upholders of the purchase system maintain—the non-commissioned officers of the English army, as a body, care little to be promoted; for they know full well that, not having money, they cannot hold their own in the race for further advancement. Such a thing as a poor but well-educated young man enlisting in the English army, and working his way by degrees through the non-commissioned ranks until, whilst yet in the prime of life, he attains the rank of field-officer, is unheard of in our service; were it otherwise, how much easier would be the recruiting-sergeant's task; how much fewer the punishments in our regiments! At present, a few sanguine individuals of a better class of life than the ordinary run of our recruits do occasionally enlist, chiefly in our dragoon regiments; but these seldom or ever remain longer in the service than they can help, for they see how utterly useless it is to hope for advancement without money in the English army.

Our neighbours manage these matters much better. Very many young Frenchmen, of good birth and fair education, join the army as volunteer recruits, sure that in due time, with good behaviour, they will rise even to the highest ranks.

It is not the wish of the writer of these lines to see the whole British army officered by men who have served in the ranks. But he looks upon the purchase system as one which must be abolished before the English military service can become what it ought to be. All the late rules and regulations regarding the examination of

* See Money or Merit, volume iii., page 30.

candidates for commissions and for subsequent promotion, although good in themselves, are powerless for any real good, so long as money remains a *sine qua non* for advancement.

There can be no doubt that if the working of the purchase system were understood in all its injustice by the English public, it would no longer be allowed to disgrace our service. Amongst such members of the legislature as have never held commissions, the subject has been very little understood hitherto. And, strange to say, there appears to be amongst civilians of all classes an undefined idea that, if done away with, promotion by purchase must be replaced by promotion by favouritism. It is difficult to say wherefore this notion has got abroad, unless it be that the general ignorance which exists regarding military matters in England has led men to imagine that one evil cannot be abolished without a still greater one taking its place. Not, however, that such would be the case if purchase gave way to selection; for, at the present day, public opinion has so much to say to the acts of public men, that any undue act of favouritism in the promotion of officers would most certainly meet with exposure.

Why imagine that promotion by selection must necessarily take the place of promotion by purchase? There are four large bodies of English military men, second to none in all military virtues both in camp and quarters, in which officers have never yet been promoted either by purchasing over the heads of their poorer comrades, or by trusting to the favour of friends in power. These four are the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Royal Marines, and the East India Army. In these services—and do more honourable corps exist in the world?—although officers are selected to fill staff and other situations according to their merit, yet no man can supersede his senior in regular promotion, either by money at his banker's or interest at the Horse Guards. Why should this rule not be extended to the whole English army? If Lieutenant A., after seven, eight, or nine years' service, and after rising to the top of the list of subalterns, is not fit to be promoted to the rank of captain, be assured that he is unfit to hold any commission whatever, and the sooner his services are dispensed with the better for the public that pays him. The upholders of promotion by purchase maintain that the seniority system will keep officers in the junior ranks, owing to there not being sufficient inducement held out for the seniors to retire, until they are too old to be of any good if called into the field. But can this be said of any one of the four services enumerated above? Merely to name these corps is to call forth memories of wars, and campaigns, and fights, and battles, and heroic deeds, such as the world has seldom seen equalled. It would be impossible to recal an instance in which an officer of one of these corps has failed in his duty on account of old age. But the possibility of such an event would be prevented by obliging all

officers to retire from active service after a certain age, and to allow them—as would be but fair and just—an adequate pension after they retire. Nor would this be a heavy tax upon the public; for, long after an officer is too old for the more active duties of his profession, he is quite young enough to superintend recruiting, to look after barracks, to perform the duties of garrison adjutant, town major, or commandant of dépôts, most, if not all of which are duties now performed by young, or comparatively young, men, who have interest to obtain such appointments. Of the field officers, adjutants, and captains now commanding and doing duty at the dépôts in Great Britain—certain never to be sent abroad—the great majority are young, hale men; whereas many officers, worn down by climate and hard work, are, and have been for years, doing duty with their corps in the most unhealthy climates of the world. Thus, purchase in the English army does not prevent favouritism existing whenever it can find a footing in the service.

In a recent debate in the House of Commons on the subject of promotion by purchase, a member, speaking in favour of the system, said that he could hardly conceive a more discordant body of men in the world than an English body of officers in which certain members of the corps had been selected for promotion over the heads of others. This may be true enough, and the argument might hold good, if those who, wishing the purchase system to be abolished, advocate promotion by selection taking its place. But, has the honourable member ever lived—as the writer has, more than once during his military career—in a regiment, several officers of which had, for want of means, been superseded by their juniors? If so, he will have some idea to what length hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness can be carried by those who, at other times, are on the best of terms with each other. Moreover, he most distinctly asserts that he has witnessed amongst military men more quarrels and ill will caused by questions of exchange and promotion by purchase than by any other cause whatever. In one instance, the junior of his corps purchasing over the senior major, obtained command of the regiment, and commanded one who had formerly commanded him. The senior major was a Waterloo officer, had fought in Spain under Wellington, in India under Gough, and at the Cape under Smith. He had been thirty years in the service in the same corps, and had more than once led the regiment into action. But he had not fourteen hundred pounds at his command. The junior major who superseded him had been only ten years in the army, and being but twenty-six years of age, must have been born four years after his senior entered the service. But he *had* the requisite fourteen hundred pounds.

On another occasion the writer recollects a corps stationed in India, in which a lieutenant of seven years' service superseded, by purchasing over their heads, no fewer than eleven of his com-

rades, the senior of which had been twenty, and two others had each been seventeen, years in the army. Is it to be supposed for an instant that promotions like these—promotions, be it remembered, which are the legitimate consequences of the purchase system, and which have only become more rare in consequence of the casualties in the Crimea, or in India, but which will return in plenty in times of peace—is it to be supposed for an instant that such promotions do not cause ill-blood amongst those who are superseded?

Take three instances—all of which the writer has known in the army—in which officers have been obliged to leave the service. A lieutenant-colonel commanding a cavalry regiment, lost a suit in Chancery which had been bequeathed to him by his father. To pay all he owed, he sold everything he had in the world, intending to exchange into a regiment in India, and there live by his profession on the increased pay which military men serving in that country receive. This, however, was not enough for his creditors. His commission was a marketable commodity, and, as such, they obliged him to sell it and make over the proceeds to them, leaving himself without either means or a profession. The second case was that of a captain of infantry, who had become security for his brother's debts. The brother died; there was something or other informal in the life insurance policy with which his liabilities were covered, and the brother in the army had to pay the debts, to effect which his creditors obliged him to sell his commission. The third instance which the writer recollects was still more severe, inasmuch as there were three sufferers, all brothers, all in the army, and all joint trustees for the property of some orphan relatives. The attorney to whom they entrusted the business decamped, and to make good what he had absconded with, all three brothers had to sell out of the army. In no other profession, or in no other country, would men have to abandon their means of living in order to pay even their own, far less the debts of others.

If commissions in the army are to be had if promotion in the service is to be obtained—by purchase, let us at least be consistent, and not allow poor men to mix with the wealthy. Nay, let us go further than this, and oblige every young man who obtains a commission to deposit in the public funds at least enough money to purchase him up to the top of his profession. Should he retire before he obtains the rank of lieutenant-colonel, his money will be returned to him, and the money of those who take his place will replace it. Thus, in any case, we shall be spared the private heart-burnings, and the national disgrace of seeing officers who have money supersede those who have none, or who have little. If, on the other hand, we want our army to be what it ought, and to be officered by men who can trust to nothing but professional qualifications for their advancement, let us for ever abolish a system which, to say the best of it, is a miserable remainder of corrupt days, when all

public places and posts were bought, sold, and exchanged for money. If military appointments are to be sold, why not sell those in the civil service—Treasury and Post-office clerkships, consul and vice-consulships, custom-house officers' berths, tide-waiters' situations, and chaplains' commissions? Let one and all be tarified, and no promotion take place in any department unless a certain regulation price is paid for the advancement. Why should the English army alone be disgraced by the table of rates, or Prices of Commissions, which figures at the end of every Army List? Let us, at any rate, be consistent; and, if we are to have any situations under government bought and sold, let all be bought and sold.

REAL MYSTERIES OF PARIS AND LONDON.

NOT mysteries of crime; no account of secret societies that exist in the heart of London—the Odd-Fellows, the Druids, the Codgers, the Foresters, the Rum Pum Pas; no revelations of unknown horrors going on in the innermost recesses of Paris; no trackings out of hidden villanies perpetrated in nooks and corners of that city—no one of these things is going just now to be made the subject of discussion. Nor are the wonderful mechanical but hidden contrivances by which the inhabitants of these two cities are supplied with gas and water, nor the secrets of the great sewers, of the Morgue, of the Dark Arches, to be treated of in this paper. The shut-up and deserted houses in Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, London, again, it might be legitimately supposed, were likely to be included in our mysteries of London. Those houses in rows of two or three together which no human being ever enters, which are black and horrible to look at, which have not one single pane of unbroken glass in any one of their windows, and the floors of whose rooms must be covered with the missiles by which the glass was broken. Those houses are said to belong to an eccentric old lady. It is a question whether old ladies, as a class, are to be trusted with house property. We all remember that terrible old lady whom we used to be so afraid of when we were little, who used to live in the house with the boarded up windows, and whose hollow-sounding knocker used to be plied all day by the boy population of the neighbourhood. Enough of this old lady, however. The mysteries proposed to be dealt with are of a more familiar and less alarming kind than the Stamford-street houses, but they are none the less deep and inscrutable for all that.

Now there are some mysteries which I do not expect to have explained to me. I am content to receive them, abandoning all hope of comprehension. They are too much for me, and I make no secret that they are so. To this class belongs the mystery of India. This country seems to consider India, and India alone, as important. Every family sends some of its members to India. We fight for India, with

India, in India; we impoverish ourselves (domestically) to pay for the Indian servants who fan our sons who are slowly dying in India, and of India. They come back sick, with ruined constitutions, from India. They contract tremendously expensive habits in India, and cannot shake them off when they return to the comparatively unimportant mother country. It is no matter, all must be borne, all must be done, for India.

Now, one of the mysteries which I do not ask to have explained to me, and to which I am wholly resigned, lies in this belief in India. I cannot understand it. I can comprehend that a certain number of valuable and desirable articles come to us from India, but they do not seem worth all this fuss. One can get through a day magnificently, without India. One can eat, drink, and be clothed luxuriously, without India: one can be amused without India. It seems to me that we go through all I have spoken of above, and a great deal more, for the sake of a few jewels, a lot of Cashmere shawls which nobody can afford to buy, and for those everlasting species concerning the importation of which we used to learn so much at school. These things are very important, no doubt, but are they important *enough* to produce the sensation they do? We keep up armies and expend millions for the sake of some drugs, for wonderful things called jute, and turmeric, and for Indigo. This Indigo, by-the-by, is another mystery. What inconceivable importance seems to attach to this blue dye! If we supported nature by dying ourselves blue, if everything we wore were of a dark-blue tinge, if the whole nation were dressed after the fashion of the Metropolitan Police force—if all these things were so, we could hardly make more fuss than we do about Indigo. The City of London seems altogether devoted to Indigo, and if you go into the docks and ask what all the bales of goods contain, the answer is Indigo, Indigo, Indigo. American cotton, tea from China, sugar from the West Indies,—these are things the importance of which one understands, but the degree of sacrifice that is cheerfully made for India remains still a great and terrible mystery.

It is one, however, which I am content to leave unapproached, and to abandon as one does parliamentary and pecuniary mysteries, prices of stocks, the English funds, and other hopeless matters. But there are some secrets which one is less resigned about, some riddles which one is more impatient to solve, some "Mysteries of London" which it really disturbs one's peace of mind to have to abandon as inexplicable.

The perfumers' shops! How are they kept up? In one street in London (it is called Bond-street), I myself have counted seven large perfumers' shops, and six more which I do not take into account because they are hair-cutting temples as well. Seven enormous old-established shops, in one street, for the sale of perfumery! What can this mean? Would not any one in the world have thought that one single shop on the scale of a Bond-street Em-

porium would alone have proved enough, not only for all England, but for all the world? How few people we know, are perfumed. How many there are in good circumstances who never buy a bottle of scent from one year's end to another, unless it is a bottle of eau-de-Cologne or lavender-water. Think of these shops, of Rimmel's in the Strand, of Hendrie's and many more in Regent-street and elsewhere, is it not wonderful how they are all maintained?

But if the perfumers are a mystery of an unfathomable nature, what shall we say of the silversmiths and jewellers in Oxford-street? How seldom people want the wares sold by these gentry; and when they do want such matters, do they employ a small and unknown tradesman? Surely not. When any of our friends require a silver teapot or half a dozen spoons, do they not go to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, or Mr. Hancock, and buy them there? What, then, is the secret of those silversmiths' shops in Oxford-street, with their windows full of what appears to represent thousands of pounds' worth of property? Perhaps, if you wanted a sixpenny watch-key in a great hurry, you might go to one of these glittering ware-houses; but their proprietors will hardly get rich upon such dealings. You give these desperate tradesmen a job, only when some emergency obliges you, when that knob on the teapot lid comes off for the hundredth time, or when you want a glass to your watch. But who buys the hundreds of gilt clocks with inaccuracy written in legible characters on their faces? Who purchases the cheap gold watches, and abandons his appointments thenceforth for ever? Who is in a hurry to possess himself of one of those silver butter-knives, warranted to cut always too much butter or too little, warranted also to swerve wildly away in the winter season when the butter is hard, and to come out of the mother-of-pearl handle once every calendar month without fail?

These are awful questions, but still more terrible questions remain. Is it possible that one of these incomprehensible dealers ever uses his shop as a blind, and is really engaged in some nefarious business by which he makes his living? Does he steal out in the dead of night and engage in body-snatching? Does he sing comic songs at a music hall? Does he lend money in the back shop on the usual terms—"fifty poundsh down, my dear, and fifty poundsh in peaceful gilt clocksh, and plated putter-knives"—a loan to be repaid, by the "brisk minor" who contracts it, with his very life-blood?

At the back of that suburban terrace, in which it is my fortune to reside when in London, is a row of shops which supply the neighbourhood with all the things they want, and in some cases with a few articles, as it would appear, which they do *not* want. In that small row there are two (and used to be three) enormous medical halls or chemists' shops. Next to the luxury of a club-house, or of the abode of a stockbroker on the eve of ruin, comes the gorgeousness of those two temples of phar-

macy. You are bewildered on entering them by the blaze of glass and gilding, you are rendered faint by delicious odours, you are restored again by draughts of medicated waters which gush forth into long tumblers at the touching of a spring. Now, how are these palaces kept going? I pass them often, but never see any one making a purchase or giving an order. Their proprietors, too—both profoundly miserable men; one being a specimen of pale misery, and the other, which is much more terrible, of rosy misery—are for ever increasing their expenditure, and whenever Floridus gets a new scent-bottle and sticks it in his window, or a flesh-brush, or a galvanic battery, or what not, Pallidus is obliged to follow his lead, and the next day the same goods will appear in his shop as surely as the morning comes round.

Now, the reason why it seems so extraordinary and mysterious that these two druggists are able to keep their heads above water is, that it appears to the writer that every member of his acquaintance gets his or her medicines either from Bell and Co., or from Messrs. Savory and Moore, as the case may be. It is true that on one occasion, when I had been dining with the Surgit Amaris, that eminent Greek firm in the City, and found on my return that I had no carbonate of soda in the house,—it is true that I then rushed forth in wild haste, and luckily finding—it was Saturday night—that the emporium of the rosy sufferer was still open, I purchased an ounce of the medicine of which my heated frame stood in need. It is impossible to describe the sensation made by the giving of this order. A boy, pining in secret behind a desk, sprang suddenly into life, and instantly summoned the great Floridus himself from the back parlour, where he was perhaps supping on rose lozenges and Iceland moss, washed down with soda-water from the fountain. Both man and boy were kept in violent commotion for at least ten minutes, by my order. It was entered in books—double-entered, perhaps—the drug itself was wrapped in paper, and the parcel so made was lapped up at the end, then the soda was shaken down into the lapped up end, at which point Floridus made a remark upon the weather, and I, looking round the shop, and noting its magnificence, hoped that the medicine would not come to less than fourpence. The parcel was now lapped up at the other end and shaken down in turn to that extremity, when Floridus made a second remark on the weather, including the subject of crops, and I, seeing that another piece of magnificent paper was going to be pressed into the service, began to think that I should feel miserable if my purchase came to less than sixpence. When an outer paper, thick and soft and smooth, was laid upon the counter, and the already sufficiently protected soda was placed upon it, I would have given much to have been allowed to clutch my purchase, pay my money, and rush out of the shop. But this was not to be. New expenses must be incurred by the firm with which I was dealing, in supplying me with a coloured wrapper over

all, in vast outlays of sealing-wax, and, finally, in the addition of an adhesive label, with “Carbonate of Soda” engraved upon it in the best style of printing. When the miserable Floridus announced that all this only came to THREE pence (it would have been a relief if he had said “threppence”), I felt that men had sunk into the earth for less offences than I had been guilty of in making such a purchase.

There are other mysteries of London besides the chemists’ shops. Who finds the money—and delights to spend it—that keeps on foot those newspapers of which we are told authoritatively that “they don’t pay?” Who are the people who are always ready to come forward with the means of supporting the insolvent management of a theatre? Such capitalists are always forthcoming at a pinch. Where are they to be heard of?

The print trade, again. Who buys those proofs before letters which issue from time to time upon the London world? How few people one knows, who purchase prints. In how few houses do you see them hanging up. Our friends’ walls are not decorated thus: with bad pictures—yes; but with prints—no.

Take the fur trade, again. How is that sustained? How are expensive premises in fashionable situations maintained by selling furs? It is a ghastly sight, in the summer months, to see a heated shopkeeper emerge from the door of his warehouse and stand by the side of the stuffed lion, whom the moths are at work at, gazing out upon the world of London from under his awning! A fur shop with an awning! How that shopman must hate those hot stuffed animals by which he is surrounded. How glad he must be that the moths are slowly sapping away the foundations of the lion’s tail, and exposing the stuffing of the Polar bear to the eye of the curious.

These are some of the mysteries of London. There are many more. What do the bakers do with the rows of loaves which one sometimes sees round their shelves at the decline of day, still unsold? What becomes of your unpurchased bun? Who buys the cabbages, gigantic cart-loads of which are imported into the metropolis? Who ever sees a cabbage at table? Who ever orders a cabbage for dinner? Lastly, how is the great tailoring firm of Joses and Son, in whose shop no human being is ever seen—how is that kept up, and in such splendid preservation?

But if these mysteries of commercial London are profound and hard of solution, what are those of Paris? If the whole population of Paris were supported, fed, nourished, clothed, lodged, and washed, with jewellery, it would but hardly and unsatisfactorily account for the number, the incalculable number, of the jewellers’ shops with which—now more than ever—the metropolis of France is furnished. The Boulevard from one end to the other is all a-blaze with gold and jewellery; and as to the Rue de la Paix and the Palais Royal—But let us, being on the spot, take a walk round the enclosure of the Palais Royal, and note the exact nature of the different emporiums which surround this Walhalla of luxury.

The first shop we come to, is one wholly unknown in our native land; it is an Order dépôt, a little shop, full of bits of coloured ribbon and medals or grand crosses; and as everybody in France is décoré, it is probable that a brisk business is done in supplying the distinguished personages who may send round for an order at any moment, and who may not like to be kept waiting. Next to the Order dépôt, there is a wig shop, and then comes a china gimcrack shop, and then a jeweller's, and then comes a slop-shop for ready-made clothes, and then an opera-glass vendor's, and then a gimcrack shop, and then a jeweller's, and then a shop like Mechi's in Regent-street, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then another gimcrack shop, and then a jeweller's, and then a gimcrack shop, and then a jeweller's, and then an opera-glass shop, and after that a gimcrack shop, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a slop-shop, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's and clock shop, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's. After this, comes another Mechi shop, and then another Order dépôt, and then a jeweller's, succeeded by an opera-glass shop, a watchmaker's, a Mechi shop, an artificial teeth purveyor's, a slop-shop, and then a jeweller's. After this comes a perfumer's, and then a Mechi shop, and then a jeweller's, and then a silversmith's, and then a jeweller's, and then a gimcrack shop, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's, and then a jeweller's; a Mechi shop next, a silversmith's, and then a jeweller's; and then a photograph shop, and then a jeweller's; and then a watchmaker's, and then a jeweller's; and then a gimcrack shop, and then a slop-shop. At last—we have been travelling all this time down one side of the Palais Royal only—at last the café at the corner.

Now, is it to be expected that one is to sit down tamely, under such a state of things as this? But the worst of it is, that this is not all. The Rue de Rivoli, which is about two miles long, is full of jewellers' shops. The line of Boulevard, which is much longer, glitters again with jewellers' shops, and in the short space of the Rue de la Paix there are no less than sixteen of these Temples of Bewilderment. Fifty jewellers' shops in the Palais Royal, and sixteen in the Rue de la Paix, and how many more in the different Passages and the minor streets, besides the Boulevard and the Rue de Rivoli!

Who can account for the bonbon shops—those palaces almost more magnificent than the warehouses of the jewellers themselves, those huge chocolate and sweetmeat deposits, where bilious women all alike, bilious themselves.

dispensers of bile to others, sit behind counters in a state of chronic nausea horrible to think of?—Stay! A thought! These retailers of bile are jewelled, and the retailers of jewels again are, to a man, bilious. Do the jewellers and the bonbon vendors mutually support each other? Do they make exchanges, and swap bonbons for jewellery, and vice versa? Unhappily, even this would not account sufficiently for the difficulty we are considering. If the bilious women were clothed from head to foot with gold, and if the jewellers supported life—horrible thought—on chocolate drops only, it still would not account for the phenomena with which we are puzzling ourselves.

There is one more thing which surely we may be allowed to class among the mysteries of Paris. The hidden pecuniary resources of the men in the blue blouses. The writer of these words wears a beautiful black coat, but he is unable to afford himself the luxuries that these men indulge in. What dinners they order at the restaurant! What good places they occupy at the theatre! What pleasant drives they take in open carriages on Sundays!

Now surely Eugène Sue's mysteries of Paris are trifles to such profound difficulties as are presented by these commercial riddles. There is one more, which, applying equally to London and Paris, may, in conclusion, be whispered in the reader's ear. In what region of the earth, in what particular tunnelled-out portion of its bowels, do those hackney-carriages, whose numbers come before the thousands, ply for hire? Many and many is the time that these weary bones have sunk upon the sordid plush of your cab, your remise, or your fiacre, but never to my knowledge has one of those vehicles rejoiced in a number even so low as five hundred. Where does number fifty work, number twenty, ten, one? Has anybody ever seen these numbers on any hired carriage? Has anybody ever inhaled the air (with its combined flavour of bedding and manure) which the interiors of all the cab tribes exhibit, and which, if the earliest numbers have been longest on the road, must be in great perfection in the individual specimens here alluded to?

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No. 80.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

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A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XV.

ON entering the drawing-room, his excellency presented me to an elderly lady, very thin, and very wrinkled, who received me with a cold dignity, and then went on with her crochet-work. I could not catch her name, nor, indeed, was I thinking of it; my whole mind was bent upon the question, Who could she be? For what object was she there? All my terrible doubts of the morning now rushed forcibly back to my memory, and I felt that never had I detested a human being with the hate I experienced for her. The pretentious stiffness of her manner, the haughty self-possession she wore, were positive outrages; and, as I looked at her, I felt myself muttering, "Don't imagine that your heavy black moiré, or your rich falls of lace, impose upon *me*. Never fancy that this mock austerity deceives one who reads human nature as he reads large print. I know, and I abhor you, old woman! That a man should be to the other sex as a wolf to the fold, the sad experience of daily life too often teaches; but that a woman should be false to woman, that all the gentle instincts we love to think feminine should be debased to treachery and degraded into snares for betrayal, this is an offence that cries aloud to Heaven!

"No more tea—none!" cried I, with an energy, that nearly made the footman let the tray fall, and so far startled the old lady, that she dropped her knitting, with a faint cry. As for his excellency, he had covered his face with the Globe, and I believe was fast asleep.

I looked about for my hat to take my leave, when a sudden thought struck me. "I will stay. I will sit down beside this old creature, and, for once at least in her miserable life, she shall hear from the lips of a man a language that is not that of the debauchee. Who knows what effect one honest word of a true-hearted man may not work? I will try, at all events," said I, and approached her. She did not, as I expected, make room for me on the sofa beside her, and I was therefore obliged to take a chair in front. This was so far awkward that it looked formal; it gave somewhat the character of accusation to my position, and I decided to obviate the difficulty by assuming a light, easy, cheerful manner at first, as though I suspected nothing

"It's a pleasant little capital, this Kalbratenstadt," said I, as I lay back in my chair.

"Is it?" said she, dryly, without looking up from her work.

"Well, I mean," said I, "it seems to have its reasonable share of resources. They have their theatre, and their music garden, and their promenades, and their drives to—to——"

"You'll find all the names set down there," said she, handing me a copy of Murray's Handbook that lay beside her.

"I care less for names than facts, madam," said I, angrily, for her retort had stung me, and routed all my previous intention of a smooth approach to the fortress. "I am one of those unfashionable people who never think the better of vice because it wears French gloves, and goes perfumed with Ess bouquet."

She took off her spectacles, wiped them, looked at me, and went on with her work without speaking.

"If I appear abrupt, madam," said I, "in this opening, it is because the opportunity I now enjoy may never occur again, and may be of the briefest even now. We meet by what many would call an accident—one of those incidents which the thoughtless call chance directed my steps to this place; let me hope that that which seemed a hazard may bear all the fruits of maturest combination, and that the weak words of one frail, even as yourself, may not be heard by you in vain. Let me therefore ask you one question—only one—and give me an honest answer to it."

"You are a very singular person," said she, "and seem to have strangely forgotten the very simple circumstance that we meet for the first time now."

"I know it, I feel it; and that it may also be for the last and only time is my reason for this appeal to you. There are persons who, seeing you here, would treat you with a mock deference, address you with a counterfeit respect, and go their ways; who would say to their selfish hearts, 'It is no concern of mine, why should it trouble me?' But I am not one of these. I carry a conscience in my breast; a conscience that holds its daily court, and will even to-morrow ask me, 'Have you been truthful, have you been faithful? When the occasion served to warn a fellow-creature of the shoal before him, did you cry out, "Take soundings! you are in shallow water?" or, "Did you with slippery phrases gloss over

the peril, because it involved no danger to yourself?"

"Would that same conscience be kind enough to suggest that your present conduct is an impertinence, sir?"

"So it might, madam; just as the pilot is impertinent when he cries out 'Hard, port! breakers ahead!'"

"I am therefore to infer, sir," said she, with a calm dignity, "that my approach to a secret danger—of which I can have no knowledge—is a sufficient excuse for the employment of language on your part that, under a less urgent plea, had been offensive?"

"You are," said I, boldly.

"Speak out, then, sir, and declare what it is."

"Nay, madam, if the warning find no echo within, my words are useless. I have said I would ask you a question."

"Well, sir, do so."

"Will you answer it frankly? Will you give it all the weight and influence it should bear, and reply to it with that truthful spirit that conceals nothing?"

"What is your question, sir? You had better be speedy with it, for I don't much trust to my continued patience."

I arose at this, and, passing behind the back of my chair, leaned my arms on the upper rail, so as to confront her directly; and then, in the voice of an accusing angel, I said, "Old woman, do you know where you are going?"

"I protest, sir," said she, rising, with an indignation I shall not forget—"I protest, sir, you make me actually doubt if I know where I am!"

"Then let me tell you, madam," said I, with the voice of one determined to strike terror into her heart—"let me tell you; and may my words have the power to awaken you, even now, to the dreadful consequences of what you are about!"

"Shalley! Shalley!" cried she, in amazement, "is this gentleman deranged, or is it but the passing effect of your conviviality?" And with this she swept out of the room, leaving me there alone, for I now perceived—what seemed also to have escaped her—that the minister had slipped quietly away some time before, and was doubtless at that same moment in the profoundest of slumbers.

I took my departure at once. There were no leave-takings to delay me, and I left the house in a mood little according with the spirit of one who had partaken of its hospitalities. I am constrained to admit I was the very reverse of satisfied with myself. It was cowardly and mean of me to wreak my anger on that old woman, and not upon him who was the really great offender. He it was I should have arraigned; and with the employment of a little artifice and some tact, how terrible I might have made even my jesting levity! how sarcastic my sneers at fashionable vice! Affecting utter ignorance about his life and habits, I could have incidentally thrown out little episodes of all the men who have wrecked their fortunes by aban-

doned habits. I would have pointed to this man who made a brilliant opening in the House, and that who had acquired such celebrity at the Bar; I would have shown the rising statesman tarnished, the future chief justice disqualified; I would have said, "Let no man, however modest his station or unfrequented his locality, imagine that the world takes no note of his conduct; in every class he is judged by his peers, and you and I, Doubleton, will as assuredly be arraigned before the bar of society as the pickpocket will be charged before the beak!"

I continued to revolve these and such-like thoughts throughout the entire night. The wine I had drunk fevered and excited me, and added to that disturbed state which my own self-accusings provoked. Doubts, too, flitted across my mind whether I ought not to have maintained a perfect silence towards the others, and reserved all my eloquence for the poor girl herself. I imagined myself taking her hand between both mine, while, with averted head, she sobbed as if her heart would break, and, saying, "Be comforted, poor stricken deer! be comforted; I know all. One, who is far from perfect himself, sorrows with and compassionates you; he will be your friend, your adviser, your protector. I will restore you to that home you quitted in innocence. I will bring you back to that honeysuckle porch where your pure heart expanded in home affections." Nothing shall equal the refined delicacy of my manner; that mingled reserve and kindness—a sort of cross between a half-brother and a canon of St. Paul's—shall win her over to repentance, and then to peace. How I fancied myself at intervals of time visiting that cottage, going, as the gardener watches some cherished plant, to gaze on the growing strength I had nurtured, and enjoy the luxury of seeing the once drooping flower expanding into fresh loveliness and perfume. "Yes, Potts, this would form one of those episodes you have so often longed to realise." And then I went on to fancy a long heroic struggle between my love and that sentiment of respect for worldly opinion which is dear to every man, the years of conflict wearing me down in health but exalting me immensely in every moral consideration. Let the hour of crowning victory at last come, I should take her to my bosom, and say, "There is rest for thee here!"

"His excellency begs that you will call at the legation as early as you can this morning," said a waiter, entering with the breakfast tray; and I now perceived that I had never gone to bed, or closed my eyes during the night.

"How did this message come?" I asked.

"By the chasseur of his excellency."

"And how addressed?"

"To the gentleman who dined yesterday at the legation."

I asked these questions to ascertain how far he persisted in the impertinence of giving me a name that was not mine, and I was glad to find that on this occasion no transgression had occurred.

I hesitated considerably about going to him.

Was I to accept that slippery morality that says, "I see no more than I please in the man I dine with," or was I to go boldly on and denounce this offender to himself? What if he were to say, "Potts, let us play fair! put your own cards on the table, and let us see are you always on the square? Who is your father? how does he live? Why have you left home, and how? What of that horse you have——"

"No, no, not stolen—on my honour, not stolen!"

"Well, ain't it ugly? Isn't the story one that any relating might, without even a spice of malevolence, make marvellously disagreeable? Is the tale such as you'd wish to herald you into any society you desired to mix with?" It was in this high, easy, and truly companionable style that conscience kept me company while I ate two eggs and a plate of buttered toast. "After all," thought I, "might it not prove a great mistake not to wait on him? How if, in our talk over politics last night, I may have dropped some remarkable expression, a keen appreciation of some statesman, an extraordinary prediction of some coming crisis? Maybe it is to question me more fully about my 'views' of the state of Europe." Now, I am rather given to "views of the state of Europe." I like that game of patience, formed by shuffling up all the governments of the Continent, and then seeing who is to have the most "tricks," who's to win all the kings, and who the knaves. "Yes," thought I, "this is what he is at. These diplomatic people are consummately clever at pumping; their great skill consists in extracting information from others and adapting it to their own uses. Their social position confers the great advantage of intercourse with whatever is remarkable for station, influence, and ability; and I think I hear his excellency muttering to himself, 'Remarkable man, that—large views—great reach of thought—wish I could see more of him; must try what polite attentions may accomplish.' Well," said I, with a half sigh, "it is the old story, *Sic vos non vobis*; and I suppose it is one of the curses on Irishmen that, from Edmund Burke to Potts, they should be doomed to cram others. I will go. What signifies it to me? I am none the poorer in dispensing my knowledge than is the nightingale in discoursing her sweet music to the night air, and flooding the groves with waves of melody: like *her*, I give of an affluence that never fails me." And so I set out for the legation.

As I walked along through the garden, a trimly-dressed French maid passed me, turned, and repassed, with a look that had a certain significance. "It was monsieur dined here yesterday?" said she, interrogatively; and as I smiled assent, she handed me a very small-sealed note, and disappeared.

It bore no address, but the word Mr. ——; a strange, not very ceremonious direction. "But, poor girl," thought I, "she knows me not as Potts, but as Protector. I am not the individual, but the representative of that widespread benevolence that succours the weak and

consoles the afflicted. I wonder has she been touched by my devotion? has she imagined—oh, that she would!—that I have followed her hither, that I have sworn a vow to rescue and to save her? or is this note the cry of a sorrow-struck spirit, saying, 'Come to my aid ere I perish?'"

My fingers trembled as I broke the seal; I had to wipe a tear from my eye ere I could begin to read. My agitation was great, it was soon to be greater. The note contained very few words; they were these:

"SIR,—I have not communicated to my brother, Sir Shalley Doubleton, any circumstance of your unaccountable conduct yesterday evening. I hope that my reserve will be appreciated by you, and

"I am, your faithful servant,

"MARTHA KEATS."

I did not faint, but I sat down on the grass, sick and faint, and I felt the great drops of cold perspiration burst out over my forehead and temples. "So," muttered I, "the venerable person I have been lecturing is his excellency's own sister! My exhortations to a changed life have been addressed to a lady doubtless as rigid in morals as austere in manners." Though I could recal none of the words I employed, I remembered but too well the lesson I intended to convey, and I shuddered with disgust at my own conduct. Many a time have I heard severest censure on the preacher who has from the pulpit scattered words of doubtful application to the sinners beneath; but here was I making a direct and most odious attack upon the life and habits of a lady of immaculate behaviour! Oh, it was too—too bad! A whole year of sackcloth and ashes would not be penance for such iniquity. How could she have forgiven it? what consummate charity enabled her to pardon an offence so gross and so gratuitous? Or is it that she foresaw consequences so grave, in the event of disclosure, that she dreaded to provoke them. What might not an angry brother, in such a case, be warranted in doing? Would the world call any vengeance exorbitant? I studied her last phrase over and over, "I hope my reserve will be appreciated by you." This may mean, 'I reserve the charge—I hold it over you as a bail bond for the future; diverge ever so little from the straight road, and I will say, "Potts, stand forward and listen to your indictment."' She may have some terrible task in view for me, some perilous achievement which I cannot now refuse. This old woman may be to me as was the Old Man of the Sea to Sindbad. I may be fated to carry her for ever on my back, and the dread of her be a living nightmare to me. At such a price, existence has no value," said I, in despair. "Worse even than the bondage is the feeling that I am no longer, to my own heart, the great creature I love to think myself. Instead of Potts the generous, the high-spirited, the confiding, the self-denying, I am Potts the timorous, the terror-stricken, and the slave."

Out of my long and painful musings on the subject, I bethought me of a course to take. I would go to her and say:

"Listen to this parable: I remember once, when a member of a phrenological club, a stupid jest was played off upon the society by some one presenting us with the cast of a well-known murderer's skull, and asking for our interpretations of its development. We gave them with every care and deliberation; we pointed out the fatal protuberances of crime, and indicated the depressions, which showed the absence of all prudential restraints; we demonstrated all the evidences of badness that were there, and proved that, with such a head, a man must have thought killing no murder. The rejoinder to our politeness was a small box that arrived by the mail, labelled, 'The original of the cast forwarded on the 14th.' We opened it, and found a pumpkin! The foolish jester fancied that he had cast an indelible stain upon phrenology, quite forgetting the fact that his pumpkin had personated a skull which, had it ever existed, would have presented the characteristics we gave it." I would say, "Now, madam, make the application, and say, do you not rather commend than condemn? are you not more ready to applaud than upbraid me?"

Second thoughts rather deterred me from this plan; the figurative line is often dangerous with elderly people. It is just as likely she would mistake the whole force of my illustration, and bluntly say, "I'd beg to remark, sir, I am not a pumpkin!"

"No. I will not adventure on this path; there is no need that I should ever meet her again, or, if I should, we may meet as utter strangers." This resolve made, I arose boldly, and walked on towards the house.

His excellency, I learned, was at home, and had been for some time expecting me. I found him in his morning-room, in the same costume and same occupation as on the day before.

"There's the Times," said he, as I entered; "I shall be ready for you presently;" and worked away without lifting his head.

Affecting to read, I set myself to regard him with attention. Vast piles of papers lay around him on every side; the whole table, and even the floor at his feet, was littered with them. "Would," thought I—"would that these writers for the Radical press, these scurrilous penny-aliners who inveigh against a bloated and pampered aristocracy, could just witness the daily life of labour of one of these spoiled children of fortune. Here is this man, doubtless reared in ease and affluence, and see him how he toils away, from sundown to dawn, unravelling the schemes, tracing the wiles, and exposing the snares of these crafty foreigners. Hark! he is muttering over the subtle sentence he has just written: 'I am much grieved about Maria's little girl, but I hope she will escape being marked by the malady.'" A groan that broke from me here startled him, and he looked up:

"Ah! yes, by the way, I want you, Paynter."

"I am not Paynter, your excellency. My name is——"

"Of course, you have your own name, for your own peculiar set; but don't interrupt. I have a special service for you, and will put it in the 'extraordinaries.' I have taken a little villa on the Lake of Como for my sister, but from the pressure of political events I am not able to accompany her there. She is a very timid traveller, and cannot possibly go alone. You'll take charge of her, therefore, Paynter—there, don't be fussy—you'll take charge of her, and a young lady who is with her, and you'll see them housed and established there. I suppose she will prefer to travel slowly, some thirty miles or so a day, post-horses always, and strictly avoiding railroads; but you can talk it over together yourselves. There was a Bobus to have come out——"

"A Bobus!"

"I mean a doctor—I call every doctor, Bobus—but something has detained him, or, indeed, I believe he was drowned; at all events, he's not come, and you'll have to learn how to measure out ether, and drop morphine;—the "companion" will help you. And keep an account of your expenses, Paynter—your own expenses for F.O.—and don't let her fall sick at any out-of-the-way place, which she has rather a knack of doing; and, above all, don't telegraph on any account. Come and dine—six."

"If you will excuse me at dinner, I shall be obliged. I have a sort of half engagement."

"Come in about nine, then," said he, "for she'd like to talk over some matters. Look out for a carriage, too; I don't fancy giving mine if you can get another. One of those great roomy German things with a cabriolet front, if possible, for Miss—I forget her name—would prefer a place outside. Kramm, the landlord, can help you to search for one; and let it be dusted, and aired, and fumigated, and the drag examined, and the axles greased—in a word, have your brains about you, Paynter. Good-by." Exit as before.

OUR ROMAN INN.

OUR inn is eligibly situated; for it is barely ten doors down Conductor-street, and not so much as ten seconds' easy walking from Spanish Place. When the sun shines out brightly, from no district does it get its rays reflected back so cheerfully and with such abundant interest. The hum and hurly-burly of Saxon voices passing by, mounts to our windows, for we are in the heart of the English pale. The welcome familiar tones of Smith greeting Smith on the highway, is borne in to us and maketh the heart glad. The jocund cracking of whips and rolling of wheels let us know that Smith and company—wife, daughters, and general redundant offspring, red book in hand—are being borne by. Coming out from our scarlet chamber, upon the long balcony which is part of our domain—a feat I indulge in pretty often—I look up to the left, where is a bright swath of Spanish Place, and

see the stone gentleman sitting noseless in his foot-bath, and spouting water briskly; behind him the operative flight of steps and the crust-coloured church. I look down to the right, and take in the shining sweep of street, the jewelling bazaars, and gaudy scarf shops, and cigar-and-salt temples, and Cuccioni's monster photographs hung out, and Achille Rey and his wares reduplicated over and over again, stretching off to "the Course" yonder. I look down below, leaning on the balcony rail, where my knee brushes the style and titles of Our Inn embroidered in golden characters, and see crowns of hats, of familiar British make, flitting by below; and am very speedily seen myself by the little impish begging woman, who is at me in an instant with her "Signoreeno! Signoreeno mio!" I look steadily before me and do reverent homage to Roman Gunter, whose palace beards me just opposite. Great is Diana of Ephesus! Great is he who sits enthroned yonder at the Vatican! but there is one yet greater than he: I see "Spillman ainé" looking at me in golden characters, and I say advisedly that Spillman ainé hath a broader influence than Pio. That inestimable cook (dinner at fixed prices, and evening parties supplied) is the true minister of the interior. My countrymen stand by him nobly. I am glad I derive a degree of moral support from being under the shadow of so great a man, and I shall speak of him by-and-by in a little detail.

But our great scarlet chamber and banquet-ing-room, so heavy and gloomily aristocratic, you should see *that*, to appreciate our inn thoroughly. There is a dingy rubicund magnificence about it that almost depresses. The air seems charged with the fragrance of ghostly dinners, which it is consoling to know that princes and other persons of quality have dined of. Our chairs and furniture are of the heavy Robinson Crusoe model, and when you strain at an arm-chair, it sticks its limbs firmly into the carpet and will not move. Our sofas are fearful instruments of inconvenience, about as shallow as a ship's berth, their backs developing into sharp uneasy shoulders, which, by degrees, project you gradually on to the floor. But then our gold carvings are miracles of luxuriance and artful ramification; and our looking-glasses, not extensive but well-meaning, do their best; and our clocks which never go, and gigantic candleabra which are never lighted, show what we are capable of, on a great effort, when called on to put out our strength. Even about our door dispensation, there is something solemn and awe-striking; for it is not ordered with a single vulgar swinging leaf, but flies open magnificently with two folds; which, being contracted to about the dimensions of a cupboard convenience, you are, so to speak, necessitated to fling both open, and make a species of triumphant entry.

Host Fritz, the Teuton who directs this establishment, is a pearl of great price; he furnishes inexhaustible entertainment, and should really charge himself in the bill. He is impayable, as the French put it; being round

and pluffy, and hooped and braced, like a compact German keg, and I fear is but too surely marked out for an apoplectic embrace one of these days. I wonder do the shrieks of laughter, which his figure waked, still cling, commingled with the ghostly dinners, to the walls of the scarlet chamber? Was he not in an eternal fume; and as his guests thickened did he not play the overtaxed brain, the overwrought tissues, on the verge of giving way? It is the cabinet minister, the financier, bowed down with too much mind-work. At such crises, when pressed with indignant protests against certain table short-comings, he tosses his arms wildly in the air, and seems to wave away the subject frantically, as who should say: "Beware, beware, incautious strangers! Harass not one already tottering on the precipice of insanity! Have a care! ye reck not the mischief ye may do." At times, he appeals to those better feelings, which somehow find a corner in the breasts of even aggrieved and outraged guests. "Have pity," he says, almost weeping; "see you not how I am hunted from post to pillar?" (expressed in corresponding Italic idiom). "Figaro quâ, Figaro là! Ces autres, these Druses and Maronites, who have no bowels—yes, *no* bowels!—may press me and hunt me as a hare; but *you, you!* That supply of peach-tart ran out before it came down to your turn. Granted. Those delicate little birds that madame relishes" (a smile for madame) "fell short. Granted. The wine is inferior—say perhaps acid. Granted. Well, *wait*; only wait, and you shall see!" And he waves his hand over his head with a flourish, which intimates that in the illimitable perspective are great things. We look at each other abashed; we feel that we have done a mean thing, an unhandsome thing. It was shabby thus harassing a great man with our petty gastronomic grievances. But the illimitable perspective never comes. At another season he is rampant, boisterous, drunken with success. The guests—and guests of quality, too—have been crowding in tumultuously, and the mercury has leaped from Stormy, and Much Rain, to Very Fair. He is triumphant and walks upon clouds. He is Inn-keeping Jove, and is gracious: a wave of his hand and all things shall be as you wish. Trouble yourselves not—what matters money, time, or toil? It shall be done. What, ho! within, there! I arrive in a gush of passengers, the rejected of many hostleries, and am led away to fourth-class steerage accommodation, somewhere indistinctly about the roof. Betimes in the morning I lodge indignant protest against this treatment, and find the glass very, very high indeed. He makes as though he would take me into his bosom: "Patience, only patience! *but*"—and he lays his finger on my button with pressure, and looks round over his shoulders, as though the air were alive with conspirators—"but—there is yet a—lit-tle—chamber" (he breaks his sentence up into mysterious fragments)—"not ready now—but will be anon—a *gallant* little apartment—you understand?" (*extra* pressure on the but-

ton)—“unique, matchless, exquisite—a *gallant* apartment, in fact, that will just suit monsieur.” What the mysterious winks and shrugs that accompanied this alluring prospect were meant to point at I cannot now determine, but I know they conveyed a sense flattering and self-appreciative. See how fine and exquisitely turned was the lurking compliment: a hint—the mere breath of a hint—that sweets were to the sweet, and that monsieur would be appropriate tenant to a “*gallant apartment*,” dainty, airy, and tasteful. When, therefore, I find it out to be a poor thing, no more than bare walls, with the plain Robinson Crusoe furniture, the complacent unctious has been laid so adroitly to the soul, that I rather chime in with the notion of its being a *gallant chamber* indeed.

I find that he looks at things in an eminently hostelry view, and measures most things by that standard. He takes no cognisance of the old stones, Circuses, Forums, Capitols, Pillars, and such-like, in their capacity of old stones; unless, as I suspect, he has a hazy dream of the Coliseum being one day turned to practical uses, in the shape of a Grand Hotel of All Nations. I believe he has but a poor esteem of cardinals, and even of the Vicar of Christ, such not living ordinarily at hotels, or otherwise benefiting the trade. I am sure he cannot see any bearing of religion upon tables d'hôte, and therefore thinks there can be nothing in it. Towards the latter days of Holy Week I hear a lady of the Roman Communion, meeting Host Fritz at the bottom of the stair, take him solemnly into council, and ask him touching the fasting ordinances. Of this special day was there to be abstinence from flesh meat? Covers have been laid for an overflux of guests, there is a grateful press of business, and dinner is fixed an hour later in consequence of the ceremonials. Host Fritz is therefore exalted (in the French sense), and is brimming over with enthusiasm and benevolence. “To be sure!” he exclaims; “at seven precisely it will be served—everything in profusion—fish and meat, meat and fish! Madame can satisfy herself with both.” Alas! this was not madame’s idea: “Was there permission for flesh meats?” “To be sure! there will be abundance of *everything*: there will be meat and fish.” “But is it not a fast day?” “Well, madame will find plenty of fish and meat, thank God!” Host Fritz cannot by any means be brought to grasp the religious and canonical bearings of the question.

Towards six o’clock, when the tocsin clangs out furiously for the feast—a familiar pulling for the bare life at a rope, as in a church steeple—bedrooms yawn and give up their dead, and little folding-doors opening suddenly, the white men come bursting forth with their war-paint on. The air hurtles with rustling brushing silks as with the sound of wings. The current has set in fiercely towards the baked meats that furnish forth the tables. We flock tumultuously into the scarlet chamber below, and range ourselves in an orderly manner—after the manner of our tribe—on both sides of the table where the

war-feast is to be, eyeing our ivory-handled tomahawks with a cannibal love. Bovineham, Bullington, and Company, represent British beef and dignity, and will presently be awfully *looming* out orders to scared waiters. They herd together by the true laws of their caste, and are terrible by combination. They talk together noisily, and their voices do not keep tune, though their knives keep time; their ladies sit near them, and perform prodigies with those instruments of table-cutlery. There is one tremendous Polypheme, who has to play Sisyphus each time he mounts the stairs, pushing a huge abdominal burden before him, and in whose cheeks mantle all the richer gravy juices; *him* certain free and familiar friends have held again at the font, and rechristened by the name of Ursa Major. There is no reason why his full style and titles should not be Daniel Lambert Shorthorn; but for all the practical purposes of life, that other familiarity answers with a delicious expressiveness. Such nomenclature is presently enlarged to other objects, as having a photographic power and brilliancy. There is the swarthy, black-haired, sparkling-eyed Spanish gentleman, who sits opposite me, and rolls those engines of his in a very awful manner. For aught we know, he may be Don Gusman Alvarez di Toledo, Grandee and Knight, with a hat and feather and flowing cloak ready up-stairs in his mails; or, he may be a mere wine-traveller for an eminent house at Xeres; but it is more convenient surely to know him simply as the Hidalgo.

At our mess, promotion very properly goes by seniority, not by favour or purchase. The next in dinner rank gets the step always. Oldest inhabitant sits at the top, and it is a pleasing encouragement to think that, by a steady patience, and strict and unflagging attendance, *you* too may at length reach to that honourable elevation. There is a certain excitement in this closing up daily, to fill the gaps in the ranks, and this sure progress towards winning your Grade. Oldest inhabitants—a bride and her husband—linger on with a strange adhesiveness until the regiment has dwindled to a skeleton. These, one morning, are discovered to have passed away gently, and are seen no more. Nor must I pass by the sallow spade-faced gentleman, with the goatish tuft, who is Mr. Stang, of Noo Yerk, and the “States” generally; nor the bloodless, cream-laid lady whose voice jars on you acutely, and cuts you like a knife, and who is nasally *Misress* Stang, also of the Transatlantic city; nor the urchin, cur, whelp—rebelliously unlicked—who kicks at the wretched Italian serving-men, and boldly “annexes” chickens entire; who bears away the fruits of the earth to upper chambers privily, and who is known as *Marster* Stang, of that ilk. Neque te silebo—nor must we pass thee by unsung, sweet rose of Sandy Hook, lovely Fanny Stang, between whose sad sapless cheeks, and startling waist, which would slip easily through a good sized curtain-ring, there is but too intimate a connexion. There are *many* more elements of our company.

Trips in each day, the bright lady of the violet robe, whose rich black hair shines and eddies like a mountain brook; glide in, too, with an unflinching regularity, the cloud of black-robed sisters, with the single brother to divide among them, most moping and melancholy party. I relish a little at first, the amiable clergyman (Vicar of Crumpley-in-the-Drains), who has come out with a stern fixed purpose of doing the thing thoroughly, who has prepared himself by elaborate grounding (perhaps grinding) in the works of the fathers and of the late Edmund Gibbon, Esquire, in Montfaucon, Casaubon, Muratori, and the amusing speculations of Doctor Adam, author of the well-known Roman Antiquities. Conscientiously he does his work, making parochial visits to each object, as he does to the householders at home in Crumpley-in-the-Drains. At first I envy him his noble ardour; I feel a burning admiration for the man who can restore the Forum exactly as that noble miscellany stood in its first days. But when he plucks forth his rubicund text-book between the courses, and sends me across the table a dry cut of Murray along with a slice of delicate mountain mutton; and into that sweet fruit sauce which suits the wild flavour of the boar, infuses gritty figures as to the height of the Column of Trajan, with sly allusions to the Empress Faustina and Cecilia Metella, I begin to rise in outspoken protest against the man and his works and pomps—a feeling ere long nursed into bitter loathing and hostility. He becomes for me a positive Old Man of the Sea in the matter of antiquities. He bursts upon me, from ambuscades of classical details, nice speculation as to the site of the temple—was it of the winds? He balances for me, Nibbi and Vasi, competent authorities on stones, but leans rather to the Vicar of Crumpley-in-the-Drains. Junior old men of the sea, but still diverting, are the two long gaunt youths with stolid faces and windmill arms, sent to foreign parts to furnish their brains with such ideal upholstery as they can find, and come back, not monkeys, but Ourangs proper, who have seen the world. They return every day, bursting with what they have seen and heard, and discharge their impressions across the table, with uncouth signs and loud hee-haws, much as Caspar Hauser or other wild man would have done. At times, conversation rises into hurly-burly; and scraps of incongruous polyglot fly thick:

"Mr. Stang, sir! Mr. Stang, sir! *yew* have seen the Capitol, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I were there toe-day!"

"I ay-lude, sir, to the Capitol at Washin'ton —and—"

Undercurrent of vicar of Crumpley-in-the-Drains: "—Bones, removed by order of the Empress Helena, and placed in a marble sarcophagus adorned with sculptures, attributed to—"

"Oh, the Poe-ope!" (from the gaunt youths)
—"oh, yes, I saw the Poe-ope, and then we went down into the Ca-ta-co-o-o-mbs—oh, yes!"

Bullington (breaking in angrily): "The

arrangements, sir, were beastly—yes, sir, *beastly*. Where were the police? This rotten, degraded—"

Vicar of C-in-the-D. (very softly): "The whole of the right arm and a great portion of the left leg have been restored. This exquisite fragment was found, many—"

Elderly Frenchman, who has resided much in England: "Vis pleshar! I will be dere yesterday."

"Sir! the whole thing *must* blow up, for—"

"As Winckelman says, the ancients never made—"

"Vile soup—"

And then gushes in an overpowering Babel, wherein Cecilia Metella, Empress Faustina, Antoninus Pius, Cato the Censor, and Our Minister, jostle each other in unseemly confusion.

From a little gallery on the stair we may look down into the hall; and it is amusing of an evening, when the lamps are lighted, to lean on the rail and look down into the hall, and see the dramatic business that goes forward. Now, it is waiterdorm clustered very thick, and discussing a point in their own social economy with much noise and vigorous action. Now, it is a great four-horse vetturino just come up from Naples, and being unloaded. Most picturesque vehicle, it was signalled long before it came in sight. Its jingling bells were heard afar off down the street; the loud sounding whip, and the "High! high!" of driver, and the screams of delighted urchins scampering on in front, all gave cheerful notice. I look down from the gallery and see the little piece played. Enter the dusty travellers, and defile past—father, wife, sisters, children, it may be; babies, perhaps; nurse, very likely; round whom dance expectant gnats and midges in the shape of fluttering waiterdorm. Emerges presently, host Fritz, in character of Inn-keeping Jove, and anxious interview follows, as to rooms, accommodation, and so forth; waitering interest crowding round with one ear bent inwards with an eager attention. It is settled; cloud breaks, floats up stairs: and then blue-robed porters file by, bending under heavy trunks. Finally, enters picturesque postboy, in pale sky-blue jacket, and silver medallion embroidered on his right arm, and fanciful hat: and picturesque postboy has, presently, his hand out and is declaiming furiously, and stamping with his jack-boots, and pointing to the quarter where the city of Naples may be supposed to lie, and looks contemptuously at the moneys tendered to him, asking, I suppose, in his own idiom, "Wot's this for? And *you* calls yourself a gen'lman!" &c. Courier, who is on the other side, is frightfully vehement, stamps too, clenches his hands, making as though he would spit in postboy's face; points also to the quarter of the horizon where Naples may be supposed to lie, and turns red with rage. I feel sure that sullettoes will be drawn presently, and that the marble floor of host Fritz will trickle with blood. Astonishing that host Fritz, who is smoking his cigar tranquilly, and the waiting interest standing round

in a ring, do not interfere. In another second the courier's hand is raised quick as thought, and something glitters in it! Ah!—

It is only an extra piece of money, and the two opponents are embracing—they are smiling and laughing. The little drama is all in the interest of courier, whose master is looking on, and who thinks what a treasure of a fellow he has secured. The storm is lulled, and picturesque postboy goes on his way rejoicing.

BOUQUET FROM THE BALTIC.

IN the Germania of Tacitus, mention is made of a northern nation, called the *Æsthyi*, and in very early times the Southern and Western Germans, who were great travellers, gave the name *Æstier* or *Eistier* to the inhabitants of the eastern coast of the Baltic. It may be remarked that, in the history of Northern Europe, the Baltic plays a similar part to that of the Mediterranean in the South.

Not, however, till a comparatively recent date was it discovered that the name which had been loosely applied to several races, would be correctly limited to the inhabitants of that northern part of the eastern coast which now forms Revel and a portion of Livonia. The region, which is bounded on the north by the Gulf of Finland, on the west by the Baltic, and on the east by the river Nerowa and Lake Peipus, has been the residence, from time immemorial, of a people of Finnish extraction, who are proud of their position as aborigines of their country, and thoroughly aware of the distinction between themselves and their neighbours. The Esthonian calls his country "*Meie Ma*" (*our land*), and himself "*Maa Mees*" (*man of the soil*), to avert the possibility of confusion on the subject.

Like most northern nations, the early Esthonians had a great respect for war, and were dexterous in the use of clubs, lances, slings, and short knives, as weapons of offence. Those who died in battle were honoured with a funeral pyre, and their ashes were deposited in ornamental urns. As for the profession of piracy, it was deemed rather estimable than otherwise.

Nevertheless, the Esthonians, though they shared the fighting propensities of their neighbours, were not an especially warlike people. While the legends of other Finnish races celebrate savage combats and ruthless victories, those of the Esthonians point to a peaceful, secluded state of existence as the perfection of felicity. The seat of all their legends is the eastern part of their country, near Lake Peipus and the river Embach, or as the natives call it, "*Emmajöggi*." This is the land of antiquity and wonder.

The origin of the river is itself the subject of a curious myth. Soon after the earth (which, as in other systems, is a flat disc) was created, and the broad heaven with its radiant sun and glittering stars arched over its surface, the animals began to disobey the commands of Old Father, the Supreme Being, and persecuted and

molested each other. Old Father summoned them all to his presence, and told them that he had originally formed them for peace, happiness, and freedom, but that he now found they required the government of a king, who would curb their evil propensities. The new monarch would arrive on the bank of a brook, which must be dug expressly for his reception, and sufficiently deep and broad to become the "*Emmajöggi*" (or Mother Brook) of smaller streams. The earth dug up in the formation of the brook was to stand as a tall mountain, which Old Father promised to crown with a wood, as the residence of the future king.

Obedient on this occasion to the commands of Old Father, most of the animals set about the performance of their task. The cock, by crowing, indicated the course which the stream was to take, and the fox, who followed him, marked it with his tail. The first furrow was drawn by the mole, the badger worked underground, the wolf scraped up the earth with his feet and snout, the bear carried it away, and even the birds contributed their assistance.

When Old Father inspected the diggings, he expressed himself highly satisfied with the labourers. By way of conferring an appropriate reward on each species of merit, he decreed that in commemoration of their dirty work, the bear and the mole should look dirty for the rest of their lives, and that the wolf should always have a black snout and feet in honour of his raking. Two of the animals fell into disgrace. One was the crab, whom Old Father missed from the industrious throng, much to his anger, as he thought that a creature so liberally provided with claws had no right to be lazy. The crab, on the other hand, having just crawled out of the mud, was much nettled at being overlooked, and profanely asked Old Father if he carried his eyes behind him. The punishment of this impertinence was the immediate transfer of the crab's own eyes to the uncomfortable position to which he had lightly referred. The other offender was a grey-plumed bird, called by the Germans the "*Stutzer*" (*fop*). This delinquent, instead of taking part in the work, hopped from bough to bough, sunning his fine feathers, and rejoicing in the music of his own song. To the reproof which he received from Old Father on account of his rebellious idleness, he pertly answered that he thought it would be highly discreditable to soil his beautiful plumage with such dirty work as digging. His punishment was manifold. His legs, which had previously been white, and which he had been unwilling to soil, became black; he was forbidden to quench his thirst with the water of the stream, and obliged to remain content with the drops that hung upon the leaves; he was prohibited from singing, save on the approach of a storm, when other creatures got out of the way.

The ends of justice thus answered, Old Father filled the new-dug bed with water, which he poured from a golden urn and animated with his breath.

A sort of Northern Apollo, who is named Wannemunna, and is, doubtless, the Wainämöinen of the Finns, is an important personage in Esthonian mythology. According to another legend of the Emmajöggi, the whole human race and all the animals were summoned to the mountain formed of the earth thrown up in the great digging, that they might be instructed by Wannemunna in the art of song. When they were all assembled, a rustling sound was heard in the air, and Wannemunna alighted on the hill-top, where he smoothed his ringlets, shook his garments, stroked his beard, cleared his voice, and executed on a stringed instrument a prelude, which was immediately followed by a song that delighted all hearers, and most of all the vocalist himself (a state of things by no means peculiar to Esthonia). The Emmajöggi stopped her course, the wind forgot to blow, the beasts and birds listened attentively: in fact, all the incidents that usually follow the performance of an Orpheus took place on this occasion. But most of the auditors were unable to take in the whole of what they heard. The trees only retained the rustling in the air which accompanied the musician's descent, and they imitate it with their leaves to this day. The Emmajöggi caught the rustling sound of his garment, and still repeats it in the rushing of her waters. The harshest notes of the music were retained by the winds. The singing-birds, especially the lark and the nightingale, mastered the prelude. In short, every creature caught something, save the fish, who carried their eyes, but not their ears, above the surface of the water, and thus merely saw the movement of the musician's lips, without hearing the sound of his voice. Hence, to the present day, they are dumb, though they move their mouths. Man alone could understand the whole of Wannemunna's song, as he sang of the vastness of the heavens, of the glory of the earth, of the pleasant banks of the Emmajöggi, and of the destinies of the human race. And so much was Wannemunna penetrated by the beauty of his own performance, that the tears he shed wetted six coats and seven shirts completely through. Thus, thoroughly watered, he ascended to the dwelling of Old Father, that he might regale him with his music and his song. Privileged ears may sometimes hear him even now, as he sings on high, and from time to time he sends his messages to earth, that man may not altogether lose the gift of song. And at some distant day he will come again to earth, and bestow happiness on Esthonia.

What a lovely story would this be were it not for the unlucky shirts and coats! But those who are accustomed to the legends of primitive races will not be startled by leaps from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Esthonia is not entirely destitute of heroic legends. The giant Kallewe Poeg is, to all intents and purposes, an Esthonian Hercules, immortalised by his feats of strength. As his name signifies, he was the son of Kallewe, an ancient deity, who was a mighty ruler in his

time, and who, when he was on his death-bed, told his wife that after his decease she would bring forth a son more strongly resembling his father than two others already in the world. He would not divide his dominions, but said, that when his youngest son had grown up, the right of succeeding to the paternal rule should be settled by lot. His disconsolate widow dug for him a grave with her own hands, and raised over it a heap of stones, on the coast near Revel.

The trial of skill that was to settle the question of succession to the dominions of Kallewe occurred on the borders of a lake near Dorpat. The three brothers took as many large stones of equal weight, and threw them in the order of their ages. The two elder were, of course, defeated by the youngest, and quietly departed, leaving him on his father's throne. A large block of granite, split by lightning, and about half as high again as an average man, is still shown in the vicinity of the lake as the stone flung by Kallewe Poeg.

When his land was threatened with an invasion, Kallewe Poeg walked through the great lake Peipus to fetch planks from the opposite side, and returned with twelve dozen, though he had been put to a considerable inconvenience by a rough-headed sorcerer, who had blown upon the waters till they were mountains high, and nearly reached his waist. As soon as he had recrossed, he fell asleep on a hill that is still known as the "Kallewe Poeg Säng" (bed of Kallewe Poeg); and while he was in this helpless condition, snoring so mightily that the neighbouring mountains groaned, his sword was stolen by his enemy, the sorcerer, who could only lift it by means of enchantment, and soon let it drop into a stream from which he could not recover it. This sword had been manufactured in Finland by the giant's uncle, who furnished a remarkable instance of the value of the number seven; for he occupied seven years in making the weapon out of seven sorts of iron, uttered seven magic spells during the process, and tempered it in seven waters. After a long search, it was found by Kallewe Poeg, who, however, left it in the stream, that it might be wielded by some future deliverer of his country, to whom it would reveal itself of its own accord. This extra task accomplished, Kallewe Poeg put his load of planks upon his shoulders, and when he had proceeded some distance, was assailed by three magicians, who pulled up several trees by the roots, and used them as clubs. The hero soon put them to flight, being greatly cheered by a voice which he heard in the forest. This belonged to the hedgehog, on whom Old Father had not bestowed a skin, but to whom, out of gratitude, Kallewe Poeg gave a piece of his rough cloak. When shortly afterwards he collected some sand in this cloak to make a couch, some of it fell through the hole produced by his gift to the hedgehog, and was sufficient to form a small mountain. After sundry other adventures he built for his residence a city on the sea-coast, and governed the country round. This was the origin of Revel.

While the stories about Kallewe Poeg are nearly as wild as the legends of the Tartars, to which in character they are somewhat similar, they are told with a great display of geographical accuracy. A high rocky coast in the neighbourhood of Revel was actually shown to Dr. Kruse (an antiquary to whose researches in Esthonian tradition we are much indebted) as the sepulchre raised by the widow of Kallewe Poeg's father over her departed husband, and a lake in the vicinity is attributed to her tears. Near Assama, a town situated to the north-west of the Peipus, Dr. Fählmann, another archaeologist, was shown a marsh and four pits, the origin of which is thus explained: Kallewe Poeg, mounted on horseback, was giving chase to his foes, when his horse, in springing from one mountain-top to another, took too short a leap, and fell between them. The body of the animal, dashed to pieces, formed the marsh, and the four pits are the prints of his feet. An awful curse was uttered by Kallewe Poeg on the occasion of the accident. "Remain a marsh," he said to the fatal place, "a marsh till the end of the world, an abode for nothing but frogs. May man avoid thee and avert his face from thy hideous form." The exact spot on the bank of the river Aa is shown, where Kallewe Poeg had a remarkable encounter with three "iron-clad men." The first of these he whirled round his head, making a noise like the wings of a flying eagle, and then stamped him into the ground, so that he was buried up to his waist. The second was similarly whirled, with a sound like that of the wind among pine-trees, and buried up to the chin. As to the third, whose whirling could only be compared to a flash of lightning, he was stamped so deeply into the earth that only the point of his helmet was visible.

The angling of Kallewe Poeg in this same river Aa was on a most magnificent scale. An ambassador who came to demand his submission to a neighbouring power, was asked by him to fetch his staff, which was standing at the riverside, furnished with a bait for crabs. The staff proved to be the trunk of a tree, which the ambassador could not move, but which Kallewe Poeg pulled up with ease, showing a whole horse as the suspended bait. The ambassador was then sent home, with orders to report that the conquest of Kallewe Poeg would be no easy task.

The time when Kallewe Poeg flourished is regarded by the Esthonian peasant as a sort of golden age. Dr. Kruse saw in a large stone, which lay near the Kallewe Poeg Säng, the marks of a colossal finger and thumb, and was told by a peasant who resided on the spot that these marks were left by Kallewe Poeg, a good worker of the land, under whose dominion corn was abundant, and flocks greatly multiplied. Indeed, the stone itself was a monument of his beneficent agency, for it had been flung by him at a wolf that was carrying off a lamb. Another relic is the Kallewe Poeg tool (chair), a huge stone, with an appearance of a back and two arms, upon which the giant is said to have rested.

So great a hero could not fall by any sword but his own. When he left his weapon in the stream, after it had been stolen by the enchanter, he uttered an imprecation to the effect, that if ever he who had worn it should cross that stream, he wished it might cut off his legs. By "him who had worn it," he meant the enchanter; forgetting for the moment that he had carried the sword himself. As General Damas says: "Curses are like young chickens; and aye come home to roost;" so when Kallewe Poeg amused himself one day by walking through the stream, his feet were so dreadfully cut by the sword that he with difficulty got out of the water, and flung himself in agony upon the ground, his groans filling the whole intermediate space between the earth and the abode of the gods. He died of his wounds, and his soul ascended to heaven, but Old Father was afraid lest such an active hero might become mischievous if he was not furnished with some employment adequate to his great powers. He was, therefore, despatched to the infernal regions, to keep order among the devils, who had been more than commonly contumacious.

We conclude our series with a charming fable which we have purposely reserved to the last, and we tell it literally as it was heard by Dr. Fählmann, when an old Esthonian narrated it for the amusement of his grandchildren:

"Knowest thou the light in Old Father's halls? It has just sunk to rest, and where it went out its reflexion still shines in the sky, and already is there a bright streak which extends towards the east, whence in its full magnificence it will again greet the entire creation. Dost thou know the hand which receives the sun and brings her to rest when she has finished her course? Knowest thou the hand which rekindles her when she is extinguished, and makes her once more begin her heavenly journey?"

"Old Father had two faithful servants of the race that is blessed with eternal youth, and when on the first evening light had finished its course, he said to Aemmerik: 'On account of thy faithfulness, daughter, I entrust to thee the sinking sun. Extinguish her, and conceal the fire, that it may cause no harm.' And when on the following morning the sun was to renew her course, he said to Koit: 'Thy office, my son, shall be to rekindle the light, and prepare it for its new journey.' Both performed this duty faithfully, and there was not a day on which the vault of heaven was without its light. When in winter the sun reaches the horizon, she is extinguished at an earlier hour, and in the morning she later resumes her course; but when in spring she awakes the flowers and the birds, and when in summer she ripens the fruit with her sultry beams, she is only allowed a short time of repose, and as soon as her light is extinguished Aemmerik places her immediately in the hands of Koit, who at once rekindles her for new life.

"That beautiful time had arrived when flowers put forth their colours and their fragrance, and birds and men fill the air with songs, and Aem-

merik and Koit looked deeply into each other's brown eyes, and when the fading sun passed from her hand into his, their hands were pressed together and their lips met. But one eye that never slumbers had observed what took place in the still midnight, and Old Father said, 'I am well pleased with your performance of your duty, and desire that you should both be happy; so take one another, and hold your office as man and wife.'

"But both replied from one mouth: 'Father, mar not our joy. Let us always remain lovers, for we have found our happiness in wooing, and our love is now fresh and young.'

"And Old Father granted their prayer, and blessed their resolve. Only during four weeks in the year do they both meet at midnight, and then Aemmerik brings the extinguished sun to the hand of her lover, the pressure of the hand and the kiss follow, and Aemmerik's cheek glows, and its rosy red is reflected in the sky, until Koit has rekindled the light, and the golden radiance in the sky announces the approaching sunrise. And Old Father still honours the meeting by adorning the fields with the fairest flowers, and the nightingales in jest cry to Aemmerik, as she reposes on the bosom of Koit, 'Laisk tüduk, laisk tüduk! öpik!' (Tardy maiden, tardy maiden, night has lasted too long!)"

POOR MARGARET.

Poor Margaret's window is alight;
Poor Margaret sits alone;

Though long into the silent night,
And far the world is gone.

She lives in shadow till her blood
Grows blackened, soul and all;

Upon her head a mourning hood,
Upon her heart a pall.

The stars come nightly out of heaven
Old darkness to beguile;

For her there is no healing given
To their sweet spirit-smile.

That honey dew of sleep the skies
In blessed balm let fall,

Comes not to her poor tired eyes,
Though it be sent for all.

At some dead flower, with fragrance faint,
Her life opes like a book;

Some old sweet music makes its plaint,
And, from the grave's dim nook,

The buried bud of hopes laid low,
Flowers in the night full-blown;

And little things of long ago
Come back to her full-grown.

Her heart is wandering in a whirl,
And she must seek the tomb

Where lies her long-lost little girl.
Oh well with them for whom

Love's morning star comes round so fair
As evening star of faith,

Already up and shining, ere
The dark of coming death.

But Margaret cannot reach a hand
Beyond the dark of death;

Her spirit swoons in that high land
Where breathes no human breath:

She cannot look upon the grave
As one eternal shore,
From which a soul may take the wave
For heaven, to sail or soar.

Across that deep no sail unfurled
For her, no wings put forth;
She tries to reach the other world
By groping through the earth.
'Twas there the child went underground,
They parted in that place;
And ever since the mother found
The door shut in her face.

Though many effacing springs have wrapped
With green the dark grave-bed,
'Twas *there* the breaking heartstrings snapped,
As she let down her dead;
And there she gropes with wild heart yet,
For years, and years, and years;
Poor Margaret! and there she'll let
Her sorrows loose in tears.

All the young mother in her old voice
Its waking moan will make;
A young aurora light her eyes
With radiance gone to wreck!
And then at dawn she will return
To her old self again,
Eyes dim and dry, heart grey and durn,
And querulous in her pain.

"We never loved each other much,
I and my poor good-man;
But on the child we lavish'd such
A love as overran
All boundaries, loving her the more
Because our love was pent;
Striving as two seas try to pour
Their strength through one small rent.

"For children come to still link hands,
When souls have fallen apart;
And hide the rift when either stands
At distance heart from heart.

So on our little one we'd look,
Press hands with fonder grasp,
As though we closed some holy book
Softly with golden clasp.

"And as the dark earth offers up
Her little winterling
The crocus, pleading with its cup
Of hoarded gold, to bring
Down all the grey heaven's golden shower
Of spring to warm the sod;
So did we lift the winsome flower
That sprang from our dark clod.

"Our little Golden-heart, her name,
And all things sweet and calm,
And pure and fragrant, round her came
With gifts of bloom and balm.
And there she grew, my queen of all,
Golden, and saintly white,
Just as at summer's smiling call
The lily stands alight.

"To knee or nipple grew the goal
Of her wee stately walk;
The voice of my own silent soul
Was her dear baby-talk.
Then darklingly she pined and failed,
And looking on our dead,
The father wailed awhile and ailed,
Turned to the wall and said:

" 'Tis dark and still our house of life,
The fire is burning low,

Our pretty one is gone, and, wife,
 'Tis time for me to go:
 Our Golden-heart has gone to sleep,
 She's hopped in for the night;
 And so to bed I'll quietly creep,
 And sleep till morning light."

Once more poor Margaret arose,
 And passed into the night:
 Long shadows weird of tree and house
 Made ghosts i' the wan moonlight!
 She passed into the churchyard, where
 The many glad life-waves
 That leap'd of old, have stood still there,
 In green and grassy graves.

"Oh, would my body were at rest
 Under this cool grave sward!
 Oh, would my soul were with the blest,
 That slumber in the Lord!
 They sleep so sweetly underground,
 For death hath shut the door,
 And all the world of sorrow and sound
 Can trouble them no more."

A spirit feel is in the place,
 That makes the poor heart gasp;
 Her soul stands white up in her face
 For one warm human clasp!
 To-night she sees the grave astir,
 And, as in prayer she kneels,
 The mystery opens unto her:
 She for the first time feels

The spirit world may be as near
 Her, moving silent round,
 As are the dead that sleep a mere
 Short fathom underground.
 And there be eyes that see the sight
 Of lorn ones wandering, vexed
 Through some long, sad, and shadowy night
 Betwixt this world and next.

Doorways of fear are eye and ear,
 Through which the wonders go;
 And through the night with glow-worm light,
 The church is all aglow!
 There comes a waft of Sabbath hymn;
 She enters: all the air
 With faces fills, divine and dim,
 The blessed dead are there.

One came and bade poor Margaret sit,
 Seemed to her as it smiled,
 A great white bird of God alit
 From the marble forest wild.
 "Look to the altar!" there a spell
 Fixed her; she saw up start
 A woman, like a soul in hell:
 'Twas her own Golden-heart.

"It would have been *thus*, mother dear,
 And so God took her, from
 All trials and temptations here,
 To His eternal home;
 And you shall see her in a place
 Where death can never part."
 She looked up in that angel's face:
 'Twas her own Golden-heart.

The lofty music rose again
 From all those happy souls,
 Till all the windows thrilled, as when
 The organ thunder rolls;
 And all her life is like a light
 Weak weed the stream doth sway
 Until it reaches its full height,
 Breaks, and is borne away.

Her life stood still to listen to
 That music! then a hand
 Took hers, and she was floated through
 The mystic border-land.
 'Twas Golden-heart! from that eclipse
 She drew her into bliss:
 Two spirits closed at dying lips,
 In one immortal kiss.

Next day, an early worshipper
 Was kneeling in the aisle;
 A statue of life that did not stir,
 But knelt on with a smile
 Upon the face that smiled with light,
 As though, when left behind,
 It smiled on with some glorious sight,
 Long after the eyes were blind.

A BEAUTIFUL DEVIL.

ANGÉLIQUE TIQUET is the heroine of an old and prolix chronicle, from which is compiled the following true romance.

Her father, Jean Auguste Carlier, having some capital, entered into partnership with a rich old bookseller and jeweller of Metz, whose only child he subsequently married. The old man died soon after the marriage, bequeathing his whole property to his daughter and son-in-law, whose careful habits daily added to its bulk. Madame Carlier died eight years after marriage, leaving a daughter of seven (this Angélique), and a two-year old son, named Auguste. Carlier did not marry again, but lived for his children. He was a man of some learning, and when the shop was closed in the evening, employed himself in teaching his boy and girl, who both had quick abilities. Madame de Remonet, an aunt of the deceased Madame Carlier, had been one of the loveliest women of her time, and, although belonging to the bourgeoisie, had captivated the fancy of a youth of rank, who, in spite of the opposition of his friends, made her his wife, and obtained a post at court, where madame's beauty, wit, and talents for intrigue, forced her into favour. In those days, when Anne of Austria, in the pomp of her regency, was outraging decorum, the standard of public opinion in France demanded no high principle of conduct. Madame lived, therefore, a brilliant and heedless life until the sudden death of her husband left her with a pension far too small to supply the luxuries to which she was accustomed. Yet she made no visible change, except to become more reckless in her mode of life, till after a few more years, when the death or estrangement of some of her patrons, and a severe illness, which seemed all at once to anticipate the work of age, caused her to think of some certainty of a home for her declining years. Her relations in Metz had, of course, been neglected; but as she knew her brother and niece to be dead, and her nephew to be wealthy, she determined to proceed to Metz, and make herself, if possible, a fixture there. At Metz she was so amiable to her nephew-in-law, so motherly with the children, and seemed to be so happy in their company, that Carlier, whose comforts were the greater for her care of his household, offered her a home

with them. She accepted this offer with tears of gratitude, but as the quiet economy of the household by no means suited her taste, she soon endeavoured to introduce a radical change in all matters of expenditure. In this attempt, however, she did not succeed; for Carlier, though kind and gentle, was, in money matters, his own master. Yet he was blind to the real character of the woman whom he gave to his children as guide and companion; a woman selfish, rapacious, avaricious, utterly unprincipled, and heartless. Over the young mind of her niece she gained a complete ascendancy. Auguste was armed against her with simplicity of character, and him she hated, though she lavished upon him the tenderest endearments. After three years, finding her health restored, she resolved on a return to Paris. Imposing, therefore, upon Carlier with a specious tale that it was necessary for her to go to the capital to save her pension, she quitted Metz, but kept her hold upon the mind of Angélique. She induced him to give his daughter the advantages of Paris training; and she selected a convent of which the nuns were celebrated for proficiency in teaching. Thither Angélique was sent, and she spent all her holidays with her aunt. Carlier went often to Paris after his daughter's removal thither, and was grateful for the attention his aunt paid the girl. On one of these occasions, he allowed the acute lady to discover that his will was made, and that he had left his property, worth more than a million of livres, equally divided between son and daughter, with madame for their sole guardian. He dined with his aunt that evening, and half an hour afterwards left in the diligence for Metz. In three days he was dead.

He had never been a strong man, the time was mid-winter, the weather terribly severe. His death was ascribed to cold and fatigue, acting on an enfeebled constitution.

Madame de Remonet would seem to have had a presentiment of the impending catastrophe, for she had everything ready for a journey when the news arrived, and she set off to Metz, with Angélique, without an hour's delay. On their arrival, they found Carlier buried, and the passionate grief of Madame de Remonet attracted universal sympathy.

Angélique was now nearly sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, with hair marvelously long and abundant, so that, when let loose, it covered her, almost to her feet; its colour was a dark brown with gleams of light on it, as if sprinkled with gold-dust. So lovely a beauty Madame de Remonet was impatient to produce to the world. She hurried the sale of Carlier's effects as much as possible, selecting what she thought fit to retain, and, in five months after her nephew's death, returned to Paris with her two young wards. The best rooms of a handsome hotel were at once furnished with all the cumbrous luxury of the period, a complete staff of domestics was engaged, and a career of dissipation began. Wooers thronged about the young heiress; and among the rest came a young man named Henri St. Chaubert,

whose father, the principal notary in Metz, had been Carlier's close friend. Henri was clever and energetic, and already distinguished in the law. His pretensions were soon set at rest by Madame de Remonet, who, acting upon Angélique's vanity and ambition, persuaded her to dismiss (probably) the only lover she ever had, who cared for herself alone. Among the crowd were two, especially distinguished: the one by Madame de Remonet: the other by her niece. The first was Monsieur Tiquet, President of the Parliament of Paris, whose relations with madame had formerly been very intimate. He was old, ugly, and disagreeable. He had by extravagance impaired a large fortune, but his position upheld him. The aunt favoured his pretensions, for the president had bound himself to pay her a large sum on the day when he should marry Angélique. The girl herself inclined to a young Chevalier de Mongeorge, who was an officer in the King's Guards: handsome, witty, accomplished, and really in love, according to the fashion of the age and country. Mongeorge's family required high birth in his bride, and endeavoured to detach him from his mistress. They procured from the king his appointment to a colonelcy in a regiment ordered to a remote part of the kingdom, and, while he was gone, Monsieur Tiquet made good use of his absence. Madame de Remonet assisted efficiently. Angélique was assailed on the one side by fêtes and costly gifts; and on the other side by fabulous accounts of the wealth and rank which should be hers on becoming Madame Tiquet, and of the envy she would excite in the hearts of all the girls in Paris. Particular mention is made of one present which completely subdued the little power of resistance Angélique had left. It was a bouquet of flowers imitated from nature, the leaves being of gold and emeralds, the flowers of turquoises, rubies, sapphires, opals, and garnets, sprinkled with dewdrops of small diamonds. She could not withstand so gallant and princely an adorer, and in a few weeks became Madame Tiquet.

Passionately adoring his young wife, the president was jealous of her lightest look. As Angélique had been prepared for her married life, by an intimation from her aunt that marriage by no means excluded lovers, she insisted on dressing like a princess, and on entertaining a throng of flatterers. Her husband wished for domesticity, and had become, as spendthrifts sometimes do become, miserly, now that he had again a fortune. Constant and violent contention was the consequence, and, to make matters worse, Mongeorge, whose friends had been made happy by Angélique's marriage, was recalled to Paris, and became her satellite. Monsieur Tiquet at last refused to supply his wife with money beyond a very small allowance. She applied then to her aunt, who, by supplying her with funds, still further established empire over her, while she repeatedly urged on her how fortunate it would be were Auguste to die; for Monsieur Carlier's will had decreed that if either of his heirs died without issue, the fortune of the de-

ceased should go to the survivor. If both died childless, all was to be applied to the use of various charities, except a small sum left to Madame Remonet. Angélique ran into debt, her husband refused positively to advance or increase her allowance. Her aunt, professing to be unable to supply further demands, advised an application to Mongeorge, upon which Angélique was compelled to acknowledge that she was already his debtor for large sums, which he had heavily involved himself to procure for her. "If Auguste would only die!" was the next terrible suggestion. "He is puny and frail, does not enjoy life, and cannot live to maturity. Yet he keeps you, who so much need his money, from a vast deal of enjoyment!"

No more was said on that occasion, but at subsequent interviews the subject was revived. Auguste was a boy of thirteen, delicate and quiet, often and seriously ailing, much neglected by his aunt and sister, but loved and sedulously cared for, by an old abbé, who was his tutor. His health grew worse and worse. Violent sickness, internal cramps, and racking pains, soon brought him to the brink of the grave. In about three months from the time of the first serious attack, he died. No one suspected foul play. The boy had been almost unknown to any one except the servants and his tutor. His fortune went to Angélique; and she, some time afterwards, presented her aunt with two thousand livres and a magnificent Cashmere shawl.

Monsieur Tiquet, somewhat mollified by his wife's increase of fortune, conceded to her many of her demands, and relaxed somewhat of his vigilance. Gradually, Angélique sank so low in her morality that at last Monsieur Tiquet gave his porter, who was a Gascon named Cattelain, strict orders not to permit the egress of his mistress, unless in company with himself, or on showing a written order from him. Angélique adding this man to her list of lovers, still was free to attend revels and masquerades, until her husband, discovering the connivance, dismissed him, and himself kept the keys.

Of course Madame de Remonet was again taken into council by her pupil, and, in accordance with her advice, Angélique ceased opposition to her husband, and endeavoured to regain his confidence. As if to crown his happiness, a little girl was now born, and the consequent seclusion of the young mother gave the president reason to hope that for the future all was well. But with Angélique's returning health returned her taste for pleasure. She was very affectionate in her manner to her husband, but she now and then insisted on attending places of amusement at which he knew she must meet Mongeorge. Cattelain, although dismissed from the president's service, was still in that of the lady, who gave him money, with which he set up a sort of cabaret in a remote part of the town. To that house, as was afterwards discovered, Madame Tiquet frequently went in disguise to meet Mongeorge and others. About the same time a famous female fortune-teller was turning the heads of Paris, and drew—as the spirit-

conjuror now draws—crowds of all ranks to her séances. One day, Angélique entered the drawing-room of an acquaintance, where there was assembled a large party of both sexes, and displayed so much animation that the hostess asked if anything particularly pleasant had occurred. Her answer was afterwards brought in evidence against her.

"Yes," said she, "I have been to the fortune-teller, and she has solemnly assured me that I shall soon be perfectly happy, and freed from the great plague of my life. Of course I knew that must be Monsieur Tiquet; so I besought her to say if I should be soon a widow, as only *then* could I be perfectly happy; but she would do no more than repeat what she had said. However, the thought that he may soon die is something to live for."

At this time Monsieur Tiquet was recovering from an attack of asthma, which had for many weeks confined him to his room, where he was attended by a valet, named Servin, as old as himself, who had lived with him thirty years, and who, looking with disfavour upon his young mistress, understood more of her ways than she supposed. A certain regimen had been prescribed for the invalid, of which a strong broth, to be taken at noon, formed a portion. Suddenly Angélique, once more becoming a domestic wife, insisted on preparing this broth herself. Servin had his own views on the subject, and resolved to oppose stratagem by stratagem. On the first day of Angélique's acting as cook, the valet took a pet dog of the president's, a pretty white spaniel, and shut it into his own chamber. Taking care to be in the way at the right moment, he took the broth from her hands to carry to his master; but on his way to the sick-room visited his own, and pouring at least half the contents of the bowl on a plate, set it before the dog, and again shut him up. When he reached his master's room he found Angélique there.

"Where have you delayed?" she asked.

"I spilt some of the soup, madame, and could not appear before my master till I had changed my coat, which was splashed."

"Ah!" The cry was from Angélique, and was caused by Servin, whose foot slipped on the waxed and slippery margin beyond the carpet, so that he fell and broke the bowl. Angélique was enraged, but her anger only convinced the old man that he was right in his suspicion. Yet to his astonishment the dog did not suffer, but continued perfectly well, although he had eaten the whole portion allotted to him. The valet was therefore obliged to conclude that no poison had yet been mixed in the soup. Angélique continued to prepare it, and Servin persevered in always taking out a portion for the dog before he gave it to his master. It was excellent, and both the dog and his master appeared the better for it. So things went on for about three weeks, and then Servin, on taking the bowl from his mistress one day, fancied that he discovered a certain nervous agitation in her manner; in his hearing, too, she ordered her

footman to accompany her directly, on a visit to Madame de Remonet. Servin hastened to feed the dog, having first made sure that his mistress was gone out. He was in the act of pouring out the broth, when an angry exclamation startled him, and he saw his master standing by.

"Do you dare to give my luncheon to the dog?" he said; and made Servin precede him to his chamber, where he seated himself before the tray. As he raised the first spoonful to his lips, the faithful valet arrested his hand.

"Do not taste it, my dear master," he said; "it is *poisoned*."

"What do you say?"

"Your soup is poisoned."

Servin brought in the dog, and gave him all the broth. Not a word was spoken either by master or servant for more than a quarter of an hour, during which the dog, heavy with a full meal, had gone to sleep before the fire. At last it seemed disturbed, rose, whined, rolled itself on the floor writhing in convulsions, and was violently sick. In ten minutes more, the dog was dead.

There was now no doubt of Angélique's intention, but the old president implored Servin, with tears, not to betray her to justice. The man solemnly promised, on condition that his master neither ate nor drank anything but what he himself prepared and brought. It was resolved between them to conceal their knowledge of the attempt as much as possible, and to allow Angélique to believe that the broth had been taken by her husband, who would feign illness. He therefore retired to bed, and was scarcely there, when Angélique entered.

"In bed!" she exclaimed; "I hope you are not worse!"

He made no answer, but Servin, in a whisper, told her that his master had suddenly become very ill, and that perfect quiet would be necessary for him. During two days Angélique waited on her husband, who remained in bed; but, do what she would, Servin was not to be got rid of. If she desired him to fetch anything, he had it at hand in a closet, or rang for another servant, saying that the doctor had ordered him never to leave his master for an instant. On the evening of the second day, the valet had gone to the cupboard for something, and the president, fancying him still there, asked for a glass of *eau sucrée*. Angélique flew to a table, mixed the drink, and added to it something from a little bottle which she hastily replaced in the bosom of her dress.

The glass was suddenly taken from her hand. A half-stifled scream, betrayed her terror; but Servin, dispensing with all ceremony, led her from the room, and closing the chamber door behind them, said sternly,

"This cannot last longer, madame; you have put something by mistake into my master's *eau sucrée*. I must learn from the physician what it is. Two days ago you made a similar mistake with monsieur's broth; but as it was Fifine who drank it, that did not so

much matter, except that Fifine is dead, poor thing!" She did not answer, but steadying herself against the balustrade of the staircase, looked at the valet with distended eyes. "Madame sees that to preserve my master from such accidents in future, it is necessary that I should ask the physician what is here," continued Servin, touching the glass. "But it would simplify matters amazingly, if madame would be so obliging as to give me the phial which is in the folds of her dress."

"You will not betray me?"

"On one condition, madame, I will not. You must leave the care of my master altogether to me. The fatigue is too much for you, and you make nervous mistakes which might be fatal. In future, I shall make the drinks, and, further, you will give me that bottle, which I shall set carefully aside, with this glass, lest, in an unhappy moment of forgetfulness, something might occur which would render it necessary for me to produce them."

He had scarcely spoken, when she dashed the glass from his hand, and the contents, mingled with the shattered fragments, fell through the balustrades, and dropped on the staircase beneath them.

"I promise what you ask," she said, with a flash of triumph in her eyes. "The phial contains only an eye-wash."

The valet shook his head.

"You cannot come into my master's chamber again, madame; if you do——"

He paused, and returned to the president, who had seen the beginning of the affair, and who now sat up in the bed trembling with anxiety.

"Again?" he asked.

"Again; but I have explained to madame that she must come here no more." The wretched old president cast himself down on the pillow, moaning. "Calm yourself, monsieur," said the valet; "I will not say anything of this, unless it should become necessary."

The president made no reply, and Servin proceeded to arrange the room for the night: taking his own place in an arm-chair beside the bed.

The night wore on, and when the old man fell asleep at about midnight, Servin felt inclined to follow his example. Yet an undefined fear warned him to be watchful. He arose from the chair, and moved about the room, opening the curtains, and gazing out into the dark and stormy night; he stirred the fire and placed himself beside it, trimming the lamp, and taking up a book; but he could hear Angélique, whose apartment adjoined that of her husband, moving cautiously about, and he was unable to fix his attention on the pages. Presently, the sounds in her chamber ceased; nothing was to be heard save the moan of the wind without, and the crackling of the fresh wood he had piled on the hearth. He felt that the desire to sleep was overcoming him, and, casting about for means of rousing himself, it occurred to him to make some coffee. Noiselessly opening the door, he

listened for a moment at Angélique's door; all was still there; he peered through the keyhole, but there was no light within, except from the flicker of her dying fire. Feeling that all was safe, he returned to his master's chamber, and taking a light, trod carefully along the corridor, and down the staircase to the lower story, to get the articles he needed.

Scarcely had he reached the lowest step, when Angélique's door opened without a sound, and she looked over the balustrades at him: she had either been in bed, or was ready for bed, for a long white night-dress was her only covering. She entered her husband's room. Approaching the table on which his drink for the night was set, she removed the stopper from the carafe, and poured into it the whole contents of a bottle she carried. At this moment she heard Servin approaching; he was ascending the stairs, she saw the reflection from the light he carried, on the ceiling of the room. She could not regain her chamber unobserved, but remembering that she had pulled her door close as she came out, she darted towards a large closet in her husband's room, lined with fixed wardrobes, and opening the door of one of these, stepped lightly in.

She had scarcely shut the door upon herself when Servin entered the outer room, and shut himself in. She drew before her some of the garments which hung from the pegs, and cautiously settling herself into an endurable position, could hear Servin making, and drinking, his coffee. Presently Monsieur Tiquet began to mumble indistinctly, and to toss his arms and head. Anon the mutterings became incoherent sharply-uttered words; at length a fierce delirium came on. Servin took his master's hand: it was like fire to the touch. The sick man called for drink, and Servin, who had taken especial care in the preparation, hastened to give him some—but to his surprise found the stopper out of the carafe!

Now, he distinctly knew that he had replaced this stopper; a slight circumstance had impressed the fact on his mind; it had fallen from his hand upon the table, and had made a noise, which had startled his master from his first sleep.

He laid down the half-filled glass, and filled another with pure water, which the president drank eagerly. Then, going into the corridor, Servin went to Angélique's door; it was closed, but not latched, and yielded to his touch. The fire was nearly out when he looked in, but, as his eyes became used to the half-twilight, he saw that the bed coverings were turned down, and that the bed was unoccupied. He called to his mistress, supposing that she might be in the dressing-room, but when no answer was returned, he came back. He was sure that Angélique had entered her husband's chamber while he was first absent. He looked under the heavy valance of the bed, and examined every portion of the furniture, under or behind which she might be. Last of all, he went to the closet, and, as if by instinct, pulled open the leaf of the wardrobe,

and drew aside the president's robe of office, under which the guilty woman lay.

Her eyes met his, and without a word she rose and stepped from her hiding-place to the floor.

"Madame, you have broken the agreement." You cannot blame me if I now take measures to prevent any injury either to my master or myself. You must not leave this room till the physician, for whom I shall instantly send, shall have decided whether or no there be poison in the carafe the stopper of which I know was put in by me, but which I found lying on the table."

The most abject entreaties succeeded Angélique's first speechless terror, but Servin was deaf to her prayers. In the rage which quickly supervened, when she flung herself on him in her endeavours to escape, her strength was no match for his; yet the struggle was long; before he at last got her into the closet, which had no window, and there locked her in.

As soon as he had done that, he proceeded to awaken one of the men-servants, and sent him for the physician. His master was alarmingly worse; his thin voice was raised in fearful screams; his whole frame was agitated by vain struggles to get up.

"Did you dare to kill my beautiful wife?" he asked.

"Lie down, monsieur. I assure you that madame is safe. She prefers to await the doctor's opinion in your wardrobe closet; she is too much agitated to come near your bed."

The president stared at him, as if trying to comprehend his words, and then, with a heavy sigh, sank back exhausted. Dawn was breaking when the doctor arrived. Having first attended to the patient, who was quiet, though still wandering in mind, he listened while Servin detailed his suspicions and the causes which had aroused them, and finally produced the carafe, filled with clear amber fluid, at the bottom of which a white sediment had settled.

By noon on the ensuing day, all Paris was in a ferment. The intelligence was in every mouth that Madame Tiquet, for an attempt upon her husband's life, was in prison and awaiting trial. The Chevalier Mongeorge, also, who had been until near midnight at the Hôtel Tiquet, was under arrest, and so was Angélique's maid. The girl had in her terror confessed all she knew, which was not a little. She declared that her mistress had frequently gone, accompanied by her, to the cabaret of Cattelain, whence she brought sometimes powders, sometimes liquids, which she told the girl were cosmetics that Cattelain's mother taught him to prepare. But the woman had watched, and had seen her mistress put portions of these things into the food of an Angora cat, and into the drinking-vessels of birds; and they had all died. On one occasion, the girl had been about to drink some soup which stood in a bowl on her mistress's table, but had only taken one or two mouthfuls, when the lady came

in, and was greatly enraged: throwing away the remaining contents of the basin. The maid was terribly ill for two days after that. At another time, Angélique had sent her to Cattelain's with a sealed letter, on receipt of which the man had delivered her a bottle which was the one now produced. It had been full when she gave it to her mistress; now it was empty. Cattelain had said to her, "Be discreet, and you do not know what a great lady you yet may be. Some day, soon, that old fox Tiquet will die, and I shall marry madame. We shall find you a good husband with money." She had believed him to be jesting, and had laughed; on which he had seemed angry, and told her to make haste home.

When she gave the bottle to her mistress, the latter had kissed it, and said, "I have herewith to punish all my enemies and make myself free. Have a care that you do not offend me." The girl had then asked her mistress what the phial contained? On which she replied, "Enough to prevent half a dozen men from ever feeling a headache again. Something to cure Monsieur Tiquet's asthma and jealousy, at one draught." This had occurred five days ago. She said she had been afraid to tell, although she knew that it was poison which Cattelain had sent. On the day after the scene above described, she said to her mistress that she thought she must tell some one of what she knew, for it lay heavy on her conscience; on which Angélique had made her swear to keep it secret: telling her that if she did not do so, she should have some of the poison herself: and that if she told, she would bring punishment on her own head, for she was now in the eyes of the law as criminal as herself. This, she said, had kept her silent. On her deposition, Cattelain was arrested. In his house were found poisons of various kinds. In one bottle, from which she said he had poured what he had given her, was a preparation of arsenic and aconite, which the physician who attended the president declared to be the same that was contained in the carafe of night drink. The girl was asked whether she believed Monsieur Mongeorge to be cognisant of Madame Tiquet's intentions? She averred that he was not; on the contrary, madame had told her that if Monsieur Mongeorge knew, he would cast her off, much as he loved her. As for Cattelain, he firmly denied all the accusations, and then relapsed into a dogged sullenness, from which nothing roused him.

Angélique, who quite recovered her audacity and self-possession, resisted all entreaties to confess her crime, avowing that nothing should induce her falsely to condemn herself, and cast a stigma on her child. She declared that the whole charge was a conspiracy between Servin and her maid, who had an intrigue together; that Servin had ruled his master before marriage, was jealous of her influence, and had taken this method of getting rid of her. The torture by water was applied to her, but she bore its agony with firmness. In the same chamber, Cattelain was stretched on the rack,

and for some time bore the torture without flinching; but as greater force was applied, he yelled, and made a full confession. He avowed that madame had promised to marry him when her husband should be dead, and that as he himself was jealous of Mongeorge, he had meant to poison that person, as soon as he could find an opportunity.

It was plain that Mongeorge, who had been arrested, was only guilty in his love for Angélique, and he was at once set free. He immediately repaired to the Hôtel Tiquet, and enforced admittance to the president, who was restored to his senses, though prostrate with shame and grief. To him, Mongeorge confessed that he loved Angélique, and swore never again to see her if her husband would aid him to endeavour to procure her pardon. The president agreed. His passion for his wicked wife was strong, and Mongeorge drew up in his presence a petition, which he signed. Then the chevalier departed to seek audience of the king, with whom he was a favourite.

It was of no avail; the king was kind in manner, but inflexible. The crime of poisoning had fearfully increased, and he was advised most urgently, to punish the first poisoner who could be brought to justice. Moreover, Mongeorge's relatives, who were of great consideration, having learnt that the chevalier was about to intercede for Angélique, had been beforehand with him, and had besought that the law might be enforced. Pitying the young man's despair, the king again sent him from Paris, that he might not be in the way, to witness Angélique's trial and execution. Perforce, Mongeorge departed; but, in a few days, an old man, emaciated almost to a skeleton, his hair white, his limbs tottering, and supported by a grey-haired valet, demanded audience of the king. The petitioner held by one hand a lovely little girl, and, on being presented to the king, knelt, and made his little daughter, kneeling also, join her tiny hands in supplication for her mother's life. The king raised him and embraced the child, but assured him that pardon was hopeless.

The day of trial came. The most untroubled innocence could not have displayed an eye more cloudless, a brow more unruffled, than Angélique's. Her matchless tresses were fully displayed, being arranged in clusters of heavy long curls, crowned with a chaplet of white roses. Her robe of pure white was confined at the waist by a cincture of turquoises and diamonds. Madame de Remonet, who had escaped on the first alarm of her niece's detection, had been apprehended, and Angélique knew nothing of this until she saw her aunt led into court, a prisoner like herself. Cattelain, who was carried in to give his evidence, fired when he saw the elder prisoner, and declared that it was she who had taught him to prepare the poisons, and who had counselled her niece to administer them. Sentence of death was passed on all three. The waiting-maid was pardoned in consideration of her voluntary confession, but condemned to retire for life to the convent of St.

Agathe. Cattelain managed to drag himself to the feet of his mistress and implore her pardon for having criminated her. "I forgive you, my poor Cattelain," she said; "it was pain which forced you to belie yourself and me. Let those who have compelled the false confession, answer for it to God."

Although every one was certain of Angélique's guilt, yet the sympathy excited by her strange beauty and by her fortitude, extended far and wide among all classes in France. To add to the dramatic effect of her trial, by a strange coincidence it happened that the judge who condemned her was her former lover, Henri St. Chaubert. She listened without faltering to the words of the sentence, and then looked up at him with a smile, saying loud enough to be distinctly heard by all, so awe-stricken was the silence in the court, "Ah! Monsieur St. Chaubert, is that you? Formerly our positions were reversed: you were the trembling culprit, I was the judge. I hear your sentence to-day with more courage than you heard mine." St. Chaubert turned ghastly white, and was obliged to lean back in his seat. For many minutes, he could not control his feelings.

Redoubled efforts were made to procure Angélique's pardon, but the king refused to receive any more petitions in her favour. Although to the last she encouraged herself with the idea of ultimate escape from her terrible doom, the day of her execution found her (as may be supposed) still under sentence of death. Dressed as she had been at her trial, and accompanied by her aunt, and Cattelain, and attended by a priest who vainly implored her to confess, she was borne on a cart through the streets of Paris, exposed to the gaze of thousands upon thousands. She bore it unmoved, and her sole anxiety seemed to be that her lovely hair should not be wetted out of curl by a slight rain that was falling. When she reached the place of execution, she said, peremptorily, to the priest:

"Cease, Monsieur l'Abbé; permit me to die in peace. Give my love to my husband and daughter. Tell Monsieur Tiquet I forgive him his share in the foul conspiracy which has brought me to this; and to the Chevalier Mongeorge give my kindest adieux, and my hair, if it *must* be cut off. So now, farewell, for I will hear no more!"

Her companions in crime suffered first. In a few minutes she, too, ceased to live. The excitement passed description. Women, and even men, shrieked and swooned; many fell and were trodden to death. The smallest lock of her hair sold for a large sum. As for the wretched president, he retired from public life, and, living a life of the utmost seclusion with his child, placed her, when sufficiently old, in a convent of the *Sacré Cœur*, where she ultimately took the veil, about a year before her father's death.

Of the poison spoken of in this true history, the worst was surely that which the honest bookseller and jeweller gave to his little child

when he first blindly suffered the foul-hearted woman who became his murderess, to drop her poisonous words into her ear.

UNDER THE SNOW.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE SECOND.

DECEMBER 14.—We escaped with the fright; the wolves either did not suspect our presence, or were hard pressed to obtain some easier prey. At one time, we thought they were burrowing through the snow, to storm our citadel in a body; but it is not certain whether they might not be tearing to pieces some animal which they had hunted down on the spot. But when the surface of the snow is frozen hard, as it is now, it allows the wolves to travel over it rapidly. They do not, consequently, remain on the heights, where little is to be had, but they scour down the mountain and invade the plain, to seize whatever falls in their way in the outskirts of the villages. They departed as abruptly as they had arrived.

Now that the door and the window are again barricaded by a deep accumulation of snow, it is clear that the trap of the chimney is our weakest point. For the present, I dare not venture out to breathe the air; which is sad. I have no choice but to remain a close prisoner. To guard against a second attack, and at the same time to be able to light a fire without being suffocated by smoke, I have fitted an iron tube, which I found in the stable, into a circular aperture which I have cut in the trap. It is safe and convenient, but it cuts us off more than ever from the outer world.

Hitherto, my grandfather would touch neither coffee nor wine, reserving them for time of need. But our last anxieties have made him so unwell, that he has consented to try whether they will not restore his appetite and his strength. He wishes me to take my share; but I am young, and can do very well without them. A long-continued milk diet, like that to which we are now confined, is apt to disagree with persons of his age.

December 17.—"Time passes," my grandfather said to-day; "winter is approaching."

"Approaching!" I answered. "Is not winter come?"

"Not yet, according to the almanack. Winter does not begin till the twenty-first; it is still autumn; but who would believe that we are in the season of fruits?"

My grandfather has eaten scarcely anything to-day. I persuaded him to taste a little bread soaked in wine. It is evident that he makes an effort to appear more cheerful than he really feels. What should I do, were he to fall seriously ill?

December 22.—It is long since we have heard any noise outside; our seclusion is more and more complete. We conclude that a large quantity of fresh snow has fallen, and that the chalet is probably completely buried under the mass. Nevertheless the iron tube still rises above it; the smoke escapes freely: to-day a few

flakes of snow have fallen down through this narrow channel.

These white messengers of winter are the only things which keep up a communication between ourselves and the world. If our clock were to stop, we should lose all cognisance of time. Our only means of distinguishing night from day would be the speck of light which we can see in the morning at the top of the iron tube. On the other hand, we suffer very little from cold in our silent cave. When we have lighted the lamp, and are busy about our daily tasks before a bright fire, we partly forget our unfortunate condition. At such moments, there are even certain of our acquaintances who would envy us. Who has not often wished to be Robinson Crusoe in his desert island? And yet, he had less cause for hope than we have. It was a mere chance that some stray vessel might touch at his island, whilst we are certain that the snow will melt, sooner or later.

December 25, Christmas-day.—We devoted the day to meditation and prayer. We must be suffering under misfortunes to appreciate properly what the Saviour has done for men. Before His advent, how bitter adversity must have been! How easily it must have led to complainings and despair! The reflection is not mine, but my grandfather's.

If I am spared to descend from the mountain, I shall be able to say to my friends, "If you had known, as I have, how needful society is to every individual, you would feel towards one another no other sentiments than those of love and charity. Let us banish into temporary solitude all those who will not understand these things, and who stir up amongst us troubles and war. They will soon understand their folly; they will learn from experience that it is not good for man to be alone; they will love, as they love themselves, that neighbour without whom life would no longer be a blessing, but a chastisement of Providence."

December 28.—Yesterday, my grandfather had no appetite; but he did not complain of pain. In the evening, after supper, as he was sitting by the corner of the fire, he suddenly turned pale, tottered, and sank down. Without my assistance, he would have fallen into the fire.

I took him in my arms, and with an effort of which I did not believe myself capable, I transported him to his bed, where I first seated him and then laid him at full length. His head and his hands were cold; the blood had rushed towards the heart. I took care not to raise the patient's head, but left it low, and the blood soon flowed back to it. Consciousness returned at the same time.

"Where am I? On the bed?" said my grandfather.

"Certainly; you turned faint, and I thought it best to lay you here."

"He brought me here! Heaven be praised for it! As I become weaker, he grows stronger," he said. I knelt by the bedside for a while. At last he consented to drink a little wine, and felt the better for it.

January 1.—We have been keeping New Year's-day as well as we could; my grandfather exerted himself to cheer up my spirits. He tried to amuse me with conundrums and riddles. We feasted at supper on potatoes cooked in the ashes, toasted cheese, and toasted bread sopped in wine. The goat was not forgotten; I picked out the sweetest hay for her provender; she had a clean bed, a double ration of salt, and a triple allowance of caresses.

My grandfather wishes to add a few words in his own handwriting:

"In the name of God, Amen!

"It is possible that I may be taken from my friends, before I can acquaint them with my last wishes. I have no general directions to give respecting the disposal of my property; that duty has been performed long ago; but I wish to acknowledge the care and devotion of my dear grandson, Louis Lopraz, here present. And as it is impossible for me to make him the slightest new year's offering to-day, I beg my heirs to supply the omission by giving him, on my part, my repeater watch; my carbine; my Bible, which belonged to my father; and lastly, my steel seal, on which are engraved my initials, which are the same as those of my godson and grandson.

"I am convinced that he will value these slight tokens, for the sake of the affectionate friendship which unites us, and which death itself will not cause to cease.

"Such is my will.

"Signed at the Châlet of Anzindes, the 1st of January.

"LOUIS LOPRAZ."

January 5.—My grandfather spoke to me this morning about the state of his health without disguising anything. Every word he said is still ringing in my ears.

"My dear boy," he said, after making me sit down by his side, "I can no longer conceal from myself that the close of my life is not far distant. Whether we shall be able to keep united my soul and the portion of dust which is called my body until I can witness your deliverance, is more than I can tell; but I scarcely dare to hope it. My weakness increases with a rapidity which astonishes me; and it is to be presumed that I shall leave you to finish our sad winter quarters alone.

"You will be, I doubt not, more grieved at our separation than alarmed at your loneliness; you will feel more sorrow than fear. But I have sufficient confidence in your pious feelings and your strength of mind to be persuaded that you will not fall into a culpable degree of depression; you will think of your father, whom you will assuredly see again, and that will keep up your courage. A little reflection will convince you that, after my death, you will be exposed to no greater danger in the châlet than you were before. On the contrary, I have rather been a burden to you; you will no longer have famine staring you in the face. I strongly advise you to wait patiently. Do not expose yourself too

soon. A few days more or less are not worth reckoning in so long a captivity; and you may risk all by forestalling the favourable moment.

"My dear Louis, I am only uneasy on one account, if I must tell you so: I fear the effect of my death upon your imagination. When you behold this body deprived of life, it will strike you with a feeling of terror, perhaps of horror and disgust, which is very unreasonable, but which many people cannot overcome.

"And why should you be afraid of the remains of your aged friend? Are you afraid of me when I am asleep? The other day, when I fainted, you did not believe me capable of harming you; you saw nothing but the necessity of assisting me, and you did your duty like a courageous man. Well, then, if you should see me fall into that final swoon which is called death, behave with equal presence of mind. My body will require from you only one last service: dare to render it, when nature has warned you that the moment is come. Your strength will be quite sufficient; you gave proof of it the other evening, when you carried me and laid me upon this bed.

"You see that door; it leads to the dairy, where we never go now, because it is useless to us. You will there dig a grave as deep as you can make it, to receive my body, until you return to fetch it in the spring and give it a regular funeral in the village cemetery.

"After those sad moments, you will find this dwelling very lonely; you will shed many tears; you will perhaps call me, and I shall not answer. Do not waste your strength in useless regrets. Address your thoughts solely to Him who never fails to answer when we invoke Him with confidence."

Such were the exhortations which I received from my grandfather this morning; and, as if he felt relieved by having given them, he has since been more tranquil, more serene, and almost joyous. For my own part, I cannot believe that so clear and strong a mind can be dwelling in a body which is so near dissolution. The danger has been set before my eyes, but it still seems far distant. May God confirm my favourable anticipations!

January 7.—Darkness has a more depressing effect on sick persons than it has on people in health; although it is said to be injurious even to the robustest health. Light was made for man, and man for the light. We have contrived this morning a mode of economising our oil, without remaining completely in the dark. We have made a night-light with a thin slice of cork, through which we have thrust a very small wick. This feeble light suffices for my work, and it cheers my grandfather a little. We will make us of this for the future, and only rarely light the large lamp; for, upon trial, I find that I can manage to write with this.

January 10.—It was the will of God! . . . I am left alone with Him, far away from all the rest of the world. It happened the day before yesterday. It is impossible to go on and write

the full account of his death. The paper is soaking wet with my tears.

January 12.—Yes, this is really the twelfth of January; two days have elapsed since I wrote the preceding lines. . . My reason is returning; it shall get the upper hand, if it please God. Unless I felt that the Lord was with me and around me, I too should die, and that of fright alone.

January 13 and 14.—On the seventh, I went to bed full of hope; my grandfather appeared to be better than usual; but before I had fallen asleep, I heard him groan, and I jumped up instantly. Without waiting for him to ask me to go and help him, I dressed myself, lighted the lamp, which stood ready, and asked him how he felt.

"I feel faint," he said; "it will be like the other day; or perhaps——!" He checked himself.

"Dear grandfather, will you take a spoonful of wine?"

"No, my child; only moisten my temples and rub my hands with vinegar—and—get the Bible. Read me that passage, you know which, where I have placed a slip of paper."

I obeyed. When I had finished it, he interrupted me, made me come near him, took my hands in his, and uttered a long prayer. He pronounced the words slowly, in a feeble voice, and at considerable intervals. He then made me recite some portions of Scripture which I knew by heart; at times, he called to mind passages of the Bible and words of the Saviour, which he repeated with a fervour and resignation that melted me to tears.

I will add one trifling circumstance, which, however, affected me greatly. Blanchette, surprised, perhaps, at seeing a light shining at an unusual hour, set up a continued bleating.

"Poor Blanchette!" said the dying man; "I must caress her just once more. Let her loose, my boy, and lead her to my bedside."

I did as he desired; and Blanchette, in her familiar way, put her two fore-feet on the edge of the bedstead, begging for some little tit-bit to be given to her. We had accustomed her to take from the hand, in this way, a grain or two of salt. I thought I should be doing what was agreeable to my patient, if I laid a little salt in his hand. Blanchette took it instantly, and licked his hand afterwards.

"Always be a good nurse! Give plenty of milk!" he said, passing his arm round her neck with an effort. He then turned aside his head. I led Blanchette away and fastened her to the manger.

After that he uttered scarcely any connected words; only, he made me understand that he wished me to remain close to him, with my hand in his. I felt a slight pressure at intervals; and, as his eyes spoke to me at the same time, I comprehended that he was collecting his last strength to express his affection, and that I should be uppermost in his thoughts until life should cease.

I said a few affectionate words; at which his looks brightened up, and I saw that it would be

a pleasure to him if I continued. I therefore leaned down towards him, and said with as firm a voice as I could command,

"Adieu! adieu! Farewell, till we meet in Heaven! I am resolved to obey your injunctions faithfully. . . I believe in God the Father; I believe in the compassion and the merits of the Saviour. Do not be anxious on my account. You have prepared me so well, that I now stand in need only of God's assistance."

Here my poor grandfather squeezed my hand more forcibly, and, making an unavailing effort to answer me, he could only express his joy by a long-drawn sigh.

"I will take care to remember," I continued, "all the advice you gave for the preservation of my life. For the love of you, I will neglect nothing that can prolong my existence and help me to escape from the ch[^]let. Farewell, dear grandfather! Farewell! farewell!"

I felt one more feeble pressure of the hand: it was the last; for his hand, which had gradually grown colder, let mine drop. He expired without effort, without convulsion, and without a sigh.

My most terrible moments, after that time, were not the first. It was when I slowly came to myself, and found myself alone in that sad habitation with—a dead body; it was then that I felt an involuntary shudder run through me, especially when night came.

In the morning, I had sufficient command over myself to wind up the clock and to milk Blanchette; the cold compelled me to light a fire: that gave me occupation: but I afterwards fell into a stupor of grief. Unfortunately, that same evening the wind rose with such violence that I could hear the wailing of its mournful gusts more plainly than I had done for some time past.

I was sitting in the chimney-corner; I was watching by the feeble glimmer of the night-light, with my back turned towards the bed: little by little, I felt a shivering fit come over me; I was no longer master of my own ideas. My mental trouble would have gone on increasing, and might have become of serious consequence, if I had not thought of a mode of putting an end to it which many people might think would make it worse. I went up to the corpse, at first constrainedly, afterwards with greater resolution. I looked at it: I dared to touch it. It was a painful effort; nevertheless I persisted. I repeated the action several times, and I felt that the shock I had suffered became by degrees more supportable.

From that time I did not cease, at short intervals, to return to the remains of my departed friend. I fulfilled with respect to them the same offices which persons accustomed to such things perform coolly. The expression of the countenance was so calm and pleasant, that it caused me to shed tears. "No," I sobbed aloud, "I am not afraid."

Nevertheless, my anguish returned when I felt that sleep was stealing over me; at my age, it is impossible to resist it. Was I to go and

lie down by the side of the body? My resolution did not carry me so far as that; and I sought, I must confess, a very wretched protection from the superstitious fears which were resuming their sway: I went and took refuge by the side of Blanchette. The warmth and the vital motion which I found in this poor animal, the slight noise she made while chewing the cud, reassured me in some slight degree.

At last I fell into a sound sleep.

The next day, as soon as I woke, I recommenced the struggle of yesterday; I employed myself as much as possible about the goat and my other work, and, above all, I frequently went near to the body. I even held that dear and venerable head for a considerable time in my hands. The more my fear diminished, the more I felt my grief increase; and I was pleased with myself on observing so reasonable and so natural a change. My thoughts then became directed to the preparations for the burial, and I recalled to mind what my grandfather had said. I believe that it was with a secret intention that he had sometimes spoken of the dangers of precipitate interments; I resolved, therefore, to wait until nature should compel me to accomplish this last duty. The lively affection which I retained for my grandfather kept me from yielding to the cowardly wish to get rid of a painful spectacle at the very earliest moment possible.

But I took my tools, and opened the dairy door.

"What a Jack-of-all-trades!" I said to myself. "First, nurse and doctor, and now gravedigger! What other bereaved relatives are spared the sight of, I am obliged to execute with my own hands!"

The first few strokes revolted me, and I was obliged to stop short. It was not that my arms refused to work, but my mind was troubled, and deprived me of the requisite energy. Every time I struck the ground, a loud echo resounded from the roof, which was vaulted with bricks, like that of a cellar. I was obliged to accustom myself to the sound, and it took me the whole day to do an amount of work which ought not to have occupied more than a couple of hours. In fact, the ground is sandy and light, and at last I was able to throw it out with the shovel without being obliged to break it up previously. I took advantage of the circumstance to dig a deep grave; for—I said to myself—if the ch[^]let has to be left empty for any length of time (whether I escape from it, or whether it is my turn to die next), I ought to use my utmost endeavours to preserve the body from ravenous beasts. I therefore went on with my melancholy task, until I was standing in a grave as deep as I was high. The clock struck ten. Night was come, and all its black thoughts with it. But the violent exercise which I had taken soon enabled me to fall asleep. It was only deferred a few minutes by Blanchette's caresses; she seems very glad to have me with her, and never refuses to serve as my pillow.

On the 11th of January, my first thought on waking was to make an end of my painful task; when I had lighted the lamp, I felt my courage oozing away. I was obliged to have recourse to a new remedy with which I ought to have been able to dispense. Instead of breakfasting as usual on boiled milk and potatoes, I took a little bread and wine. This regimen restored a certain degree of firmness which I cannot ascribe to my own personal character, but of which I took advantage without delay. I had well considered the means of execution, and everything had been prepared the day before.

Oh, my dear grandfather, when you taught me, in front of your house, to transport a heavy body by the employment of rollers, we little thought that I should apply your lessons on so sad an occasion as this. The remembrance of what you then told me was completely refreshed in my memory. I could hear the sound of your voice, in imagination; and when the funeral burden nodded its head, as if in sign of approbation, I was so overcome that I turned my eyes away, like a person who dreads to look over the brink of a precipice.

The way was smoothed: the body was soon beside the grave. The most easy way would have been to let it fall in; but I could not make up my mind to treat it with so little reverence. Every difficulty being vanquished at last, what then remained to be done gave me but little uneasiness. I could freely give way to my grief. Seated on the mound which I had raised with my own hands, I wept abundantly by the side of that open grave. I could not resolve to throw in the first shovelfuls of earth without performing some sort of funeral service. I knelt, and searched my memory for passages of Scripture suitable to the occasion. I took the Bible, being sufficiently acquainted with it to find fitting portions, and such as my grandfather would have pointed out. While reading aloud, it appeared to me as if I had quitted my solitude. The holy volume responded to my emotion. At last I stopped, through exhaustion; I collected my thoughts, and no longer deferred what remained to be done. In a short space of time, the grave was filled. I spent the rest of the day in carving with the point of my knife the following inscription on a small tablet of maple-wood:

Here rests the body of Louis Lopraz, who died in the night of the 7th-8th of January, in the arms of his grandson Louis Lopraz, who buried him with his own hands.

I nailed the tablet to a stake, which I planted on the mound over the grave; after which I closed the door and returned to the kitchen, where Blanchette is my only company. Nevertheless, although I feel more at ease now the body is no longer lying on the bed, I find that some remains of weakness still linger in my mind. I combat them by paying frequent visits to the grave, and always without a light. I have resolved to say my prayers there night and morning.

January 15.—Yes; my position is greatly changed; I become more and more aware of it

every day. I had a friend and a companion, and yet I dared to complain! God is punishing me for my former discontent. I am left alone—all alone! This thought pursues me the whole day long.

January 16.—I cannot shake off my weakness. I left my bed in a state of languor and discouragement, which continues. I write merely for writing's sake. If I told the whole truth, this journal would now be filled with a melancholy picture of despair. I have hardly the energy to guide my pen. My first distress when we were made prisoners here, my fright when the wolves threatened to devour us, and the sad scenes of my grandfather's death and burial, were as nothing compared with the prostration of strength into which I have fallen. I had no conception of this kind of suffering. Even prayer does not help me out of it.

January 24.—Providence, to drag me out of the weariness of ennui, has sent a new source of disquietude. The goat yields a smaller quantity of milk. I thought I observed it several days ago; at present, I cannot doubt the fact.

January 25.—My grandfather certainly foresaw the possibility of my being detained here all by myself, and gave me several hints how I should act under such circumstances. One day he said, "What should we do if Blanchette were to go dry? It would be absolutely necessary to pluck up our resolution to kill her, and live on her flesh as long as we could." He followed this up with explanations how we should have to manage, to preserve her flesh. Am I to be reduced to this cruel extremity?

January 26.—If matters do not grow worse, I may set my mind at ease. Blanchette still gives enough milk for my sustenance. I have several cheeses in store. I have examined the remainder of my stock, and have spent the day in calculating how long it would last, if I had nothing else. It would not carry me through a fortnight.

January 27.—The yield of milk decreases, and the goat fattens in proportion. Consequently, in case of her milk failing, the poor creature is preparing to sustain my life with her own substance! I am now haunted by one horrid idea: shall I be driven to the necessity of turning butcher? Shall I be obliged, in order to prolong my own existence, to cut the throat of the animal which has fed me up to the present? I have now only a half ration of milk.

February 7.—I have tried every expedient. Once I got a little more milk by giving her a triple allowance of salt, which made her drink more. But it was impossible to go on so; because I shall require all my salt, if—Poor Blanchette! I have heard that hens too fat and well fed, do not lay so abundantly as lean ones; so I thought I would try the effect of giving my goat a smaller quantity of hay. But it did not answer. She yielded still less milk, and I had the vexation of hearing her bleat half the day. It is now not worth while milking her twice a day; so I have waited till the evening, in order to get a little more. But she will hardly let me

come near her. I have hurt her teat by pressing it too hard.

February 8.—I will confess my weakness; I shed tears to-day when I tried in vain to milk Blanchette for the last time. When she saw that I gave up the task, she gazed at me distrustfully, as if putting herself on her guard against a fresh attempt. I pushed the basin on one side, and sat down by the poor creature. I threw my arms round her, and wept bitterly.

She went on eating all the same, bleating occasionally, and looking at me affectionately. They say that goats do not distinguish persons, and that they never manifest the jealous and devoted attachments of dogs; nevertheless, Blanchette is fond of her companions, and shows confidence in them. She looks to me for food and the necessary attentions to which I have accustomed her; and I must now put a knife into her throat! Inexperienced as I am in such a task, I can scarcely avoid causing her great and prolonged suffering.

God has given the animals to man for food; I know it: but it is showing no ingratitude for his bounty if we become attached to those which have rendered us benefits, and which are of a gentle and affectionate disposition. I will, therefore, delay the cruel sacrifice up to the last possible moment. I have still a few victuals left, and I will economise them as closely as I can.

February 12.—With so many sorrows pressing on me, it is impossible to keep my journal with strict regularity. My provisions are all but finished; Blanchette grows fatter than ever. It goes to my heart every time I caress her. I have made a fresh search all over the house; I have broken up the floor in several places, to try and discover, if possible, some hidden store of provision. All I have gained by this violent exercise, is to excite my appetite. The idea that I have scarcely a morsel left to eat, makes me, I believe, all the hungrier.

February 17.—Since yesterday the frost has become so sharp at night, that I am obliged to keep up a constant fire. Certainly, if this weather lasted, I should have no hesitation in shutting up my poor victim's flesh in the stable, where it freezes hard, without any further preparation. But the weather may change. I must decide upon something without delay. I have only just enough salt left for my butchering purposes!

February 18.—The cold is intense; it recalls the visit of the wolves to mind. There is nothing now to hinder them from traversing the mountain in all directions. Under these desperate circumstances, it is the only end which makes me shudder. Were an avalanche permitted to crush me to-day, I should hail death as a deliverance.

February 20.—I have come to a grand resolution! I will leave the chalet to-morrow. Before risking my life, I wish to record in my journal what made me come to this conclusion.

Yesterday morning, Blanchette's bleating woke me out of a frightful dream. I thought I was standing, with bloody hands, cutting up

the poor animal's quivering flesh; her head lay before me; I could nevertheless hear it utter cries of pain. These were what actually did strike my ear. I awoke with my cheeks streaming with tears. How delighted I was to behold Blanchette still living! I ran up to her; she was more affectionate than ever. My joy was not of long duration. I remembered that destitution stared me in the face; indecision was impossible. I took a knife, and set to work to sharpen it on the hearthstone. I was at my wits' end; I felt as if I were going to commit a murder; and, after advancing unsteadily for the purpose of giving the fatal blow, I stopped short, overpowered by feelings of remorse.

My hands were benumbed with cold, another reason for deferring the act which inspired me with such disgust and repugnance. I lighted a good fire, and pondered as I warmed myself. "If the wolves can travel over the snow," it suddenly struck me, "why should not we travel over it as well?"

This idea thrilled me with joy; then fear stole over my mind. I was about to surrender myself to those ravenous brutes. To avoid making Blanchette my prey, I was exposing myself to become the prey of wolves!

And, if I kill the goat—I afterwards considered—am I sure that her flesh will suffice for my support until the moment of deliverance? I have sometimes seen the Jura all covered with white quite into the summer. I must not lose the opportunity now offered while the snow is frozen. That the wolves will attack us during our course, is far from a certainty; for, if I start, our pace will be rapid; we will descend in a sledge!

I sprang to my feet instantly; my resolution was taken, and, from that moment, I laboured at its execution. In a short space of time, I had roughly put together the vehicle necessary for our journey, employing the very best wood which remained. I gave to the supports of the sledge a considerable width, to prevent their sinking in the snow. I intend fastening the goat behind, and tying her feet, so as to hinder her from struggling, and propose to place myself in front. Accustomed in my childish sports to guide a sledge down steep slopes, I hope, if no accident occurs, speedily to reach the plain.

Meanwhile, I am about to lie down to rest, although the excitement will hardly allow me to sleep. I cannot gaze without emotion on the walls of this prison where I have suffered so much, and where I shall leave my grandfather's remains. I think with terror of the distance which lies between me and the village; but I will not draw back. The thought of being soon certain respecting my father's fate renders me incredibly impatient. The sledge is ready. Here is the rope with which I will tie Blanchette's feet; here is the sheaf of straw which is to serve her for bed and shelter; here is the blanket which I will wrap around me; and, lastly, here is the Bible. I will never part with it more; it shall accompany me unto life or unto death.

In the last scene of my captivity, things passed quite differently to what I had expected.

On the 21st of February, the cold struck me as increasing in severity; I therefore determined not to lose an instant. I had to open a passage wide enough for the sledge to pass through; but I could throw back the snow into the châlet, and that made my task easier. I immediately set to work, and laboured at it so heartily, that at last I felt tired. I was obliged to rest awhile. I lighted a fire.

Scarcely had the smoke risen in the air, when I heard a great noise outside. My first thought was that the wolves had got scent of me, and that they were on the point of devouring me. I violently shut to the door. My fright did not last long, for I soon heard myself distinctly called by name, and I even thought I could recognise the voice. I answered with all my strength.

Instantly there arose, in the direction of the door, a confused sound of voices, like that of people excited by their work in hand. In a few minutes, a tolerably wide opening completed the passage which I had begun. It was my father. He scarcely waited for the breach in the snow to be fairly open. He darted with a cry into the châlet. I was in his arms.

"And your grandfather?" he asked.

I was too much overcome to answer: I led him into the dairy. He knelt beside the grave; I did the same; and, as I endeavoured to tell him in detail what had passed, he saw, by my agitation, that the attempt was beyond my strength.

The men who accompanied him had entered. They were my two uncles, and Pierre, our servant. They all embraced me. They saw my preparations, and approved of them. They decided to start immediately. My liberators had fastened to their feet small pieces of board armed with little points. They had brought a couple of pairs besides. Ah! one of them was useless; I put on the other. Pierre took charge of the sledge. The wolves now might come if they pleased; we were all armed. My father took me by the hand, and laid on my shoulder a light gun which I knew how to use.

"This is not the time," he said, "to remove my father's mortal remains. We will come and fetch them as soon as the season allows us, when they shall decently receive the last respect due to them, in the village cemetery."

"You have divined," I replied, "my grandfather's last wishes."

We retired for an instant into the dairy; my uncles were with us. After a few moments of silence, my father, all in tears, exclaimed,

"Adieu! father. No doubt I am doing what you would request me to do, in removing this lad as soon as possible, whose fate must have caused you as much apprehension as it has given us. Father, adieu!"

We departed; our eyes were full of tears. The descent was rapid but fatiguing. I was

especially dazzled by the light of the sun and the brilliancy of the snow. The cold was severe, and I did not complain; it was what had saved me.

After travelling over the snow with no other accident than sinking in a little from time to time, we arrived at the spot, still a long way from the village, up to which they had opened the road in their endeavours to reach us. I was astonished to see the immense labour it must have cost; and I comprehended that, without the frost, a long time must still have elapsed before I could be delivered.

"You would have been rescued in the month of December, if the frost had held on," my father said; "but the snow softened, and we had no choice but to work as hard as we could at this undertaking. You must know, my dear Louis, that our neighbours have been wanting neither in charity nor zeal; but, within the memory of man, never was there such a heavy fall of snow. Four times did we open the road, and four times was it drifted up again."

"Was it blocked up from the first day?" I inquired.

My father then informed me of a very unfortunate circumstance. He nearly lost his life from the sliding of a mass of snow, as he was descending the mountain. They picked him up in a dying state at the edge of a ravine, and, a few paces further on, they found my grandfather's stick, and my bottle.

My father was carried home senseless, where he continued for three days in a precarious condition. They lost all that time in searching for us amongst the snow at the bottom of the ravine. When my father came to himself, it was too late to make any attempt in our favour, which would already have been very dangerous, if not impossible, after the first day.

All our neighbours came out to meet me, testifying their friendly disposition; and I blushed to have ever doubted it. Everybody is curious to see Blanchette. She is overwhelmed with caresses on my account. She is treated to the best hay and the dryest litter; she will be the most pampered and the happiest of goats.

God has saved my life. He has not permitted my grandfather to behold his family again. But the good friend whom I have lost, taught me never to murmur at the decrees of Providence.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 81.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.]

A DAY'S RIDE : A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE is no denying it, I have led a life of far more than ordinary happiness. The white squares in the chequer of my existence have certainly equalled the black ones, and it is not every man can say as much. I suspect I owe a great share of this enjoyment to temperament, to a disposition not so much remarkable for opposing difficulties, as for deriving all the possible pleasure from any fortunate conjuncture. This gift I know I possess. I am not one of those strong natures which, by their intrinsic force, are ever impressing their own image on the society they live in. I am a weak, frail, yielding creature, but my very pliancy has given me many a partnership in emotions which, with a more rugged temperament, I had not partaken of. When one has wept over a friend's misfortunes and awakes to the consciousness that no ill has befallen himself, he feels as some great millionaire might feel when he has bestowed a thousand pounds in charity and yet knows he is never the poorer. With the proud consciousness of this fresh title to men's admiration, he has the secret satisfaction of knowing that he will go clothed in purple as before, and fare to-day as sumptuously as yesterday. Do not, most generous of readers, call this selfishness. It is the very reverse. It is the grand culminating point of human sympathy.

I have a great deal more to say about myself. It is a theme I am really fond of, but I am not exactly sure that you are like-minded, or that this is the fittest place for it. I return to events.

It was on a bright, breezy morning of the early autumn that a heavy old German travelling carriage—a waggon!—rattled over the uneven pavement of Kalbbratenstadt, and soon gaining one of the long forest alleys, rolled noiselessly over the smooth sward. Within sat an elderly lady with a due allowance of air cushions, toy terriers, and guide-books; in the rumble were a man and a maid; and in the cabriolet in front were a pale but placid girl, with large grey eyes and long lashes, and he who now writes these lines beside her. They who had only known me a few months back as a freshman of Trinity would not have recognised me now, as I sat with a long-peaked travelling-cap,

a courier's belt and bag at my side, and the opening promise of a small furry moustache on my upper lip; not to say that I had got up a sort of supercilious air of contemptuous pity for the foreigner, which I had observed to be much in favour with the English abroad. It cost me dear to do this, and nothing but the consciousness that it was one of the requirements of my station could have made me assume it, for in my heart of hearts I revelled in enjoyment of all around me. I liked the soft, breezy, balmy air, the mellow beech wood, the grassy turf overgrown with violets, the wild notes of the frightened wood-pigeon, the very tramp-tramp of the massive horses, with their scarlet tassels and their jingling bells, all pleased and interested me. Not to speak of her who, at my side, felt a very child's delight at every novelty of the way.

"What would I have said to any one who, only a fortnight ago, had promised me such happiness as this?" said I to my companion, as we drove along, while the light branches rustled pleasantly over the roof of the carriage, darkening the shade around us, or occasionally deluging us with the leaves as we passed.

"And are you then so very happy?" asked she, with a pleasant smile.

"Can you doubt it? or rather is it that, as the emotion does not extend to yourself, you *do* doubt it?"

"Oh, as for me," cried she, joyfully, "it is very different. I have never travelled till now—seen nothing, actually nothing. The veriest common-places of the road, the peasants' costumes, their wayside cottages, the little shrines they kneel at, are all objects of picturesque interest to me, and I am ready to exclaim at each moment, 'Oh! why cannot we stop here? shall we ever see anything so beautiful again as this?'"

"And hearing you talk thus, you can ask me am I so very happy!" said I, reproachfully.

"What I meant was, is it not stupid to have no companion of your own turn of mind, none with whom you could talk without condescending to a tone beneath you, just as certain stories are reduced to words of one syllable for little children?"

"Mademoiselle is given to sarcasm, I see," said I, half peevishly.

"Nothing of the kind," said she, blushing slightly. "It was in perfect good faith. I

wished you a more suitable companion. Indeed, after what I had heard from his excellency about you, I was terrified at the thought of my own insufficiency."

"And pray what *did* he say of me?" asked I, in a flutter of delight.

"Are you very fond of flattery?"

"Immensely!"

"Is it not possible that praise of you could be so exaggerated as to make you feel ashamed?"

"I should say, perfectly impossible; that is, to a mind regulated as mine over-elation could never happen. Tell me, therefore, what he said."

"I can't remember one half of it; he remarked how few men in the career—I conclude he meant diplomacy—could compare with you; that you had such just views about the state of Europe, such an accurate appreciation of public men. I can't say how many opportunities you musn't have had, and what valuable uses you have not put them to. In a word, I felt that I was about to travel with a great statesman and a consummate man of the world, and was terrified accordingly."

"And now that the delusion is dispelled, how do you feel?"

"But is it dispelled? Am I not shocked with my own temerity in daring to talk thus lightly with one so learned?"

"If so," said I, "you conceal your embarrassment wonderfully."

And then we both laughed, but I am not quite sure it was at the same joke.

"Do you know where you are going?" said I, taking out a travelling map as a means of diverting our conversation into some higher channel.

"Not in the least."

"Nor care?"

"Nor care."

"Well, I must say, it is a most independent frame of mind. Perhaps you could extend this fine philosophy, and add, 'Nor with whom!'"

I was not at all conscious of what an impertinence I had uttered till it was out; nor, indeed, even then, till I remarked that her cheek had become scarlet, and her eyes double as dark as their wont.

"Yes," said she, "there is one condition for which I should certainly stipulate—not to travel with any one who could needlessly offend me."

I could have cried with shame; I could have held my hand in the flame of a fire to expiate my rude speech. And so I told her; while I assured her at the same time, with marvellous consistency, that it was not rude at all; that it was entirely misconception on her part; that nous autres diplomates—Heaven forgive me the lying assumption!—had a way of saying little smartnesses that don't mean much; that we often made our coin ring on the table, though it turned out bad money when it came to be looked at; that Talleyrand did it, and Walewsky did it, and I did it—we all did it!

Now, there was one most unlucky feature in

all this. It was only a few minutes before this passage occurred, that I said to myself, "Potts, here is one whose frank, fresh, generous nature claims all your respect and devotion. No nonsense of your being this, that, and t'other here. Be truthful and be honest; neither pretend to be man of fortune nor man of fashion; own fairly to her by what chance you adventured upon this strange life; tell her, in a word, you are the son of Potts—Potts, the 'pothecary—and neither a hero nor a plenipotentiary!"

I have no doubt, most amiable of readers, that nothing can seem possibly more easy than to have done all this. You deem it the natural and the ordinary course; just as, for instance, a merchant in good credit and repute would feel no repugnance to calling all his creditors together to inspect his books, and see that, though apparently solvent, he was, in truth, utterly bankrupt. And yet there is some difficulty in doing this. Does not the law of England expressly declare that no man need criminate himself? Who accuses you, then, Potts? What is the charge against you? And then I bethought me of the worthy old alderman, who, on learning that Robinson Crusoe was a fiction, exclaimed, "It may be so; but I have lost the greatest pleasure of my life in hearing it." What a profound philosophy was there in that simple avowal! With what illusions are we not cheered on through life; how unreal the joys that delight and the triumphs that elate us! for we are all hypochondriacs, and are as often cured with bread pills as with bold remedies. "Yes," thought I, "this young girl is happy in the thought that her companion is a person of rank, station, and influence; she feels a sort of self-elation in being associated with one endowed with all worldly advantages. Shall I rob her of this illusion? Shall I rudely deprive her of what imparts a charm to her existence, and gives a sort of romantic interest to her daily life? Harsh and needless would be the cruelty!"

While I thus argued with myself, she had opened her guide-book, and was eagerly reading away about the road we were travelling. "We are to halt at Bömerstein, are we not?" asked she.

"Yes," said I, "we rest there for the night. It is one of those little villages of which a German writer has given us a striking picture."

"Auerstadt," broke she in.

"So you have read him? You read German?"

"Yes, tolerably; that is, well enough for Schiller and Uhland, but not well enough for Jean Paul and Goethe."

"Never mind; trust me for a guide, you shall now venture upon both."

"But how will you be able to give up time valuable as yours to such teachings? Would it be fair of me, besides, to steal hours that ought to be devoted to your country?"

Though I had not the slightest imaginable ground to suspect any secret sarcasm in this speech, my guilty conscience made me feel it as

a perfect torture. "She knows me," thought I, "and this sneer at my pretended importance is intended to overwhelm me."

"As to my country's claims," said I, haughtily, "I make light of them. All that I have seen of life only shows me the shallowness of what is called the public service. I am resolved to leave it, and for ever."

"And for what?"

"A life of retirement—obscurity if you will."

"It is what I should do if I were a man."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I have often reflected over the delight I have felt in walking through some man's demesne, revelling in the enjoyment of its leafy solitude, its dreary shade, its sunlit vistas, and I have thought, 'If all these things, not one of which are mine, can bring such pleasure to my heart, why should I not adopt the same philosophy in life, and be satisfied with enjoying without possessing? A very humble lot would suffice for one, nothing but great success could achieve the other.'"

"What becomes, then, of that great stimulus to good they call labour?"

"Oh, I should labour too. I'd work at whatever I was equal to. I'd sew, and knit, and till my garden, and be as useful as possible."

"And I would write," said I, enthusiastically, as though I were plotting out my share in this garden of Eden. "I would write all sorts of things: reviews, and histories, and stories, and short poems, and, last of all, the Confessions of Algernon Sydney Potts."

"Oh, what a shocking title! How could such names have met together? That shocking epithet Potts would vulgarise it all?"

"I really cannot agree with you," said I, angrily.

"Without," continued she, "you meant it for a sort of quiz; and that Potts was to be a creature of absurdity and folly, a pretender and a snob."

I felt as if I was choking with passion; but I tried to laugh, and say, "Yes, of course."

"That would be good fun enough," went she on. "I'd like, if I could, to contribute to that. You should invent the situations, and leave me occasionally to supply the reflective part."

"It would be charming, quite delightful."

"Shall we do it, then? Let us try it, by all means. We might begin by imagining Potts in search of this, that, or t'other—love, happiness, solitude, climate, scenery, anything, in short. Let us fancy him on a journey, try and personate him, that would be the real way. Do you, for instance, be Potts, and I'll be his sister Susan. It will be the best fun in the world, as we go along, to see everything, note everything, and discuss everything Pottswise."

"It would be too ridiculous, too absurd," said I, sick with anger.

"Not a bit; we are travelling with our old grandmother, we are making the tour of Europe, and keeping our journal. Every evening we compare notes of what we have seen. Pray do it; I'm quite wild to try it."

"Really," said I, gravely, "it is a sort of trifling I should find it very difficult to descend to. I see no reason, besides, to associate the name of Potts with what you are pleased to call snobbery!"

"Could you help it? Could you, with all the best will in the world, make Potts a man of distinction? Wouldn't he, in spite of you, be low, vulgar, inquisitive, and obtrusive? Wouldn't you find him thrusting himself forward, twenty times a day, into positions he had no right to? Wouldn't the creature be a butt, and a dupe——"

"Shall I own," burst I in, "that it gives me no exalted idea of your taste if I find that you select for ridicule a person on the mere showing that his name is a monosyllable? And, once for all, I repudiate all share in the scheme, and beg that I may not hear more of it."

I turned away as I said this. She resumed her book, and we spoke no more to each other till we reached our halting-place for the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

I AM forced to the confession, Mrs. Keats was not what is popularly called an agreeable old lady. She spoke seldom, she smiled never, and she had a way of looking at you, a sort of cold astonishment, seeming to say, "How is this? explain yourself," that kept me in a perpetual terror.

My morning's tiff with Miss Herbert had neither been condoned nor expiated when we sat down to dinner, as stiff a party of three as can well be imagined: scarcely a word was interchanged as we ate.

"If you drink wine, sir, pray order it," said Mrs. Keats to me, in a voice that might have suited an invitation to prussic acid.

"This little wine of the country is very pleasant, madam," said I, courteously, "and I can even venture to recommend it."

"Not to me, sir. I drink water."

"Perhaps Miss Herbert will allow me?"

"Excuse me, I also drink water."

After a very dreary and painful pause, I dared to express a faint hope that Mrs. Keats had not been fatigued by the day's journey.

She looked at me for a second or two before replying, and then said: "I am really not aware, sir, that I have manifested any such signs of weariness as would warrant your inquiry. If I should have, however——"

"Oh, I beg you will pardon me, madam," broke I in, apologetically; "my question was not meant for more than a mere ordinary politeness, a matter-of-course expression of my solicitude."

"It will save us both some trouble in future, sir, if I remark that I am no friend to matter-of-course civilities, and never reply to them."

I felt as though my head and face had been passed across the open door of a blast furnace. I was in a perfect flame, and dared not raise my eyes from my plate.

"The waiter is asking if you will take coffee,

sir," said the inexorable old lady to me, as I sat almost stunned and stupid.

"Yes—with brandy—a full glass of brandy in it," cried I, in the half-despair of one who knew not how to rally himself.

"I think we may retire, Miss H.," said Mrs. Keats, rising with a severe dignity that seemed to say, "We are not bound to assist at an orgie." And with a stern stare and a defiant little bow she moved towards the door. I was so awe-struck, that I never moved from my place, but stood resting my hand on my chair, till she said, "Do you mean to open the door, sir, or am I to do it for myself?"

I sprang forward at once, and flung it wide, my face all scarlet with shame.

She passed out, and Miss Herbert followed her. Her dress, however, catching in the doorway, she turned back to extricate it; I seized the moment to stoop down and say, "Do let me see you for one moment, this evening—one only moment."

She shook her head in silent negative, and went away.

I sat down at the table, and filled myself a large goblet of wine: I drank it off, and replenished it. It was only this morning, a few brief hours ago, and I would not have changed fortunes with the Emperor of France. Life seemed to open before me like some beautiful alley in a garden, with a glorious vista in the distance. I would not have bartered the place in that cabriolet for the proudest throne in Europe. *She* had been beside me, listening in rapt attention, as I discoursed voyages, travels, memoirs, poetry, and personal adventures. With every changeable expression of lovely sympathy did she follow me through all. I was a hero to us both, myself as much captivated as she was; and now the brief drama was over, the lights were put out, and the theatre closed! How had I destroyed this golden delusion—why had I quarrelled with her, and for what? For a certain Potts, a creature who, in reality, had no existence! "For who is Potts?" said I. "Potts is no more a 'substance' than Caleb Williams or Peregrine Pickle; Potts is the lay figure, that the artist dresses in any costume he requires—a Ranchero to-day, a Railway Director to-morrow. What an absurdity in the importance we lend to mere names! Here, for instance, I take the label off the port and I hang it round the neck of the claret decanter: have I changed the quality of the vintage? have I brought Bordeaux to the meridian of Oporto? Not a bit of it. And yet a man is to be more the victim of an accident than a bottle of wine, and his intrinsic qualities—strength, flavour, and richness—are not to be tested, but simply implied from the label round his neck! How narrow-minded, after all, of her, who ought to have known better! It is thus, however, we educate our women; this is part and parcel of the false system by which we fancy we make them companionable. The North American Indians are far in advance of us in all this: they assign them their proper places and fitting duties; they feel that, in this life of ours,

order and happiness depend on the due distribution of burdens, and the Snapping Alligator never feels his squaw more truly his help-mate than when she is skinning eels for his dinner."

How I hated that old woman! I don't think I ever detested a human creature so much as that. I have often speculated as to whether venomous reptiles have any gratification imparted to them when they inflict a poisonous wound. Is the mosquito the happier of having stung one's nose? And, in the same spirit, I should like to know, do the disagreeable people of this world sleep the better from the consciousness of having offended us? Is there that great ennobling sense of a mission fulfilled for every cheek they set on fire and every heart they depress? and do they quench hope and extinguish ambition with the same zeal that the Sun or the Phoenix put out a fire?

"If you drink wine, sir, pray order it," said I, mimicking her imperious tone. "Yes, madam, I do drink wine, and I mean to order it, and liberally. I travel at the expense of that noble old paymaster who only wags his tail the more the more he has to pay—the British Lion. I go down in the extraordinaires. I'm on what is called a special service. 'Keep an account of your expenses, Paynter!' Confound his insolence, he would say 'Paynter.' By the way, I have never looked how he calls me in my passport. I'm curious to see if I be Paynter there." I had left the bag containing this and my money in my room, and I rang the bell, and told the waiter to fetch it.

The passport set forth in due terms all the dignities, honours, and decorations of the great man who granted it, and who bespoke for the little man who travelled by it, all aid and assistance possible, and to let him pass freely, &c. "Mr. Ponto—British subject." "Ponto! What an outrage! This comes of a man making his maître d'hôtel his secretary. That stupid French flunkey has converted me into a water dog. This may explain a good deal of the old lady's rudeness; how could she be expected to be even ordinarily civil to a man called Ponto? She'd say at once, 'His father was an Italian, and of course a courier, or a valet; or he was a foundling, and called after a favourite spaniel.' I'll rectify this without loss of time. If she has not the tact to discover the man of education and breeding by the qualities he displays in intercourse, she shall be brought to admit them by the demands of his self-respect."

I opened my writing-desk and wrote just two lines—a polite request for a few moments of interview, signed "A. S. Pottinger." I wrote the name in a fine text hand, as though to say, "No more blunders, madam, this is large as print."

"Take this to your mistress, François," said I to the courier.

"Gone to bed, sir."

"Gone to bed! why, it's only eight o'clock."

A shrug and a smile were all he replied.

"And Miss Herbert—can I speak to her?"

"Fear not, sir; she went to her room, and told Clementina not to disturb her."

"It is of consequence, however, that I should see her. I want to speak of our arrangements for to-morrow—the hour we are to start—"

"Oh! but we are to stop here over to-morrow—I thought monsieur knew that," said the fellow, with the insolent grin of a menial at knowing more than his betters.

"Oh, to be sure we are," said I, laughingly, and affecting to have suddenly remembered it. "I forgot all about it, François; you are quite right. Take a glass of wine, François—or take the bottle with you, that's better." And I handed him a flask of Hocheimer of eight florins, right glad to get rid of his presence and escape further scrutiny from his prying glances.

How relieved I felt when the fellow closed the door after him and left me to "blow off the steam" of my indignation all alone! And was I not indignant? Only to fancy this insolent old woman giving her orders without so much as condescending to communicate with me! I am left to learn her whim by a mere accident, or not learn it at all, and exhibit myself ready to depart at the inn door, and then hear, for the first time, that I may unpack again.

This was unquestionably a studied rudeness, and demanded an equally studied reprisal. She means to discredit my station and disparage my influence: how shall I reply to her? A vast variety of expedients offered themselves to my mind: I could go off, leaving a fearful letter behind me—a document that would cut her to the very soul with the sarcastic bitterness of its tone; but could I leave without a reconciliation with Miss Herbert—without the fond hope of our meeting as friends. I meant a great deal more, though I wouldn't trust myself to say so. Besides, were I to go away, there were financial considerations to be entertained. I could not, of course, carry off that crimson bag with its gold and silver contents, and yet it was very hard to tear myself from such a treasure.

I say it under correction, for I have never been rich, and, consequently, never in the position to assert it positively, but I declare my firm conviction to be that no man has ever tasted the unbounded pleasure of a careless liberality on a journey who has not travelled at some other person's expense. Be as wealthy as you like, let your portmanteau be stuffed full of circular notes, and there will still be present at moments of payment the thought, "If I do not suffer myself to be cheated, here, I shall have so much the more to squander, there." But, drawing from the bag of another, no such mean reflection obtrudes. You might as well defraud your lungs of a long inspiration out of the fear of taking more than your share of the atmosphere. There is enough, and will be enough there when you are dust and ashes.

In fact, if I had on one side the "three courses" of the great statesman, I had on the other full thirty reasons against each, and, therefore, I resolved to suspend action and do nothing. And let me here passingly remark

that, much as we hear every day about the merits of promptitude and quick-wittedness, in nine cases out of ten in life, I'd rather "give the move than take it." The waiting policy is a rare one; it is the secret of success in love, and of victory in an equity court. And so I determined I'd wait and see what should come of it; I appealed to myself thus: "Potts, you are eminently a man of the world, one who accepts life as it is, with all its crosses and untoward incidents; who knows well that he must play bad cards even oftener than good ones. No impatience, therefore, no rashness; give at least twenty-four hours' thought to any important decision, and let a night's sleep intervene between your first conception of a plan and its adoption." Oh, if the people who are fretting themselves about what is to happen this day ten years, would only remember what a long time it is—that is, counting by the number of events that will occur between this and to-morrow—not to say what incidents are happening at the antipodes that will yet bring joy or sorrow to their hearts—they would keep more of their sympathies for present use, and perhaps be the happier for the doing so.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

AN immense yellow placard, distributed with the profusest liberality over the walls, dead and living, of Genoa, informs the public that, on this very evening, the 2nd of October, the flying steamer, *Veloce*, departs for Naples, touching for some brief moments at Leghorn. Provided that instant application be made, room may be discovered for two or three more passengers, whose fare (prepaid at the office) will be held forfeited, should the payers not present themselves on board by nine o'clock in the evening, at latest—to which hour the vessel's departure has been postponed, in deference to the convenience of parties arriving from Turin.

There was an air of headlong haste about the placards themselves, which hung half-secured to the walls, fluttering like quarantine flags. And this, added to the tone of arrogant condescension employed in the announcement, really conveyed an impression that it would be a considerable privilege, if not an actual liberty, to take passage in such a vessel. Further, the discovery that the rate of fares was one-fourth higher than common, conjured up visions of luxurious feasting, and berths of down, affording, on the whole, a most desirable opportunity of seeing what Naples and Garibaldi were doing. Where is the office? Strada Mercolata. Thither, with all speed!

To my eager questioning, a cool and tranquil clerk responded that it would have become me to apply earlier.

I submitted that the announcement was only made to-day.

"Pardon. It has been for several days a subject of satisfactory remark in Genoa, that the *Veloce* would shortly commence running on this

line, and, as may easily be conceived, every berth—Yet, stay—it is possible there is one.” (Murmured conference with another clerk.) “Just so. Happily, signor, one place is of doubtful occupancy. If the signor is willing to become the purchaser of that doubt, all may be well.”

I did so—almost gratefully did so—and with lighter heart quitted the office; a third clerk—who must have been eavesdropping, so completely had he, without being visible, mastered the business, overtook me.

“If the signor desire to be *very* comfortable, and at the same time to make sure, I would recommend him to engage the captain’s cabin,” said the clerk.

“The captain’s cabin! Surely the highly-priced accommodations of the *Veloce* might suffice. But, then, the certainty—let us see. At what price?”

“Twelve francs more.”

Moderate enough. The captain was, no doubt, a hardy seaman, besides being either a most obliging person or else a most disinterested servant of the company. I accepted his offer and his cabin, and at eight o’clock (to be on the safe side), step into a boat at the quay.

The boatmen paddled off—heading, however, this way and that, with an indecision so foreign to their habits as to make me apprehensive that they might after all bring me alongside too late—until, after an apparently anxious consultation, and much eager scanning of the ships in harbour, one of them uttered a satisfied snort. He resumed his oar, and we presently shot between two large merchant vessels, and found ourselves alongside a black object about the size of a Lambeth lighter, over whose bulwark leaned three sooty heads, the lips belonging to which heads crooned a melancholy song.

Could *this* be the *Veloce*? The steward asserted it as a fact; and the *Veloce*, with a soft simmer from her steam-pipe as in corroboration, announced herself as preparing for the voyage. The tiny deck was richly carpeted with coal-dust. The saloon contained, in all, twelve berths: the remaining space being entirely occupied by a small table, upon which the passengers sat, washed, smoked, and dined. As for the luggage, it descended into the hold, which was likewise the coal-bunk. The fragment of a dingy sail rather hinted at than constituted a limit at which coal ended and baggage began.

I was personally all right, for had I not the captain’s own cabin; solitude, smokelessness, and the privilege of opening at pleasure a window as big as a piastre? Inquiring for this refuge, the steward looked up and down the deck, as though it might be lying about somewhere, and finally conducted me to a sort of hencoop, apparently an excrescence from the paddle-box: apologising for its being for the moment occupied by the captain’s portfolio and a pair of sea-boots.

An apartment with the floor in the form of an inverted cone is not comfortable, and the difficulty of scrambling into the one berth was in-

creased by there being no sort of foothold on the way. After some cogitation as to how the captain himself achieved it, I could perceive but one feasible method, and tried it. This was to get both feet on the handle of the door, cling firmly to the brass curtain-rod of the berth, throw the body gradually back till it became nearly horizontal, draw one leg into the bed-place, then the other, and finish with one bold jerk.

The public, for whose especial convenience the *Veloce* had deferred her departure till nine o’clock, evinced the grossest ingratitude; for, though we waited till past midnight, not a soul appeared. I was lapsing into slumber when a sensation as of being collared by an angry Titan, shaken violently, and dashed upon the earth, announced that the huge paddles of the *Veloce* were in motion directly under my ear. Her engines were in truth of great power, and the vibration throughout the little vessel was fearful; still it was something to be at length under weigh; and the stunning effect of a severe confusion on the eye, caught in sneezing, contributed to produce an insensibility which did duty for sleep.

At Leghorn, which we reached in less than ten hours, a small body of volunteers (a hundred, I think) presented themselves, requiring passage to Naples. Although the baggage of these gallant fellows, comprised in one small box, was not alarming, the captain was obliged to own that, unless one-half of the volunteers would consent to be lowered down among the luggage and the coals, he could not find room.

As well as I remember—for this voyage was little other than a coaly dream, punctuated with thumps on the head—nothing occurred to vary the monotony, until, on the third morning, when off Gaeta, a large armed steamer stood out, holding a course to cut us off. There was considerable excitement among the Italian passengers, which augmented as the stranger ran up the Neapolitan flag. We hoisted an article about the size of a sheet of writing-paper, whose original three colours had each settled into a different shade of brown. This hieroglyphic appeared to satisfy our inquisitive friend, for, after closing near enough to show that she was of Spanish build, she altered her course, and returned to Gaeta. Perhaps, it was well we did not embark the gallant volunteers.

Vesuvius was yet glowing crimson in the early twilight, when we took boat, and, unquestioned as to passport or baggage (happy change!), rushed away to our hotel.

“What news, what news, O sleepy porter (for there is no one *astir* but thee)? Who’s where? How’s everything? Speak, speak!”

The porter intimated that there was nothing of moment—no especial victory—no marked revolution—not many changes of ministry—nothing, in short—that is, since Monday, the great affair.

“Great affair? What?”

“Has not the signor heard? Ah, no, from Genoa! Yes, a great battle—a true Solferino business—on Monday—before Capua. Six

thousand prisoners—and guns how many! Colonel Dunne wounded in number fety-two.

"Wounded? Where?"

"Si, signor—up-stairs—in number forty-two. Garibaldi was everywhere—fought in three places at once—and saved the battle. Column lost its way," &c. &c.

Two hours later, I was in possession of more authentic particulars of this second battle on the Volturno; knew also that the ex-king still held Capua and Gaeta, and showed no symptom of anything but a dogged resolution to fight to the last.

While gleaning information in different quarters, a familiar voice greeted me, and a certain colonel, in Garibaldian attire, strode across the street. He was formerly in the Indian cavalry, recently commandant of Garibaldi's dépôt at Palermo, and was now attached to the general's staff in that character of "generally useful" which seems to indicate the duties of three-fourths of the officers of this remarkable army. He held in his hand a coarse haversack, which contained a book, a boot-jack, and an immense sausage—of true Bologna manufacture, weighing about four pounds. Of the second of these articles the colonel seemed especially proud.

"I venture to say," he observed, flourishing it in the street, with a little ostentation, "there's not a man in the army, from the general downwards, that possesses such a thing; but it saves your boots immensely, in getting them off when wet, without leaving four-fifths of the boot behind. Come out and see the fun. I can give you capital quarters at Caserta, but there's nothing to eat. This splendid fellow" (swinging the sausage) "was to last me four days."

I promised to bring wherewithal to amend the supper, and, having hastily accomplished all I had to do in Naples, drove out with my friend to Caserta.

The syndic had assigned to him a very roomy residence, near the palace: the property of a gentleman who was supposed to hold in his possession forty thousand scudi of the royal treasure, and who, declining to give them up for the present national exigency, had been walked off to prison. There was by no means a superfluity of furniture (one sofa, with its spine fractured, two chairs, and a form, comprised the inventory), and of the domestics only two remained to partake the changed fortunes of the mansion. These were, Giuseppe, the steward, aged seventy, and a lady sufficiently stricken in years to have easily been his grandmother. She was totally deaf, and, when accosted, uttered a peculiar shriek, like a feeble war-whoop, whose meaning none but Giuseppe could divine, nor *he* distinctly.

We were joined at supper by an English gentleman, who had just quitted the headquarters, established in the palace, and brought us information that a battle was expected on the morrow. It was understood that Garibaldi would endeavour to throw a bridge of boats over the Volturno, near St. Angelo, and as this little arrangement would undoubtedly be opposed by the enemy, who kept jealous watch

on the river, it was far from improbable that a general action might ensue. Such tidings gave zest to the Falernian we had brought with us, along with the gigantic sausage and sister delicacies.

Both the colonel and the English gentleman had been present in the battle of Monday, the first of October; the former in his "generally useful" capacity; the latter as a simple amateur.

"It was, I give you my honour," said the colonel, "a precious near thing. The fellows had put on red frocks, and rushed upon our outposts, singing out 'Viva Garibaldi!' It so bothered the Sicilians that they ran in at once, scarcely giving us time to get under arms. At one time, things looked very shaky. Garibaldi got more excited than is habitual with him, was evidently uneasy, and rushed about from point to point, from battery to battery, on that little jumping Arab of his, as though he knew by inspiration where he was most needed in person. In fact, he saved the battle. It would have been lost but for him. For him and our friend here," concluded our host, gravely.

"At least, I did not run away," said the modest English gentleman.

"I *did*," said the colonel, "I bolted. We all bolted. We were advancing through the only piece of open ground, towards an almond and mulberry grove, when out burst a couple of hundred cavalry. Away went our boys, helter-skelter, as hard as they could go. It was the best thing they could do. There was no time to form square, even if they had ever heard of such a manœuvre. It was some hundred yards to the nearest shelter,—a little ridge, and then a thickish copse. The cavalry followed, and cut down fifteen or twenty. As we neared the ridge, we officers began to call out, "Fire! fire! Stand, and give fire!" and, to do the lads justice, once on the ridge, they rallied fast enough. The cavalry hesitated—Neapolitan cavalry always hesitate—as if they wanted orders. The ridge was nothing. An English hunter would have popped over without looking at it, but the leader dismounted to see what was behind, and that settled the matter. A few shots sent them off. But as for our friend here," continued the colonel, "since he will not tell you what he did, I will. There has been some sneering about 'amateurs'—such, at least, as do not swagger about in picturesque costumes, dining at tables d'hôte, and talking about 'our lines,' 'our' batteries, &c.—and who might as well be in Norfolk Island for any service they are likely to render. Here is a gentleman in a black coat and a very handsome summer waistcoat, who rendered Italy an essential service in the person of one of her most intrepid generals during an hour of incessant danger. He was poking about, sir, close to the Capua Gate at Santa Maria—that being at the time the most promising spot in the whole field for a ball through the body—when General Milwitz, who commanded there, had his horse killed, and received a contusion in the foot. Our friend here, seeing the general in difficulties, went up and

offered the support of his arm, which the general accepted, and retained for an hour, under a hot fire. And now, gentlemen, I recommend you to go to bed. We must start at four."

It was scarcely worth while to undress. We threw ourselves on some extempore beds; the colonel and I in one large vaulted chamber, our friend in another. I had very little inclination to sleep. Fancy perpetually conjured up the sound of heavy guns, and every distant movement of the town seemed to connect itself with the impending battle. The colonel (to the manner born) slumbered like a happy child.

About two o'clock I was aroused from an incipient doze by an alarmed voice—that of our friend from the outer room—ejaculating,

"Colonel!—colonel! Hallo!"

The colonel was on his feet in a second, instinctively snatching at his sword, and hurried out. There was an anxious murmur, then:

"Good Heaven!" said the colonel's voice, "it cannot be. It is inconceivable!"

A night surprise?—the army annihilated?—Garibaldi slain?—Italy again at the foot of her tyrant? What could have happened?

The colonel returned with an agitated step. He set down the lamp, and announced:

"The cat has eaten the chicken, and there's nothing left for breakfast!"

A cup of coffee, and the tip of a tongue which the cat had considerably spared, sufficed us, however, and by half-past four we were on our way towards St. Angelo, the scene of expected action. It was a lovely tranquil morning, and the cloud-wreaths on the mountains rolled slowly up, as though raising the curtain upon the majestic drama we had long desired to witness. In Caserta itself, lately crowded, scarcely a soldier was to be seen. Two companies of Piedmontese occupied the square. All besides had been pushed on to the front. Things looked promising.

As we passed over the ground between Caserta and Santa Maria, described in all the newspapers as having been the scene of such panic and confusion on the eighteenth, the colonel said:

"All I know is, that a friend of mine dined that day, in charge of three ladies, on the top of the ancient amphitheatre, where they had a tolerable view of all that passed. My friend was perfectly aware of the state of matters, and saw no reason for either alarm or haste. They finished their dinner, and returned to Caserta at their leisure. If the eminent barrister expected to find, in the rough-and-ready heroes of Milazzo and Calabria, the drill and discipline of a Guards' parade, he was naturally disappointed. As some apology for their shortcomings in formation, these fellows have shown that no regular troops in Europe are fonder of the bayonet, or more apt, when once launched, to charge home."

At Santa Maria, the colonel received orders to visit the outposts on the centre and left; and, farther, to ascertain, as minutely as possible, the height of the walls and depth of the ditch of Capua. How this latter little commission was

to be effected was a puzzle to us civilians, but the colonel took it so much as a matter of course, that we felt but little anxiety for his personal safety; certainly, before the evening, he had, by some mysterious means, possessed himself of every particular.

Although heavy guns were heard at intervals from the direction of St. Angelo, we had ascertained by this time that there was to be no battle to-day. A tour of the outposts was the next best thing, as it would make us well acquainted with the ground.

The first we visited was established on the railway running into Capua, whose walls, and the white buildings rising within, were clearly distinguishable at something less than a mile. This post had been the scene of a painful accident on the previous night, an engine and two carriages having started off without a driver, and dashed over a party of nine soldiers who were sleeping on the rail. One man had been lying with his head on a comrade's breast. These two were killed on the spot, and broad lines of blood upon the sand-bags which made their bed almost marked the attitude in which the poor fellows lay. The remaining seven were fearfully injured: two, mortally. But, bad as this was, the mishap must have been infinitely greater but for a little parapet of sand-bags, placed in a bold curve across the line, which threw the engine off the rail and saved the entire picket—three hundred men, who were stretched on the rail but a few paces beyond.

Passing our sentries, we walked on till within three-quarters of a mile of the town, when prudence whispered "Return." This railway formed nearly the left of Garibaldi's position: the thickly wooded country beyond being occupied in considerable force by the enemy, whose patrols could be seen moving among the trees.

About this time, the firing towards St. Angelo became somewhat brisker. It is not easy, at first, for the civil mind to accept the assurance that four or five heavy guns a minute mean "nothing particular," and we were not sorry when the course of the colonel's duties led us fairly in that direction.

The post was at a large farm-château, named Della Corte, divided only by the high road from the fine bold height of St. Angelo. Here were the three batteries whose deep voices we had heard since morning—one on the road itself, one on the crest of the hill, and another half way down. To these the enemy replied with a like number, and so effectually as to have rendered it necessary, just before our arrival, to withdraw the guns from the battery on the hill-side.

The château was large and comfortable, and, though certain orifices, which were neither doors nor windows, reminded us that we were not beyond range, there was very good cover. Here we found several friends: among others Captain Hoffman, an excellent engineer officer, and in high favour with the general. He showed us portions of the bridge that was to have played so prominent a part in the proceedings of the day. But the bridge had broken down. One

of the hundred and fifty rustics who had been engaged to assist in its construction had been struck by a fragment of a shell, which carried away his jaw. This ghastly wound, coupled with some minor hurts that had been received, created such a panic, that the entire body, except four, had disappeared. And little wonder. They were royalists, and their wages five farthings a day.

Our friend proposed to ascend the hill and have a look at Capua and the positions. The enemy had relaxed their efforts, and now fired, with the most obliging regularity, every quarter of an hour. You had only to glance at your watch, and saunter under the most eligible cover. They kept, however, a vigilant eye upon the hill, and seemed ready to fire upon a crow, if it should settle there. Ten people had been hit yesterday. The officer in command would not advise us to ascend.

The opportunity, however, was too tempting. It was intensely hot. We had to climb the whole distance, and it took us three-quarters of an hour to reach the top, during which nine shells came over us, but too high and wide to afford us even the excitement of danger. The view was magnificent, comprising the whole of our lines and those of the enemy, divided by the *Volturno*—a river in its general character, at this place, not unlike the *Thames* at *Henley*—and *Capua*, with its frowning walls, its domes and towers, green quiet meadows, and woods of almond and mulberry, so dense and widely spread as almost to conceal the armies that lay below.

A little to the right of *St. Angelo* rises another peak—*St. Michaeli*—and seeing a small group of persons assembled there, we went on. Scarcely had we ascended the height, when *Garibaldi* himself appeared. He had ridden half-way up the mountain path, and, leaving his horses under cover, came up on foot to his favourite look-out station. He was accompanied by *Cosenz* (minister of war), *Medici*, *Bixio*, *Colonel De Abna* (an American engineer officer who had recently joined), and three or four others. The hero wore his usual red frock, with a beautiful gold chain, worn like a lady's, a rich silk handkerchief over his shoulders, hanging far down the back, and, in place of his well-known hat, one of Spanish build turned up all round. He looked worn and pale, and also a little out of humour. It would seem that some application he did not relish, had been made to him; in continuance of a conversation he had been holding with one of his staff, he said, in his clear, magnificent tones:

"It is one of the disgraces (*disgrazie*) of Italy, that she has too many commanders. If I had but *three* officers, I should escape half the difficulties with which I have to contend. Surely, it is as honourable to fight for Italy with a musket as with a sword."

The enemy of course had noticed the party, and presently sent a shell so directly over *Garibaldi's* head, that he looked up and smiled, as though in acknowledgment of the accuracy of the aim. The battery was so distant that the smoke could scarcely be seen.

The general now walked on alone, and remained at some distance, minutely examining the enemy's positions; then he returned quickly, called out "*Acqua! acqua!*" drank out of one of those singular glass bottles which are about the size of a well-grown child of three or four years old, handed it to his staff, who followed his example, and departed as he had come.

As it was pretty clear that nothing of moment was likely to occur immediately, our friend and I returned at night to *Naples*. On the *Tuesday* following, however (the ninth October), a message importing the probability of "something" on the morrow again enticed us to the front, and again the neighbourhood of *St. Angelo* was indicated as the theatre of action. During the last three days our lines had been greatly strengthened, and more guns (in all, eighteen) were in position; but no siege artillery had arrived, excepting a huge old Spanish piece which looked as if it would be more at home in a museum.

We found things a good deal changed at the *château Della Corte*. A portion of it had been burned down, and the remainder so pounded by the enemy, that our friends had been compelled to abandon their comfortable apartments, and take refuge in the little chapel (attached) in the rear of the house.

A shell had entered the chamber of *Captain Hoffman*, in which he, *Colonel De Abna*, and two Italian officers were sleeping. Passing over *Hoffman's* head, it bounded under the boards which formed the bed of the Italians, and exploded there, killing one and dangerously wounding the other. The room itself was not the picture of neatness. A number of other men had been killed and wounded in and about the building; and the batteries on the road and hill, under the direction of *Colonel Dowling*, chief of the artillery, an old *Crimean* officer, were at this moment endeavouring to divert the attention of the enemy.

My colonel, who knew the colonel, proposed that we should pay him a visit in his battery, each taking in his hand a bottle of *Falernian*, to refresh the warriors. On climbing to the spot, we were informed that he had gone down to visit his guns in the road. Fate had apparently ordained that I should shed a little blood in the cause of Italy, for, in the act of quitting the battery I slipped, fell, and, smashing my bottle on the rock, lacerated my hand so severely as to be obliged to go to the ambulance for assistance.

Close by, there stood a little *locanda*, and hither, presently, came many of those engaged about this part of the line, to see what refreshment might be had. It was a strange assemblage, as various in language as in rank and costume—*French*, *English*, *Germans*, *Swedes*, and *Scotchmen*—a cook, a general, a doctor, a runaway apprentice, and an *Indian* veteran. Grades and business are very indefinite in *Garibaldi's* army.

"What is your position here, sir, may I be permitted to ask?" inquired a little man who

was poking about in the crowd, of my colonel. His face bore such a look of innocent inquiry that my colonel could not resent the impertinence.

"I give you my honour I don't know," said he. "When there's fighting, I fight. When I receive orders, I execute them. I'm on the staff, I take it. At least the general thinks so. I have some indistinct impression that my rank is colonel. I get my two francs a day, like everybody else, and it pays for my tobacco."

"What is *your* position, colonel, may I be allowed to inquire?" asked the little man, presently, sidling up to Colonel Dowling.

"Now, if you'll believe me, I haven't the remotest conception," replied that officer, who was hacking away at a lump of hard beef, placed upon a harder loaf, by way of platter. "Somebody mentioned that I was inspector-general of artillery. I haven't heard of anybody above me in that department, and I haven't had time to look out for those below. Major G—— constructs the batteries, and I find the guns."

"And the men?"

"I don't know precisely how I get the men. I always find a lot of chaps about me, and soon know whom to select. I lost my best man to-day, poor fellow. But here's a lad worth any two that are left."

He pointed to an individual in a yellow stable-jacket and overalls. He was a livery-stable keeper in Naples. He had never seen a shot fired until the battle of the first of October, when, being accidentally present, he took such a fancy to the "sport of princes" that he could not find it in his heart to quit the playground again. His great delight was a battery. He liked plenty of noise, and attached himself especially to Colonel Dowling's big thirty-twos: proving himself not only perfectly cool and self-possessed, but a very skilful and efficient gunner. There was a sad paucity of artillerymen, and such a hand was highly appreciated. A day or two before, the officer commanding a battery on the left, which had lost several men, had applied to Dowling for assistance, adding, "And, for God's sake, send *one* Englishman."

"Now, come with me and see some shooting," said Colonel Dowling, who had finished his bone; "I am going to knock that battery out of time before dusk."

Down we went, to where, about two hundred yards beyond the farm, the colonel had established his pet battery, which consisted simply of two huge field pieces placed on the bare high road, at right angles to it, without parapet or breastwork, except the bank, about four feet high, that lined the road. On the other side of the bank, the ground dipped, and then came a thick almond and pine copse, through the tops of which our guns fired.

The enemy's work was on the other side of the wood, on a slight acclivity distant three-quarters of a mile, but, from our propinquity to the trees, wholly invisible to us, as we were to them. Our guns were pointed and elevated in accordance with the directions of Colonel Dowling

and of an officer of Scotch family in Garibaldi's service, named Cowper, who stood on the higher bank in rear of the guns.

The enemy replied at once, and with a precision one could not too strongly commend or deprecate. Shot, shell, and grenade came in quick succession; but though some fell in the short space between us and the trees, and more went over and sent up clouds of dust from the bank behind, nothing touched the road. There were some remains of a stone hovel or pig-sty (it might have been once the residence of some boor of distinction) in our rear, round the angles of which a group of soldiers were huddling. At first, I was inclined to envy their position, but the veteran, my colonel, telling us that the bank, low as it was, offered better cover, we stood between the guns, and were deafened.

For nearly an hour—that is, as long as the colonel's ammunition held out—the noise and hubbub were tremendous. It was his theory that a rapid fire deranges the nerves of the enemy, and renders their return less telling.

"Bang—bang!" "Whiz!" "Terra! terra!" (to lie down). "Carica con palle" (charge with ball). "Congrenata!" (with grenade). "Bang!" "Whiz!" "Acqua! acqua!" (water, to sponge out). "Terra!" "Fuoco! Fuoco!" (fire).

"Don't lie down!" Cowper called out, skipping about in his eager excitement. "Never mind."

"But I *do* mind," said Colonel Dowling (as brave a man as ever breathed), quietly lying down with the rest. "Think of my guns."

Besides these sounds, in which the elements, earth, fire, and water, were mixed up in a manner a little puzzling, there was considerable shouting whenever one of our missiles entered the enemy's works. But, in spite of all efforts, and a fire so rapid as to heat the guns almost to danger, the foe would not be silenced until our ammunition failed, when they ceased also.

A few minutes later we took leave of our friends and returned towards St. Angelo. When we imagined ourselves quite out of range, a shell from a battery on the Capua side exploded close beside us. I picked up a hot fragment, as a reminiscence of my first day under fire.

DRIIFT.

A YORKIST TRAGEDY.

To this day there is a controversy among the learned as to the character of Richard the Third. And of course the popular opinion, which rests on the main facts of the man's life, is the just one, however sophists or satirists plead, explain, justify, refine, weigh, hesitate, and end by falling foul of each other, and dropping their subject out of sight.

Yet a digest of the "Patent Rolls" of his reign, published in the ninth report of the public records, exhibits this crook-back'd usurper in his private character, "grateful for services rendered to his house in prosperity and adversity; mindful of old servants, and willing to lessen his own revenue to benefit faithful towns, or relieve distress."

These remarks are suggested from finding the name of Richard, when Duke of Gloucester, mentioned in a narrative of the violence and disdain of the laws not infrequent in the times of the Wars of the Roses, which appears in one of the Parliamentary petitions, temp. 1473, about the thirteenth year of Edward the Fourth.

"To the right wyse and discrete Commens in this present Parlement assembled; Lamentably compleyneth and sheweth unto your grete wysdomes, Katerine late the wyfe of Richard Williamson, that where as the said Richard was in Godds peas and oure Sovereigne Lord the Kyng the first day of Octobr nowe last passed, ridyng and comyng from a Toune called Ricall in the counte of York, toward his owne dwellyng place in Howden within the same Counte; and as he was at Hemmyngburgh within the same Counte, to have passed over a Fery there called Barneby Fery, which was in the high wey toward his said dwelling place, there come Robert Farnell" (let us breathe a bit, for there's an awfully long sentence to be completed)—"Robert Farnell late of Newsom beside Hoveden in the same Counte yoman, otherwise called Robert Forster, Richard Farnell late of Newsom beside Hoveden in the same Counte, otherwise called Richard Forster, and John Farnell late of Newsom beside Hoveden in the same Counte yoman, otherwise called John Forster, sonnes of Thomas Farnell, &c., otherwise called Thomas Forster, defensibly arrayed, that is to say with jakkes and salettes, and with force and armes that is to say, with bowes, arrowes, swerdes and speres, of malice afore thought, atte Hemmyngburgh aforesaid, lay in awayte to slee and murder the said Richard Williamson, and upon hym then and there made a grete assaute and affraye, and hym there horribly smote with a spere that he fell beside his hors to the grounde; and then the said Mysdoers havyn noo mercy ne pite of hym, with their swordes smote of booth the handes of the same Richard Williamson, and oon of his armes above the elbowe, and hym houghsynued, and hym so dedely woounded and lefte hym there for dede, of which strokes and dedely woondes the said Richard Williamson within short tyme after dyed.

"And so the said Robert Richard Fromell and John, the same Richard Williamson then and there felonously murdered and slewe, and hym then and there of his goodes, that is to say, of a Bowe, xii Arrowes, a Sworde, a Buckler, pries, &c., and other Goodes felonously robbed and despoyled. And then the said Robert, Richard Farnell and John, departed and roode to the said Thomas their fader, to the said Toune of Hemmyngburgh; and the said Thomas, knowyng all his said Sonnes the forseid felonyez and murders and robberies in fourme aforesaid to have doon, all theym and every of theym atte Toune of Newsom aforesaid, the same day and dyvers tymes after, felonously recetted and confortid; and the said Thomas, forthwith after the said felonye, murther and robbery so doon, laboured to the right high and myghty Prynce and full honorable Lord Richard Duk of Gloucester, to take and

accept hym and all his said myschevous Sonnes to his service, entending by the same, that he and his said Sonnes should have been supported in their horrible felonye, murther and robbery: by which grete labour of the said Thomas, the said Duc afterward havyn verrey knowlegge and notise of the said felonye, murther and robbery, the said Thomas then callyng hymself servaunt to the said Duc, and weryng his clothynge upon hym, gotten and had by Sotill and crafty meanes, commaunded that the said Thomas shuld be brought unto the Gaole of York, there to abide, unto the tyme that he of the felonye, murther and robbery aforesaid were lawfully acquite or atteyned: which forseid feloniez, murders and robberies by your wysdomes considered, ye like to pray the Kyng, that by the advis and assent of the Lordes Spirituelx and Temporelx in this present Parlement assembled, and by auctorite of the same it be ordeyned, established and enacted, that a Writte of Corpus cum causa, may be directed oute of the Kyngs Chauncery to the Shiref of Yorkshire, or to the Gaoler of the Gaole aforesaid for the tyme beyng, to bryng upp the body of the same Thomas, upon payne of cc li., at utas of Seynt Hillary next comyng, or any other day after, to have hym afore the Kyng in his Benche; and there the said Thomas by the Justices of Plees afore the Kyng to be holden assigned, to be committed to warde unto the prisone of Newgate, there to abide withoute baille or maynprise, to such time as he of the said feloniez and murdrez be lawfully acquite or atteyned. And also that it be ordeyned, established and enacted by auctorite aforesaid, that the said Katerine may have oute of the Kyngs Chauncery, upon the said felonye, murdre and robbre, asmany and such Writtes of Proclamation ayenst the said Robert, Richard Farnell, John and Thomas, and every of them as to hir shal be requisite in that partie, direct to the Shiref of Yorkshire for the tyme beyng, retournable afore the Kyng in his said Bench at the utas (the eighth day) of Seynt Hillary next comyng, or at any other day after, commaunding hym by the same, upon the payn of cc li., to make open and severall Proclamations at Howden in the said Counte of York, at severall tymes by the space of a moneth, and the same Writte or Writtes duely served to retourne afore the Kyng in his said Bench, at the day conteyned in the same Writte or Writtes, upon the same payne, that the said Robert, Richard Farnell, John and Thomas, in their propre persones doo appiere afore the Kyng in his said Bench, at the day conteyned in the said Writte or Writtes of Proclamation, to aunswere to all such Bille or Billes, Action or Actions, which the said Katerine, or any other persone or persones, then will sue ayenst theym, or any of theym, of the said felonie, murther and robbery; and therupon the said Robert, Richard Farnell, John and Thomas, to be commytted to warde unto the forseid prisone of Newgate, there to abide without baille or maynprise, unto the tyme that the said Bille or Billes, Action or Actions, and every of them, be utterly deter-

myned, and execution had by force of the same. And if any Keper to whome they shal be comytted to ward, suffre theym, or any of them, to be at large, baile or maynprise; the same Keper then to forfet ecc ii. ; ii partes thereof to the use of the Kyng, and the iii^d part therof to the partie that dooth sue in that behalf. And if the said Robert, Richard Farnell, John and Thomas, atte day conteyned in the said Writte or Writtes of Proclamation, appere not afore the Kyng in his said Bench; that then they, and ich of theym so then not apperyng, stoud and be convicted and atteynted of the said felonyez, murdres and robberiez, and have like Jugement and Execution and like Forfeitures, as usuelly is used in other atteyndres of felonyez, murdres and robberies, had by the commen lawe."

This petition received for reply, "Soit fait come il est desire;" but there is no ready means of ascertaining whether the rascals came by their deserts; most probably, in those quarrelsome days of York and Lancaster, partisans fighting their faction fights on great and small occasions, they escaped, and the widow remained without remedy.

THE MANSE.

THE Manse, with thirteen brick-red gables,
Quaintly hooded with sandstone dark,
With ivied stacks of crumbling chimneys,
Stands on the skirts of St. Cyril's park:
The diamond casements are green and shattered,
The mullions mellow and grey with rime,
And even the vine on the porch has rotted
In the frosts and rains of forgotten time.

All round the silent, pathless gardens
The red fruits drop in the summer hours;
And the wind blown out of the roofless arbours
Is faint with the breath of the levelled flowers.
High on the terrace, woodbine muffled
With blossoms the Greek urns overflow;
And the swallows' nest in the shattered statues
That bend by the fountains, far below.

Stained and broken, the dusky arras
Like twilight hangs in the voiceless rooms;
And the misty cirques of the fractured skylights
Teem with imperfect lights and glooms.
All day, the sunlight, in dusty splendour,
Inward slants on the oaken floors;
All night, the moon, with a mournful glory,
Floats through the echoing corridors.

Many a time, in the precious seasons,
Hidden behind the veils of fate,
A young wife smiled from the diamond lattice,
And children laughed at the jasnined gate:
Tender affections, fond endearments,
Brightened the life of the happy throng;
The day was buried with prayers and laughter,
The nights were epics of peaceful song.

No more: the richly-blossomed trailer
Garlands the round of the channelled eaves;
The dial glows in the crimson brier,
The linnet sings in the privet leaves:
The white rose blows in the tangled hedges,
The laurels gleam by the garden door;
But they, the gracious and gentle-hearted,
Walk in that ancient Manse no more.

Peace unto thee! whilst roof and gable
Mist-like rise in the owlet dusk,
And the airs of the mournful poplar alleys
Are freighted with frankincense and musk,
Peace unto thee! the bloom shall perish,
And Winter wither the orchard tree;
Whilst They, in the light of a fairer Eden,
Shall breathe the air of Eternity.

THOROUGHLY ENGLISH.

I HAVE a notion that a British Resident is a person who lives in Honduras or Hong-kong. It may interest the British public to hear of a British Resident who never has been to Honduras. His name is John Limpet, and although he is sixty-eight years old, he never has been out of England since he attained years of discretion. In his childhood (when he could not help himself), he was indeed sent to learn languages upon the continent of Europe; but his whole play-time abroad was spent in thrashing foreign boys who denied the supremacy of England, and questioned the asserted magnitude of Limpet Hall.

Limpet, of Limpet Hall, cares about everything British, and is very angry at this time with foreigners for forcing themselves upon his attention. He has seized a general idea that the Volunteer movement may be necessary to teach foreigners to keep themselves to themselves, and therefore the old fellow has been shouldering his rifle with the rest of us. "They have stormed and got possession of our newspapers," he says, "and they are already masters of my dinner-table. They shall have no more." Good martyr! His old boon companions ask him what the Emperor of the French intends to do, when he is asking himself whether the next bottle he has up shall be Lafitte of the mean year 'forty-five, or Château Margaux of the noble 'forty-four. He holds his tongue and sends for 'forty-five Lafitte. Nevertheless, John Limpet likes a foreigner who comes to the hall as a friend; especially, because his talk is sure to be of England. But his lament is over his crony Jack Sprat, who is now all for such fat as Italy and France and Austria, and who will none of your good British meat and bone. Limpet expostulates with his erring neighbour and brother justice, but Sprat only cries, "Pooh, man! We have no time for talking in these days about the Glorious British Constitution, as our fathers did! Whatever was done, whether it was a new war to be waged, or a new shoe-tie coming into fashion, Glorious British Constitution was the cry. Now, I hope, we are wiser than our fathers."

"Didn't you," Limpet expostulates—"didn't you send me to sleep last night, Sprat, with your rigmarole on a New Austrian Constitution? Didn't our friend Craw upset a decanter of port with flinging his hands about while he talked about the Glorious Italian Monarchy? And then you all were sticking Spanish cigars into your foreign-looking muzzles! If you still thought properly about the British Constitution, you might smoke clay pipes, and show your smooth, round English chins and throats. You

must know very well that foreigners grow hair to hide their yellow jaws. Ah, when shall I see again fair English red and brown, see the firm set of English lips, and the fun at play over the earnest of an English mouth! A beard's a mask; I like to see the mouth that speaks to me."

My friend the British Resident is no doubt wrong in this. It begins to appear even in English eyes that the beard goes more to confession than the lip. Set your hand to your beard and your character is in it under your sign-manual. Leave your beard to nature, and in its unfettered sweep every hair magnifies at the tip the slightest movement at the root, so that a play of the mouth perceptible to few becomes an expression evident to all, that is to say, whenever men are observant as they are in England, and true beards are plentiful enough to give room for a fair knowledge of their physiognomy.

"I hate everything that is not thoroughly English," says John Limpet; but when he comes to details, while he is just in a great deal of his grumbling, I doubt very much whether he has a clear notion of what is national. Once upon a time cock-fighting was held to be thoroughly English. Roger Ascham, one of our first writers of fine English prose, tutor to three English sovereigns, of whom Queen Elizabeth was one, not only wrote a treatise in dialogue upon the Art of Teaching and Tonophilus, or the School of Shooting, which may pass as the first of patriotic manuals for English volunteers, but he was the author also of a lost book upon cock-fighting, which will some day be unearthed from among the manuscripts in an old library at Cambridge or elsewhere. "Of all kind of pastimes fit for a gentleman," he said, "I will, God willing, in fitter place more at large declare fully, in my Book of the Cock-pit." We shall learn something by the disinterment of that "Book of the Cock-pit," in which one of the most accomplished scholars of the days of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary and Elizabeth, said what a refined English gentleman had then to say on behalf of a sport which we should now esteem too brutal for the untainted mob.

When cock-fighting was thoroughly English there was held to be something terribly un-English in certain forms of dress. Even the earnest, honest Latimer, who spoke so many home truths, was as angry with the women's caps and with their way of hairdressing as with their sins. "I would they would (as they have much pranking) when they put on their caps, I would," he says, "they would have this meditation, I am now putting on my power upon my head. . . . But now here is a vengeance devil: we must have our power from Turkey of velvet, and gay it must be, far fetched, dear bought, and when it cometh it is a false sign. I had rather have a true English sign, than a false sign from Turkey. It is a false sign"—hear it, all modern wearers of neck-bonnets!—"when it covereth not their head as it

should do. For if they would keep it under the power as they ought to do, there should not be any such thussocks nor tufts be seen as there be, nor such laying out of the hair, nor braiding to have it open." Latimer against hair pads! Scripture, the preacher told women, does indeed mention curls, but holy men of old never saw women "in these thussocks that are laid out now-a-days." Women had not in their time "come to be so far out of order." His advice to a lady was, "I will tell thee if thou wilt needs lay it out, or if thou wilt needs show thy hair and have it seen, go and poll thy head, or round it, as men do: for to what purpose is it to pull it out so, and to lay it out?"

The Satirist, instead of the preacher in a later time, attacked the mouse-skin eyebrows of the fair:

Helen was just slept into bed:
Her eyebrows on the toilet lay:
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

Then, madam must get up herself to bait a trap, sensible that

On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy or sorrow;
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eyebrows for to-morrow.

The days of the mouse-skin eyebrow preceded the time when bell-ringing was a thoroughly national amusement. True Britons made parties to the belfries, and rang triple bob majors against each other and all the world.

I sometimes ask my friend Limpet what he takes to have been the most British period of British history. When the Anglo-Saxons came in on the old Gaels, they were foreigners themselves. They began to gad sooner than any people, were among the first to voyage to the Holy Land, the first to have a hostelry for their own use at Rome—the Anglo-Saxon Family Hotel as we might call it. The Normans brought a flood of foreign talk and foreign ways with them. Though Chaucer was, in Spenser's mind, the "well of English undefiled," he was a town-bred courtier who mixed many a French word with his verse, while his contemporary, the country-bred author of the Vision of Piers Plowman seemed to write in another tongue, because he held more closely by the homely Saxon phrase. In Spenser's time every true British Resident complained of the gadding of society at large to Italy, and of the bringing thence of all manner of outlandish intellectual and moral textures, which were to be preferred to homespun. Ladies and gentlemen of the court of good Queen Bess served up to each other over supper-tables, such outlandish and affected dishes of minced words, and read such preposterous Italian novels, that my friend Limpet, had he lived in the great days of Elizabeth, would have been scared out of his wits. He would even have had to cut holes in his coat-sleeves, and carry cushions about in the legs of his trousers. We ceased to feed on Italian, only when we had French crammed into our mouths. We bowed very humbly to the

French Boileaus, and to the critical forty of the French Academy, when, in the age of Louis Quatorze, England pined under her Stuarts. We were thoroughly English when we got rid of the Stuarts and received a Dutchman in their place. But our very tongues were so long in subjection to French law, that my dear friend Limpet himself, who prides himself upon the fine long words in which he lays the law down to his friends, is, as to that matter, still a French prisoner.

For this was what we did. When we believed the French to be the best of earthly critics, we saw how they proceeded with the settling of their language. They had diversities of dialogue, and almost two languages, divided by the Loire, so they resolved on a great dictionary that was to be made by the academy of forty, sitting in judgment upon all words used in France, and settling which should be rejected as unfit for literary use, and which should be received as sterling French. They preferred words of Latin origin. French is made of the language of the Latins mixed with that of the Celts whom they conquered, and is essentially one of the Latin tongues. When the French dignified their language by a constant reference to Latin, they did precisely what we do when we refer English to Anglo-Saxon. But our critics never thought of that. France looked up its vernacular Latin; France was wise, France was supreme. England would do the same, and throughout all the reigns of the Georges, men were not thoroughly English in their speech, even when as parliamentary orators and patriots, they rolled out their denunciations of the French. Not only does the element of Latin brought into English by the Normans supply less than a third part of our vocabulary, but the Latin words are, at least, three times less in demand for daily use. The structure of our language, the essentials of its grammar, the words for all the inmost feelings, the close natural ties, and the necessities of life, are Anglo-Saxon, as in French they are Latin. Yet we harked back to the Latin, copying our neighbours blindly, till the growth of a large popular literature, and at the same time of a more independent scholarship, drove us in practice as in theory upon a reversal of our fathers' rule. Now, nobody willingly will take a word of Latin birth to express anything that can be said in the true home speech; and our common talk and writing—let Jack Limpet scold as he will—is more thoroughly English than it ever has been since the days of William the Conqueror.

My friend the British Resident has been married to his wife Cicely these forty years. For the last twenty I have known them familiarly, and have never heard them either quarrel or protest the depth of their affection for each other, or hold forth upon the blessing of the marriage ceremony, which is the glorious domestic constitution they established for themselves by a good deal of family fighting forty years ago. When their wedding was not a remote event, they no doubt congratulated them

selves on it pretty frequently. Now, they say nothing about that: though if John died on Monday, Cicely would be dead the next Saturday, I do not doubt. They have eyes for their neighbours as they sit by their own quiet hearth; they praise Bill for the determination he shows to be married to his Sue, and discuss with a genial sympathy the joys and sorrows of the parish outside their park gates. "Well, sir, what then?" he asks, if I throw these habits in his face. "Isn't an Englishman to have room in his heart for his neighbour?" "Certainly, Jack. So I like to hear John Bull and his wife talk of their neighbours as you talk of yours. That's thoroughly English."

No doubt my friend the British Resident himself is insular. Foreigners sometimes say we are all insular in our habits, but Limpet knows better than that, for he believes himself, and perhaps rightly, to be the one insular man in Britain. There never was a people on the face of the earth less tied within bounds than the English have been at all periods of their history, or more disposed to send their sympathies abroad. In this respect, indeed, their fault has been a tendency to care more about affairs of Borrioboola than affairs of Bermondsey. From no country on earth has there spread heartier sympathy with suffering and a truer sound of rejoicing in all that is noble outside its own bounds, than from quiet, busy, and warm-hearted England. Some Prussians of late have been making themselves conspicuous for fighting insolently against a ghost of English insolence raised by themselves. I will make no obvious comparisons between the behaviour of Englishmen to Prussians in England, and the behaviour of Prussians to Englishmen in Prussia. But I should like to know what literature but the English is rich in such symptoms as shine from Milton's sonnet on the Vaudois massacre, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," or what Prussian ever heard how "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell!" Our business is with the world, and where we work we feel. Our sympathy is always hearty, and too often, perhaps, as regards neighbours over the sea, active. We may not be insular enough in that respect. It is true that we do not, as a nation, plunge headlong into direct participation with our neighbours when they toil and battle. All our instincts are against it. Every man of us at home has his own battle to fight, and is expected, even by his nearest and his dearest friends, to fight it for himself. While he fights bravely, he may count on sympathy; but, roughly speaking, if he cannot hold his own ground for himself, we assume that he has not a right to it. Where a man cannot stand without being held on by main force of others, he had better shift his ground. We expect states, as we expect men, to live by their own energies. It is the natural discipline of life with which we cannot interfere, but we can put our hearts into a study of it.

Limpet complains that his newspaper is full of tidings about foreigners, and that his neigh-

hours all discuss the prospects of the Continent : not saying anything at all about the British Constitution. Has he observed the English heart put into all this talk over the work of foreigners ; the unstinted sympathy that fastens on a brave Italian as surely as if he had been born within sound of Bow bells—that hails with delight every chance there may appear to be of the advance of another nation to enjoyment of what Englishmen enjoy. But our reserve is very English, and long may it be so. Men measure their words who mean them seriously. The very quickness of the Englishman's impulse to sympathy, has made him sensitive, and, for many a good honest reason, slow to express all he feels.

I don't agree, therefore, with Limpet that the strong interest felt by a great seafaring, world-pervading nation, in what passes in all corners of the world is un-English. It is quite true that at home as well as abroad, our sphere of sympathy is larger than our sphere of action, and that we are guilty, by omission, of many of the sins which are committed wilfully by tyrants whom we hate. It is true, also, that as a state—selfish and insular as we are said to be—we should do more for ourselves if we thought less about our neighbours ; yet, perhaps, our national life is the stronger, and we are more thoroughly English, when our thoughts take a wide range.

What it is to be “un-English,” except it be to be cold-hearted or idly dependent upon others, I have never yet succeeded in discovering. We have been content to wear our clothes, and trim our hair, and regulate our dinners, at all times in accordance with the customs of all nations under the sun. We have had our days of Star Chambers, of bear-baitings, of assassinations ; we have drunk our share of the lees, as well as of the wine, of civilisation ; and if we have not more short-comings than our neighbours, we confess to ourselves more, and like—proud as we are—to hold up any excellence we see in others as example for ourselves. Our pride helps to keep us honest, for it is the pride that sustains, not the vanity that weakens. We are an utterly earnest nation of incorrigible jokers ; but the jokes we relish best, always rest on a basis of substantial interest in the affairs of life. Perhaps the active sense of right and duty—national reserve almost restrains us from saying a religious sense—is the quality that we should like best to see traced through our history as a nation, and regarded as the source of all the liberty of opinion and energy of action, wholesome in the aggregate, that has made England strong. John Limpet, the British Resident, and Jack Sprat, who has seen the world, agree over their wine upon one point that never enters into their discussion. Quietly they illustrate by their lives the true national mind expressed by Nelson in his watchword, “England expects every man to do his duty.” To be thoroughly English is, therefore, to find compatriots among true men of every race under the sun.

The sum, then, of all I urge on Limpet, is, that in language, dress, habits of civilisation, and so forth, there is very little to be found among us that can be called thoroughly English or un-English ; but that the soul of the national life is a principle recognised widely, not only among ourselves. Wherever it is active, it engages English sympathies. A man, or race of men, known to be fearlessly doing right, whatever the nation, has the heart of the people of England, and is not parted from them in their minds by the faintest line of a provincial distinction.

FOUR VATICAN PICTURES.

It has been written by Mr. Carlyle that a Gothic cathedral is a stone epic. This recurs to me as I come again and again to read that other poem, which in its rich warm marble dress, its colours and its gold, becomes, for me, an epic Virgilian—Saint Paul's elder sister.

The new beauties that come out with every new reading—the glosses, the comments, the shifting lights and tones—are positively inexhaustible. As I stretch back, with an inexpressible fondness, in that direction, the clouds seem to part, and soft pictures, quivering at first like dissolving views, stand out dimly on the coloured background, then fade out, and give place to more.

FIRST PICTURE.

She has flashed out in the sun of that morning of palms, superb and with a grand festivity, richly dight in her pale grey blue kirtle and pink incrustations and yellow gold-besprinkled bodice. Brightest sun lights up these glorious harmonies—the holiday multitude has drifted, has spread like an inundation over the pavement, and has been scattered again—the gorgeous parti-coloured cord, with its gold and scarlet and violet threads, has been twining and twining for hours—the eye has been sated with soft contrasts of tone. It is enough to fill with grief and spite, the heart of that poor younger sister, neglected Cinderella, yonder on Ludgate-hill, all blackened with coal and soot from minding the fires, with her coarse clothing ; while her elder sister comes abroad gorgeous in her superb finery. It is a high festival day, but it is the festivity that comes before sorrow—a supper for the Girondins—a merry cheerful breakfast when the young novice comes in as a bride, with nuptial veil and flowers, and laughs and is glad with her relatives for the last time. But a few days more and the clouds have fallen. Thursday of that holy week has come round, and Saint Paul's elder sister mourns. The amber robe looks dull and browned, the harmonious blues and pinks have faded out, gaunt shadows hang between the arches, the great pillars and archings stand out bare and unadorned. There is a sense of awful desertion and desolation abroad, and the footsteps echo hollowly as I walk up the great nave. The lone pavement spreads away—immeasurable acreage of vast moorland ;

and the whole has become a gaunt monster catacomb. Afar off, as it were, out of dark caves, lights glimmer, and the great four-pillared canopy rises stark and solemn, like a gloomy catafalque. Afar off, too, are clumps of figures, all black and in shadow; there are thousands scattered about and clustered in those dark corners; and yet all is deserted. All is changed mysteriously to a great stone prairie—a sort of blighted heath in marble. Most mournful and dispiriting, the long bare walls, the desolation, and the heavy shadows. Draw near now to the left, where is a crowd of dark figures packed closely at a great archway—figures leaning against pillars, bent low on their knees, but all looking in at the great archway, whence proceeds sad and solemn chanting—funereal measure, sustained with a hard rugged vigour. And looking in I see that it is a great chapel (elsewhere it would be of itself a great church), and that by a dim, bluish half-twilight struggling in at the top windows, it is crowded with dim, undefined humanity. I see long files of darkly outlined canons, in their fur capes, sitting round in black oak stalls, regimentally in lines, some fifty or sixty in number, a perfect army canonical; while, to one side, are visible the dim figures in a spacious gallery, singing men too—and the floor is filled with standing figures, packed close and listening. Hours go by, and the files of singing canons, sitting up in their ranks, have been giving out the sad refrain, never flagging; hours go by, and the dark figures remain and listen, and never move. Gradually the twilight deepens, and the shadows fall thick, and then a few glimmering lights bring out again the regimental lines of the singing canons.

Before this time, I have heard the solemn tread of feet behind, and looking, see passing by, a sort of awful pilgrimage, a hooded crucifix in front; and some twenty figures in grey, with cloth masks hanging in front, with two holes for the eyes. They have come through the streets, gentle and simple, with a stray noble or two, and in this disguise may indulge in unostentatious piety. They will pray a few seconds before the shrine, and then are gone, their monotone chant lessening in the distance. An interval, and hark to the sweeter tongues of disguised ladies! Hooded crucifix again, and a company of noble dames, shrouded in awful grey masks, defile out of the shadows. They have come from pious visitings of other churches. Then I wander back to the dark motionless figures, and to where the canons, still ranged steadily in their files, are working their mournful diapason. The yellow lights, flickering, flash upon their faces and grey tippets.

SECOND PICTURE.

Other dramas, short but powerful, proceed contemporaneously. Wandering, of these early penitential days, through this wilderness, the sad and mournful spirit of the place wraps you as in a shroud. The inexpressible desolation falls upon your heart also. Roam hither and thither purposeless; pass by the lorn altar,

quite bare and stripped of its covering, with the tabernacle door wide open; then draw near to that western transept where that scattered crowd is standing. Others are wandering, purposeless too: approach, look for an instant, and go their way. A sort of hollow square of figures. Hush, signor! it is the Cardinal Grand Penitentiary!

On his dark oak throne, raised on oaken steps, sits the Cardinal Grand Penitentiary, invested for these times of penance with powers of condoning terrible sins, which might be confessed to minor tribunals and confessed in vain. Exquisitely harmonious is the toning of that figure dressed in that most graceful and unrivalled of ecclesiastical costumes—the violet cap and cape, and the short transparent lace surplice over violet too. Gaunt iron-cheeked monks in rusty black, stand below on each side, with a stern ascetic look, one leaning on a sort of light wand of office. From this, spreads out the hollow square—of veiled ladies, beggars, penitents, soldiers, friars, and the general miscellany of a crowd—kneeling, standing, praying, or looking curiously in one direction. At each corner stands up stiff the yellow-striped sad-eyed Swiss, and leans upon his halberd. Even he looks too with the rest. And at what? At that wild-bearded villain of the mountains, in his green jacket with the silver buttons, and that drinking gourd slung about, who is on his knees at the feet of the violet cardinal, pouring into his ear a tale—such a tale as it must be, from that animal forehead, and flattened nose, and shaggy eyebrows! Think of these reserved sins, so terrible that priest must turn away his ears. But the violet figure has his arm about those shoulders, and has drawn the wretch closer to him, and will give him presently, words of comfort and consolation. Grim Swiss at corner leaning on his pike stolidly, curious faces watching eagerly, beautiful Spanish lady waiting her turn (she can have no weight upon her soul, surely?), and the centre violet figure embracing that wretched criminal,—was there ever such dramatic contrast?

“Miserere mei, Deus, et secundum magnum miserationum tuorum dele iniquitatem meam,” is borne past me in a sullen monotone, and a hooded brotherhood, with crucifix in front, trails by in long procession.

THIRD PICTURE.

I look back again into that penitential week, and, parting the mournful clouds which hang between, see myself, of a dusky evening when it is darkening slowly, standing at the foot of the grand Royal Staircase—Scala Regia—with its embroidered stone arching, and countless pillars supporting, one for every step. By which superb approach does Hydra public, turning in from St. Peter's porch hard by, mount unceremonious, two flights high, to the chapel called Sixtine. Hours ago have the travelling men and women, greedy of sights, gorging themselves on all possible things that can be seen by eyes, been set down at the foot of Royal Stair, and at broad noon have struggled into Michael Angelo's

chapel, a heated, battling, overpowering mass, frantic with excitement to hear the famous world-renowned Miserere strain of one Maestro Allegri! The evening shadows have come upon them, and the cold sing-song drags on unwearied. As I ascend the grand Scala Regia, under the sloping all-embroidered and arabesqued arch that ascends with me, it draws near to six o'clock. Late indeed: but the magic wail is as yet unsung.

From the grand Royal Stair into this grander hall, all panelled round even higher than the doorways, and thence, upwards, flowered over and peopled with coloured figures, and life, and action, but all toned down and blended with age. Solemn ante-chamber to the Chapel Sixtine close by, and, as I walk freely and see the scattered groups clustered afar off and the tricolored soldier leaning thoughtfully on his mediæval pike, I seem to have stepped into one of the old Belgian town-halls, washed in lightly by the brush of Louis Haghe. Here the mind, too, withdraws into its own ante-room, and gathers the sense of something solemn impending. Figures seem to flit by and cross softly, and whisper low with bated breath, and there, by the tall doorway where is the semicircular crowd gathered looking one way, and where hangs the dark shadowy folds of the curtain tossed now and again, and where is semicircle, too, of helmed heads, and plumes, and halberds, seems to be the mystery. It is growing dark, and the painted figures play out their action but dulkily, and with this ghostly company looking down, I draw near to the silent cluster and the ring of halberds. As I come close to a yellow Switzer's shoulder, stern and immovable, some one passes out and the great curtain is lifted, and there is before me the whole Rembrandt scene, framed into the tall oaken doorway. With the most curious awe-striking contrast in the world, from the quiet desertion and stealthily moving figures of the hall, a glimpse into another world. Impossible to think it could be so near. It almost startles me, the great waste of indistinct figures seated close, all stretching away in ranks and ranks until lost and not to be pursued further in the gathering shadows. To look across this human waste, veiled and black-robed, and see in flashes and snatches, as it were, whenever the curtain folds are lifted, those other awful figures gathered for the terrible Last Judgment, starting out of the gloom and showing their fleshy limbs up and down on the great wall facing us at the other end; awful groupings of Michael Angelo that live and look out mistily from the cold blue background which seems like atmosphere, with the melancholy yellow candles flaring high up on the screen-top half way down, and which seem like giant torches waved in the air by unseen hands; with the funereal chanting, most dismal and most melancholy, proceeding from the side, a gallery where is a dim torch too—to see this, is to see a picture that touches on the sublime. Indescribable the hushed stillness of that scene, with a strange weary sense as of its being protracted through many, many hours.

White specks glimmer indistinctly far away, priests celebrants; but the great quaint flesh and blood spectres struggling from the cold blue atmosphere, seem to blend with the real flesh and blood figures below. Glimpses, too, high in the clouds overhead, of awful prophets, whose arms extended seem to point downward menacingly. The air seems peopled with these terrible ghosts. At this hour is the triumph of the sublime master, and happy, indeed, is he who has been denied free entrance to the chapel interior—who has, for the first time, come face to face with the glories of Michael as the shadows of twilight deepen! It is with such company, such attendant associations of sacred pomp and dim mystery, that this gigantic spirit would have you visit his work. As I look again and again through the oak-framed doorway, and see the wondrous phantasmagoria passing beyond, and rub my eyes and think it is a sort of dream, with what gratitude do I give thanks to those gentle muses who direct our footsteps—kind Providences!—in things of Art, for that they did not lead me hither in the staring daylight when it was unpeopled; with, perhaps, an explanatory guide, and, above all, with a Royal Red Book in my hand!

Miserere still, some stages on. Stand fast, halberdier, yellow-striped Swiss, without sense or feeling, beyond duty; for the crowd is thickening outside the hemicycle, pressing on you, and ferociously expostulating. Gentlemen, spick and span ripe for the ball-room, with folding Gibus, crush upon the yellow-striped and are repulsed; for snatches of sonorous music reach to us round the edge of the perverse curtain and turn us frantic. Gruff sergeant of Swiss calls from within hemicycle, "All in good time!" The most comical sergeant, wooden-faced, peering through spectacles! "Keep them back!" and we execrate him in our own tongue, for a grim puritan wooden-faced sergeant in spectacles.

Ha! flashes out upon me of a sudden radiant Spanish señora, who has been fluttering round the stiff hemicycle, and cruelly denied entrance by those striped stocks and stones. Radiant, indeed, in her jetty hair, that shines and rolls and eddies in its waving riches—in her dark eyes—in her oval face, all lighted up, and beaming in her dark veil. Spectacled sergeant has seen her; grim military ogre, he will put her back. No! for a miracle, he is smiling a wooden smile on her; is beckoning; is opening a passage for her!

Gusts of sad threnodia are still borne out, but not yet famous wail. Growing darker and darker still. See! Now at last obstructive curtain is drawn aside, and we look in unimpeded. A season of stillness; sorrowful chanters are at rest; one light, glimmering feeble, and casting shadows in their faces, high in the gallery. Indistinct white figures seem meeting at altar; and solitary yellow candle, which unseen hand holds aloft in air, flares solitary. Its brethren have been extinguished one by one. The ghostly company come out from the wall, and look through the shadows. Hush! hush! Now at last.

Thin and airy at first, borne on light treble wings, it comes forth fluttering: very Æolian in measure and barbaric in its harmony, but very mournful, softly praying mercy. I think at this moment of a dismal-minded tuner sounding his thirds and fifths persistently in a sad minor key; and it brings back to me perfectly this early portion. Up and down, rising and falling, that soft strain wind flows, while all bend their heads low, and turn their ears straining at every note. Suddenly, crowds of voices burst in with a cry, struggling with each other; contending, rising to greater force, almost shouting, praying for, demanding mercy with a wild importunity; then subsiding, turns to sweetest supplication, and sad wail of despair, growing weaker and thinner, until at last the first Æolian measure flutters in, and swells, and falls calmly, repeating itself. The melancholy tuning thus recurs and recurs, the frantic chorus clamorous for mercy, striking in fiercely. Thus alternate, now soft and airy, now fierce and overpowering, the wild Allegri chant winds through many verses, repeating itself. Very wild, very cold and severe, bursting at times into the richest breadth of harmonics (there must have been a dozen parts), it dies out. Follows, a chilling stillness; silence as of death; great yellow candle high in air, flaring its last. Ghostly shadows flit upon the walls, dancing grotesquely among the gaunt Angelo figures. Then from one of the indistinct white specks far away, reads solemnly and sadly, all the dark veils being bent low: "Christus factus est homo pro nobis," &c.

Lo! the flaring yellow candle has gone! It is finished, and the white specks flit away. Now come gushing forth the black-robed miscellany, the veils and scarfs, the evening ties and coats, all much heated, and with a wearied look. The stark figures who have been waiting judgment on the great waste of wall, together with the pointing prophets overhead, will have the domain presently to themselves. We seem to have watched through a long night.

FOURTH PICTURE.

I stand waiting by the two Patagonian cherubs—so chubby and so playfully graceful—who carry the great basin of holy water between them: for the days of mourning are spent, and the great Easter festivity has been just played out. The procession has swept by, and the high high mass sung. I have seen the elevation of the Host, and stand waiting by the Patagonian cherubs and their burden, trysting-place for lost sheep to meet. Gothicweary hath covenanted to meet at the sign of The Chubby Cherubs. There do I wait my company, to see together the final closing scene of the week of scenes—the Grand Benediction.

But a drizzling rain descending pitilessly the whole morning, this famous spectacle is not to be. Such rude interference is wholly exceptional. Experienced persons take on them to say (there are oldest inhabitants, you may be sure, in an Eternal City) that for twenty-seven years such cruel interruption has not been.

And this is why we wait by The Chubby Cherubs, close to the door, having thus the whole grand sweep spreading away before us, absolutely in faint clouds of distance, with the warmest tinting stretching off too, and the crowded ranks of a congregation army, man behind man, stretching away too, until, amid the clouds, amid the far-off perspective, a white figure shall be made out, and give a substituted interior Benediction. A blue and golden guard, a thousand strong, with white plumes, edges the army congregated all the way down, finishing off in the perspective.

Soft! There is fluctuation yonder—glimmer as of a white speck—short bark of command from chief officers—and rattle of arms rolls down smartly till lost in the distance; the thousand white plumes sink suddenly; the blue and golden guards are on one knee; congregational army, with a roll as of an Atlantic breaker, sinks on one knee too. Hush—perfect stillness—and those who have good sight can make out the white speck moving, casting forth, it would seem, the blessing. It is done, and over the rattle of the blue and golden guards rising again, and the rustle and shifting of population, is heard the low subdued booming artillery, away at Santo Angelo.

The huge Atlantic wave of crowd, roaring, chafing, and fretting, now comes blustering down, to sweep tumultuous through all ways of egress. But the blue and gold warriors drawn across, present a strong line of hindrance not to be broken, and the billows are flung back as upon a lee shore. Procession has yet to pass by, wending homeward, and must have a clear lane, kept by the gold and blue. Portly commander, with sword drawn, dresses his men close, and will let no man by. Italian billows take it patiently, British billows fume and are boisterously indignant. It is gross—law of nations outraged—worst instance of papal tyranny yet met with—write to minister—write to Times—write to everybody. Lynx-eyed commander not to be moved: "Steady in the ranks there!" Suddenly the bright señora of the Sixtine, of the dark eyes and eddying jet hair, who has been fluttering down the ranks of the men-at-arms, has spied an opening, and in a flash has shot through! Blue and gold stand aghast, panic has fallen on their ranks at this daring. Portly commander turns pale with rage: then, stumbling over his sword, flies in pursuit. Now, Heaven speed thee, dark-eyed señora, and some kind fate adroitly trip up this lumbering persecutor. Bird-like she flies—her golden ornaments glistening—has well-nigh cleared the open space, when a gigantic sapper and miner, a rough-bearded monster, steps from the ranks and bars her passage. Ruin seize thee, ruthless sapper! confusion wait on thy banners, ill-favoured miner! Señora, I grieve to write, is captured; is brought back by portly commander, prize of his bow and spear. He is sadly blown, breathes stentorious as a walrus. I am glad. May he have contracted chronic asthma from

that hour! I learn with a fiendish joy that these tinselled warriors are no more than a spurious soldiery, buckram champions, companies of tailors and wig-makers, and what not. And now an awful retribution is at hand, for British endurance will be no longer tried, but collecting itself for an effort, bursts through the line, sweeps away portly commander, and charges triumphantly at the door. Sing Io Pean! sons of Albion! Spanish señora is avenged.

A FOUNTAIN IN THE VILLAGE.

I HAVE been staying for the last month in the country, a hilly, stony, and rather fatiguing country in hot weather (when there is any). One day, my friend, whom, for convenience' sake, we will call Miss Brown, said to me, "You have observed the little spring of water which runs close to the hedge all the way from here to the village? I have been thinking it might be a good thing to place a spout at the top of the hill. There is no water to drink within a mile of the place without toiling up the hill."

With some people, to believe that a thing is a good thing is the first step towards doing it. In a few days, a bricklayer was employed at the spring. A small square tank was built to catch the water as it fell, one side being lower than the other three, so that the water overflowed, and still continued its course towards the village. Two earthenware pipes were placed through the embankment of the hedge, for the water came originally from a meadow on the other side. When it was finished it looked hideous; but this was to be expected. The bricklayer did the work he had contracted for, and unfortunately a little more; he cut away all the brambles and ivies which would have ornamented the fountain. We at once gave up calling it by the latter name until it should be better looking: I rooted up periwinkles and ferns from other spots, and planted them round and above it, so as to hide the horrible bricks and mortar. We then drove to the nearest town to buy a pewter mug and a chain. The next morning I went down to the "spout," and desired the blacksmith to rivet the chain on to a stump which had been placed by the side of the tank. He laughed "to my nose," as the French say. "Do you expect the mug to remain here a week? Why, the boys will have he off directly. It's a deal too good for this kind of thing." "Not the boys of the village, I think," said I.

I returned to the house, and repeated what the man had said; but Miss Brown was not to be moved. Said she, "When I came here, two or three years ago, every one said to me, 'You will have no fruit in your garden, exposed as it is. You must build a high wall all the way round it; the boys will eat all the fruit otherwise.' I have built no wall; but I have never missed any fruit. Go back, and have the chain and mug fixed. I confide in the honour of the dirty little boys." The chain and mug were fixed, and that evening the spout was to be inaugurated.

In driving through the village we mentioned to several children that the mug was now at the tank, and that they might come up at six o'clock if they liked, and *that we should be there*. Evidently there was a mystery about the concluding sentence, which was attractive to the children; for fifty-four of them arrived at six o'clock in the evening. We were there, seated upon the bench which had been erected close to the tank, and concealing with our dresses some baskets of cakes. Miss Brown harangued the audience, telling them of the doubts communicated to us as to the safety of the mug, and reverting to the time when she had been warned to protect her fruit-garden from the boys of the village. "Do you see any high wall built round my garden?" she asked. "No," the children answered. "I said," continued Miss Brown, "I would sooner trust the boys than place walls with broken bottles to keep them out; and I have never known of a boy who has taken my fruit. So now, I trust the boys not to remove the mug; not to cut their names upon the bench; not to throw dirt into the tank, because the tank, and the mug, and the bench are all provided for the comfort of the people of the place, and I give them into their care."

Then, each in turn, beginning with ourselves, drank the health of the company from the spring, after which the cakes and a picture-book were given round to each of the children. Then, they played for an hour, refreshing themselves about every five minutes with draughts of water. I am sure gallons must have been drunk that day; and, after more cakes, gave three cheers for the fountain, and three for Miss Brown.

If you had asked the children a few days later what they had thought of that little opening of the waters, you would have found how few shillings it takes to give an immense amount of pleasure. It was a fête to them, and I believe such an inauguration as will be the protection of the pewter mug and chain. The critical week had passed before I left; two weeks, three weeks, and the mug was still there. By-and-by the spout acquired more the appearance of a fountain, as it gained little additional attentions from the villagers. Sometimes flowers were gathered and placed over it, sometimes green branches, or fern-leaves, and even little roots were planted to hide more of the bricks and mortar.

We all wish that we could do something for the benefit of others. Who can calculate the benefit done by the erection of such a fountain and resting-place as this? It is all very well to cry down the use of beer, and to cry out against drunkenness; but I reckon that the man or woman who gives to the people water does more than a hundred who abuse them for drinking beer. There is a statistical little girl in the village, who takes great delight in reporting to us the number of people daily found sitting upon Miss Brown's bench, or drinking out of Miss Brown's mug.

The erection of the bench cost thirteen shil-

lings, the building of the fountain, at a rough calculation, rather over than under seventeen shillings.

CHINAMEN AFLOAT.

SINCE China has a coast extending from the frozen shores of Siberia to the hot Tonquin Gulf, and since the Chinese are prolific and commercial, the Chinamen of course make many sailors. Coast alone, however much there may be of it, does not make a seafaring people. There must be good harbours; and the best harbours in the world are to be found in China. The Yellow River and the Blue River afford havens in which a hundred navies might ride without risk; and these rivers afford such means of communication with the interior as can be found nowhere else in Asia or Europe. These enormous arteries, rising in the Thibeto-Tartar mountains, have a clear course of more than three thousand miles before they reach the sea, and each of them is navigable for above two thousand miles, the Blue River being a mile and a half wide at the distance of a thousand miles inland. Then, when we consider that the same river is twenty one miles wide where it flows into the sea, or equal in breadth to the Straits of Dover, we have some idea of the chances given by nature to the Chinese mariner. Now, let us see what use he has made of them:

The merchants of Hong-kong show pictures of China as it was when the Portuguese first built their factories, and other pictures of the harbour of Canton taken in the early part of the last century. The first of these come from Macao; the last were saved from the Hongs burned by Yeh when the Canton disturbances broke out. These pictures are not worth anything as works even of Chinese art, but their literal truthfulness makes them a mirror in which we may look at a Chinese port and its shipping, not only as it exists at present, but as it existed in the days of our forefathers, and of their forefathers. There are the same tea-boats, and junks, and lorchas, and dragon craft, and sampans, and gaudy mandarin boats flaming with blue, crimson, and yellow, that we may see any day at the mouth of any Chinese river where commerce is flourishing. And such as the Portuguese factors and the English founders of the Hongs beheld them, such as we Foreign Devils now behold them, even such did they appear to Marco Polo and Tavernier, and to those old Arab voyagers, whose word-pictures of the unchanging race have been handed down since a time earlier than the Crusades. There are some slight alterations to be allowed for, it is true, since these old perspectiveless daubs were produced; but those changes are not of Celestial origin. The difference is in the European shipping sketched together with the junks. No more high poops, no more round Dutch sterns and flat sides; the broad stern, the forecastle (really a castle in the old Macao pictures), the roundhouse, and the trim of the rigging, have all been transformed. The paddle and screw

steamers, the long black clippers, with their giant spars and knife-like bows, are new. We children of Europe have been awake and at work since that departed artist drew the bustle and stir of a Chinese harbour, but our friend with the pigtail has been simply twirling round and round in the same narrow circle, like a squirrel in a cage. And this for no want of experience. The crowd of shipping at one of their great commercial ports is most notable, not only for its quaint aspect, for the mass of blended colours it presents, and the thick stir of life upon it, but because it is really a vital part of the whole Chinese system. The Chinaman has lost ground in everything but his marvellous industry and his keen mother wit. He knows better than you can tell him that his emperor is a blindfolded pedant, his mandarin a cheat, his army a rabble of half-fed cowards, his religion a bundle of hollow ceremonies or a string of proverbs. He knows, too, though he will not always confess it, that the old and peculiar civilisation of China gives way, when opposed to European skill, as porcelain breaks against iron. But he still cares most to be a producer and a trafficker; he wants the true stuff of which patriots are made. Let us suppose ourselves in such a scene at the mouth of the Yang-tse, or of its yellow rival at Canton, Amoy, Shanghai—all the ports alike in the main features. Wherever men buy and sell, John Chinaman knows how to pick up a living. We do not attend much to the tall-masted American clippers, the bluff "tea-waggons" of country ships from Indian dockyards, the crowd of steamers and sailing vessels that swim under the English union-jack, though our eyes cannot help resting a little on the square yards and white decks, and whiter rows of hammocks, of one of our gallant ships of war. The interest of the scene centres in a fleet of deeply laden junks of all sizes, and unlimited in number, that lie moored together. At the first glance, they seem to be mere burlesques of naval architecture, with their flush decks, high sterns, preposterous bows plastered with paint and gold leaf, and with the queer sails and stumpy masts that seem to be hardly suited for a fishing-smack. Then, if the craft be small, or a fresh-water vessel from some town in the far interior, the anchors are very likely to be great stones, or at the best an awkward hook made of three logs of ironwood knit together with brass hoops, hard enough certainly, and heavy enough, but unfit to bite into any anchoring ground except the deep mud of a Chinese river. When, however, the eye loses its prejudices, we can own that the "lines" in these vessels are very tolerably laid down. A modern clipper's lines are better, but the Great Harry, once the pride of our English navy, and even the flag-ship Benbow sailed in, were laid down on a worse principle. The stem is sharper than we had supposed at first, the counter cleaner, and the power of the helm not small or slowly answered to. For moderate weather and lightish winds, the junk answers fairly enough. It is in a cyclone, when the

wind is tearing up the sea, and clouds—and waves, and gale, as we near the vortex, get all mixed together in wild hubbub of air and water—that the mind put into a weathery European ship comes out, and the junk, water-logged and pooped, goes helplessly to the bottom.

There are very splendid junks, owned by Leviathan merchants, the props of the opium trade, or the tea trade, or silk trade, or birds'-nest and seaweed trade, or possibly of that Canton cotton guild which offered to stake thirty thousand pounds sterling on our second repulse from the Peiho forts. Often these junks are as roomy as one of our own old "Jackass" frigates and, with very considerable stowage for cargo, have exceedingly gorgeous cabins for the owner and captain:—as fine, indeed, as they are to be made with paint, tinsel, and carving. Such cabins are very luxurious affairs indeed; they have silk curtains and ottomans, delicate mats, and carpets of the yellow wool (for it is more like wool than hair) of the Tartar yak, furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl, coral, and crystals of different colours, and pillars and window-lattices of carved ivory so elaborately worked as to look like point lace. Round mirrors of polished metal, great old porcelain vases made at Nankin and Song-tcheou in the palmy days of the now degenerate manufacture, jars full of wonderful flowers, flags embroidered with amazing prodigality of toil and gold thread, astonish the European who visits his acquaintance Ching, or Chang, or Ho-Sin, on board one of these floating palaces. Sometimes the pavilion is ornamented by a row of the gilded and hideous effigies of the owner's ancestors, standing in richly carved niches, and these are not seldom mistaken for idols: a mistake the more pardonable because there are generally incense-lamps kept steaming in front of the images, and their heads are usually adorned with fresh garlands of the choicest flowers. In junks of this class you may even see a little pagoda, flaunting with red flags and glowing with paint, sprout out of the deck, like a strange excrescence. Within it, is an image of Buddha, frightful and bejewelled, with two yellow-faced bonzes, who trim the lamps that burn before the idol. This is rare, however, though we often see a small image of Buddha let into a niche beneath the compass, handy to receive worship from any Buddhist sailor.

The compass is never absent from a sea-going junk. The Chinese are proud of the honour of its discovery, and it is a pride which has now lasted them four thousand years, by their own showing. They still prefer their original compass to more perfect European instruments, and in a handsome junk the whole binnacle arrangement has very much the air of an altar. It is tinselled and flowered, has a silken drapery for grand occasions, and, in a niche opposite to the little bronze Buddha, displays the effigy of Fei-ho, the inventor of all central civilised arts, with a small slice of the tche-chy, or loadstone, hanging like a talisman round his neck, while a huge painted lantern dangles from above. To do the

Chinese justice, though their compass is a primitive one, they know how to make good use of it, and they guard the precious needle from deflection with most jealous care. They are especially averse on this account to iron cannon, iron anchors, wire ropes, iron chains, or any other masses of iron, which must not be permitted to approach the sacred compass. Before our navy had adopted the process of "swinging" an outward-bound ship, was perfectly well known in China. In the same way, the modern plan of dividing the hull into watertight compartments has been practised by the Chinese time out of mind, and has saved many a valuable freight from being spoiled, and many a crew from drowning, ages before our ship-builders had dreamed of such an innovation. Indeed it is curious to think how active the inventive faculty in China must at some past time have been, and how early its progress must have been arrested. When our ancestors had no vessels more trustworthy than wicker coracles covered with hides, the Chinese junks were as we see them now.

Going forward along the clean decks, and passing the bamboo hatches of the enormous hold, we come to the dens of the sailors. It is wonderful to see the narrow airless holes in which those sailors contrive to live, and laugh and cook, and smoke, and sleep. The atmosphere when they are below decks is nearly as dreadful as that of a slave, yet the broad-faced muscular fellows, in their rattan hats and dirty cottons, appear to be happy, vigorous, and light-hearted, as they boil their mess of rice and beans, or stew the fish they have just hauled up with those many-hooked lines that are hanging all about the bows, or as they dreamily puff at their tiny opium-pipes. Probably there is to be heard towards the fore-castle the noise of a tom-tom, or drum-gong, and a portion of the crew is to be found singing and dancing, or, perhaps, going through some low comedy performance, with their own native aptitude for mimicry. They are absolutely amphibious; this is the case with the whole population of the river banks and sea-coast; and I have more than once wondered at the feats of diving they perform, when anything has been dropped overboard. To swim and dive are not accomplishments among the Chinese mariners; their wonder is all for the awkwardness of European seamen. Very many of our seamen and marines do not swim at all, and a skilful diver is as rare on board one of our men-of-war as a black swan in Rome. Not only do the Chinese sailors, and the fishers, and the watermen, swim and dive like so many rats, but every member of the myriads of families whose floating abodes, arks swarming with life, are to be seen on all the rivers and canals, is thoroughly at home in water, even to the very young children, who, although they are buoyed up with gourds and bladders as precaution against accident, can often swim much better than they walk. Accordingly, it is not easy to drown a Chinaman in sight of land.

The wages of a Chinese sailor are not high;

they are lower, indeed, than those of a common Lascar; and the Chinaman is more easily fed and satisfied than the dark-skinned Hindoo, while in robust make and muscular power he is far superior. Indeed, he is not at all worse than the Krooman of Western Africa, who is justly valued. I could often have fancied, while watching a gang of sturdy Chinese hauling at a rope, that I was observing Dutch or Danish sailors at their work. There is the same muscular power, the same solidity of build, and the same apparent relish of exertion—a rare thing in Asiatics. European seamen desert to get work in smugglers, in the schooners and tug-boats belonging to native merchants, and so forth, and are preferred by the native employers because they can fight. The Chinese sailor will not fight for his countrymen, yet he will work for his countrymen, and for his countrymen only! This is a very curious fact. I have repeatedly inquired of English and American mates and masters, why the robust and money-loving Chinese could not be made at least as useful as the effeminate Lascars, who compose a great part of every Indian man's crew, and who are managed through native serangs. The answer always has been, "The Chinamen won't work for us." And yet how heartily the Coolies work for English cash, on shore! If Chinamen work for the money of the foreign devils when ashore, why not afloat? Fear of mutiny may make our merchant captains less eager to have a Celestial ship's company, and certainly such fear has grounds. The Chinaman, whose pay is but a string of copper sapecks, and whose rations are a mess of rice and oil, would be invaluable, if he could be trusted to keep out of conspiracies and do his fair share of the work. Severity fails to compel obedience. A Yankee skipper, who was going to return to Boston short-handed, gave me a hint on this score, when I asked him why he did not hire Chinese. After suggestion of the certainty of throat-cutting on the high seas, unless he and his mates had an eye always on the Mongolian part of the crew, the worthy skipper came to the wilful idling, and closed with the provoking hopelessness of the case, "For," he said, "if you lambast the critters, it is a fact, they'll drown themselves jist to spite you." The phrase is hardly an exaggeration, such is the recklessness of life in this strange prayerless race, and such the frequency of suicide among the lower class on what we should call light provocation. There always are Chinese on board the opium vessels, but there, too, they carry out the strange doctrine of working only for Chinamen, and fighting only for Europeans. They ship as cooks, pilots, canoe-men, and so forth, but do not help in the regular duty of working the vessel. Yet, when a brush occurs between an imperial junk and one of these fleet smugglers, the sleek-skinned subjects of the emperor assist with hearty good will to run out and point the guns which are to fling grape and

round shot among the crews of the mandarin boat.

The fishermen are busy and numerous in Chinese harbours. They paddle briskly off to sheltered creeks and smooth bays, where there is a chance of circumventing sturgeon, highly valued by the Chinese of rank, who love caviare as the Russians love it. Also, they are very adroit in spearing the many kinds of great flat-fish which glide along the shallows, and at other times you see them for hours patiently baiting and lowering their long lines, and unhooking the many strange and gaudy fishes of all colours and shapes, from the circular parrot-fish to the opal ray, which Eastern seas contain. In China, there is an excellent market for fish always; indeed, so there is for pork, and all cereals, fruits, and vegetables, besides seaworms and slugs, and plump rats: for nothing comes amiss where there are so many million mouths to feed. Besides the fishermen, there are sampans, tub-boats, and bamboo rafts of yet humbler pretensions, eternally plying around the European vessels and the flotilla of junks, to offer for sale oranges, water-melons, calabash-bowls and bottles, jars of wine from Tse-tchouen, and fiery rice-distilled samshu from the lower provinces, with ducks and geese that scream and flutter as their proprietors hold them up by the feet for scrutiny. Others have come out to tempt the Fanquais with more attractive curiosities: porcelains, brocades, fairy carvings in ivory, fans of paper, bamboo, mother-of-pearl, or silk and tinsel, bells, bronze idols, parroquets, pigeons of rare breeds, and fishing cormorants warranted to supply the larder. Some of these boats are full of half-naked creatures who look scarcely human, as they leer under their tattered straw hats; others, contain Chinamen of imposing presence, fat men in flowing robes, silky tails, musk-scented, and flowery of speech; but all have the same long narrow eyes, those unutterably cunning Mongolian eyes, in which no emotion can be traced, and which express nothing except astuteness. These floating stall-keepers hang chiefly about the European ships, although they are often roughly ordered to sheer off by some vigilant mate, who doubts the security of unconsidered trifles such as coils of rope, metal bolts, chains, paint-pots, and spare sails. The fishermen, too, are not exactly encouraged to lie under the bends, or close to the rudder-pins, in their buoyant canoes, with the long lines trailing out.

The science of thieving flourishes here well. After dusk, not only do light sampans, bound on no honest errand, steal like water-snakes in and about the fleet of merchantmen, but powerful swimmers, sometimes with a couple of bladders tied to their necks as aids to them in carrying off heavy goods, will hover round the ships, scarcely distinguishable from floating logs or gourds. The supple agility with which these gentry know how to slip through an open port or cabin window, is only equalled by the stealthy way in which they rifle lockers and trunks, glide from berth to berth, and draw a watch or purse

from beneath the pillow of the lightest sleeper. Even if detected, they are hard to catch and harder still to hold, for they flit away like shadows; and their naked limbs, slippery with fish oil, are as lithe and slimy as the surface of an eel. Then they plunge fearlessly, diving and swimming under water in a way to make the very otters envious. Nothing is mean enough to be beneath the notice of these sharp adventurers; clothes hung in the rigging to dry, loose sails on the booms, poultry in the boats: even chain cable they will file through, and buoying it up ingeniously with calabashes, tow it on shore. If they have any special weakness, it is for the copper off ships' bottoms. Copper is of much value in China; the chief supplies of it come from Japan, and the uses of it are countless. The thieves, swimming round a vessel, rip the sheeting off with files and chisels, and will often escape with as much copper as will keep them in rice and samshu for months. When the rasping noise betrays them, they make off with all speed, diving like ducks at the flash of every gun levelled against them. They do not always get off scathless. Only one was killed while I lay at Shanghai, but afterwards, in the mouth of the Canton river, I saw two wretches perish miserably in the water, shot by the mates of an American brig whose copper they had been trying to purloin. They are always fired upon with as little scruple as if they were wharf rats; that being held to be the only practical method of dealing with marauders. Theoretically, they are given up, on capture, to be punished by their own authorities.

It must not be supposed that the Chinese waters are without police. A gaudy dragon-boat, painted of all colours, comes flashing through the waves, like a bright kingfisher, and darts as swiftly as a dozen oarsmen can propel her. She is gilded as well as painted, she is wonderfully crank of build, fitter for speed than safety, and, on little bamboo staves there flutter all about her, little flags of blood-red silk. Her head is carved into a dragon's head with open jaws, hissing tongue, and fiery eyes. She has a cannon mounted amidships, and would be shaken to pieces by the recoil, did the gunner dare to use his linstock. Often the cannon is a mere "quaker" of painted wood or paper, admirably wrought. In any case there are some musicians crouched in the thwarts, making a hideous noise with their wild instruments; there is the imperial ensign flaunting from a lofty pole; and under an awning more or less rich, there yawns and lolls in the stern sheets, a mandarin, fanned by two attendants, whose pheasant feathers and red robes mark them as police. The mandarin is an inferior mandarin, or he would scarcely put his sacred person in such jeopardy as to skim to and fro in so narrow and unsafe a boat. The rowers, indeed, are sure to reach the shore in case of an upset, but it would be too much to expect of a lettered Chinese that he should swim. Moreover, the mandarin must be a "copper button" official of the humblest class, or his boat would be longer and better manned.

There are dragon-boats pulling twenty-four oars, veritable sea-serpents, shooting through smooth waters like an ancient galley, with fine silken pavilions over their stern-sheets, superb banners, enormous lanterns of coloured paper, and a party of marine veterans, who not only have matchlocks, but can actually use them. The mandarin of such a boat is probably a ninth-class man or B.L. of the Pekin University, and is the port inspector's secretary. He is the terror of the fishermen and of the yam-sellers and washermen, but he is not very formidable in the eyes of thieves. The boats of commerce and petty industry all make way for the dragon-boat, as sheep huddle together when a dog appears. The deputy-magistrate is charged with the protection of the emperor's revenue, as well as of property, philosophy, and good morals in general, and he has keen scent for a smuggler—not for a smuggler on a grand scale though.

An opium clipper is not often meddled with, unless some war junk's crew is several months in arrear of pay, and, growing mutinous and fierce, is pacified by their commander with an assault on some rich contraband vessel. The retail offenders get little mercy, if caught, and clever as the Chinese are in their hidings, the mandarins have a rare skill also in such thief-catching as they undertake. It is difficult to escape by mere flight, for the dragon-boat spins along with a speed like that of a college racing-eight, and the only hope of a fugitive junk is to get out to sea, where, if there are waves of any size at all, the dragon-boat knows better than to follow. Pirates always resist, and generally win the battle. The floating arks, of which whole streets are always moored together, are under strict scrutiny of the "copper buttoned" official and his myrmidons. The dragon-boat rushes among them, a pike among minnows, frightening them almost as much, for authority is awful, even when it wears a copper button, and few men are absolutely certain, in China, that the law has not some hold on them for real or mock offences. You see the mandarin helped out of his boat, sow and again, by his obsequious attendants; you see him enter these poor marine dwellings, while the owner kneels on the threshold, with his hands held up to his eyes, as if dazzled by the radiance of the copper button. The clamorous women and children leave off making a noise, and the whole ark is hushed while the literary jack-in-office makes his domiciliary visit. There are so many possible accusations about opium, smuggled gunpowder, theft, secret societies, and little frauds, that the mandarin is sure of his bribe, and the policemen are sure of their bribes: even the rowers and musicians are sure of their extorted drink of fiery spirit or hot wine, with perhaps a day's consumption of tobacco. If the mandarin does not come out of the ark a richer man than he went in, by a few cash or pistareens at least, the family must be wretchedly poor or most conspicuously innocent and obstinate. These harbour inspectors and their subalterns used, before 1840,

sorely to torment foreigners. The dragon-boats were always buzzing about an English ship, like teasing flies, and when one rogue was bribed away, another started up. But the war settled that matter. A mandarin of that class now stands in such awe of the consul's complaints, that he knows it would be as much as his cap of office is worth, to intrude unlicensed on an European captain, besides his risk of being bundled over the side with little ceremony. On shore, the copper and crystal buttoned dignitaries are as arrogant as ever, but they do not venture beneath the shadow of European or United States bunting.

The large war-junks are decidedly inferior in sailing qualities to the junks of commerce, and built chiefly with regard to the officers' comfort. They have roundhouses, pavilions, and—should the captain be a devout Buddhist, as many Tartars are—a pagoda on deck, constructed, as the taste of the occupants may prompt, of bamboo, timber, chunam, or firm masonry. The stumpy masts, the square sails of matting, the lofty poops covered with lanterns and carving, and the absurd prows, make these vessels unfit to face the open sea. Accordingly, they haunt creeks and rivers, preferring fresh water to salt, and depending much more on their double or triple banks of oars than on their sails. According to the Official Pekin Almanack, there exist four hundred and fifty war-junks of the largest size, divided into four squadrons, and distinguished as the blue, white, yellow, and red. Besides these, there are nineteen hundred dragon-boats, fire-ships, block-ships, and smaller craft in general, said to be manned by forty-one thousand sailors: a number possibly not very much exaggerated. The commanders of the war-junks are military mandarins—timid in general, after the usual fashion of Tartars, when a sea-voyage is concerned—and mostly thieves. Often a commander sells his brass-guns to a native dealer, and buys worthless European ordnance sold as old iron. The sailors are never rightly paid, but they get rice and fish, and perquisites screwed out of the nation; for they, too, are men in a little brief authority, and have their ways of plunder. They are splendid rowers. Indeed no toil at the oar seems too much for a Chinaman, if you only feed him, and encourage him with tom-toms and flageolets and singing and buffoonery. So stimulated, he will row all day gaily and well. The war-junks have given more trouble to the Taiping rebels than the land troops: not because of the courage of their crews, but because of the difficulty of reaching them, while, if the captains are poor navigators, they are first-rate artists in fire-works. Most of the Chinese victories over the barbarous tribes on their borders have been due to their rockets and red-fire. They are very ingenious in the use of fire-ships and explosive rafts, and in the manufacture of com-

pounds which explode with horrible smells and smothering smoke. It takes nothing less than European discipline to prevent any fleet from being set on fire by the shoals of combustibles sent floating down the tide in war-time. If a country could be saved by Roman candles and Catherine wheels, China might defy the arms of united Europe.

It is very pleasant to watch one of the regular fleets of trading junks returning from Siam and the Irrawaddy with its cargoes of birds'-nests, skins, feathers, spices, sea slugs, dried fish, and other dainties. Steadily and pleasantly the vessels bowl along, before a moderate wind, through a sparkling sea, alive with flotillas of the nautilus, and weeds, and fish of every size and shape. The lines are always out, for so thrifty a race never neglects an opportunity of hooking something, and the sailors save their rations at the expense of the fishes. The awkward sails draw pretty well, for the wind is right astern, and the solemn pig-tailed smoker, in rattan cap and thick-soled shoes, who holds the tiller, has an easy time of it. The captain shares his snug cabin with the supercargo: an important person, probably a literary graduate and cousin of the owner. Perhaps even the owner, that great merchant, is on board; if so, he sits in solitary state in his pavilion, glaring with dull eyes through the fumes of his opium pipe. He eats, and drinks hot wine and scalding tea, and smokes, throughout the voyage: only rousing himself in port, where there is buying and selling, and a penny to be turned. The captain, who has the sole charge of the navigation, can always take a solar observation, and can work a reckoning tolerably: though he loves to see the land whenever it is possible to hug the shore, and is unhappy if the stars are lost at night behind the clouds. Logarithms do not concern him, for Chinese mathematics do not recognise discoveries, and "circle sailing" is outside the Chinaman's world altogether. But give him a smooth sea, and a wind right astern, then he will glide along, safe and placid.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 82.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I AM about to make a very original observation. I hope its truth may equal its originality. It is, that the man who has never had a sister, is, at his first entrance into life, far more the slave of feminine captivations, than he who has been brought up in a "house full of girls." "Oh, for shame, Mr. Potts! Is this the gallantry we have heard so much of? Is this the spirit of that chivalrous devotion you have been incessantly impressing upon us?" Wait a moment, fair creature; give me one half-minute for an explanation. He who has not had sisters, has had no experiences of the behind-scene life of the female world; he has never heard one syllable about the plans, and schemes, and devices by which hearts are snared. He fancies Mary stuck that moss-rose in her hair in a moment of childish caprice; that Kate ran after her little sister and showed the prettiest of ankles in doing it, out of the irrepressible gaiety of her buoyant spirits. In a word, he is one who only sees the play when the house is fully lighted, and all the actors in their grand costume; he has never witnessed a rehearsal, and has not the very vaguest suspicion of a prompter.

To him, therefore, who has only experienced the rough companionship of brothers—or worse still, has lived entirely alone—the first acquaintanceship with the young-lady world is such a fascination as no words can describe. The gentle look, the graceful gestures, the silvery voices, all the play and action of natures so infinitely more refined than any he has ever witnessed, are inexpressibly captivating. It is not alone the occupations of their hours, light, graceful, and picturesque as they are, but all their topics, their thoughts, seem to soar out of that common-place world he has lived in, and rise to ideal realms of poetry and beauty. I say it advisedly: I do not know of anything so truly Elysian in life as our first—our very first—experiences of this kind.

Werther's passion for Charlotte received a powerful impulse from watching her as she cut bread-and-butter for the children. There are vulgar natures who will smile at this; who cannot enter into the intense far-sightedness of that poetic conception; that could in one trait of simplicity embody a whole lifetime with its

ennobling duties, its cheerful sacrifices, its gracefully borne cares. Let him, therefore, who could sneer at Werther, scoff at Potts, as he owns that he never felt his heart so powerfully drawn to Kate Herbert as when he watched her making tea for breakfast. Dressed in a muslin that represented mourning, her rich hair plainly enclosed in a net, with a noiseless motion, she glided about, an ideal of gentle sadness, more fascinating than I can tell. If she bore any unpleasant memory of our little difference, she did not show it; her manner was calm and even kind. She felt, perhaps, that some compensation was due to me for the rudeness of that old woman, and was not unwilling to make it.

"You know we are to rest here to-day?" said she, as she busied herself at the table.

"I heard it by a mere chance, and from the courier," said I, peevishly. "I am not quite certain in what capacity Mrs. Keats condescends to regard me, that I am treated with such scant courtesy. Probably you would be kind enough to ascertain this point for me?"

"I shall assuredly not ask," said she, with a smile.

"I certainly promised her brother—I could not do less for a colleague, not to say something more—that I'd see this old lady safe over the Alps. They are looking out for me anxiously enough at Constantinople all this while; in fact, I suspect there will be a nice confusion there through my delay, and I'd not be a bit surprised if they begin to believe that stupid story in the Nord. I suppose you saw it?"

"No. What is it about?"

"It is about your humble servant, Miss Herbert, and hints that he has received one hundred purses from the sheiks of the Lebanon not to reach the Golden Horn before they have made their peace with the Grand Vizier."

"And is of course untrue?"

"Of course, every word of it is a falsehood; but there are "gobemouches" will believe anything. Mark my words, and see if this allegation be not heard in the House of Commons, and some Tower Hamlets member start up to ask if the Foreign Secretary will lay on the table copies of the instructions given to a certain person, and supposed to be credentials of a nature to supersede the functions of our ambassador at the Porte. In confidence, between ourselves, Miss Herbert, so they are! I am entrusted

with full powers about the Hatti Homayoun, as the world shall see in good time."

"Do you take your tea strong?" asked she; and there was something so odd and so inopportune in the question, that I felt it as a sort of covert sneer; but when I looked up and beheld that pale and gentle face turned towards me, I banished the base suspicion, and forgetting all my enthusiasm, said,

"Yes, dearest; strong as brandy!"

She tried to look grave, perhaps angry; but in spite of herself, she burst out a laughing.

"I perceive, sir," said she, "that Mrs. Keats was quite correct when she said that you appear to have moments in which you are unaware of what you say."

Before I could rally to reply, she had poured out a cup of tea for Mrs. Keats, and left the room to carry it to her.

"Moments in which I am unaware of what I say"—'incoherent intervals' Forbes Winslow would call them: in plain English, I am mad. Old woman, have you dared to cast such an aspersion on me, and to disparage me, too, in the quarter where I am striving to achieve success? For her opinion of me I am less than indifferent; for her judgment of my capacity, my morals, my manners, I am as careless as I well can be of anything; but these become serious disparagements when they reach the ears of one whose heart I would make my own. I will insist on an explanation—no, but an apology—for this. She shall declare that she used these words in some non-natural sense—that I am the sanest of mortals; she shall give it under her hand and seal: "I, the undersigned, having in a moment of rash and impatient judgment, imputed to the bearer of this document, Algernon Sydney Potts"—No, 'Pottinger'—ha, there is a difficulty! If I be Pottinger, I can never re-become Potts; if Potts, I am lost—or, rather, Miss Herbert is lost to me for ever. What a dire embarrassment! Not to mention that in the passport I was Ponto!"

"Mrs. Keats desired me to beg you will step up to her room after breakfast, and bring your account-books with you." This was said by Miss Herbert as she entered and took her place at the table.

"What has the old lady got in her head?" said I, angrily. "I have no account-books—I never had such in my life. When I travel alone, I say to my courier, 'Diomedé'—he is a Greek—'Diomedé, pay,' and he pays. When Diomedé is not with me, I ask, 'How much?' and I give it."

"It certainly simplifies travel," said she, gravely.

"It does more, Miss Herbert: it accomplishes the end of travel. Your doctor says, 'Go abroad—take a holiday—turn your back on Downing-street, and bid farewell to cabinet councils.' Where is the benefit of such a course, I ask, if you are to pass the vacation cursing custom-house officers, bullying landlords, and browbeating waiters? I say always, 'Give me a bad dinner if you must, but do not derange my

digestion; rather a damp bed than thorns in the pillow.'"

"I am to say that you will see her, however," said she, with that matter-of-fact adhesiveness to the question that never would permit her to join me in my digressions.

"That I go under protest, Miss Herbert—under protest, and, as the lawyers say, without prejudice—that is, that I go as a private gentleman, irresponsible and independent. Tell her this, and say, I know nothing of figures: arithmetic may suit the Board of Trade; in the Foreign Department we ignore it. You may add, too, if you like, that from what you have seen of me, I am of a haughty disposition, easily offended, and very vindictive—very!"

"But I really don't think this," said she, with a bewitching smile.

"Not to you, de—!" I was nearly in it again: "not to you," said I, stammering and blushing till I felt on fire. I suspect that she saw all the peril of the moment, for she left the room hurriedly, on the pretext of asking Mrs. Keats to take more tea.

"She is sensible of your devotion, Potts; but is she touched by it? Has she said to herself, 'That man is my fate, my destiny—it is no use resisting him; dark and mysterious as he is, I am drawn towards him by an inscrutable sympathy'—or is she still struggling in the toils, muttering to her heart to be still, and to wait? Flutter away, gentle creature," said I, compassionately, "but ruffle not your lovely plumage too roughly; the bars of your cage are not the less impassable that they are invisible. You *shall* love me, and you *shall* be mine!"

To these rapturous fancies there now succeeded the far less captivating thought of Mrs. Keats, and an approaching interview. Can any reader explain why it is that one sits in quiet admiration of some old woman by Teniers or Holbein, and never experiences any chagrin or impatience at trials which, if only represented in life, would be positively odious? Why is it that art transcends nature, and that ugliness in canvas is more endurable than ugliness in the flesh? Now, for my own part, I'd rather have faced a whole gallery of the Dutch school, from Van Eyck to Verhagen, than have confronted that one old lady who sat awaiting me in No. 12.

Twice as I sat at my breakfast did François put in his head, look at me, and retire without a word. "What is the matter? What do you mean?" cried I, impatiently, at the third intrusion.

"It is madam that wishes to know when monsieur will be at leisure to go up-stairs to her."

I almost bounded on my chair with passion. How was I, I would ask, to maintain any portion of that dignity with which I ought to surround myself if exposed to such demands as this? This absurd old woman would tear off every illusion in which I draped myself. What availed all the romance a rich fancy could conjure up, when that wicked old enchantress called

me to her presence, and in a voice of thunder said, "Strip off these masqueradings, Potts, I know the whole story." "Ay, but," thought I, "she cannot do so; of me and my antecedents she knows positively nothing." "Halt there!" interposes Conscience; "it is quite enough to pronounce the coin base without being able to say at what mint it was fabricated. She knows you, Potts, she knows you!"

There is one great evil in castle-building, and I have thought very long and anxiously, and I must own fruitlessly, over how to meet it: it is that one never can get a lease of the ground to build on. One is always, like an Irish cottier, a tenant at will, likely to be turned out at a moment's notice, and dispossessed without pity or compassion. The same language applies to each: "You know well, my good fellow, you had no right to be there; pack up and be off!" It's no use saying that it was a bit of waste land unfenced and untilled; that, until you took it in hand, it was overgrown with nettles and duckweed; that you dispossessed no one, and such-like." The answer is still the same, "Where's your title? Where's your lease?"

Now, I am curious to hear what injury I was inflicting on that old woman at No. 12 by any self-deceptions of mine? Could the most exaggerated estimate I might form of myself, my present, or my future, in any degree affect *her*? Who constituted her a sort of ambulatory conscience, to call people's hearts to account at a moment's notice? It may be seen by the tone of these reflections, that I was fully impressed with the belief that through some channel, or by some clue, Mrs. Keats knew all my history, and intended to use her knowledge tyrannically over me.

Oh, that I could only retaliate! Oh, that I had only the veriest fragment of her past life, out of which to construct her whole story. Just as out of a mastodon's molar Cuvier used to build up the whole monster, never omitting a rib, nor forgetting a vertebra! How I should like to say to her, and with a most significant sigh, "I knew poor Keats well!" Could I not make even these simple words convey a world of accusation, blended with bitter sorrow and regret?

François again, and on the same errand. "Say, I am coming; that I have only finished a hasty breakfast, and that I am coming this instant," cried I. Nor was it very easy for me to repress the more impatient expressions which struggled for utterance, particularly as I saw, or fancied I saw, the fellow pass his hand over his mouth to hide a grin at my expense.

"Is Miss Herbert up-stairs?"

"No, sir, she is in the garden."

This was so far pleasant. I dreaded the thought of her presence at this interview, and I felt that punishment within the precincts of the gaol was less terrible than on the drop before the populace; and with this consoling reflection I mounted the stairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

I KNOCKED twice before I heard the permission to enter; but scarcely had I closed the

door behind me, than the old lady advanced, and curtsying to me with a manner of most reverential politeness, said, "When you learn, sir, that my conduct has been dictated in the interest of your safety, you will, I am sure, graciously pardon many apparent rudenesses in my manner towards you, and only see in them my zeal to serve you."

I could only bow to a speech, not one syllable of which was in the least intelligible to me. She conducted me courteously to a seat, and only took her own after I was seated.

"I feel, sir," said she, "that there will be no end to our embarrassments if I do not go straight to my object and say at once that I know you. I tell you frankly, sir, that my brother did not betray your secret. The instincts of his calling—to *him* second nature—were stronger than fraternal love, and all he said to me was, 'Martha, I have found a gentleman who is going south, and who, without inconvenience, can see you safely as far as Como.' I implicitly accepted his words, and agreed to set out immediately. I suspected nothing—I knew nothing. It was only before going down to dinner that the paragraph in the *Courier du Dimanche* met my eye, and as I read it, I thought I should have fainted. My first determination was not to appear at dinner. I felt that something or other in my manner would betray my knowledge of your secret. My next was to go down and behave with more than usual sharpness. You may have remarked that I was very abrupt, almost, shall I say, rude?"

I tried to enter a dissent to this, but did not succeed so happily as I meant; but she resumed:

"At any cost, however, sir, I determined that I alone should be the depository of your confidence. Miss Herbert is to me a comparative stranger; she is, besides, very young; she would be in no wise a suitable person to entrust with such a secret, and so I said, I will pretend illness, and remain here for a day; I will make some pretext of dissatisfaction about the expense of the journey; I will affect to have had some passing difference, and he can thus leave us ere he be discovered. Not that I desire this, sir, far from it; this is the brightest episode in a long life. I never imagined that I should have enjoyed such an honour; but I have only to think of your safety, and if an old woman, unobservant, and unremarkable as myself, could penetrate your disguise, why not others more keen-sighted and inquisitive? Don't you agree with me?"

"There is much force in what you say, madam," said I, with dignity, "and your words touch me profoundly." I thought this a happy expression, for it conveyed a sort of grand condescension that seemed to hit off the occasion.

"You would never guess how I recognised you, sir," said she.

"Never, madam." I could have given my oath to this, if required.

"Well," said she, with a bland smile, "it was from the resemblance to your mother!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you are far more like *her*, than your father, and you are scarcely so tall as he was."

"Perhaps not, madam."

"But you have his manner, sir, the graceful and captivating dignity that distinguished all your house; this would betray you to the eyes of all who have enjoyed the high privilege of knowing your family."

The allusion to our house showed that we were royalties, and I laid my hand on my heart, and bowed as a prince ought, blandly but haughtily.

"Ah, sir," said she, with a deep sigh, "your present enterprise fills me with apprehension. Are you not afraid, yourself, of the consequences?"

I sighed, too, and if the truth were to be told, I was very much afraid.

"But, of course, you are acting under advice, and with the counsel of those well able to guide you."

"I cannot say I am, madam; I am free to tell you, that every step I am now taking is self-suggested."

"Oh, then, let me implore you to pause, sir," said she, falling on her knees before me, "let me thus entreat of you not to go further in a path so full of danger."

"Shall I confess, madam," said I, proudly, "that I do not see these dangers you speak of?"

I thought that on this hint she would talk out, and I might be able to pierce the veil of the mystery, and discover who I was; for though very like my mother, and shorter than my father, I was sorely puzzled about my parentage; but she only went off into generalities about the state of the Continent, and the condition of Europe generally. I saw now that my best chance of ascertaining something about myself, was to obtain from her the newspaper that first suggested her discovery of me, and I said half carelessly, "Let me see the paragraph which struck you in the *Courrier*."

"Ah, sir, you must excuse me, these ignoble writers have little delicacy in alluding to the misfortunes of the great; they seem to revenge the littleness of their own station on every such occasion."

"You can well imagine, madam, how time has accustomed me to such petty insults: show me the paper."

"Pray let me refuse you, sir; I would not, however blamelessly, be associated in your mind with what might offend you."

Again I protested that I was used to such attacks, that I knew all about the wretched hireling creatures who wrote them, and that instead of offending, they positively amused me—actually made me laugh.

Thus urged, she proceeded to search for the newspaper, and only after some minutes was it that she remembered Miss Herbert had taken it away to read in the garden. She proposed to send the servant to fetch it, but this I would not permit, pretending at last to concur in her own previously expressed contempt for the para-

graph—but secretly promising myself to go in search of it the moment I should be at liberty—and once more she resumed the theme of my rashness, and my dangers, and all the troubles I might possibly bring upon my family, and the grief I might occasion my grandmother.

Now as there are few men upon whom the ties of family and kindred imposed less rigid bonds, I was rather provoked at being reminded of obligations to my grandmother, and was almost driven to declare that she weighed for very little in the balance of my plans and motives. The old lady, however, rescued me from the indiscretion by a fervent entreaty that I would at least ask a certain person what he thought of my present step.

"Will you do this?" said she, with tears in her eyes. "Will you do it, now?"

I promised her faithfully.

"Will you do it here, sir, at this table, and let me have the proudest memory in my life to recal the incident."

"I should like an hour or two for reflection," said I, pushed very hard by this insistence of hers, for I was sorely puzzled whom I was to write to.

"Oh!" said she, still tearfully, "is it not the habit of hesitating, sir, has cost your house so dearly?"

"No," said I, "we have been always accounted prompt in action and true to our engagements."

Heaven forgive me! but in this vainglorious speech I was alluding to the motto of the Potts' crest, "*Vigilantibus omnia fausta*;" or, as some one rendered it, "Potts answers to the night-bell."

She smiled faintly at my remark. I wonder how she would have looked had she read the thought that suggested it.

"But you *will* write to him, sir?" said she once more.

I laid my hand over what anatomists call the region of the heart, and tried to look like Charles Edward in the prints. Meanwhile, my patience was beginning to fail me, and I felt that if the mystification were to last much longer I should infallibly lose my presence of mind. Fortunately, the old lady was so full of her theme that she only asked to be let talk away without interruption, with many an allusion to the dear Count and the adored Duchess, and a fervent hope that I might be ultimately reconciled to them both, a wish which I had tact enough to perceive required the most guarded reserve on my part.

"I know I am indiscreet, sir," said she, at last; "but you must pardon one whose zeal outruns her reason."

And I bowed grandly, as I might have done in extending mercy to some captive taken in battle.

"There is but one favour more, sir, I have to beg."

"Speak it, madam. As the courtier remarked, if it be possible it *is* done, if impossible it *shall* be done."

"Well, sir, it is that you will not leave us till you hear from——" She hesitated, as if afraid to say the name, and then added, "the Rue St. Georges. Will you give me this pledge?"

Now, though this would have been, all things considered, an arrangement very like to have lasted my life, I could not help hesitating ere I assented, not to say that our dear friend of the Rue St. Georges, whoever he was, might possibly not concur in all the delusions indispensable to my happiness. I therefore demurred—that is, in legal acceptance, I deferred assent—as though to say, "We'll see."

"At all events, sir, you'll accompany us to Como?"

"You have my pledge to that, madam."

"And meanwhile, sir, you agree with me that it is better I should continue to behave towards you with a cold and distant reserve."

"Unquestionably."

"Rarely meeting, seldom or never conversing."

"I should say, never, madam; making, in fact, any communication you may desire to reach me through the intervention of that young person—I forget her name."

"Miss Herbert, sir."

"Exactly; and who appears gentle and unobtrusive."

"She is a gentlewoman by birth, sir," said the old lady, tetchily.

"I have no doubt of it, madam, or she would not be found in association with *you*."

She curtsied deeply at the compliment, and I bowed as low, and backing and bowing I gained the door, dying with eagerness to make my escape.

"Will you pardon me, sir, if, after all the agitation of this meeting, I may not feel equal to appear at dinner to-day?"

"You will charge that young person to give me news of your health, however," said I, insinuating that I expected to see Miss Herbert.

"Certainly, sir; and if it be your pleasure that she should dine with you, to preserve appearances——"

"You are right, madam; your remark is full of wisdom. I shall expect to meet her." And again I bowed low, and ere she recovered from another reverential curtsy, I had closed the door behind me, and was half way down stairs.

FASHIONS.

FROM the tattooed and blue-dyed Briton of A.D. 45 to the flounced and furbelowed finery of Charles the Second, Anne, and the Georges; from that flounced and furbelowed finery to our own simpler luxury, tailors and seamstresses have had a long way to go, and a series of tremendous revolutions to effect. All sorts of interests have been ruined in the process; all sorts of trades created only to be destroyed at the next turn of the wheel: button-makers, fringe-makers, ribbon-makers, silk weavers, barbers, boot-makers, spanglers, and bead-makers, have cried out piteously in turn as the inexorable

course of Fashion swept down their workshops, and flung their wares to one side, branding them with that fatal mark "unfashionable," which rendered them useless and unsaleable for ever. But the tailors and the seamstresses, and that inexorable Fashion, marched on their appointed way, accompanied by the cries of hungry children and the ruin of families, which inaugurated every change that was made. A pitiful necessity, but one scarcely to be avoided by any royal enactments, sumptuary laws, or courtly patronage possible to be given.

Mr. Fairholt tells us in his admirable and picturesque History of Costume, that the old Britons were not clothed only in paint-pinkies, as it has pleased people to say; they had cloaks and mantles of the skins of beasts—the favourite was that of a brindled or spotted cow; and after the Phenicians had been to give them a few hints, they wove coarse cloths of wool and flax, which they dyed scarlet, and purple, and blue, and yellow, but which they always flung off in battle, and made themselves a dress by no means to be despised for comfort and elegance. Full loose braccæ tied round the ankle with a cord and ending in a kind of fringe or frill above the foot; a tunic reaching below the knee, and girt at the waist with a belt; a long classic-looking mantle, fastened at the neck or on the shoulder by a massive brooch; a cap of the true Phrygian cut, and soft shoes or high-lows of untanned leather, with the woolly side inward, completed a costume which the Bloomers of our own time, with more ill-luck than unreason, unconsciously copied as both graceful and convenient. In later days a Roman emperor himself adopted a barbarian fashion of dress, and wore the caracalla, a tunic like our modern frock-coat, close fitting, and slit up before and behind as far as the waist. Aurelius Antoninus, who had been born in Gaul, where this garment was of common use, was wise enough to prefer usefulness to grace, so took to the tunic instead of the toga, and got the nickname of Caracalla for his pains; but the Roman people gradually adopted this distinction as a matter of national costume, and the nickname and the laughter did nothing for the old toga-makers. It was a pity, perhaps, that the fashion had such an evil patron; but fashions have never been very regardful of morals in any shape. The Romans laughed at the British braccæ, and, as all men follow their leaders, these useful articles of dress became discarded, to be afterwards replaced by swathes and bandages, and then by "brech," or breeches proper, and hose. The ladies wore the "gwn," whence our modern gown, an upper tunic, a mantle, and a hood; and at this period—the Anglo-Saxon of the tenth century—the British costume was all that could be desired for grace, chasteness, and simplicity. But it was not a good working costume. Those long sleeves and trailing robes, those sweeping folds and kingly majesty of drapery, did admirably for show, but not for use; and for this reason we find the soldiers and husbandmen going back to less picturesque forms, till long gowns and cum-

bersome mantles were left only to women, priests, kings, and nobles not "on active service," as representatives of the idle classes of society, with whom freedom of action was no want.

As every man of the upper ranks was a warrior, and as dandyism is an instinct with men, arms and armour came in for the greatest number of changes, and took the place of the later gowns and tunics. No fine lady of later growth ever went beyond those grave old mediæval knights in restlessness of finery or gorgeousness of display. They were never satisfied. Now the armour was trellised, now mascléd, now tegulated, now sealed, now rusted, now of chain mail, now of plate; the cap or helmet had now a nasal or nose-piece, which fashion was discontinued after the battle of Lincoln, when Stephen was seized by his nose-piece and held prisoner without being able to help himself; and then went on to barrels and kettles and inverted saucepans, and close-fitting nightcaps, and long beak-shaped vizors with eye-slits and breathing-holes, and little trap-doors for hearing, and a funnel at the top to hold the long waving plume of feathers. The offensive armour followed the same law of change and ornamentation, even to the gadlyngs on the steel gauntlets—mightily like our present knuckle dusters—which gadlyngs were originally spikes on the finger-joints, and then grew into bosses in the shape of lions and leopards on the hand; while the robe of idlesse, the house dress, showed a wantonness of fancy in shape and colour, and such a wantonness of expenditure as called forth the severest sumptuary laws, which, however, no one attended to. In the time of Richard the Second, even the very serving-men trailed about in scarlet robes twenty yards wide, with sleeves "blazing like to cranes' wings," sweeping to the ground; while the nobles wore their mantles and loose sleeves of cloth of gold, velvet, ermine, miniver, and all other extravagant materials in such excess of length and width as would startle the most unconscientious court milliner living. The manner was as strange as the material. Edged with a fine bordering, leaf-shaped—which fashion of robe the king disapproving for his subjects, declared forfeit to himself, with imprisonment during the royal pleasure for the unfortunate tailor who devised and served such ungodly fancies—sometimes parti-coloured, so that the body went into a quartering of various hues, like an elongated kaleidoscope—stiff with golden needlework, and powdered with pearls—the family arms blazoned on skirt and sleeve and tunic and mantle—always fantastic in design, glaring in colour, and ruinous in cost, the house dress of the noble in the middle ages offers a wild variety of human costume, and shows the milliners and tailors of the day in the light of true inventors. But the boots—the feet covering—they and the head-dresses went beyond all else in extravagance and no-meaningness. The old good soft shoes of untanned leather, which must have been deliciously comfortable, were soon set aside, and then came vagaries in scarlet, and green, and blue, embroidered in gold and

precious stones; some, with a fretwork of gold, and a golden lion or fleur-de-lis in each square; some, with large rose-windows; some in geometric patterns of various designs such as Mr. Owen Jones would have loved; some, starred; some, banded along and across; some, of one simple colour bound with black; some, parti-coloured; and others with one foot blue and the other red; one white and the other black. The shapes were as odd as the rest. From honest shoes close fitting to the foot, they suddenly abandoned their natural intention, and lengthened out into peaks fashioned like a ship's prow—*ocrea rostrata*, specially forbidden to the clergy; then they grew into the likeness of a scorpion's tail, *pigacia*; then a courtier in Stephen's time, one Robert, stuffed his scorpion's tail toes with hay, and hoisted them into the shape of a ram's horn, for which feat he earned the title of *cornado*; and then came the preposterous peaks called crackowes or poulaines, by some termed devils' claws, which were fastened by chains to the wearer's knee. Even armed men wore these crackowes under the name of *sollerets*, and looped them up to their genouillères or steel knee-caps, with links as big as a ship's cable. Henry the Sixth patronised half-boots laced at the sides, like our own; also shoes and clogs, called *galage*, the parent both in name and form of our *goloshes*; and then came the inevitable reaction against the devils' claws, and the toes widened out into broad purse-like forms, called ducks' bills, all purpled and slashed and furbelowed, till the foot was a monstrosity of another kind, and quite as ugly as the former. The enormous shoe roses of Elizabeth's time were the next article of foot fashion; and then came cork soles, about the most sensible things we have met with yet. The shoe roses were sometimes very costly; three, four, and five pounds the pair being no uncommon price to pay; while one gallant of the times paid thirty pounds for his, to the distraction and envy of all beholders. Eastern chopines, or high sandaled clogs, like what they use in the Turkish baths at this day, were for a time in vogue, but they never took the lower public; and then burst out the full-blown finery of the Cavalier age, when the roses and laces and embroidery and fine leather made the purchase of a pair of boots a matter of anxious calculation, and a serious curtailment of the family beef and mutton. Tailordom was in the ascendancy under the Charleses; and no expense was held too great for a fit personal adornment; so, when the young bloods spent a pretty little fortune on their feet, it is to be remembered that they had sunk a larger one on every other part of their persons. We are all familiar with this Charles boot, with its wide soft top turned down to show the rich lace lining; we all know the indescribable air of full dress and rioting swagger which it gives; and, convenient or inconvenient, extravagant or no, assuredly it is the most beautiful form of masculine foot-covering yet invented. Indeed, the whole dress of that period was the most picturesque we have ever had. It would scarcely do for our grave,

dusty, toilsome days, but it was wonderfully beautiful—shoulder-knots, loose shirts, slashed sleeves, ribboned breeches, jaunty cloaks, feathered caps, rich ruffs and falling bands of daintiest lace, gauntlet gloves—everything, in short, save the flowing periwig of dead men's hair, which yet harmonised so well with all the rest. From the turned-down boot of Cavalier and Puritan, we come to the stiff jack-boot of James the Second and the highwaymen; and then to the red heels of the dandies of Queen Anne's liking, when various Sir Plumes minced by the side of our great-great-grandmothers at Ranelagh, the beautiful young women in hoops and patches, tottering gracefully on crimson heels set well under the foot, with bows and buckles worth a fortune on the instep. And then was invented the pump or flat shoe, with no heels at all, as we wear them now in-doors; and then, in a little time longer, the buckle-makers set up a loud cry, and petitioned the Prince of Wales to insist on the British nation wearing buckles, for it was running wild into bad taste and sobriety, and they, the buckle-makers, were starving. And now, last of all, is our modern revival of high heels, not yet coloured red, and the fond ambition of our fashionable girls to appear in boots originally copied from the pattern of a railway navy's, but baptised into refinement by the name of Balmorals.

Hair and head-dresses come next; in fact, they ought to have come first, before boots and shoes and everything else, for they are the most wild and wonderful of all the wild and wonderful things man has from time to time fashioned for his disfigurement. The old painted Britons wore long hair falling to the shoulders in grand massy lengths, a trifle the worse for want of combs and brushes; and the fashion continued, with one or two temporary shortenings, to the time of Henry the Sixth, when it was cut close and round, like a charity-school boy's round a basin. Henry the Seventh brought back the older fashion. Henry the Eighth cut closer. The Cavaliers wore long love-locks, meandering over their shoulders as low as the elbow; while the stricter Puritans preached against the mode, and some of them cropped themselves close as shorn sheep. But the nobler sort wore theirs long, straight, and parted down the middle, though they were held near to perdition by the saints for the same. Charles the Second patronised periwigs, first brought into England in the time of Henry the Eighth, which monarch spent twenty shillings on a perwyke for Sexton, his fool; and from Charles to the youthful days of our own papas, wigs of all shapes have had a long reign over the world of fashion, if not a handsome one. Marvellous were the various forms of these periwigs. Huge Cape-sheep tails tied with monstrous blue bows; long flows of wool, pluffy and full, flapping down to the waist, like exaggerated spaniels' ears, things large enough for a camel's load; and bearing a bushel of powder; campaigns, bobs, pig-tails, bags, toupees, like sugar-loaves, both male and female, the male with a row of cannon curls at the nape of

the neck, the female bordered to the apex of the pyramid with rolls like Brobdingnagian sausages: pigeons' wings, comets, and cauliflowers, royal birds, staircases, ladders, and brushes, wild boars' backs, temples, rhinoceroses, corded wolf's paws, Count Saxe's mode, the dragons, the rose, the crutch, the negligent, the chancelor, the cut bob, the long bob, and the Jansenist bob, the half natural, the chain buckle and the corded buckle, the drop wig, the snail's back, spinage seed, and artichoke, were a few of the names given to these creations of tow, powder, and nastiness. Dandies combed their perukes in the streets and public places, and to do so gracefully and with the proper air was a matter of grave education. A wig-maker wrote over a picture of Absalom and David, which served as his sign,

O Absalom! O Absalom!

O Absalom my son!

If thou hadst worn a periwig,

Thou hadst, not been undone!

Louis the Fifteenth tied a bit of black ribbon loosely round his neck, and fastened it in a bow to his pigtail behind, then called it a solitaire, and not the least distinctive mark of the later French revolutionists was their manner of dressing the hair. Also, they adopted the hideous chimney-pot, which has survived better things. The head-coverings were as strange as the heads. In olden times the men wore hoods with long tails called lirripes, which they wound round their heads like a turban in many bands, or swathes; then they wore caps with high feathers, and round felt hats like our wide-awakes, and close skull-caps surmounted with a heap of jagged and cut cointoise furbelows falling in a confused mass of intentional rags about the head and neck—a fashion perpetuated in the Garter Knights' hoods, now slung over the shoulder; and they wore peaked hats with feathers, and peaked hats without feathers, scarlet caps, and the close-fitting beretta, chimney-pots of taffetas and velvets, with a couple of feathers curled like the tail of the lyre bird of Paradise, and broad brims and funnels, and broad brims and peaked crowns, and jaunty looped brims with soft drooping feathers, as in the days of Charles the Second, and cocked-hats edged with feathers, and cocked-hats edged with gold lace, and the original chimney-pots of the Revolution; and the hideous chimney-pots of 1860, and the wide-awakes for artists, and pork-pies for flashy young men, and cricket-caps, and boating-caps, and a host of others: but always the head covering of respectability and state—the high, ugly, cylindrical chimney-pot at seven-teen-and-sixpence, best quality.

But the women outvied the men in the exaggeration of their head-gear. In early times, the times of knight and squire and historic fable, they plaited their hair into long pendent tails, which they then put up snugly into silken cases, not unlike our umbrella cases; a little later, in Chaucer's time, they wore caul's of golden network adorned with jewels, and every woman with any pretensions to beauty had yellow hair, which she dyed

to the required shade when Nature had been perverse, and given them chesnut for gold. They oscillated between flowing curls, or smoother tresses hidden carefully away under golden caul and hoods with long liripipes like monkeys' tails, until Elizabeth's time, when, with one accord, they concealed their locks beneath nets and caps, save on their wedding-day, when the tresses flowed free and wide, unconfin'd by coif or caul. Elizabeth powdered her hair with gold-dust, and rolled it over cushions, and heaped up her head with jewels and finery, till she made herself what women call a fright; but Marie Stuart knew the alphabet of beauty too well for that, and fashioned one of the prettiest head-dresses ever worn. The ladies of James the First's time, wore curls in inverted pyramids, descending in huge waves of hairy increase down to the falling band or collar; and the ladies of Charles the Second's time took a simpler turn and revelled in *crêpe-cœurs*, and favourites, love-locks, confidants, and ringlets, as we all know by heart and Sir Peter Lely. Some dressed their heads *à la mode*: that is, bushed out at the brow, like a bull's head; and some had wire frames over which they rolled their hair, till they made huge fat puddings at each side of the face, then they put high plaited lace turrets on their heads, towering in three stages; and then came the monstrous ugliness of the eighteenth century. Stiff with pomatum and powder, strained and pinned and puffed out in all directions, hung about with huge glass beads, and ropes and coils of golden cord, and piled up with ribbons and flowers and feathers, the women framed their heads into objects of utter ugliness, unlike anything in heaven or earth. A lady's head at that time took many hours to dress, and lasted from three to nine weeks unopened. It is scarcely necessary to say in what state it was usually found when that period of investigation arrived. All sorts of strange things were worn then as ornaments. A sow and litter of pigs in blown glass, a coach, a chair and chairmen, a waggon, two or three dishes of fruit—nothing was too preposterous for a lady to wear lost behind the curls, and in among the powder and pomatum of her head; while a huge hat, top-heavy with feathers and gauze, was stuck on all this ugliness—the gauze lappets sometimes worked with the aces of spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds, which then gave the name of “quadrille heads” to these conglomerations. The more fashionable of both sexes used coloured hair powder; and Charles James Fox went back to the time of the Picts and Danes when he flourished about town with his red-heeled shoes, chapeau bras, and blue hair powder.

Many have been the head-dresses used for covering these wonderful arrangements of hair, some as wonderful as the hairdressing itself. Square-cut hoods and diamond-shaped hoods, like the lozenge windows of a church, immense horns, with long hanging veils, now single, like a unicorn, now double and cow-like; horse-shoes made of velvet and cloth of gold, extinguishers, and turbans and hoods with liri-

pipes trailing to the feet, and hoods with no liripipes at all, coifs sitting close to the face, and small Marie Stuart hats, surely the prettiest things to be had, flat straw hats spreading wide, or tied under the chin à la Pamela and virtue generally, monstrous baskets and ca-leches to wear over the monstrous towers of powder and pomatum just spoken of, feathered hats and hats like smart chimney-pots, and coal-scuttles, and helmets, pokes, fan-shaped hats, rational and jaunty hats, as of late, and irrational bonnets, as of late, meaning no bonnets at all, with such a world of turbans, caps, and toques as would take a moderate-sized encyclopædia to describe. The horns were the most extraordinary of all this assemblage, and excited, perhaps, the most wrath. A certain bishop encouraged the rabble to annoy every woman met in the streets wearing this obnoxious head-gear; and it was fine fun to the little vulgar boys of the period to follow the long-robed ladies, crying, “Hurte Belin,” and “Be-ware of the ram!” with the prospect of a ten days' pardon into the bargain. Women were always fair game to the satirists and moralists of every age; and among the very earliest records are to be found fierce onslaughts against them, and graphic descriptions of what the devils did with them when they died, as a punishment for their paint and finery. One lady took a little devil to church with her sitting on her train, his especial place; because the long train was then a new fashion, and the clergy did not like it.

Among the more curious arts of adornment was the custom of patches. Sun, moon, and stars, and a coach and six horses, crosses, circles, and cabalistic signs, artistically composed, made a very pretty face picture; patches on the one side signified Whig, on the other side, Tory; and a stanch lady Tory made once a sad mistake when, in her hurry, she patched the Whig side of her face and went to a grand rout, seeming to all the world the supporter of her enemies. The fashion came in during the reign of the first Charles, and was finely satirised. So were the large ruffs, stiffened with that “devil's liquor starche,” rendered more abominable still by being coloured blue or yellow. This fashion went out early—after Mrs. Turner was hung at Tyburn for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; she went to the gallows in a lawn ruff dyed yellow. Having been the inventor of yellow starch, yellow starch did not survive her. Hoops outlived the ridicule lavished upon them. Pyramidal, bell-shaped, cylindrical, they neither lessened nor collapsed, but held their own in all strut and state, even to the confusion of the well-disposed of our own times. But our ladies' hoops are mere toys compared to the enormous machines popular in the days of *sacques*, red heels, and mighty heads; scarcely to be remembered as of the same race, pigmies in the land of deceased giants. Nothing, indeed, is so outrageous as it was. Our most extravagant court dresses are not equal to the rich *bandekyns*, the *cointoise* mantles twelve yards round, with

sleeves trailing on the ground, the brocaded silks set full and heavy over the enormous hoops, the laces, and velvets, and slashes, and feathers of our forefathers and foremothers. We are a nation of quakers compared to them, and the most fantastic thing we wear is moderate itself compared to the vagaries rejoiced in by them. We have a few extravagances about us yet, a few wild beards, for instance, floating over the shoulders, and moustaches run up into a dagger's point, but the broad spade beard, and the two little tufts worn by Richard II., the horned moustaches and the vine-branch moustaches, the peaked beard, the mouse-eaten beard, the T beard, the stiletto, the swallow-tail, and the tile, were all more outrageous than the most outrageous things we do in that way. But we go in a circle too, only a circle ever widening. There were mannish young ladies in Queen Elizabeth's time and Sir Roger de Coverley's—"sir, or madam, as the case may be"—in coat, waistcoat, hat, and rapier, and there are mannish young ladies now, in vests, shirts, jackets, and cropped hair; there were "petticoat breeches" in the reign of the second Charles, and our living youth disport themselves in pegtops; hoops once again encase "the fair," as it was the fashion to call them, and fashion still holds men to chimney-pots and swallow-tails. We have more sense of toilette fitness than when the Duchess of Queensberry went to a Bath ball in an apron, originally a *barme-cloth*, which Beau Nash took from her and flung indignantly behind the benches, but we still have our court costume when we look like people at a masquerade, and the Lord Chamberlain still writes unintelligible directions about plain linen and fringed. But patches have gone out, and a sow and her litter are no longer to be seen as ornaments in the hair; garters now are sober hidden supports, not bands of golden stuff jewelled; and gloves are simple and delicate, not a mass of gold thread, seed pearls, and fine lace tops, as in olden times. We still have stays; still hold to small waists, impossible feet, and strangulated hands; but on the whole we are very much wiser than our ancestors in the way of costume, and much more rational and simple. Our men's dress is, perhaps, the ugliest thing that was ever invented, but it is convenient; and our women's is, on the whole, the best, if not the most picturesque, which the ages have turned out. They do not go about the streets in their "night rails" as they used; they do not trail behind them heart-breaking trains of cloth of gold, velvet, and brocaded silk, as in the days of bandekyns and farthingales; they wear gowns with some shape in them, not sacques and trollopees; and sometimes cover their heads decently with hats and bonnets that will stay on. They wear their hair gracefully and naturally, and as a rule they brush it at least once a day, and do not "keep it" for nine weeks at a stretch; they do not wear visage sleeves, and the men do not wear stags and peaked doublets as Raleigh did; and trunk hose stuffed with bran have gone out; and Kevenhuller hats have gone out; and pomander

balls and clouded canes have gone out; and swathes for infants have gone out; and Macbeth is not played in a bag-wig, ruffles, and court suit; and Hamlet has no diamond knee-buckles, Hotspur no Ramilies wig. We no longer exclaim with the poet who immortalised himself by the single line:

Without black velvet breeches, what is man?

Venus has not a hoop and flowers, nor Apollo a pink satin jacket and a powdered wig; the maccaronis have gone the way of all flesh; pouterpigeons no longer walk about under the name of fashionable women, with sugar-loaf bonnets and full buffonts; the waist is pretty much where nature made it—not over the hips nor under the arms; and what ornamentation is used, is of a modest and comparatively simple character. Fashion has done us a good turn at last, and common sense has taken hold of the tailor's shears, and clipped away bravely at the cloth.

THE OPERA AT ROME.

COACHMAN sits upon his chariot—upon the box-seat of that vehicle—expectant, cracking his whip loudly. I hear him, far away in remote chamber of albergo, and descend in the light raiment this century has selected for its festivity; so, Avanti, through the night, coachman! encouraging thy cattle with curious cries, and striking fire from the flints below, making, *ventre à terre*, for the musical temple consecrated to Apollo, far-darting god!

And yet there is no such need for this furious pricking of steeds. There is yet breathing time, for all day long the little pink bills have been calling to me importunately from their dead walls and street corners that the music "se incomincera"—will commence itself—"a nove ore pomerid." This last word, long after I became aware that it stands for afternoon, associates itself mysteriously with pomegranates, or some fruit of such succulent flavour, which most suitable hour commends itself especially, as involving no flying from the unfasted banquet, no cruel dereliction of the choice fruits of the desert, no indecent crowding of courses. And yet, with a quaint oddity of contradiction, in a sober quakerly manufacturing Rhenish town, I have come forth on the steps of the theatre, after hearing a good substantial opera full of musical fat and lean, through and through, just as the town-hall clock was striking nine! At that hour we are hurrying to wait on Apollo, far-darting god.

Down through a vile miscellany of back alleys—black-dark, lampless and tortuous Seven Dials seventeen times over in helpless repetition—pilot coachman takes his boat, heaving and plunging through the trough of that paved sea. Yonder at last, where are the string of light-houses or lamps, waits the port; and here, just at our carriage windows, looms out great white-cloaked Carmelite on horseback—fierce patrol—savagely stopping further progress with flashing sabre, and perhaps a few oaths. Reciprocal oaths, too, from coachman, making his steeds plunge amain; but it results, as it must inevit-

ably result, in ignominious back turning. Ship must go about; and by precious dispensation of metropolitan police, economical alike of time and distance, must plunge again into seven times Seven Dials, thread many more alleys, making for a line of approach directly opposite. From the cabin steerage, or inside, I protest loudly against this outrageous violation of the common carriage route regulations and canons as to the direction of horses' heads; against the monstrous axiom that we who come from the east, and approach lawfully by the eastern streets, must be dragged violently from our course, and sent beating up a dark ocean of streets, to get round and make the more western approaches. Apollo, fardarting god, keeps his balls cheerfully alight and blazing with a bright effulgence. Peep round the corner, and you will catch a glimpse of dull sad-looking Tiber, rolling by with a steady look, inviting sullenly to suicide. Flavius Tiber rolls under the very stage; the great Bastion of the Angel rises like a mountain just over the way; and the shivering stone sentries of the bridge are, as usual, out on their cheerless duty. I have a certain compassion for those ill-used calcareous privates, who have a sad time of it, and suffer under an unjust dispensation compared with their brethren, who reside under shelter; and I miss the delicious theatrical organisation with which our French neighbours so effectually encumber the entrance to their theatres; that running the gauntlet of some half a dozen successive "administrations" of fallow gentlemen, who sit four together behind bars, and play at cards with you. We have none of this pleasant entanglement. Little red-limbed sentry of the Fortieth directs us into this—we may call it so, for want of a better name—this locksmith's shop, where it seems to me I can find a key of any size or dimension. The power of the keys is, indeed, here developed to an extraordinary degree, hanging in monstrous bunches, like wall fruit on a well-laden tree, and with two gardeners-in-chief, in black silk caps, such as old gentlemen are partial to, sitting among the keys and plucking the produce. That mysterious nightcap economy, suggesting general epidemic and chronic prevalence of cold in the head, will develop itself later. That metal fruit handed to you will be "Open, sesame!" to a little cabinet or box, to be yours to have and to hold for the night, with all the rights and profits thereunto appertaining.

Now, are fluttering up the marble staircase the cloaked and hooded figures, the scarlet gipsies, and floating, rustling gossamer miscellany which flood such temples. High this spacious hall, marble-paved and arched, where is store of ices and general refreshment, where protecting garments suffer impoundment, and where wandering men collect, and the lost sheep is sure to be found: here I see magniloquent inscription in golden letters, barbarously grand and self-glorifying. It is in the great Roman character reserved for such boastings, and I almost expect to read that some conqueror

—redux—come home again, that is—and hostibus debellatis—the foeman being utterly and disgracefully worsted—erected this temple—hanc ædem—to Juno Victrix. Instead, I read a haughty reminder to all such lieges as come that way (having duly discharged the tariff at the door), that Dux Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano and other localities, Marchio de—(say of the Pontine Marshes), built this temple, and restored the same—restituit. We must be thankful, and appreciate the favour. We shall be reminded presently of other obligations owing to this nobleman.

More golden inscriptions. This gallery to the right is labelled magnificently ORDINE DE' NOBILI—the Noblemen's Tier! There is here something touching on the rigid Indian supremacy of caste: distinction which fear has borne, and will bear fruit, in many a nobleman's tear. A remark not more melancholy in its prophetic character than in its feeble humour. Poor commoners and ordinary gentry must take the stair, and ascend a flight or so higher; and a familiar in a black silk nightcap being summoned, flings wide the narrow cell numbered "undeci." We draw chairs to the front, and look round on Apollo's theatre.

Much like Old Drury in size and general bearings, but painted in a dull, a sad-coloured stone, which gives it a cheerless and almost penitential character. There is no blaze of gilding, no delicate bride-cake confectionery of white and gold, as in the famous London tabernacle, which rises where the fruits and flowers are sold—no rich warmth of crimson and gold, such as glows upon the walls of the Parisian house with almost a dining-room comfort—it is in darkness almost Cimmerian, and a single chandelier in the clouds pours down a feeble and insufficient radiance. With the absence of all those cheerful adjuncts of warmth, colour, gold, light, and decoration, an insupportable melancholy creeps over the well-ordered mind, which is thus brought to a suitable tone for solemn and penitential exercises. By judicious alteration, and a tap of the decorator's wand, it might burst into a splendid theatre.

Then might it serve for a yet more glorious apotheosis of the Banker-Duke. We have already passed humbly beneath his arch triumphal, where is the glorifying inscription to the chief whose conquests are by moneys. This is *my* opera, it proclaims, *my* pit, *my* boxes, *my* stage. Plebs Populusque Romanus, come and be recreated; but at the same time be thankful, know to whom you owe these delights! And lest should you forget, in transitu between the arch triumphal and boxes, cast your eyes an instant upon your neighbour's light cane-chair; so shall you be kept in a state of suitable recollection. And, indeed, as I look round on our little cabin furniture, I do find that we are supplied with eight such seats, each garnished conspicuously with a ducal coronet, and a flowing round text T. The same letter, with the same head ornament, is artfully worked at corners of arches and such suitable places. The very air is charged with

the Ducal Banker. The great man lets his edifice out to the municipality at so many thousand scudi a year, but watches their doings jealously, as, indeed, is only fitting with all municipality doings. Let us look out an instant over the edge of our box, upwards, at the high art projected on the plafond or ceiling, the theatrical virgins, and general symbolical company who usually reside in such regions; that is a pure municipality conception—corporate high art. For one night the corporate eye had been grievously wounded, by what seems to be the inharmonious groupings of the existing plafond, and the city Ruskin, with his painters and artificers, is sent in promptly to produce something more consonant to the true canons of taste, and less offending to corporate art canons. The symbolical virgins are the result. With this result also: the Ducal Banker, indignant at this outrage on his property, protests against the high art ceiling and the symbolical virgins, and immediately brings an action in the superior courts against the municipality. With what issue I cannot now recollect.

Looking over the edge of our penitential cell, we may rake, with powerful double lens revolver, that long curve below, consecrated as the nobleman's tier, and may bring within easy range the persons of quality there reposing gracefully. I recognise their familiar faces: my noble Roman of the sallow cheeks, now finished with his daily driving, and the pale noble lady, who has come for a short distraction from her great gloomy chambers. It is, after all, no more than the closing or finishing round in that fashionable mill in which she takes her penal servitude; and having already hearkened to this brassy tempest of the Maestro Verdi, some eighteen or twenty times, the edge of novelty may be taken to have worn off. Still she is there, asserting her place, in half-shadow, in the hemicycle of the immortals. It is a curious thing this strict flocking together of noble birds of a feather. And by that token I see from this aerie some whose feathers, it is whispered, have been ruffled, ever so little—not worth mentioning, perhaps, and scarcely perceptible, except to a nicely moral eye. It is for all the world an animated bit of heraldry, a living edition of Sir Bernard's Peerage, stretched out violently into a semicircular scroll. A current of blue blood courses round that august channel. True, there are a few untitled outsiders, who, by patient waiting and setting of names down for years, as it might be, at an almost impregnable club, have slipped in; but this is only a case of rare exception.

For whom is that sort of royal stage-box to the left kept? For King Torlonia, ducal banker, lord of the building; and it runs out behind, as other royal boxes do, into great saloons and reception-chambers. The humbler royal box, directly vis-à-vis, accommodates the magnificos of the municipality: a deputation from which body attends, and is obliged to attend, every night of performance. The Ducal Banker—as has been mentioned—leases his building to the municipality, and this body holds it in trust for

the citizens. It is, as it were, the people's theatre, and the deputation enthroned in splendour represent the people. As a little bit of fancy speculation I conjure up the images of Alderman Sir R. Carden, with Mr. Alderman Moon, together with a third brother of civic obesity and unmusical tastes, being required, under compulsion, to come down and occupy a municipal box at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. I strain the imagination still further, and feebly strive to entertain the amusing conceit of a London City corporation indulging in such a piece of liberality as renting a theatre for its citizens; but here that useful faculty recoils from such absurdly hostile contradictions. These Roman officials are supreme and autocratic. The singer carries away his hearers in a torrent of bravos and frantic applause, but there shall be no encore unsanctioned by authority; and orchestra chief durst not move his bâton, for repetition of the symphony, without nod of approval from a municipal head. Sometimes there is unseemly collision between these authorities and that vox populi, which they decline to recognise as the higher and more divine voice, supposed to be synonymous. Municipality, true to municipal tradition, is pig-headed and stubborn, the people shrill and effervescent, and the dispute is usually happily terminated by an unfair appeal to cocked-hatdom and clinking spurs and sabres. Strange to say, these civic functionaries seem to-night to be young and dandified, ply their glasses industriously, and look as unlike common councilmen as can well be imagined.

But there are other gentlemen clothed with other mysterious powers—and clothed, too, in elegant evening dress—whom enthusiasm for music, and the attraction of Il Maestro Verdi's music, have drawn from their retirement. These fanatiecos sit by preference in one special box on the pit tier, exactly in the centre of the house, and fronting the stage. There we may look for them, and there we may be sure to find them, one busy with his glass, the other with his book, from which he scarcely ever lifts his eyes. The fanatiecos are policemen from Signor Matteucci's office, and really seem to enjoy their night in a gentlemanly unofficial fashion, unburdened by the awkward sense of duty. But would you know why Policeman X is so deeply interested in his book of the words, following every sentence with his eyes glued to the page? I will give it to you in one, in two, in forty, in a hundred, as lively Madame de Sévigné puts it. You will not come within a parasang of it. Policeman X—he holds his book in kid gloves, and I will swear has varnished boots—is the singers' policeman. He looks after them warily, for there have been instances on record of political singers. It has happened before now, that incendiary words, of ambiguous application, carefully expunged by censors, have been restored by enthusiastic singers, and have, as a natural consequence, been rapturously caught up by audience, and turned into peg for hanging “a demonstration” on. Nay, there are little

words in particular songs, otherwise harmless, which perverse hearers *will* twist into far-fetched allusions; and as the singer approaches such pitfalls, X becomes attentive, and watches him warily. This inflammability in the audience, it will be seen, has to be carefully watched, and the awkwardness of the thing lies in this: that most operas dealing in impassioned subjects—with liberty, and love, and the oppressed virtues generally—makes the performance, as it were, take place on barrels of detonating powder. Thus, at various times, not being as yet in these secrets, I am mystified by an unusual burst of delight at what appears to be a feeble and undeserving passage; and, on turning to the words, I find a sentiment that can be wrested, only by pure dislocation, into any application to present affairs. Robust revolutionary tenors, drawing their shining blades, and pointing them to the clouds contemporaneously with an encouraging musical shout, strained at C in alt, and shrieking “*La Libertà!*” would not by any means be tolerated. For growling basso democrats with grievances, there is a grudging allowance; but they are usually ill-conditioned fellows, who excite no sympathy. Their zeal in the cause is not wholly pure, there being usually present a foreign leaven of disappointed affection and preferred rival; so the bad end that waits for him at the end of the piece rather strengthens constituted authority, and brings a just odium on a cause which could avail itself of such degraded instruments. Even artists of sound constitutional principles, steady Tory sopranos, and Conservative tenors, are not exempted from this close supervision. Is it not difficult for an artist who has struggled through his famous air with an enthusiasm that rises every instant, who is encouraged by applauding spectators, and who is now coming round “the corner” for his last “rush” home, racing for life and death with drums, trumpets, fiddles, horns, flutes, sacbuts, psalteries, and all kinds of music—I say, is it not hard for him to avoid slipping out the old tabooed word? As sure as ever he does so, Policeman X has him, and next day Conservative tenor is fined fifteen scudi. It might have blown over safely, might have passed unobserved, the obnoxious syllable, but still there was the risk.

In the year of grace eighteen hundred and forty-eight, when kings were throwing their crowns into cupboards and dust-heaps, and packing their portmanteaus, and when Pope Pius was gratifying his children with a toy called a Constitution, this opera-house, in which I now sit, witnessed the strangest, wildest, and, I may say, maddest scene that ever theatre witnessed. I am told how when Signor Verdi's Ernani was presented to a boiling seething tumultuous house, and Coletti, superb barytone (who will play this very night), discovering the conspiracy in the church, flung back his cloak, and revealed himself to the conspirators in the famous song, *Sono Carlo Magne*, there arose such a storm of frantic enthusiasm and jubilant violence as could only be lulled by

the superb barytone's adapting the words “*Sono Pio*” to the situation. Which was done at once with triumphant success, though they suit that particular passage of music but ill, and are a little incongruous with the situation. Another night, on receipt of some specially joyful news, ladies in the noblemen's tier were made to stand up as so many human caryatides, and join their handkerchiefs like garlands, and speedily a snow-white drapery ran all round the house. There was no end to these exuberant freaks. At times, the *Bed of Flowers*—I like this French name better than our blunt English “pit”—would invade the stage en masse, take possession of it for the evening, and sing a sort of Liberty Opera of their own.

Orchestra sprinkled thickly with green-shaded lamps is filling in quickly; and here I am brought back to that mysterious dispensation noted before, namely, the investiture of every orchestral element in a black silk nightcap—violins, ear-piercing flute (its own aural organs are, however, effectually protected), trumpets, fagotti (bassoon in the vernacular), trombone, even kettle-drums, though I do own to a faint lingering expectation that there would have been an exception in favour of the kettle-drums. I had no just ground for this supposition, but confess I did expect it. It was all one. Every head, whether it nodded responsive to the jerked harmonies of the bow and string, or distended with the exertion of filling the wind instrument, was conspicuous by this unique silken cap. In its universality it was astonishing. Positively not a single shiny tonsure reflected back the light. It would almost seem to have been *de rigueur* an article of professional costume.

Flower-garden is filling in; though here and there are patches very like (according to the apt similitude of a lady near me) to gaps where stray teeth have been knocked out. It is the old street miscellany, the loungers of the Pincio and shop-steps, who have flung away their cigars and strayed in here. They pay thirty baiocchi—say fifteen pence—for a comfortable numbered stall. You can get an excellent box with eight seats (coronet included) for the modest sum of say twelve and sixpence: about the same charge for each person as in the pit.

Now has the municipality deputation just entered and given the signal from its box, and with that low roll of the drums with which Maestro Verdi loves to hint at and shadow out his coming mysteries, has the overture to Simon Boccanera set in. (By the way, see that lady who has just come in—note a significant fact: it is Madame de Grammont, imperial ambassadress, and she has the best box in the house after the ducal banker's.) Rolls out, too, Verdi's whispering crescendo, mounting into bustle and gallop, with final crisis in brazen burst. Then floats up the curtain, and business commences. As of course, the piece resolves itself into a doge story, and—also as of course—every one wears the low velvet Andrew Doria cap, with velvet suits, and tramps it about in a correct doge manner. The run upon these doge stories is

prodigious, Verdi himself being crazy on the subject and doge-cracked.

I try to follow the mysterious intricacies of that first act, having only these facts to go on as a basis. How am I to interpret a devout gentlemen in velvet, who kneels to the footlights and prays, while the sweet voices of virgins from the church dovetail ingeniously with his rougher organ, while a fierce-bearded gentleman, also in velvet, speaks with him in angry expostulatory manner?—the whole business of that first part resulting in noisy procession and ringing of bells, and general proclamation, out of which I dimly catch a hint that the devout gentleman has been made a doge. There are reasonable grounds, also, for supposing that the devout gentleman *is* Simon the Buccaneer, though he looks too good and respectable for such a calling.

A word, too, "in favior" of the daughter, suppressed during the first act, who struggled so miraculously against the infirmities of age and exhausted energies of sex. It moved both wonder and pity, that exhibition. Not one of those cruelly painful acrobatic feats which the Maestro Verdi forces his disciples to attempt, not a single rasping fence of that terrible country, did this spirited sexagenarian flinch from: the Boccherini, I think she was called. Audience looked on moodily, and with a certain tolerance, with not so much as the faintest ghost of approval. Rumour says that the Boccherini is forced upon them.

It is about as good as a Palais Royal farce, to see the raptures of the youthful tenor for this aged charmer, with his agonies of despair when the old doge, like these true operatic curmudgeons, who are all of a piece, steps in and forbids the banns. Needless to say, that, according to precedent, the old doge is done away with, and comes to a violent end at the hands of the conspirators. Weak but well-meaning dotard, he dies by poison. His agonies are frightful; and, curious to say, as the well-beloved daughter and discarded lover group themselves about "the dying man," and his increasing pains grow, and are but too vividly depicted on his countenance, interior voices, typical of stomachic suffering, seem to proceed also from the bassoons and bass instruments. Whether this was intentional on the part of the gran maestro, I cannot take on me to say; but as the voices worked up and strained into an impassioned trio of sorrow, so worked up the spasms and struggles in the bassoon interior, reaching at last to such comic effect, that bursts of profane and irrepressible laughter issue from one special cell, where were some lively Inglesi.

But to magnificent Coletti, dramatic artist unrivalled, save by his brother Ronconi, all homage! Perhaps a little decadent, and that full roll of voice worn away. I see him a few nights later in that other doge piece, *The Foscarini*, and am "ravished" with his feeling, and pathos, and overwhelming power. In this same piece he won his golden spurs, many years back

now, on English boards. Now the autumn, and perhaps an early winter is drawing on. It is time to look into the garner and see what is stored up. His are full to overflowing; he can sit him down cheerfully and say "Vixi! Cantavi!" By degrees he has slipped out of the course—has fallen away from the hum and fluster of great cities and Babylonian theatres. Here in some one of the Roman towns was he born; and hither he has returned in his prime, to fall gracefully into the sere and yellow leaf. It is hard, though, to sacrifice the encouraging roar of many voices bursting from the parterre, and to some the footlights are more glorious than the broad sun at noon. After triumphs of his order, a fireside may be domestic, but humdrum. So on this modest stage, among his own countrymen, he will stimulate himself with a modest dose of excitement, and glide down gently into incapability, without cold, unfeeling voices shrieking it aloud to the four winds. He has a handsome estate just by, and shall perhaps be baron and seigneur in his old age. So, too, is it with ex-tenor Collini, another Roman. There is something pleasant in this notion, that those hard-working songsters, who have delighted us for their life, shall at the end not be cast out, but subside into quietude and husbandry, and see a peaceful end to their days.

LONGINGS.

IN Manhood, in the full accomplished glory
And ecstasy of life,
Memories of the golden Land of Morning
Haunt us in peace and strife;

Vague visions of that fresh and happy season,
The Paradise of youth,
Where earth was one unfading summer landscape,
And love a blossomed truth.

The pipe of birds, awaking to the sunrise,
Cool shadows on the lawn,
The solemn mountains fired with eastern splendour,
The pastoral calm of dawn;

The shining quiet of the Sabbath noontide,
The musical, fleet brooks,
The evening rest and ever welcome voices
Of home-returning rooks;

The windy hands, that tapped the frosted casements
Through the December nights;
Earth ringed with darkness and, above, outshining
The still, celestial lights;

Remembered echoes of heart-treasured voices,
The blessing and the prayer,
Gentle good-nights and tender parting kisses,
And slumbers calm and rare;

Return to us, with one dear recollection,
Of a sweet mother's face,
Bright with angelic blessedness and quiet,
And fair domestic grace;

Rise and return from the burial chambers
Of the mysterious brain,
Till the over-burdened heart and pining spirit
Are faint with sense of pain.

Whence do you come, you unrequited Longings,
From what remote grey shore,
You, whose uplifted and remembered faces
Look backward evermore?

You who, from the unperceived horizon
For ever round us cast,
Summon to shadowy and brief existence
The phantoms of the past.

In sunny fields or cloud-enveloped cities,
Under the midnight skies;
Alone, or, with the crowded world communing,
You look into my eyes.

Your gentle voices, tender with emotion,
Rich with divine delight,
Fall round me till I breathe and walk entranced,
A spirit world of light.

Turn from the past, you unrequited Longings,
Turn from that barren shore;
There are the graves of our departed kindred,
But *they* are there no more.

Lift up your faces to the shining Future,
Unto the better place,
There shall we meet you in celestial beauty,
Before the Father's face.

RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITALS.

ON a bright sunny day, with a brilliant atmosphere, we were admiring, in September of the present year, the magnificent prospect from the top of the Kremlin: a view hardly to be equalled. After attempting to count the three hundred and sixty-five churches which are said to exist in Moscow, and after scanning the spots pointed out where the great fire of 1813 began and ended, and where the first Napoleon watched the ruin of his plans, our eyes rested on a vast building in one of the more open spaces outside the walls of the fortress. We learned it was the Foundling Hospital, and, having a weakness for babies of all nations, we determined upon making that one of our objects. The following morning at an early hour was appointed for our visit, and, punctual to the time, we were introduced to the decorated and accomplished director, who courteously conducted us over the immense building, and gave us every information we could desire.

The hospital is of vast extent, four stories in height, each floor very lofty, forming a large square, surrounding an inner court, which is laid out as a garden, and is nearly as large as Hanover-square, London. Projecting from one side, the building is still further extended to a wing in the shape of the letter L, and in the space in front there is again a garden of considerable size, laid out in broad walks with flower-beds. The basement floor of this extensive pile is occupied chiefly with the offices, with ranges of cellars for wood, and stores of various descriptions.

As we approached the principal entrance through the outer gardens, we saw from fifteen to twenty children, varying from two or three to eight or ten years of age, very neatly and comfortably clad, playing and walking about in groups, with young good-natured-looking

women attending upon them, all well fed and happy. These young nurses were all dressed in uniform costumes, and so were the children; the boys in long grey great-coats and grey cloth caps, with little boots drawn over their trousers; the girls with grey-hooded cloaks and large white bonnets of cotton.

We were then informed that this great establishment consisted of two divisions; one of which was limited to the orphan and quite friendless children of *nobles*, who were brought there at any age when their destitution was recognised, maintained, and educated, at the expense of the state, and fitted out in the world when of the proper age. The children we saw in this garden were a few of these nobles.

We ascended a flight of broad iron steps, and were conducted to the range of rooms where the accounts and general management of the hospital are carried on. Desks covered with large folios, shelves lined with the same, all numbered according to the year; busy clerks and messengers, and all the arrangements of an extensive department.

We shall return to these rooms, to enter into the details of the plans. We were first taken to the show places: the chapel, highly gilded and ornamented, with the pictures on the walls and on the sides and over the altar, according to the usual mode of the Russo-Greek Church, which admits of no images, although there is quite as much of kissing and bowing as ever is seen in the Roman Catholic churches. Long galleries and ranges of rooms, with pictures of the imperial family, and of great benefactors or directors of the hospital, with glass-cases containing various objects of antiquity or of art, presented from time to time to the establishment.

We then arrived at the wards. They are all so much alike, that in describing one we describe the whole, as they only vary in size when separated for special objects. On entering, we were at once astonished at the wonderful symmetry of the whole. Down a long and yet wide apartment were ranged beds on each side, standing out into the room; between each bed, close together, were two cots side by side, at the foot of each bed was a wooden seat, which also was a closet—the seat lifting up to give access to the clothes deposited below. At the head of each bed on each side, was a smaller seat, between the bed and the adjoining baby's cot. At the head of each bed was a large broad card, or rather wooden placard, with a number on it, and some few words in white chalk. The cots had all hoods, were made of wood, and a small eider-down full-bellied quilt covered each little inmate. At the foot and in front of each bed—as our visit was expected, and we were accompanied by the director and two or three of the staff—there stood two women, all drawn up, erect and still, like a line of soldiers, in number about sixty of a side, or a hundred and twenty in the whole ward. Their appearance was made more military by their being all dressed exactly alike—one regular uniform. These were

the corps of WET-NURSES. Each had a sort of shako, a round coronet or turban of red cloth over pasteboard, high in front, and sloping to the back of the head. In an open closet at the side of the door were their state shakos, for feast days, of the same colour, but with a band of gold lace round the edge. The rest of the uniform consisted of a red body and petticoat, with a white front over the bosom, white long sleeves, and a white apron. They all wore white stockings, with grey cloth slippers without heels.

There were *twelve hundred* of these wet-nurses in the hospital at that time, and *twelve hundred* babies: all of the latter under two months old, except a very few.

In the services of the Russian Church, a peculiarity which strikes a stranger is the mode of bowing during the ceremonies. During the chanting, which is very beautiful and unaccompanied, the congregation keep perpetually bowing: not all at the same time, but just as it appears to suit the fancy of individuals; they do not bow the head, nor the shoulders, but the whole body at an angle from the legs; some bow more, and some less, but generally the bow is a very low one, and the bower springs back again to a more than usually upright posture. The more devout—and this is especially the case with the old beggar women—prostrate themselves and kneel down and touch the floor with their foreheads, and they will repeat this several times in a few minutes. In the streets, wherever there is a lamp in front of a sacred picture—and these are perpetually met with in the streets in all Russian towns—people are seen as they pass, to take their hats off, stop, strike the breast, each shoulder, and the forehead, and make this same peculiar bow—even at a considerable distance from the object of devotion, perhaps at the opposite side of a wide street. This same peculiar bow is the bow which the lower orders also make when they wish to show a mark of respect to their superiors or benefactors. As we passed down the long file of the wet-nurses, each of them in turn, like an intermitting platoon firing, made this bow, rising up again from it at once to an erect and military bearing.

At each end of the long ward was a washing apparatus for the babies—four copper baths, half a foot deep, smoothly rounded at bottom, set in a fixed stand, and supplied with warm or cold water from a brass pipe in the centre. In front of these, were four tables for dressing the babies. Instead of the nurse sitting down as in England, and dressing or washing the baby on her lap, in Russia, and in Germany also, the baby is dressed on a table, the nurse standing. The military precision with which it is all done here, is very impressive. There are to each ward on the average, eight or nine nurse attendants, with a head one, who is a lady in appearance and manner, and dressed in plain black silk, and who only superintends the rest. The rest are young, active, well taught and well trained women or girls, dressed uniformly, who do all the real work, and attend to the babies, in all that

the wet-nurses do not perform. With her bath ready filled with water at the proper temperature, one waits with her arms bare, a wet-nurse from a long file of them walks up with her ticket in her hand taken from the head of the bed, and, in her turn, hands her baby to one of these nurses—by whom the baby is quickly undressed on one of the tables and handed to the nurse already at the bath. The baby is then rapidly but gently and carefully washed, and at once handed to a third nurse at another of the tables which is covered with an oil-silk large flat pillow, and there the baby is rapidly dried with a warm soft towel. It is then handed to the fourth table, and there another nurse as quickly dresses it, rolling it up in the absurd and objectionable swaddling-clothes which are in use all over the Continent. This division of labour makes the whole process a very complete and very rapid one, only occupying a few minutes, and the baby is then handed to the wet-nurse and taken back to its cot. Some of the babies brought to the institution are very prematurely born, poor feeble little animals, scarcely alive, and not able to maintain their own warmth, even with all the adjuncts of eider-down pillows and coverlids. For these, there are special cots made of copper, with a double wall, between which circulates a perpetual supply of hot water, so that the proper degree of warmth is constantly surrounding the feeble infant. We saw some dozen of these very premature infants, looking most deplorable objects, with weazen monkey faces, enveloped in hoods of wadding. At another part of the same ward we were shown several which were now strong and healthy, and had gradually been injured to less delicate treatment.

After visiting the main large wards, all of the same character, and all scrupulously clean, well ventilated, well warmed, and with painted boarded floors, which are easily washed and swept, we came to the smaller wards for exceptional cases. One was for deformities, natural defects—many irremediable and sooner or later to be fatal—others to be relieved or removed, at a later age, by operations—others which, without compromising life, would remain as permanent blemishes and disfigurements. Of course there must be a proportion of such unfortunates in so large a number of infants; but there was nothing better nor worse in the plans pursued for their treatment, than in other hospitals. One of these wards was solely for skin complaints: not the slight and quite innocent eruptions which are common to young infants, but those of a more permanent and mischievous character, requiring careful medical treatment. In Russia, among the lower classes, there are two skin diseases: one, the consequence of vice; the other, the consequence of dirt, and of a highly contagious nature. Though Scotland has been taunted with the prevalence of this complaint, as a nearly national characteristic, Russia far more deserves the stigma, and it is dreadfully abundant among the children admitted into this institution. Fortunately it is curable, when the

appropriate treatment is effectually carried out, and here it is most thoroughly and completely managed. As soon as the complaint is detected, the infant is removed to the ward set apart for these cases. It is bathed in a medicated bath every day, and well rubbed over with a peculiar ointment. Then soft linen rollers are neatly passed round every limb and round the whole body, and a woollen loose robe over it all; and by renewing the immersion daily, and applying it skilfully and thoroughly, in a very short time the baby is well enough to be replaced in the ordinary ward.

There are other wards for different illnesses, but the only one deserving particular notice is the ward for ophthalmia: a not uncommon malady among new-born children. Out of the twelve hundred infants in the house, there were rather more than sixty with ophthalmia in various stages. This ward is kept shaded with dark green blinds, and is especially guarded from currents of cold air. In advanced cases of ophthalmia, there is a great swelling in the eyelids, and a quantity of yellow matter collects behind them, pressing upon the inflamed eyes and aggravating all the symptoms. The complaint is, generally, easily cured, when care is taken that the eyes are constantly and properly washed, and mild lotions properly applied. But ordinary nurses in England rarely attend to this effectually—they either are ignorant and cannot; or are idle or prejudiced, and will not; or are timid and tender-hearted, and dare not. They do not open the eyes and let out the confined matter, because they do not like to make the child cry—and if told to apply a lotion, they satisfy their consciences by applying it outside. We witnessed the process practised at this hospital, and it was excellently managed. At a table with a metal top, and with raised edges about two inches high all round, and with a small fountain of warm water in the centre conveyed in any direction as a douche by an india-rubber pipe, stood one of the young nurses, with a flat oiled-silk pillow on the table before her. She had an assistant at her elbow. A file of wet-nurses, each with her blind baby, stood in a line to her right; each wet-nurse with a square piece of linen rag on the top of her head. They all came forward one by one—the children being partly undressed—and each in turn handed her child to the head nurse. She placed it on its back on the flat pillow, drew down the lower eyelid with her left hand while the assistant lifted up the upper eyelid, then with her right hand directed the douche of warm water thoroughly into the eye until every portion of the matter was washed away. She then took the piece of rag off the wet-nurse's head, wiped the eye carefully with it, applied a lotion within each eyelid as it was laid bare, and tossed the piece of rag into a heap; thus, all fresh contagion was avoided, as each child had brought its own rag, and all the pieces were thoroughly washed and purified before being used again. The child was then handed to its nurse and went off to its own cot. The whole process scarcely occupied a minute.

In another department we witnessed the vaccination. There were two resident surgeons engaged, and about sixty babies present: half the number to be vaccinated from the arms of the other half, then on the eighth day. There was the same regular order—each wet-nurse marching up in turn, holding her bed ticket with its number, and showing her baby's arm. On one arm, there were two vesicles, which were left undisturbed—on the other arm six vesicles, which were used for vaccinating others, and for procuring supplies of lymph to be sent to a distance, between small flat squares of glass. On one side of the operator marched up the nurse with the baby from whose arm the lymph was to be taken, and on the other the nurse whose baby was to be vaccinated, and the surgeon very rapidly transmitted the vaccine virus from one arm to the other, tapping the vesicles with his lancet, and then passing it tenderly beneath the skin of the other arm. In doing this, we never saw a drop of blood, and at the moment of insinuating the point of the instrument, he gave it a sudden twist, as if to wipe off the lymph thoroughly from it. Whether it was this twist which ensured its efficacy or not, it is a fact that in all the cases, then at the eighth day after the operation, there was not a single failure: each had its two full vesicles on one arm, and its six on the other.

There are rarely less than one thousand children in this establishment—and in the year ending the 31st of December, 1859, fourteen thousand had been admitted; but that number was above the average, and in some years there are from one to two thousand less. All who apply are admitted—there are no restrictions. There is no turning box, as in some of the continental foundling hospitals—at Rome, Florence, Naples, for instance, where a child is deposited, a bell rung, the child taken out of the box, and the bearer never seen; but here every child is brought openly, at particular hours in the morning, and certain questions are asked, and the answers are all registered. From seven A.M. to two P.M. all comers are admitted; by far the larger portion are children born in wedlock; but a considerable number of the parents of such children do not choose to divulge their names, and they are consequently entered in the list as probably illegitimate. The person who brings the child declares its sex—the date of its birth—the names of its parents (if the person chooses to give them), and at all events the *christian* name of its father, and whether the rite of baptism has been already performed or not. If it has been baptised, its name is registered; if not, it is baptised within a day or two, by any surname the bearer chooses to declare; but if only the christian name of the father has been given, then it is surnamed accordingly such a one's son, Petrovitch or Iano-vitch, answering to our Peterson or Johnson, as it may happen to be, and the christian name is always the name of the saint whose feast it may be on the day of the baptism, so that the

whole batch baptised on any one day have the same christian name. All these circumstances are duly noted down in the great registry of the hospital, each entry having its own number for that year. A little ivory counter is then attached by a thin coloured tape round the child's arm: black tape for the boys, red tape for the girls: on which counter on one side is engraved the date of the year, and on the opposite side the number which designates it in the registry. A card is given to the person who brought the child, on which is the same number and date, and at any future time the friends, on producing that card, may reclaim that child. The first step after admission is to have the child very carefully examined. It is taken to a room, stripped, and then a note is made as to any peculiarities; it is weighed, and the weight registered; any marks or deformities are put on record; if it is affected with any disease, it is removed to the appropriate ward. A wet-nurse is appointed to it, and it becomes a denizen of the establishment for the next two months.

A large number of wet-nurses are always applying to be engaged: chiefly, indeed nearly always, from the villages in the country. The only care taken respecting them is as to health, which is rigorously investigated, to an extent and a minuteness which English women would hardly submit to. Many of the women are far from young, and many have, perhaps, suckled their own children for many months, and weaned them, before they apply for an engagement. They are clothed and entirely maintained during the time they remain, and receive fifteen kopecks a day—about sixpence English money—and return to their own homes with their nurslings, receiving three roubles a month (ten shillings) for the first year, and six for the second, and all subsequent years, till the child is fourteen years old. The head officer of the village where they reside is obliged to keep his eye upon them; he sees that the child is living and is properly brought up; and pays them the stipend. The child has a stock of clothes supplied on leaving the hospital, but not afterwards. At the age of fourteen it is brought back to the authorities, and bound to some person, either to be taught a trade, or as a servant; but none of the boys are brought up for the army or navy; if they ever find their way into either service, they do so afterwards of their own free choice.

On our asking if it ever happened that a mother who had sent her baby to the hospital applied and was engaged as a wet-nurse to her own offspring, we were told that probably such things occasionally happened; but it would always be doubtful whether the mother would be appointed by chance to suckle her own child, or would even see her own child, while in the hospital. They take no especial means to prevent it, and the chances may now and then be in the mother's favour, and she might be receiving the public pay for bringing up her own child.

The wet-nurses are very abundantly fed whilst in the hospital; in proportion, however, to their previous habits of life. An English wet-nurse in a private family will expect meat meals two or three times a day, and from one to three pints of porter; but a Russian peasant scarcely ever tastes meat, and lives chiefly on dark chocolate-coloured rye bread, on tea, and vegetables. We inspected the kitchens, the dining-rooms for the nurses, and the provision stores. They have an excellent nourishing soup twice a day, a very large and unlimited supply of rye bread, and a sort of gruel of meat. They have a dinner with meat on ordinary days, and fish on fast days, and there are from two to three fast days a week in the Russian Church, besides Lent. But many of these peasant women refuse the meat; they have never been used to it, and dislike it. They have extra drinks of a sort of fermented rye, slightly acid, which they take when thirsty, at discretion. They have also tea, and, once a day, they have a mug of beer, of a light and wholesome quality. Occasionally, for a day or two, the admission of babies may have been larger than the number of wet-nurses, and they are obliged to put two babies to one nurse, temporarily; then they always select those who will not refuse meat, and also give them an extra allowance both of meat and of beer.

The advantages and disadvantages of foundling hospitals have often been discussed, the encouragement to immorality being set against the preservation of human life. As it is, the loss of life is enormous, for it is calculated that one-fourth of the children brought to the Moscow and to the St. Petersburg Foundling Hospitals die before the first year; but this is not so large a proportion as are said to die in London and Liverpool among the children born there. Certainly, taking into consideration the habits of the English peasant class, or of the lower orders in large manufacturing towns, the ignorance as to the management of children, the dirt, the neglect, the bad feeding, and the system of quieting drugs and drams, there can be no doubt that the infants in these large Russian foundling hospitals are much better off, and are far more sensibly and carefully preserved, than many left to the carelessness and stupidity of their own parents. It is positively known that a very considerable proportion of these deserted children are born in wedlock, but extreme poverty and the hardships of life may be a partial excuse for the parents, and there is reason to believe that many of these children are reclaimed by the parents, long before they have arrived at the age at which their connexion with the hospital ceases. Probably the knowledge that they may be reclaimed at any time, induces many mothers to part with their children, intending to reclaim them as soon as they could afford it; but long before that time arrives, they have learned to do without them, and have ceased to care for them. The encouragement to immorality is undoubtedly considerable, though the system supersedes the crime of infanticide.

The St. Petersburg Foundling Hospital is on a much smaller scale than that at Moscow, containing not half the number of children, but the system is in both precisely the same.

MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

THE purchase of Mount Vernon from the American nation was an object for the attainment of which the highest talents of the most gifted writer might be worthily employed. Edward Everett is a name well known in the annals of oratory, statesmanship, and literature; yet it was an honour even to Edward Everett to devote his pen to the patriotic objects which we have mentioned. His oratory had already been exercised in its cause, not without effect, and the good which he had wrought by his spoken addresses he has now increased by his written essays.

Mount Vernon, as we all know, was the dwelling-place and is the last resting-place of George Washington, Pater patriæ; it was but natural, therefore, that his children should desire to possess the paternal property. But Congress wouldn't buy it, Virginia wouldn't buy it, and the legal representative of the illustrious general could hardly be expected to give up his paternal inheritance, even to devoted worshippers at Washington's shrine, without a consideration. For, though man wants but little here below, he cannot get on without a little. The legal representative desired, in point of fact, not unnaturally, to have a quid for his quo; this, in the land of Virginia tobacco, should have been a matter of but little difficulty, but it was not so easy as it might appear. Private speculators of the *Barnum* persuasion were ready enough to purchase the property, but the owner of Mount Vernon, to his honour, refused to treat with showmen. He preferred to live as it were on sufferance in his own domains, whilst enthusiastic admirers of his great ancestor, native tourists and foreign pilgrims, wandered over his grounds and strolled through his house, intruded upon his privacy, defaced his shrubbery, wrenched off the pales of his balustrade, broke off the projecting portions of his marble mantelpiece, cut down his magnolias for walking-sticks, and tried to purloin "the key of the Bastille, given by Lafayette to Washington"—all, of course, in the kindest spirit, that they might have mementoes of the mighty dead, until such time as it might please the Nation to pay a good round sum for the rights they exercised illegally. But it is hard to get at the Nation; he doesn't live at any single house in any particular street where you can go and call upon him and transact your business with him over a glass of sherry in a friendly sort of way. So a Mount Vernon Association was formed with which the Nation might communicate by subscription, and Mr. Everett worked in the cause of the association with a will.

The principal object of this association was to raise five hundred thousand dollars, and the next

to manage Mount Vernon, when purchased, for the Nation, who has a great deal of business on his hands, and cannot, without assistance, look after all his property himself; he is apt to find it defaced, mutilated, and whittled, by unruly members of even his own family, unless he employ watchers and guardians to keep an eye upon them. Ten thousand of these five hundred thousand dollars Mr. Everett might at once pay over to the association if he would contribute one paper every week, for a year, to the New York Ledger, a very enterprising and liberally-conducted journal; consequently he consented, and his contributions have now been collected in one volume, and published by Appleton and Co., of New York, under the title of *The Mount Vernon Papers*.

They are fifty-three in number, and derive their title from the object for which they were prepared, and not from the fact, which might be erroneously assumed, that each contains some traditions of George Washington; indeed, it is only in nine of them that the principal theme is Washington. The others are of a miscellaneous character. Still, one cannot but be grateful for anything in the way of information or anecdote which may be vouchsafed by such a man as Everett, who was personally acquainted with the Iron Duke of Wellington; who has spent days and nights at Abbotsford with Sir Walter Scott; who has conversed with Lord Byron; who has dined with Louis Napoleon when the present Emperor of the French was a little boy eleven years of age; to whom Louis the Eighteenth, and the Duchess d'Angoulême, and nearly all the chief characters of the drama in which they played the most conspicuous parts, appear reflected, not in the dim glass of history, but in the bright mirror of personal recollection; of whom Prescott, and Bond, and Hallam, and Von Humboldt, were friends, and Coray, and Ugo Foscolo, and Béranger, something more than acquaintance.

Number one is taken up chiefly with an account of the origin of the Mount Vernon Association, and the reason for the name of the Mount Vernon Papers; the second is entitled Christmas, and therein our attention is called to the fact that, whilst the Puritans as a body "did not observe it as a holiday or set it apart for special religious services," there was one, John Milton, not the least distinguished amongst them, who, if he paid but little respect to the traditions of men, paid glorious homage to the sacred season in his Hymn on the Nativity. In Number three, we learn that "the streets in the ancient city of Boston were originally laid out by the cows going to pasture in what is now Beacon-street and Park-street, and returning at night from those distant regions;" the result of which bovine engineering was, of course, crooked and narrow streets—so crooked, indeed, and so narrow, that it is said that not even a native Bostonian, unless he have been educated with a view to that object, can find his way about the city; and it is credibly reported that a certain mayor of Boston owed his election to the supe-

riority of his education in this particular. Moreover, the narrowness of the streets, combined with an increase of population and traffic, has, at last, reduced the municipal government to the barbarous necessity of pulling down the house of Benjamin Franklin. Number four is headed *A Safe Answer*, and is rather a diffuse account of some passages in the life of Reuben Mitchell, the Quaker; how that he worked hard, and made money, and married his master's daughter, and bought up farms to such an extent that the Society of Friends became alarmed, believing he meant to monopolise all the land in the country; and how that Friend Nahum was deputed to ask Friend Reuben how many farms he had; and how that Friend Nahum, after much beating about the bush, at last requested to know what he should say to Friends who asked him how many farms Friend Reuben Mitchell had; and how Friend Reuben, after a long pause and silent calculation upon his fingers, which excited Friend Nahum to frenzy, replied, "In order to make the number neither too large nor too small, it will be safest for thee, when Friends next inquire, to tell them thee does not know." Number five is upon Donati's Comet, concluding with the following apostrophe: "Return then, mysterious traveller, to the depths of the heavens, never again to be seen by the eyes of men now living! Thou hast run thy race with glory, millions of eyes have gazed on thee with wonder, but they shall never look upon thee again. Since thy last appearance in these lower skies, empires, languages, and races of men have passed away; the Macedonian, the Alexandrian, the Augustan, the Parthian, the Byzantine, the Saracenic, the Ottoman dynasties, sunk or sinking into the gulf of ages. Since thy last appearance, old continents have relapsed into ignorance, and new worlds have come out from behind the veil of waters. The Magian fires are quenched on the hill-tops of Asia, the Chaldean seer is blind, the Egyptian hieroglyphist has lost his cunning, the oracles are dumb. Wisdom now dwells in furthest Thule, or in newly-discovered worlds beyond the sea. Haply when, wheeling up again from the celestial abysses, thou art once more seen by the dwellers on earth, the languages we speak shall also be forgotten and science shall have fled to the uttermost corners of the earth. But even then this Hand, that now marks out thy wondrous circuit, shall still guide thy course, and then, as now, Hasper will smile at thy approach, and Arcturus, with his sons, rejoice at thy coming." The last paragraph is rather a puzzler; it seems to hint that the next time the comet comes it will only prowl about "the uttermost corners of the earth," and the words, "even then," would lead one to infer that its course, under those circumstances, will be attended with even more than ordinary difficulties; but this is for the consideration of astronomers. It would have been a kind attention, while giving the comet information, to add that in the newly-discovered world beyond the sea (America?) where wisdom is now "located,"

the place of the Chaldean seer is filled by the clairvoyant, and that of the Egyptian hieroglyphist by the medium who writes nonsense backwards and spells shockingly. But then the comet travelled so fast that there was, perhaps, no time to tell him more.

Numbers six and seven are both devoted to "An IncurSION into the Empire State," that is, a journey into the State of New York, in December, in which allusion is made to an invention which might be introduced with advantage on our English railways—to wit, sleeping-cars. Number eight is entitled "The Parable against Persecution," and is a very interesting paper. It traces the history of this famous parable of Abraham and the stranger who worshipped not God, from its publication by Lord Kames, in 1774, to its quotation by Sydney Smith before the mayor and corporation of Bristol, in 1829. It was communicated to Lord Kames by Franklin; after the publication of it by Lord Kames, it was discovered in Jeremy Taylor's works, who speaks of it as from "the Jews' Books;" it was found in the Latin dedication to the senate of Hamburg of a rabbinical work called the "Rod of Judah;" and it was ultimately traced to the "Flower-garden" of the Persian poet Saadi. The parable is given entire as it came from the hands of Franklin, thus:

PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, hanging on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow and go on thy way."

4. And the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

12. And Abraham said, "Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant; lo! I have sinned; lo! I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee."

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, "For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land;

15. "But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance."

Number nine is the first of the papers mentioned above, as relating particularly to Washington. These papers contain selections from Washington's diary; a letter from Washington describing his feelings when his fame had made him a sort of involuntary model for painters: which letter Mr. Everett compares with one to himself from the Duke of Wellington upon the same subject; a description of Washington's southern tour, and some "critical occasions and incidents" in his life, which, in Mr. Everett's opinion, prove distinctly that Washington was under the special protection of an overruling Providence. If his belief be superstitious, Mr. Everett is content to incur the charge of superstition. The point is one, perhaps, upon which men will never be agreed, but it may be considered tolerably certain that, had Washington entered the royal navy, as he wished when a boy; had he died of small-pox, as he very nearly did at the age of nineteen; had he been drowned, as he very nearly was by falling from his raft; had he not escaped miraculously at the melancholy defeat of Braddock; had he not come safely out from the cross-fire at Princeton; had he married Mary Philipse; or had he fallen a victim to any one of the untoward accidents which threatened him; the revolution would have lost the leadership of Washington. Whether Brutus could "raise a spirit as soon as Cæsar," whether America was destitute of "noble bloods," it is bootless to inquire; one man escaped from perils innumerable, to be the father of his country; and that one man was Washington.

The eleventh paper treats of Louis Napoleon. His boyhood, his trial in 1840 before the House of Peers, his election as Prince President, and his coup d'état, are the chief topics; it must have been with peculiar feelings that Mr. Everett, who in 1819 had dined with him at the ex-King Louis Philippe's table, and in 1840 had witnessed him on trial for his life, found himself writing in 1859, "It devolved upon me, in an official capacity, to send to Mr. Rivers, the American minister in Paris, a letter of credence to his Imperial Majesty Napoleon the Third." There are in this paper some remarks upon the American press which will seem not altogether inapplicable on this side of the Atlantic: "It is for good or for evil the most powerful influence that acts upon the public mind, the most powerful in itself, and is the channel through which most other influences act. If it would learn that an opponent is not necessarily an unprincipled and selfish adventurer, a traitor, a coward, and a knave; and that our neighbours,

on an average, are as honest and right-minded as ourselves, it would increase its own power, and the great interests of the country (which languish under the poison of our party bitterness) would be incalculably promoted." Numbers thirteen and fifteen are full of delightful reminiscences of Abbotsford and Sir Walter Scott, though much of sadness clings to them: for all his family have passed away, and the magician's name alone is left. It fell to Mr. Everett's lot to take to Abbotsford upon his first visit the first copy of the Heart of Mid-Lothian which reached the family, "except the copy which had come in the shape of proof-sheets to the (as yet unadvised) author." Number fourteen contains an account of the prodigy which "became an historical fact on the 4th of March, 1789," *i.e.* the establishment of the present constitution of the United States, in the time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of the whole people. In the sixteenth paper we are presented with a slight sketch of the Court of France in 1818 and its great personages: Louis the Eighteenth, with his corpulent figure and round unmeaning face; the Duchess d'Angoulême, heroic, sad, and austere; the Duke d'Angoulême, a short, thin, ordinary-looking man, affecting military freedom and pleasantries; the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles the Tenth; the Duke de Berri, short, stout, and hearty; and last, not least, the Duchess de Berri, whose devoted courage when her husband fell by the hand of an assassin, and when her son was driven from his hereditary throne, entitle her memory to lasting honour. The seventeenth paper is an outline of the life of Lord Erskine, and contains a letter from him to General Washington, in which Lord Erskine says, "You are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence." The eighteenth and nineteenth papers are Mr. Everett's reply to a request that he would state the cause of the financial crisis of 1857. Mr. Everett pronounces himself not wise enough to solve the problem satisfactorily, but the solution he proposes is, that "the whole country, individuals and communities, trading-houses, corporations, towns, cities, states, were labouring under a weight of debt, beneath which the ordinary business relations of the country were at length arrested, and the great instrument usually employed for carrying them on, CREDIT, broke down." Numbers twenty and twenty-one have for their subject Travelling, and some amusing extracts from the Journal of Madam Sarah Knight, who travelled from Boston to New York on horseback, in 1704, are given; accommodation in those days—especially for ladies—was anything but what it should be, according to Madam Knight, who says: "Being very hungry, I desired a friasee, wch the Frenchman undertaking managed so contrary to my notion of Cookery, that I hastened to bed superless; And being shewd the way up a pair of stairs wch had such a narrow passage that I had almost stopt by the Bulk of my Body . . . Little Miss went to scratch up my Kennell wch Rus-

selled as if she'd bin in the Barn amongst the Husks, and suppose such was the contents of the tickin—nevertheless being exceeding weary, down I laid my poor Carkes. . . . Annon I heard another Russelling noise in ye Room—called to know the matter—Little Miss said she was making a bed *for the men*; who, when they were in Bed, complained their legges lay out of it by reason of its shortness." Madam Knight now-a-days would at least want a room to herself, and something softer than husks in the "tickin."

Number twenty-two is about Havre and Rouen: the importance of the former, owing to its position at the mouth of the Seine and to the American trade, is insisted upon; and in connexion with the latter, the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, the ignorance of William the Conqueror and his X mark, the Maid of Orleans, Voltaire, Corneille, and Schiller, receive each some notice. Number twenty-three is a debate of the question "Will there be a war in Europe?" This has been answered by the thunder of artillery, a more persuasive sound than even Mr. Everett's oratory. In the twenty-seventh paper, Adams's Express and the Express system of the United States are discussed. The "mission of the Express, we learn, is not "the transportation of the heavy masses of merchandise" ordinarily, though sometimes, but "to carry parcels of considerable value in proportion to their size;" and the "Expressage" as a system "may be said to date . . . from 1840," under the management of Mr. Alvin Adams. The twenty-eighth paper is taken up principally with a description of a Mât de Cocagne, or greasy pole, and with a tribute to the memory of Coray, the great Modern Greek scholar and patriot. The twenty-ninth, thirtieth and thirty-first papers are filled with anecdotes and reminiscences of Prescott, Bond, Hallam, and Von Humboldt, whom Mr. Everett terms the Illustrious Dead of 1859; alas! before the year was out, he might have added the names of Washington Irving and Macaulay.

Italian Nationality is the theme of numbers thirty-two and thirty-three; Mr. Everett rescues the Italians from the charge of degeneracy, and asserts Unity of Government to be all they want for the establishment of an Independent Nationality. Since the Roman Empire broke up she has wanted this Unity of Government; and not until she again acquires it—derived, not as of old, from the strong authority of Rome, but from national love and patriotism—will she assume the position to which her natural advantages entitle her. The thirty-fourth paper is a treatise upon the Lighthouse, with an account of the disastrous result which attended the experiment of a screw-pile lighthouse upon Minot's Ledge, off Cohasset, Massachusetts: On April 16, 1851, during a terrific storm, the iron piles "snapped about six feet from the rock; and the lantern, after having fallen to an inclination of about 20°, thus presenting its flooring to the rushing waves, seemed to have been driven for-

ward with a force that tore the piles asunder:" the keepers, Joseph Wilson and Joseph Antonio, were lost. In the thirty-fifth of his papers, Mr. Everett inquires whether Prince Metternich should be added to the list of the Illustrious Dead of 1859; gives a sketch of the prince's career; and seems to hint that his question should be answered in the affirmative. The three next papers have already been spoken of as relating particularly to Washington. The following epigram, extracted from the thirty-ninth number, may be new to a reader or so:

Roquette, dans son temps,
Talleyrand dans le nôtre,
Furent évêques d'Autun;
Tartufe fut le surnom d'un,
Ah! si Molière eût connu l'autre!

which Mr. Everett considers he has "poorly translated" thus:

Two bishops have adorned Autun,
Roquette and this his modern brother;
Tartufe preserves the name of one,
Oh! had Molière but known the other!

and, certainly, the second line is open to improvement. The papers from forty to fifty-one included might be called Mr. Everett's Handbook from Lyons to Brieg, for in them he, with occasional anecdotes and descriptions, carries the reader with him in his travels from Lyons to Geneva; from Geneva to Chamouni and Mont Blanc, up the Montanvert, across the Mer de Glace, to the Jardin Vert; then back to Geneva to Rousseau's house; to Voltaire's château at Ferney; to Coppet, the residence of Madame de Staël; to Lausanne, to the house which the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, at the still hour of midnight, on the 27th June, 1787, penned, doubtless with a deep-drawn sigh of relief and yet regret, the last few lines of his mighty work; from Lausanne to Freyburg; from thence to Berne; from Berne to Sachseln, where St. Nicholas, or Brother Claus, as the peasantry affectionately call him, fights hard with the Evil One that the harvests may be abundant, and the flocks and the herds increase and multiply, and the produce of the dairy find a ready sale; from Sachseln to Stanz, Lucerne, Küssnacht, and the chapel of William Tell; thence to Goldau, Aloys Reding, Grutli, and the Tellensprung; from the Tellensprung to Altorf, the valley of the Reuss, the Valais, and Brieg; and so he bids farewell to Switzerland.

The forty-seventh paper is dedicated for the most part to a laudation of Sylvanus Wood, a shoemaker of diminutive stature, who, on the famous 19th April, 1775, being a volunteer, captured a whole British grenadier. You see, he threatened to shoot the Britisher (whom he came upon by surprise) if he didn't surrender; and not even six feet can receive a musket-shot with any degree of safety, though the trigger be pulled by a pigmy. The fifty-second paper is devoted to the memory of David Boon, the pioneer and first settler in Kentucky, whose exploits, trials, and troubles

are written for the enlightenment of the curious in the book of W. H. Bogart, called *Daniel Boon and the Hunters of Kentucky*. The last paper contains an account of the New York Ledger, its electrotyping, the number of "light-ning-presses" (ten) kept constantly at work, the number of persons (forty-five about) employed in the press-room, the amount of their wages (four hundred dollars) per week, the number of copies of the Ledger (about four hundred thousand) printed weekly, and other interesting facts.

A FRENCH LOOKING-GLASS FOR ENGLAND.

WE all like to see ourselves: in fact, mirrors are an instinct, and, before glass and quicksilver were invented, nature and mother wit were at no loss for substitutes. Chloe used to make the quiet pool under the willows and the alders serve her turn, and the stately Roman matron built up her tower of frizzed curls, and gave the last magic touch of collyrium, by help of the polished plate of steel held up by her ancillæ. We should retrograde into comparative barbarism without our toilet glasses to show us the outside form of civilisation. A mirror of our national English life lies now before us. It is from the workshop of M. Larcher, and assumes to be a careful and distinct representation of the country wherein you and I were born, and of the people whom we call our fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and friends.

M. Larcher informs me that my round eyes, and the round eyes of all my friends and compatriots, want vivacity; that our lower lips are loose and pendulous, offering the image of intemperance; that we wear our beards only on our cheeks, in the manner of the ancient gendarmes of the departments; that we know neither revenge nor hatred, and of love only the love of money; that we have an insane desire for strong emotions, as so much mental dram-drinking, and that our sole object in life is to amass sufficient wealth to buy these strong mental emotions; that we live to eat, and drink to get drunk; that we all dress and look exactly alike, from young Fitzboodle of the Guards to the cross-sweeper at the corner; that the sole distinguishing mark of our aristocracy is the ill-humour and insolent disdain imprinted on their countenances; that we all have the appearance of monstrous dolls moved by springs, all walking precisely alike, with arms glued to our sides, heads stiff and fixed, faces impassive, and clothes of the same pattern; that the very sight of us gives a lively Frenchman the spleen, which he can but escape by remembering that he is not condemned to live among us for ever; that we are impolite, dull, taciturn, and rude: only tolerable when we are abroad and have put our nationality in our pockets; and that we are horribly debauched, and not to be trusted with the hair of a French head. I also find that, owing to the generally jaded state of the national temper, and to that need of strong mental

dram-drinking spoken of before, the more horrible an event, the more it is enjoyed in England; that the tragic death of the poor Lion Queen in 1848 met with "an immense success;" and that the moment is not far off when our fatigued aristocracy will have recourse, for their amusement, to the exciting spectacle of men fighting with wild beasts, as at Ephesus or Bayonne. Indeed, I learn from M. Larcher, though I did not know it before, that a society of capitalists is already formed for the erection of a vast circus where men are to contend with bears. Turning over a few pages, I find that I consider the wife of my bosom as an inferior creature, and that she submits cheerfully to her degraded condition. (I always thought it was the other way; but I suppose I am mistaken in this also.) I find, too, that I believe in her fidelity only in proportion to her coldness and disdain to myself; that she is a greater slave to dress than a Parisienne, and that she sacrifices to this inexorable master every other duty and convenience of life. M. Larcher says that I did not marry for love. No one in England does; we only marry for a fortune, or to change the current of our griefs. Neither am I jealous—people never are jealous of inferior things, says M. Larcher, with his trenchant Gallic logic. Before I married Mrs. Jones she had had, I am informed, numerous lovers, so have had her sisters, so have all my countrywomen, who almost invariably forfeit their claim to a wedding garment of white; but we complainant husbands do not fret about our ante-nuptial wrongs; we understand what this ante-nuptial must needs have been, and accept our portion with magnanimity. Provided our inferior creatures are faithful to us when we have got them, we never inquire into the number or condition of those to whom they have been unfaithful before us. This is the quiet, sober, unblushing opinion of an educated man, within two hours of England, concerning the morals and reputations of our fair young English girls! To conclude; woman here is a degraded being, with few illusions, and of slavish submission; knowing the fate reserved for her, and how she will one day marry a drunkard who will ill-treat her, and how she will pass the remainder of her life in bearing and bringing up her innumerable children, holding only the rank of an upper servant, she satisfies, embrutes, and stupefies herself by eating like an ogress and drinking like a fish!

I never quite understood what the ladies did in the drawing-room after they had retired, and while we were left to our wine and walnuts; but I am no longer ignorant. M. Larcher obligingly explains to me that while I and the rest of the gentlemen sit in the dining-room, emptying our bottles of port, Madeira, Bordeaux, and champagne, my dear Mrs. Jones and her companions are emptying many bottles of cognac brandy in the drawing-room. This is a very different occupation from the mild gossip about servants, dress, and babies, which we men have a kind of traditionary faith forms the staple

of our wives' conversation among themselves, when they put their heads confidentially together on the state sofa by the fireplace. It will be a blessing, indeed, if, when we come up stairs half tipsy ourselves, we do not find the partners of our fortunes wholly so to receive us. They must have strong heads, if M. Larcher speaks the truth. Furthermore, I am told that, towards the age of forty, every "comme il faut" woman gets tipsy before she goes to bed, under pretence of stomach-ache and disordered digestion; and that there is not a woman of the lower classes who may not frequently be picked up out of the gutter. M. Larcher has many times assisted at such pickings up, and his services were thankfully accepted; for it always takes three men to manage a drunken English-woman.

But if M. Larcher is pitiless, what is MADAME FLORA TRISTAN? Let me give the whole name, with all possible typographical honour. What have I and my compatriots ever done to Madame Flora Tristan, that she should be so fierce and wrathful? and where, for goodness' sake, has Madame Flora been, to have ever stumbled upon the sights which she so graphically describes? I flatter myself that I know town pretty well; also, I am afraid, I know something of the "saloons" and "finishes" of which this pure-minded French person speaks; but I have never even heard of the things which she says she has seen with her own undoubted eyes, and certainly I have never seen anything in the remotest degree resembling them. I have never seen beautiful women in white satin and pearl diadems, forced to drink a horrible mixture of pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard, which naturally flings them into frightful convulsions, at which all the guests laugh and cheer; nor have I even seen these same beautiful women lying in a helpless mass of drunkenness on the floor, then brutally kicked by waiters out of their way, while each guest pours brandy, gin, and rum over their magnificent arms, and some tear their white satin dresses, and others spurn them with their feet.

M. Larcher is a man of extreme sensibility as well as of uneasy morality, and sees deeper into the millstone of hidden vice than most people would. Here follows an instance of his hedgehog-like propriety. He is invited to dine at the house of one of our richest men; indeed, one of the richest men on the globe. The house is marvellous, fairylike; everything most beautiful is there in profusion, and everything is perfect, from the largest to the smallest. The English millionaire throws a little ostentation into his entertainment, which is only for three persons; his object being to dazzle the French book-writer and his friend; but the ostentation is kindly meant, and the book-writer is not too critical, until the serpent peeps round the corner. Breakfast is served, when, to wait at table, appear three very pretty servant-maids: M. Larcher calls them daughters of Eve, and says that they are of a ravishing beauty. Most Englishmen, we think, would have accepted this

fact of female service in the house of a millionaire, as a peculiar characteristic, perhaps as an eccentricity; M. Larcher sees deeper. Immediately the viands choke him, the flowers fade, the gorgeous appointments are full of poison, and snakes' heads abound.

We are a bad, vile, mischancy set, every way; and our whole moral life may be photographed by one word—INTEREST. To our own interest we refer every moral and social question, while using all our science and cleverness to dissimulate and conceal this fact; we are also "the most greedy, the most selfish, the most egotistical people in Europe;" and the most inconsequent. We men, getting intoxicated, leave our wives and children to starve; some of us cast a hundred thousand francs at the feet of a public singer, but fly into a rage if our servants eat a few potatoes beyond their prescribed rations; others of us ostentatiously give two hundred and fifty thousand francs to a public subscription for the poor, but pitilessly deny a crust of bread to a famishing wretch. We are all alike; father, mother, wives, children; we all live only for ourselves, see only ourselves, seek only our own satisfaction. What wonder, then, that we are too vile for an honest sympathetic Frenchman, with this unbridled selfishness as the very root of our being?

It is notorious that I dance in an ungainly fashion. We English do not take our stand upon the minor graces; but is it true that I dance so ill that M. Larcher is forced to go into a retired corner and there personate Laughter, holding both his sides, for fear of splitting them, at my grotesqueness? I always thought that there was more to be seen at Mabilles, than all the casinos of London could show. But M. Larcher knows best; he knows all infinitely better than I know myself; he knows all about me, from the richest man on the globe who asks me to breakfast, and causes me to be served by three ravishing daughters of Eve, to the drunken butler, who is to be found glorious at the "shop-house" (maison boutique, translates M. Larcher, for the benefit of his Parisian readers), or who, haply, may be heard of selling his wife at "Smith-field Marquet," or boating in a coal-barge on the river Tyne-Tyne—wherever that may be—I should have supposed, in China, but for M. Larcher's assurance.

In matters of religion, I find that I am not only abominably bigoted, but also under the command of the Archbishop Primat to an extent I never dreamed of. So far as I am concerned, I always understood that the Archbishop Primat was a highly venerable functionary, who allows me to marry, for a consideration; and to take possession of my inheritance, also for a consideration; but beyond this, that venerated ecclesiastic has had no perceptible influence over my life that I am aware of. Yet I find that he has not only absolute power over me, and over every one in his archbishopric, but that he even uses this power, and that we submit to it without a murmur. Thus, not long ago, he took umbrage at the fact that many of the Protestant

singers and actors at the various theatres were wont, on the Sundays, to lend their voices to the Catholic chapels, and to assist in rendering the music of the mass an imposing feature in the service. Acting on his reverend authority, he issued a circular forbidding his flock so to employ their voices; and his flock obeyed, doubtless, under pain of instant excommunication.

M. Larcher supplies this anecdote for the information of the lovers of truth: "Some years since, a rich citizen of London died, and left Miss B., who did not at all know him, a fortune mounting up to several millions. No one would be able to imagine the motive of this unexpected munificence. 'I beg,' he wrote, 'Miss B. to accept the gift of my entire fortune, too small to express the inexpressible sensations which, for three years, the contemplation of her adorable nose has given me.' Fearing some error or mystification, Miss B. inquired of the lawyers, who came to get her signature for the acceptance of the legacy, if the testator was interred? 'No,' replied they. 'Then conduct me to him!' Here the astonishment became general. 'It is he!' cries Miss B., on uncovering the face of the deceased. 'It is the man who for three years pursued me with his compliments and his verses in honour of my nose! At Hyde Park, at Covent Garden, he was always before me, and incessantly staring!' Miss B. deigned to accept the millions."

Cutting the leaves of this voracious volume in a sleepy, indolent kind of manner, I am suddenly aroused by finding that I never take off my hat to a lady, but only to a horse—the reason being, that a woman causes me to spend money, and a horse causes me to gain it: wherefore I love, pat, caress my horse, but in no wise love, pat, or caress my wife; nor do I salute any lady whatsoever, but only my favourite racer. I also find that my wife and sisters put trousers on the legs of their pianos, chairs, and tables; that they never talk of the leg of a fowl, or ask for a slice of leg of mutton, but prefer a modest request for the limb of a chicken, and desire a little slice of that limb of mutton. Anything else would be "very shocking," and would put English prudery quite out of countenance. Again, I find that I have no fruit worth eating, either in my garden or my greenhouse: that, with the exception of apples, gooseberries, and coarse black cherries, nothing ripens or comes to maturity; that my hot-house produces nothing but inodorous and tasteless monstrosities; and that the only thoroughly ripened fruit which I can offer to my friends is a baked apple. I grow nothing in perfection but grass; and cattle are the only really well fed and contented animals in my island. The people are notoriously ill fed; and I owe my existence to French ideas in stews and sauces.

When I give a rout, I send out from five to six thousand letters of invitation; I illuminate

the façade of my hotel, and turn every bedroom into a reception-room. My five or six thousand guests arrive with a remarkable punctuality; but, notwithstanding the care which I take in sending out my invitations, I never fail to receive among those guests, a certain number of thieves and pickpockets, who steal the ladies' cloaks and ornaments, and whose exploits are vaunted in the next day's journal with infinite complaisance. In these routs I find my greatest pleasure in intoxicating my guests—M. Larcher has seen me do it—and I close the debauch with tea, and grogs of brandy, gin, and rum; also with tea "laced" with rum—which, I am told, has been always a favourite beverage of mine. If I give a dinner, the ladies retire so soon as the bottles appear; one of my guests cries "ob-or-nob," which is a kind of table tocsin to warn the rest to prepare for toasts; and then we fall to drinking in earnest. M. Larcher magnanimously confesses that we do not drink so much as formerly, though we still only drink alcohol slightly flavoured with grape juice, as our nearest approach to wine, and still reject the purest and best growths as tasteless and insipid.

Of all people in the world we English are the most thievish. "To steal is not to sin," say our thieves, and every one *is* a thief. The only sin in cheating is in being found out; excepting for this, no English conscience is ever troubled by a theft. Government officials, merchants, tradespeople, gentry, lower orders, all steal, thieve, rob, according to our respective opportunities, and we all enjoy a certain reputation and respect when we do it well. Thus, the professional thief is by no means disregarded among us; indeed, as he and the policeman are the sole polished members of English society, I suppose he is one of our most cherished institutions.

Drunken, selfish, immoral, cruel, greedy, avicious, jaded, dishonest. O M. Larcher! M. Larcher! Wonderfully informed man! A Daniel come (into the Lion's Den) to judgment!

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 83.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XX.

As between the man who achieves greatness and him who has greatness thrust upon him there lies a whole world of space, so is there an immense interval between one who is the object of his own delusions and him who forms the subject of delusion to others.

My reader may have already noticed that nothing was easier for me than to lend myself to the idle current of my fancy. Most men who build "castles in Spain," as the old adage calls them, do so purely to astonish their friends. I indulged in these architectural extravagances in a very different spirit. I built my castle to live in it; from foundation to roof-tree, I planned every detail of it to suit my own taste, and all my study was to make it as habitable and comfortable as I could. Ay, and what's more, live in it I did, though very often the tenure was a brief one; sometimes while breaking my egg at breakfast, sometimes as I drew on my gloves to walk out, and yet no terror of a short lease ever deterred me from finishing the edifice in the most expensive manner. I gilded my architraves and frescoed my ceilings as though all were to endure for centuries; and laid out the gardens and disposed the parterres as though I were to walk in them in my extreme old age. This faculty of lending myself to an illusion by no means adhered to me where the deception was supplied by another; from the moment I entered one of *their* castles, I felt myself in a strange house. I continually forgot where the stairs were, what this gallery opened on, where that corridor led to. No use was it to say, "You are at home here. You are at your own fireside." I knew and I felt that I was not.

By this declaration, I mean my reader to understand that, while ready for any exigency of a story devised by myself, I was perfectly miserable at playing a part written for me by a friend; nor was this feeling diminished by the thought that I really did not know the person I was believed to represent; nor had I the very vaguest clue to his antecedents or belongings.

As I set out in search of Miss Herbert, these were the reflections I revolved, occasionally asking myself, "Is the old lady at all touched in the upper story? Is there not something Private

Asylum-ish in these wanderings?" But still, apart from this special instance, she was a marvel of acuteness and good sense. I found Miss Herbert in a little arbour at her work; the newspaper on the bench beside her.

"So," said she, without looking up, "you have been making a long visit up-stairs. You found Mrs. Keats very agreeable, or you were so yourself."

"Is there anything wrong hereabouts?" said I, touching my forehead with my finger.

"Nothing whatever."

"No fancies, no delusions about certain people?"

"None whatever."

"None of the family suspected of anything odd, or eccentric?"

"Not that I have ever heard of. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it was a mere fancy, perhaps, on my part; but her manner to-day struck me as occasionally strange—almost flighty."

"And on what subject?"

"I am scarcely at liberty to say that; in fact, I am not at all free to divulge it," said I, mysteriously, and somewhat gratified to remark that I had excited a most intense curiosity on her part to learn the subject of our interview.

"Oh, pray do not make any imprudent revelations to me," said she, pettishly; "which, apart from the indiscretion, would have the singular demerit of affording me not the slightest pleasure. I am not afflicted with the malady of curiosity."

"What a blessing to you! Now, I am the most inquisitive of mankind. I feel that if I were a clerk in a bank, I'd spend the day prying into every one's account, and learning the exact state of his balance-sheet. If I were employed in the post-office, no terror of the law could restrain me from reading the letters. Tell me that any one has a secret in his heart, and I feel I could cut him open to get at it!"

"I don't think you are giving a flattering picture of yourself in all this," said she, peevishly.

"I am aware of that, Miss Herbert; but I am also one of those who do not trade upon qualities they have no pretension to."

She flushed a deep crimson at this, and after a moment said:

"Has it not occurred to you, sir, that people who seldom meet except to exchange ungracious

remarks, would show more judgment by avoiding each other's society?"

Oh, how my heart thrilled at this pettish speech! In Hans Grüter's Courtship, he says, "I knew she loved me, for we never met without a quarrel." "I have thought of that too, Miss Herbert," said I, "but there are outward observances to be kept up, conventionalities to be respected."

"None of which, however, require that you should come out and sit here while I am at my work," said she, with suppressed passion.

"I came out here to search for the newspaper," said I, taking it up, and stretching myself on the grassy sward to read at leisure.

She arose at once, and gathering all the articles of her work into a basket, walked away.

"Don't let me hunt you away, Miss Herbert," said I, indolently; "anywhere else will suit me just as well. Pray don't go." But without vouchsafing to utter a word, or even turn her head, she continued her way towards the house.

"The morning she slapped my face," says Hans, "filled the measure of my bliss, for I then saw she could not control her feelings for me." This passage recurred to me as I lay there, and I hugged myself in the thought that such a moment of delight might yet be mine. The profound German explains this sentiment well. "With women," says he, "love is like the idol worship of an Indian tribe; at the moment their hearts are bursting with devotion, they like to cut and wound and maltreat their god. With *them* this is the ecstasy of their passion."

I now saw that the girl was in love with me, and that she did not know it herself. I take it that the sensations of a man who suddenly discovers that the pretty girl he has been admiring is captivated by his attentions, are very like what a head clerk may feel at being sent for by the house and informed that he is now one of the firm! This may seem a commercial formula to employ, but it will serve to show my meaning, and as I lay there on that velvet turf, what a delicious vision spread itself around me. At one moment we were rich, travelling in splendour through Europe, amassing art-treasures wherever we went, and despoiling all the great galleries of their richest gems. I was the associate of all that was distinguished in literature and science, and my wife the chosen friend of queens and princesses. How unaffected we were, how unspoiled by fortune! Approachable by all, our graceful benevolence seemed to elevate its object and make of the recipient the benefactor. What a world of bliss this vile dross men call gold can scatter! "There—there, good people," said I, blandly, waving my hand, "no illuminations, no bonfires—your happy faces are the brightest of all welcomes." Then we were suddenly poor—out of caprice just to see how we should like it—and living in a little cottage under Snowdon, and I was writing, Heaven knows what, for the periodicals, and my wife rocking a little urchin in a cradle, whom we con-

stantly awoke by kissing, each pretending that it was all the other's fault, till we ratified a peace in the same fashion. Then I remembered the night, never to be forgotten, when I received my appointment as something in the antipodes, and we went up to town to thank the great man who bestowed it, and he asked us to dinner, and he was, I fancied, more than polite to my wife, and I sulked about it when we got home, and she petted and caressed me, and we were better friends than ever, and I swore I would not accept the minister's bounty, and we set off back again to our cottage in Wales, and there we were when I came to myself once more.

It is always pleasant—at least I have ever felt it so, on awaking from a dream, or a reverie—to know that one has borne himself well in some imaginary crisis of difficulty and peril. I like to think that I was in no hurry to get into the long-boat. I am glad I gave poor Dick that last fifty-pound note—my last in the world—and I rejoice to remember that I did not run away from that grizzly bear, but sent the four-pound ball right into the very middle of his forehead. You feel in all these that the metal of your nature has been tested, and come out pure gold: at all events, *I* did, and was very happy thereat. It was not till after some little time that I could get myself clear out of dream-land, and back to the actual world of small debts and difficulties, and then I bethought me of the newspaper which lay unread beside me.

I began it now, resolved to examine it from end to end, till I discovered the passage that alluded to me. It was so far pleasant reading, that it was novel and original. A very able leader set forth that nothing could equal the blessings of the Pope's rule at Rome—no people were so happy—so prosperous—so contented—that all the granaries were full, and all the gaols empty, and the only persons of small incomes in the state were the cardinals, and that they were too heavenly-minded to care for it. After this there came some touching anecdotes of that good man the late King of Naples. And then there was a letter from Frohsdorf, with fifteen francs enclosed to the inhabitants of a village submerged by an inundation. There were pleasant little paragraphs, too, about England, and all the money she was spending to propagate infidelity and spread the slave-trade—the two great and especial objects of her policy—after which came insults to France and injustice to Ireland. The general tone of the print was war with every one but some twenty or thirty old ladies and gentlemen living in exile somewhere in Bohemia. Now none of these things touched *me*, and I was growing very weary of my search when I lighted upon the following:

"We are informed, on authority that we cannot question, that the young C. de P. is now making the tour of Germany alone and in disguise, his object being to ascertain for himself how the various relatives of his house, on the maternal side, would feel affected by any movement in France to renew his pretensions. Strange, undignified, and ill advised as such a

step must seem, there is nothing in it at all repulsive to the well-known traditions of the younger branch. Our informant himself met the P. at Mayence, and speedily recognised him from the marked resemblance he bears to the late duchess, his mother, he addressed him at once by his title, but was met by the cold assurance that he was mistaken, and that a casual similarity in features had already led others into the same error. The general—for our informant is an old and honoured soldier of France—confessed he was astounded at the ‘aplomb’ and self-possession displayed by so young a man; and although their conversation lasted for nearly an hour, and ranged over a wide field, the C. never for an instant exposed himself to a detection, nor offered the slightest clue to his real rank and station. Indeed, he affected to be English by birth, which his great facility in the language enabled him to do. When he quitted Mayence it was for central Germany.”

Here was the whole mystery revealed, and I was no less a person than a royal prince—very like my mother, but neither so tall nor robust as my distinguished father! “Oh, Potts! in all the wildest ravings of your most florid moments you never arrived at this!”

A very strange thrill went through me as I finished this paragraph. It came this wise. There is, in one of Hoffman’s tales, the story of a man who, in a compact with the Fiend, acquired the power of personating whomsoever he pleased, but who, sated at last with the enjoyment of this privilege, and eager for a new sensation, determined he would try whether the part of the Devil himself might not be amusing. Apparently Mephistopheles won’t stand joking, for he resented the liberty by depriving the transgressor of his identity for ever, and made him become each instant whatever character occurred to the mind of him he talked to.

Though the parallel scarcely applied, the very thought of it sent an aguish thrill through me—a terror so great and acute that it was very long before I could turn the medal round and read it on the reverse. There, indeed, was matter for vainglory! “It was but t’other day,” thought I, “and Lord Keldrum and his friends fancied I was their intimate acquaintance, Jack Burgoyne; and though they soon found out the mistake, the error led to an invitation to dinner, a delightful evening, and, alas! that I should own, a variety of consequences, some of which proved less delightful. Now, however, Fortune is in a more amiable mood: she will have it that I resemble a prince. It is a project which I neither aid nor abet; but I am not churlish enough to refuse the rôle any more than I should spoil the Christmas revelries of a country-house by declining a part in a tableau, or in private theatricals. I say, in the one case as in the other, ‘Here is Potts! make of him what you will. Never is he happier than by affording pleasure to his friends.’ To what end, I would ask, should I rob that old lady up-stairs at No. 12, evidently a widow, and with not too many enjoyments to solace her old age—why

should I rob her of what she has herself called the proudest episode in her life? Are not, as the moralists tell us, all our joys fleeting? Why, then, object to this one that it may only last for a few days? Let us suppose it only to endure throughout our journey, and the poor old soul will be so happy, never caring for the fatigues of the road, never fretting about the innkeepers’ charges, but delighted to know that his royal highness enjoys himself, and sits over his bottle of Chambertin every evening in the garden, apparently as devoid of care as though he were a bagman.”

I cannot say how it may be with others, but, for myself, I have always experienced an immense sense of relief, actual repose, whenever I personated somebody else; I felt as though I had left the man Potts at home to rest and refresh himself, and took an airing as another gentleman: just as I might have spared my own paletot by putting on a friend’s coat in a thunderstorm. Now I *did* wish for a little repose, I felt it would be good for me. As to the special part allotted me, I took it just as an obliging actor plays Hamlet or the Cock to convenience the manager. Mrs. Keats likes it, and, I repeat, I do not object to it.

It was evident that the old lady was not going to communicate her secret to her companion, and this was a great source of satisfaction to me. Whatever delusions I threw around Miss Herbert I intended should be lasting. The traits in which I would invest myself to *her* eyes, my personal prowess, coolness in danger, skill at all manly exercises, together with a large range of general gifts and acquirements, I meant to accompany me through all time, and I am a sufficient believer in magnetism to feel assured that by imposing upon *her* I should go no small part of the road to deceiving myself, and that the first step in any gift is to suppose you are eminently suited to it, is a well-known and readily acknowledged maxim. Women grow pretty from looking in the glass; why should not men grow brave from constantly contemplating their own courage?

“Yes, Potts, be a Prince, and see how it will agree with you!”

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. KEATS came down, and our dinner that day was somewhat formal. I don’t think any of us felt quite at ease, and, for my own part, it was a relief to me when the old lady asked my leave to retire after her coffee. “If you should feel lonely, sir, and if Miss Herbert’s company would prove agreeable——”

“Yes,” said I, languidly, “that young person will find me in the garden.” And therewith I gave my orders for a small table under a great weeping-ash, and the usual accompaniment of my after-dinner hours, a cool flask of Chambertin. I had time to drink more than two-thirds of my Burgundy before Miss Herbert appeared. It was not that the hour hung heavily on me, or that I was not in a mood of considerable enjoy-

ment, but, somehow, I was beginning to feel chafed and impatient at her long delay. Could she possibly have remonstrated against the impropriety of being left alone with a young man? Had she heard, by any mischance, that impertinent phrase by which I designated her? Had Mrs. Keats herself resented the cool style of my permission by a counter-order? "I wish I knew what detains her!" cried I to myself, just as I heard her step on the gravel, and then saw her coming, in very leisurely fashion, up the walk.

Determined to display an indifference the equal of her own, I waited till she was almost close; and then, rising languidly, I offered her a chair with a superb air of Brummelism, while I listlessly said, "Won't you take a seat?"

It was growing duskish, but I fancied I saw a smile on her lip as she sat down.

"May I offer you a glass of wine, or a cigar?" said I, carelessly.

"Neither, thank you," said she, with gravity.

"Almost all women of fashion smoke, now-a-days," I resumed. "The Empress of the French smokes this sort of thing here; and the Queen of Bavaria smokes and chews."

She seemed rebuked at this, and said nothing.

"As for myself," said I, "I am nothing without tobacco—positively nothing. I remember one night—it was the fourth sitting of the Congress at Paris—that Sardinian fellow, you know his name, came to me and said,

"There's that confounded question of the Danubian Provinces coming on to-morrow, and Gortschakoff is the only one who knows anything about it. Where are we to get at anything like information?"

"When do you want it, count?" said I.

"To-morrow, by eleven at latest. There must be at least a couple of hours to study it before the Congress meets."

"Tell them to bring in ten candles, fifty cigars, and two quires of foolscap," said I; "and let no one pass this door till I ring." At ten minutes to eleven next morning he had in his hands that memoir which Lord C. said embodied the prophetic wisdom of Edmund Burke with the practical statesmanship of the great Commoner. Perhaps you have read it?"

"No, sir."

"Your tastes do not probably incline to affairs of state. If so, only suggest what you'd like to talk on. I am indifferently skilled in most subjects. Are you for the poets? I am ready, from Dante to the Bigelow Papers. Shall it be arts? I know the whole thing from Memmling and his long-nosed saints, to Leech and the Punchists. Make it antiquities, agriculture, trade, dress, the drama, conchology, or cock-fighting—I'm your man; so go in, and don't be afraid that you'll disconcert me."

"I assure you, sir, that my fears would attach far more naturally to my own insufficiency."

"Well," said I, after a pause, "there's something in that. Macaulay used to be afraid of me. Whenever Mrs. Montagu Stanhope asked him to one of her Wednesday dinners, he always declined if I was to be there. You don't seem surprised at that?"

"No, sir," said she, in the same quiet, grave fashion.

"What's the reason, young lady," said I, somewhat sternly, "that you persist in saying 'sir' on every occasion that you address me? The ease of that intercourse that should subsist between us is marred by this Americanism. The pleasant interchange of thought loses the charming feature of equality. How is this?"

"I am not at liberty to say, sir."

"You are not at liberty to say, young lady?" said I, severely. "You tell me distinctly that your manner towards me is based upon a something which you must not reveal?"

"I am sure, sir, you have too much generosity to press me on a subject of which I cannot, or ought not, to speak."

That fatal Burgundy had got into my brains, while the princely delusion was uppermost; and if I had been submitted to the thumbscrew now, I would have died one of the Orleans family. "Mademoiselle," said I, grandly, "I have been fortunately, or unfortunately, brought up in a class that never tolerates contradiction. When we ask, we feel that we order."

"Oh, sir, if you but knew the difficulty I am in——"

"Take courage, my dear creature," said I, blending condescension with something warmer. "You will at least be reposing your confidence where it will be worthily bestowed."

"But I have promised, not exactly promised, but Mrs. Keats enjoined me imperatively not to betray what she revealed to me."

"Gracious Powers!" cried I, "she has not surely communicated my secret—she has not told you who I am?"

"No, sir, I assure you most solemnly, that she has not; but being annoyed by what she remarked as the freedom of my manner towards you at dinner, the readiness with which I replied to your remarks, and what she deemed the want of deference I displayed for them, she took me to task this evening, and without intending it, even before she knew, dropped certain expressions which showed me that you were one of the very highest in rank, though it was your pleasure to travel for the moment in this obscurity and disguise. She quickly perceived the indiscretion she had committed, and said, 'Now, Miss Herbert, that an accident has put you in possession of certain circumstances, which I had neither the will nor the right to reveal, will you do me the inestimable favour to employ this knowledge in such a way as may not compromise me.' I told her, of course, that I would; and having remarked how she occasionally—inadvertently, perhaps—used 'sir,' in addressing you, I deemed the imitation a safe one, while it as constantly acted as a sort of monitor

over myself to repress any relapse into familiarity."

"I am very sorry for all this," said I, taking her hand in mine, and employing my most insinuating of manners towards her. "As it is more than doubtful that I shall ever resume the station that once pertained to me; as, in fact, it may be my fortune to occupy for the rest of life an humble and lowly condition, my ambition would have been to draw towards me in that modest station such sympathies and affections as might attach to one so circumstanced. My plan was to assume an obscure name, seek out some unfrequented spot, and there, with the love of one—one only—solve the great problem, whether happiness is not as much the denizen of the thatched cottage as of the gilded palace. The first requirement of my scheme was that my secret should be in my own keeping. One can steel his own heart against vain regrets and longings; but one cannot secure himself against the influence of those sympathies which come from without, the unwise promptings of zealous followers, the hopes and wishes of those who read your submission as mere apathy."

I paused and sighed; she sighed too, and there was a silence between us.

"Must she not feel very happy and very proud," thought I, "to be sitting there on the same bench with a prince, her hand in his, and he pouring out all his confidence in her ear? I cannot fancy a situation more full of interest."

"After all, sir," said she, calmly, "remember that Mrs. Keats alone knows your secret. I have not the vaguest suspicion of it."

"And yet," said I, tenderly, "it is to *you* I would confide it; it is in *your* keeping I would wish to leave it; it is from *you* I would ask counsel as to my future."

"Surely, sir, it is not to such inexperience as mine you would address yourself in a difficulty?"

"The plan I would carry out demands none of that crafty argument called 'knowing the world.' All that acquaintance with the by-play of life, its conventionalities and exactions, would be sadly out of place in an Alpine village, or a Tyrolese Dorf, where I mean to pitch my tent. Do you not think that your interest might be persuaded to track me so far?"

"Oh, sir, I shall never cease to follow your steps with the deepest anxiety."

"Would it not be possible for me to secure a lease of that sympathy?"

"Can you tell me what o'clock it is, sir?" said she, very gravely.

"Yes," said I, rather put out by so sudden a diversion; "it is a few minutes after nine."

"Pray excuse my leaving you, sir, but Mrs. Keats takes her tea at nine, and will expect me." And, with a very respectful curtsy, she withdrew, before I could recover from my astonishment at this abrupt departure.

"I trust that my royal highness said nothing

indiscreet," muttered I to myself; "though, upon my life, this hasty exit would seem to imply it."

STONE FOR BUILDING.

BUILDING-STONES are obtained more or less from every geological formation known. Granite was used by the Egyptian, alabaster by the Assyrian, marble by the Greek, and sandstones and limestones by the Romans and mediæval and modern nations. Each nation has been more or less dependent on the native rock of the district for building-stone, and with material so ponderable this must ever remain one of the conditions of using stone largely for building purposes. Where granite is found, and has been used, or is used largely, the buildings will have a rude and massive grandeur; where marble abounds, we may have elegance and refined beauty, as in Greece; where the more common sandstones and limestones form the superficial crust of a country, buildings should be modified in form and detail to suit such materials. The great cost of working granite into the most simple forms, will ever prevent its use on a large scale by any nation, for domestic, as also even for municipal or even for national masonry. The exquisite marbles of Greece could only be used on Greek soil for temples and public buildings in general, and the variegated marbles of Italy for the beautiful mediæval and renaissance churches, campaniles, palaces, and towers.

It has been said that the stone produced in any district, harmonises best with such district; buildings erected of native stone are more in keeping with the surrounding landscape. The architect, as artist, has better arranged his palette.

Every building-stone is composed of grains and crystals, cemented and bound together by a natural process of chemistry. The hardest and most enduring rocks are compounds, which nature has formed, and which nature's elements can disintegrate again to moulder waste. The question of destruction is one of time. But time may be lengthened or may be shortened by many causes.

When rocks are exposed to the actions of sunlight, wet, frost, and wind, the disintegrating process sets in with greater or less rapidity, according to the mechanical force, and the chemical character of the ingredients acting and acted upon. Some rocks, apparently sound when newly quarried, soon decay; or portions of the beds moulder and scale off, leaving the more enduring portions comparatively unchanged. In olden times, stones, when quarried, may have lain longer exposed to the action of the weather, before use; and it must have taken time to remove such stone long distances to build our early Norman castles, churches, &c.; as, also, our mediæval churches, cathedrals, abbeys, and country mansions. In this time, most of the soft or defective beds of stone would have given indications of decay, and the builders would reject them. Can our

more rapid means of transport have anything to do with the more rapid decay of modern buildings erected from stone obtained out of the same quarries which produced stone three and even more centuries ago, so little affected by weather, that the chisel marks, mouldings, and arisises, are as fresh now as they were the first day of erection? Men and machinery, more powerful than any known in mediæval times, get stone quicker in the quarry; canals and railways remove it more quickly to the site of the building; improved scaffolding, staging, and machinery, set it more quickly in the building; and then the weather, which ought to have been allowed to find out all the soft and defective stones in the quarry before the masons worked them, now finds them cut and carved into rich tracery, and set in the building ready to be crumbled rapidly to premature ruin.

Stones, like timber, to be used in building, should be well seasoned by exposure to weather. But in these modern railroad times, building goes on too quickly for endurance and security; hence, prematurely rotten ships on the water, and mouldering buildings on the land.

Great Britain is at present in tribulation because of the rapid decay of stone used at the new palace at Westminster. Poor old John Bull has been bothered by Commissioners' "Reports, with Reference to the Selection of Stone for Building the new Houses of Parliament," having first been wheedled by architects into selecting a plan and estimate, the one modest in appearance, the other moderate in amount. The modest elevation has now been developed into most profuse elaboration of carvings in thousands of repetitions, and the moderate estimate of some seven hundred thousands of pounds has been swelled into the vast sum of two millions two hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling. The results are a vast pile of carved stones, ranks of pinnacles, hundreds of weather-cocks (vanes), gilded towers. But all prematurely crumbling rapidly, to decay. In the midst of this costly disappointment, quack after quack rushes to the rescue; one, to improve the sewers; another, to amend the acoustics; a third, to take charge of the ventilation; and now there is a grand struggle of doctors with patented specifics to stop the cause of decay.

All the business connected with the new palace at Westminster appears to have been commenced in error. The site is below extreme high-water level of the adjoining river. The sewers and drains are therefore blocked, for a considerable period of each tide. The style of architecture, or the mode of carrying out such style, is a mistake. The stone, chosen with so much apparent forethought, searching experiment, and care, proves to be among the worst ever used in the metropolis.

In discussing the merits of stone for building purposes, architectural style is necessarily involved. Florid architecture has upon it, and about it, conditions facilitating rapid decay. Such as projecting plinths and buttresses, strings and label mouldings, cornices, mullions,

transoms and tracery, canopies, pinnacles, with flying buttresses and groined stone ceilings, all offering vast surfaces to the action of weather. Wind, sunshine, rain, fog, and frost, have full play; soil and soot settle in sinkings, and on ledges; sparrows, pigeons, and jackdaws, add sticks and dung to retain wet in all openings and recesses, and so help the work of destruction.

In scientific evidence on the properties and qualities of building-stones, the question of style in architecture does not seem to have received the attention it most undoubtedly deserves. A full catalogue of the abbeys, cathedrals, churches, and other buildings, at home and abroad, erected in the florid style of Gothic architecture, with the names of the stones used, the dates of erection, the amount of enrichment, the dates of decay and numbers of repairs, might have called attention to the bad consequences of repeating works on a large scale, liable to such contingencies.

The Commissioners who reported in 1839, have enumerated the names of some few buildings in England, and have stated dates and conditions as to endurance and decay. They actually say in one paragraph: "Buildings which are highly decorated afford a more severe test of the durability of any given stone, all other circumstances being equal, than the more simple and less decorated buildings, inasmuch as the material employed in the former class of buildings is worked into more disadvantageous forms than in the latter, as regards exposure to the effects of the weather." If this most important element in the inquiry obtained thus much notice from the Commissioners, it evidently never had any weight nor consideration with the architect, as enrichment upon enrichment was added, without, it has been said, either the knowledge or the sanction of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Buildings, or of the committee of the Commons; the money voted, from time to time, having been expended in elaborate carvings, which have swelled the cost of the building to an enormous amount, and brought the reputation of the architect to grief.

The report of 1839 comprises a mass of information which will remain a text-book on this subject. The information is most useful, but its full value can only be brought out by a proper application of this knowledge in practice. The report states that stones most generally used for building purposes, are sandstones or limestones. Sandstones are generally composed of quartz or siliceous grains cemented by siliceous, argillaceous, calcareous, or other matter. Limestones are composed of carbonate of lime and carbonates of lime and magnesia, either nearly pure or mixed with variable proportions of foreign matter. Varieties of limestones termed oolites, are composed of oviform bodies cemented by calcareous matter of varied character. There are limestones termed "shelly," from being chiefly formed of shells, broken or entire, cemented by calcareous matter. Micaceous sandstones are very frequently laminated; that

is, built up of thin beds, like leaves in a book, having fragments of mica in planes parallel to such beds. Some limestones, such as the shelly, are also more or less laminated. There are flags, slates, and slaty rocks, also used as building-stones.

Modern architects have committed many errors in the use of building-stones by idly or blindly following precedent in general design and detail. The beautiful temples of Greece were carved out of the finest material for such a purpose—Parian marble—that the world can produce; the fine grain and uniform texture allowing the embodiment of exquisite mouldings. We moderns also admire the semi-transparent substance and brilliant colour, though some of the German architects declare that the Greeks only used marble because it readily took paint and colour. This may or may not be so. A Greek temple in its entire state was as perfect a building as ever came from the brain and hands of man. Since Stuart's and Revit's time, architects have blundered on, vainly trying with coarse-grained sandstones to imitate the forms and details executed in the fine-grained marble of Greece. Greek architecture, or rather the proportions of Greek architecture, as embodied in sandstone and stucco in Scotland and in England, is a hideous mistake; it is vulgar, staring, out of place, out of proportion, and out of keeping.

Renaissance architecture is better fitted to be executed in sandstones and limestones than the more subtle and refined Greek forms and details. But this is a style full of absurdities. Stones are rusticked, distorted, cut, carved, and set in every form and way in which stone ought not to be used. A rustic does not necessarily give strength, but frequently weakens the stone by the amount of chamfer, or sinking, removed. Look at Whitehall Chapel, at St. Paul's, at the War Office and Admiralty, or at any similar structure—Somerset House, for instance—and the stones will be found split and spalched, on bed, face, and joint. There are columns with nothing to carry, drip mouldings and pediments beneath porticoes and even within, sham porticoes, and sham jointing.

Norman architecture, in its simplicity and massiveness, is well suited to be executed in our sandstones and limestones; and so-called Gothic architecture, in its plain and simple garb, harmonises perfectly with our climate, our habits, and our building-stone. Let our architects work in the honest and homely style of the best early Gothic architects, and we may have a national style of architecture suited to the building-stones of the country and to the climate. We must remember that our forefathers had neither the facilities to obtain the best material nor the wealth to pay for working it: so that we ought not to take some type of buildings, beautiful in plan and outline, but rude in material and workmanship, and then, with better material and means to procure better workmanship, imitate these defects. This is only aping the blunder of the Chinese tailor,

who, when he made a new coat from an old pattern, took care to reproduce the holes, frays, and patches, so that the bewildered owner could not distinguish the old from new garment. In many of our modern churches, we have exactly this type of architecture. Have modern architects no brains? or, possessing brains, do they never use them in their profession? The first and last requisite for an architect is thought. The men who designed and built our cathedrals and abbey were among the best masons who ever lived in any country or in any age; but there is bad masonry in the best of these buildings. The bedding and the jointing are absolute perfection; but the filling in of the walls, the combination of ashlar and of rubble, has been a cause of weakness. Stones have also been moulded, cut, carved, and exposed to weights and to weather which no stone of the kind could carry or withstand.

That which is wrong in principle never can be corrected in detail. The Commons' House of England have got for the nation's money a splendid blunder, a gorgeous gimcrack, which must, at no distant date, be a picturesque ruin. Surface painting and patented dressings of the surface may retard for a time, but cannot remove the inherent causes of rapid and inevitable ruin.

The Commissioners of 1839, in their report, state that "buildings in this climate are generally found to suffer the greatest amount of decomposition on their southern, south-western, and western fronts, arising, doubtless, from a prevalence of winds and driving rains from these quarters; hence it is desirable that stones of greater durability should at least be employed in fronts with such aspects." This recommendation of the Commissioners might also just as well have included a warning as to the amount of tracery and enrichments to be used "in fronts with such aspects." The Commissioners further remark: "Buildings situated in the country appear to possess a great advantage over those in populous and smoky towns, owing to lichens, with which they almost invariably become covered in such situations, and which, when firmly established over their entire surface, seem to exercise a protective influence against the ordinary causes of the decomposition of the stones upon which they grow."

These are curious remarks for eminent scientific commissioners to make; they savour more of artistic feeling, of an eye for colour, than of sound, rigid, scientific induction. The growth of lichens destroys stone, but does not in any way protect it. Lichen-covered stones would endure longer, without such vegetable growth, than with it. Some remarks are made as to the appearance of several frusta of columns and other blocks of stone quarried in the island of Portland at the time of the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and now covered by a growth of lichens, beneath which can be seen even the marks of the chisel employed upon them more than a hundred and fifty years ago. These frusta and blocks are only the Old Parrs of their day. We ought to

know how many frusta and blocks quarried at the same time were rejected, left behind, and have long since mouldered. We see the decayed and the decaying blocks set in the walls of St. Paul's, as also those blocks which remain sound; but in the quarry, the Commissioners found only those which had endured. It is the same class of evidence as that given by anti-sanitarians, when they find a few aged people in an unhealthy district; but the sanitarian will persist in taking infantile mortality as the best test of the unwholesomeness or healthiness of any district; and our architect will do wisely if he take a parallel test as to the life of a stone when quarried. That quarry which produces the most satisfactory test of endurance, or life, in stones, after a five years' exposure to the elements, will yield the best stones for building purposes.

The Commissioners also say: "Colour is of more importance in the selection of a stone for a building to be situated in a populous and smoky town than for one to be placed in an open country, where all edifices usually become covered, as above stated, with lichens; for, although in such towns those fronts which are not exposed to the prevailing winds and rains will soon become blackened, the remainder of the building will constantly exhibit a tint depending upon the natural colour of the material employed." The artist feeling, and not the scientific knowledge of the Commissioners, has again had full play and expression. One would think that an architect about to erect any building liable to have, at least, two of its fronts blackened and disfigured by smoke, dust, and soot, need not be so very particular as to the uniform colour of the other fronts.

The Commissioners, as previously mentioned, state that they found the stones in highly-decorated architecture, as a rule, most decayed, because the grain of the stone is more exposed than in buildings of plainer design. By the published evidence it appears, however, that sandstones and limestones are found equally perfect in buildings of Norman and subsequent dates, as also that both sandstones and limestones have alike mouldered. Examples of magnesian limestone, or dolomite in buildings, in an advanced state of decay, are given; as "The churches of York and a large portion of the Minster, Howden Church, Doncaster Old Church, and others in that part of the country, many of which are so much decomposed that the mouldings, carvings, and other architectural decorations are often entirely effaced." And yet the Commissioners recommend "the magnesian limestone, or dolomite, of Bolsover Moor and its neighbourhood, as the most fit and proper material to be employed in the proposed new Houses of Parliament."

There are, it is true, evidence, in certain buildings named, of the endurance of magnesian limestone, but there is evidence equally strong as to the endurance of sandstone; and there are certain remarks stating that "the nearer the magnesian limestone approaches to equivalent proportions of carbonate of lime and

carbonate of magnesia, the more crystalline and better they are in every respect." But results show that the stone brought to the new Houses of Parliament and there used, cannot be crystalline because it is not enduring. The recommendation of the Commissioners, and the results, are not unlike Mr. BUCKSTONE's non sequitur in the farce: "Have you the mark of a strawberry on your left arm?" "No." "Then you are my long lost brother." Is the stone from the quarries of Bolsover crystalline and durable? No. Then it is the best stone with which to build the new Houses of Parliament.

OUR ROMAN DAY.

STRICTLY speaking, we start as it were from The Post; and though this phrase may have a certain offensive familiarity and racing flavour, obtaining principally among sporting gentlemen, I can only repeat advisedly that we start from The Post. Literally, and without quip or evasion, we do start from The Post. It is the expedition of the day. I do not envy the man who, with a tame sneaking regularity, would have his letters brought to him at his hotel by the accredited functionary. There is a dull sleepy uniformity in that old world process. More wholesome far is that early plunge into the bath of Roman morning air; that brisk going forth with lightest heart into this strange atmosphere, which braces, and makes the nerves and fibres tingle, and fills with the hope and passion of a day newly begun. We bound along a street, singing—making for the Post Pontifical. Cheerful, then, the shop windows opening their shutter-eyes; cheerful the gay French galliards, all trim and bright, stepping out lightly to relieve the guard; cheerful the veiled ladies, missal in hand, tripping in at church doors for morning mass. There is no such elastic medium in the world as a douche of Roman morning air.

The great square court of the huge palace, labelled in golden letters "POSTA PONTIFICIA," is more like an Exchange. The men who crowd together there, and come and go and pass and repass, seem on 'Change. The poor baited souls at the pigeon-holes, who shuffle letters like cards, and shuffle the same pack ten thousand times in the day, must have a weary time of it. What a fine sense of hearing they ought to have! All nations crowding desperately at the pigeon-holes, and frantically calling their own name. Polyglot din of "Tagenblitz!" "Greiner!" "Chopoffski!" "Kissemlieff!" "Murphy! I say! Murphy?" "De Brimont, monsieur!" and from afar off, from the very outskirts, in rich stentorian bass, "Smith—Smith, please!—anything for Smith?"

I say again, in an Eternal City I would not have my letters tendered to me in the regular way, for any consideration. I call this, pleasantly, the Morning Postal Surprise. It has all the excitement of drawing in the lottery, and none of the expense. There is all the gentle titillation of a protracted suspense: the struggle for the window—the hoarse denunciation of self—plain-

tive repetition of the barbaric syllables by mild official, and reproduction in a totally different shape—the horrid agitation as he shuffles his pack of cards—his doubts—his artful pauses, his hesitation over this name, which reads faintly like the barbaric syllables—his final disastrous shake of his head which tells that all is over,—all these make up a most pleasing entertainment. It has the zest of unflagging novelty, and an Eternal flavour. There is no reasonable ground why I should look for despatches as every morning comes round, or that the established course of mails should be done violence to; but still every succeeding morning finds me at the pigeon-hole, watching the drawing in the letter lottery. Here, too, through another pigeon-hole, does a gentleman hand me out those little airy stamps labelled “Franco Bollo Postale” which flourish the tiara and cross keys so magnificently. The postage to England being exactly twenty-two halfpennies, it becomes a matter of much nicety to find accommodation (without prejudice to the direction) for all the parti-coloured insignia which are presented to me; and having found sittings for two yellow emblems, at three halfpennies each, in the centre under the direction, and for two pink at five halfpennies each, in the extreme right-hand corner, and for two green at one halfpenny each in left central corner, I am seriously put to it, for accommodation for two more halfpennies as yet undisposed of. They come in, however, at a vacant corner; and the effect of the whole, taken as a specimen of amateur bill-sticking, is decidedly pleasing. I gather, too, little traits of national manners highly instructive. One wet morning, when the rain is pattering down, a vehicle drives up, and an excited English gentleman, springing from it hastily, misses his footing on the slippery pavement and recovers himself with difficulty. Unconsciously he has jostled two Romans, and the shock has hurled one with violence to the earth; he falls prone, and bites—not the dust, but mud and liquid puddle. The Roman rises, fearfully bemuddled, but seems cowed and scared; and takes this scurvy treatment, unatoned for by regret or apology, with no other protest than a scowl.

Breakfast? Ah, surely! and the strain of business being now off the mind, it may reasonably relax. In this matter we are pure gypsies, highly irregular, and vagabondise disreputably from caffè to caffè. To-day I enter the Caffè Nuovo, or New Coffee House: so called from its being the oldest, dingiest, and saddest tabernacle in the city. It is a Corso palace, of forty long windows, retired from business, broken down utterly, and forced by hard times to turn itself to these baser uses. It is positively gaol-like with its black front and cell windows; and as I sit in its long chilly hall, with the dull frescoes overhead faded out of all shape and colour, and the cracked marble pavement under the feet; and as I note the dust and cobwebs, and the dirt an inch thick, and the general vault-like flavour of the place, I feel myself growing damp and mouldy too. When I deem myself

too cheerful, perhaps verging on the boisterous, I enter the Caffè Newgate, sit awhile thoughtfully, and issue forth again, correctly toned down to a happy cheerlessness. I am grateful that there is such an establishment in the city.

For a house in brilliant Spanish Place, I have a warm sympathy, reaching almost to affection, on the score of a chocolate of such rich consistence that I distinctly recal my apostle's spoon standing up in it stiff and straight. But I must confess it is the Greek coffee-house that I principally affect, chiefly on account of the delightful eccentricity of manners which there prevails. All the bearded pards of an Eternal City flock hither. There, though room is scant and fittings are barren, I see every Eternal artist—sculptor, painter, actor, and singer—German, French, and English—crowd in for his first meal. The study of this odd company, their ways, their dress, their gutturals, and general queernesses, are worth a “wilderness of mon-keys.” The aboriginal primitiveness of the place is comforting; and I love to see the Greek proprietor at his counter and furnaces, compounding the drinks. The orders are sung aloud in plain chant. As I enter, the waiter heralds my coming from afar off, intoning loudly, “Caffè latte! caffè latte!” for my features, and the beverage I habitually infuse, are grown familiar to him. Thereupon the Greek at counter begins compounding, with a deftness and mystery I am never weary of admiring. He takes a tumbler, and with one motion half fills it with sugar, and with another fits into it a broad funnel. A kind of devil comes rushing in from the furnace—all hot and fiery—with milk and coffee—all hot and fiery also—and those two elements are poured in, bubbling, through the funnel. Ready now, waiter, with that tiny tray, which you shall crowd artfully with the components of the banquet: steaming tumbler in corner; two little twisted rolls, one of sour, one of sweet bread, to suit the palate; a pat of rich butter from the Borghese farms; three pasticcie, or chocolate cakes, very toothsome as a finish; a miniature napkin, spotless as, and no bigger than an infant's bib,—for all these dainties is accommodation found on the miniature tray. When reckoning comes, the attendant spirit begins plain chant again, singing aloud, arithmetically, and checking off on his fingers, “Caffè latte!” (first finger), “colla pane!” (second), “e burra!” (third), “e tre pasticcie!” (fourth). Some spendthrifts of the place occasionally add a farthing for “service,” but such liberality is considered, on the whole, in bad taste. I, who magnificently lay down the humble remuneration of two baiocchi, am plainly considered to be demoralising the attendance, and introducing ruinous tastes.

After this meal, the world is all before us. The old rusted lions that have been roaring in their own soft touching fashion for centuries back; the churches, temples, pillars, statues, pictures of the great art menagerie, are wooing irresistibly. Privy council is convoked in the scarlet chamber, claims are submitted, urged, re-

jected, division is called for—and noisily carried. Round the corner comes clattering the ready barouche—the sun shines out brightly—close the door and steps with the crack of a rifle—and away! But whitherward? The fashionable poet of this Eternal City sings of his pet days, which he would note with a white mark. But how distinguish where all are white? Shall I take that fair sunshiny morning—when the newness was on all things, and everything was a surprise—when we rolled away through the fresh and balmy Roman air and the sunlight, making for the famous church of Santa Maria Maggiore? What a quaint odd effect, as we coast by those low-lying grounds, hedged in with every-day houses, where are the rusty arches and trios of pillars strewn up and down in a lonely fashion, to have pointed out to you carelessly with the driver's whip three or four stories of copper-coloured arcades so familiar as the Coliseum. Stop, coachman! the famous building to be dismissed thus lightly, where the martyrs—But it is a good mile away out of the road, signor, and, besides, is mapped out for another day. It seems to me a fairy church, and I look at it with a delight almost childish. We have to do with the wildernesses of pillars, and the flat roof laid on them all a sheet of dull Eastern gold, and the quaint crusted mosaics like a crystallised rockery, and the cooling breezes that blow acceptably among the marble trees.

Or it may be that we are standing in that mall of the Capitol—where is the most mournful statue in the world, the Dying Gladiator. The Eternal City has many caskets, and many precious things in every casket, and yet I know not if this poor drooping figure, all browned and discoloured, and wrung with an unutterable suffering, be not the most unique and touching of all its treasures. I know not how much of this sad effect must be placed to the account of the tawny colouring, and to the absence of the smug spotlessness and dainty cleanliness of newer marble. That strange tone lends a sort of warmth, suggests life and flesh and blood, and pleads powerfully for Mr. Gibson's colour creed.

Or else, we skim down the long Vatican galleries, where there is crowded a whole population of men, and women, and animals—in stone. I should not like to be alone with such company towards the small hours. I stand in especial awe of those grim philosophers in the marble togas. What wicked-looking fellows to meet trooping it along, like Don Giovanni Commendatori! But, oh, for Socrates, wisest of men, to have been this snub-nosed, negro-lipped, degraded-looking thing! very swinish, precisely the face that would rob a church—rather a temple—of his time. The Greeks must surely have been tired, not of hearing him called Just, but of those revolting lineaments which, besides, suggest to me strongly the cheeks of Edmund Gibbon, author of the *Decline and Fall* of this very city. The emperors are delightful. We look for a row of heads on the old hackneyed classical lines—the frown, the

straight nose, the regular mouth, and the laurel wreath so irritating to the tender skin. Instead, a row of most comically modern visages, of ordinary unclassical street faces, such as, if we passed to the irreverence of decorating with hats and collars Byronic, we would encounter at a hundred crossings betwixt Oxford-street and Temple-bar. Trajan has positively the roguish leer of a French old gentleman sitting in the Palais Royal garden, and looking after the passing Bonnes. Some, traditionally regarded as The Monsters, turn out surprisingly gentlemanlike and of refined manners, whom you would be rather pleased to see taking your wife down to dinner.

Or shall we present ourselves at that daily levee which the famous Apollo, the “far-darting,” holds in his little temple all to himself? Is it heresy to hint that he is a little too dandified, too much of the fashionable exquisite—a statue of the Beau Monde? I can fancy him the Duca di Belvedere, with a soft lisp, and giving you that disengaged finger; as compared with the poor brown statue crushed down and just giving up the ghost, it is as Saint James to Saint Giles. I can forgive that profane party of three, bursting with irreverent laughter in the sacred presence; and I can have indulgence for the black-haired sparkling English lady who is declaiming (mock heroically) out of her scarlet manual the appropriate versicles selected there. There is an Eternal Murray as well as an Eternal City. In another little temple of his own, Laocoon struggles ineffectually with his snakes, and the marble boxers of Canova square at each other fiercely, for a stone champion's belt.

A dip again into the balmy Roman air, and we are in the brighter streets. As the black ball ascends slowly from the high eerie where the famous Jesuit Secchi sits and hunts down planets, the boom of the French cannon is borne to us, and lets the city know it is noon. And that token of dipping brings to my mind that, at the last corner, I have been rubbing my eyes and putting it to myself seriously, was I in a dream? For I have seen, actually seen and felt, a familiar sponge bath, the Englishman's sponge bath, set out for sale! I have heard of an English gentleman taking one of these engines with him over the whole country. By some, it was taken for a musical instrument of the gong order: by others, to be an enlarged tea-tray!

Into bright Conduit-street again, or “Veer Kondotty,” which reads like Dutch, but is no more than the broad British ring for “Via de Condotti.” The witching hour of lunch draws on, and it is full time to pass reverently into the tabernacle of the “traitor” Spillman—“traiteur” he chooses to call himself. Unapproachable artist, and immortal chef! It is held currently, I believe, that he is to the full as much one of the glories of an Eternal City as the Forum, Baths of Titus, Saint Peter's, or other monument. The “traitor” affects the solid, the substantial, and goes straight home to British hearts. It is rumoured that the traitor's balance (pecuniary, not physical) is something to make

you gasp; and yet his sire made entry into the Eternal City in the rumble of a chaise. He was a simple courier, and begat the traitor. Very seducing are his counters, strewn with all shapes of Italian confectionary, confounding by their variety. Fatal those sweets to the enjoyment of the greater banquet now not very remote: and yet how seducing!

Hark to the music swelling down old Veer Condotty, drawing yet near and nearer! Running to the door, pâté in hand, we look out at the bright red-limbed little Frenchmen tripping by in the march they so love. How very clean they are, and how their arms glitter, and their cheerful colouring radiates! The fringe of ragamuffin, or St. Giles's element, which by the law of bands, unfailing in every clime and capital, hangs on the flanks of these musical warriors, is here present in full flavour and abundance.

Now we go round curiosity shops, and hunt out curious pictures, and amber-coloured goblets of Venetian glass, and quaint cinque cento cabinets, and gold inlaid knives with which noble families made their pens three centuries ago, and coins and medals and gems and carvings, and have a chatter, besides, with the old curiosity man himself, who is learned in his craft, and not too greedy for pelf. Or there is that lecture by the erudite English consul, the antiquarian Newton, who has been delving at Halicarnassus, and lighted on the Patagonian temple described by Herodotus, and has sent home treasures and marbles more exquisite in their delineation of the human figure than those called Elgin. He waits his company now, in the Barberini Palace, where an accomplished American gentleman has gathered all his friends, as it might be to a soirée. Or it may be that we are expected at the Collegio Romano, where a skilful Jesuit, the most able numismatist of his age, will take us over the famed Etruscan museum, and illustrate it with a running commentary; or will introduce us to the observatory of Padre Secchi; or where another skilful Jesuit is restoring a gigantic bit of Pompeian mosaic pavement with most marvellous cunning. Or it may be that we have to journey out far upon the Appian Way, and have to descend into tombs gloomier than those of all the Capulets; but attended by some pundit learned in the lore of catacombs, who has all the scenery and accessories at his fingers' ends.

But at times, when the flood-gates of Heaven are burst open, and the rains descend with a fierce shock unequalled in any other city, we are fast imprisoned in the scarlet chambers of our hostelry, from the windows of whose apartments we see the wretched wayfarers flying for their lives, and for shelter, to the generous Spillman's. And when it is past noon, and the deluge only increases, a rickety covered ark clatters to the door, sent for in desperation; and having looked out a profitable church in rubicund Murray, and a vein as yet unworked, we go forth into the storm. There are immortal imperishable frescoes in the unworked church, rubicund Mur-

ray tells us, painted by Domenichino, and another gentleman whose name I cannot recal, in a generous rivalry. Never to be forgotten are the waste of the Forum, the Arches of Constantine and company, as seen from the ark window, dripping and soaking under the universal shower-bath. Cheerless and dispiriting are the old church and convent where the painters painted "in a generous rivalry," and on whose steps the rain patters and patters again. Not to be forgotten are the cold yellow cloisters, and the lone open square where the rain came down drip, drip, as into a domestic pond, while the shivering sacristan was fetched out with his keys, to show the paintings, done "in a generous rivalry." Such poor washed-out things, faded, indistinct, colourless, as if the drip outside had got to them also, and had been washing them down for years! I cannot recal so dismal an exhibition of art.

TRANSPLANTED.

WHEN last I saw her, all cold and white,
On her maiden bed extended,
It seemed to me that with the light
Of her life my own was ended.

It seemed to me that I *could* not bear
The burden of life without her;
To see the sunshine, to feel the air
That could never more play about her—

Lovingly play round her lovely head,
Giving fond and playful kisses,
Making the rose on her cheek more red,
Stirring her sun-gilt tresses.

I felt as though I could never bear
The ceaseless pain and pressure
Of endless days, when she might not share
One sorrow of mine, or pleasure.

Stark and pallid and cold she lay,
Not *she*—the soul-warmed woman—
But the dreadful frigid image of clay
That with her had nothing in common.

Among the flowers about the bier
I noted a large-eyed blossom,
That looked at me through a dewy tear
As it lay on her lifeless bosom.

A large white daisy. I kissed its face,
In her cold dead hand I laid it,
And I bid it nevermore leave that place,
Though the breath of the grave should fade it.

I fancied that she would feel it there,
And that when she was in heaven,
She would send me a sign that the bond which here
So bound us should not be riven.

Perhaps a childish and wild belief;
But when in some hopeless sorrow
That rejects all thought of a common relief,
The heart is fain to borrow

From the realms of fancy some hope, some dream,
It may be some superstition,
That, however childish or wild, will seem
Like a real Heaven-sent vision.

And so with me. When the friendly night
O'er my sleepless pillow lingers,
Yon star, I think, is the daisy white
I placed in her lifeless fingers.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY COUPLES.

MATRIMONY is either the most happy or the most wretched condition of human life. It is therefore not by any to be unadvisedly and lightly enterprised. But civilised nations are not quite agreed as to the degree of facility which ought to be permitted of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure; while some allow this most solemn engagement to be contracted with the utmost ease, others surround it with so many formalities and checks, that there are cases in which it is difficult to get married at all. The golden mean between these two extremes is most desirable for a people to arrive at, and is well worthy of all the attention that the philosopher and the legislator can bestow upon it. We therefore open with more than common interest a book by M. Auguste Carlier, in which he compares marriage in the United States with that which is lawful in England and in France.

The last of these three countries has adopted the plan of fencing in marriage with many impediments. France is as exclusive and protectionist in her matrimonial as in her commercial intercourse. In matters connubial, she yields not the slightest international reciprocity. Most countries allow a marriage contracted beyond their own limits, to be valid at home, provided all the legal forms of the country in which the marriage takes place have been complied with. If an Englishman marry a Russian lady, in Russia, and according to Russian law, that marriage is good in England; but if a Frenchman marry an English girl, in England, and according to English law, that union may be pronounced null and void in France, unless every requirement of French law has been obeyed.

Take a case, which is not imaginary in its leading points. The Smiths have made money and retired from business. They spend a winter in Paris, and give handsome entertainments to mixed assemblies of French and English. Mrs. Smith is an excellent person, with no doubt about her own talent for managing, and a great idea of what money will do. Miss Smith is charming and two-and-twenty; one of her charms is three hundred a year, left by a bachelor uncle, of which she is in full enjoyment. Her brother brings to the house, the only son of the Comte de Quelquechose, who is seriously smitten. The De Quelquechoses would be poor in England, but are rich in France. Instead of being in debt, they put by a trifle every year. Their tastes and manners are simple and unpretending; but they are noble, and believe themselves at heart formed of different material from plebeian folk. They have in Burgundy a dilapidated farm-house, which their neighbours call "the château," surrounded with vineyards; they have a dingy suite of apart-

ments in Paris. Madame de Quelquechose farms a portion of her own estate, transacts all business, and does and is everything. Her son talks to her about the Smiths; she consents to receive a visit from Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith calls too early, much too splendidly attired; and, catching Madame de Quelquechose in a charwoman's dress, doing housemaid's work, has the weakness to display patronising airs. Still, madame returns the call, is pleased with the daughter, and might have approved of her in the end, if she did not every day detest the mother more and more. She tells her son the alliance will not suit her, and dismisses the matter from her thoughts. Mrs. Smith, determined not to be beaten, allows the young man's intimacy with her daughter to increase. When madame hears of this, she quietly observes, that young men are naturally fond of amusement; she knows the game is in her own hands.

The courtship has arrived at the marrying point, but the lover is sure it is of no use to ask his parents' consent. He is four-and-twenty. Clever Mrs. Smith thinks there is wisdom in the scheme of their getting married in England, as they cannot get married in France. Miss Smith goes to stay a month with an aunt in London. Young Monsieur de Quelquechose follows, and resides in the same parish for the term prescribed by law. There is nothing clandestine in the business. When the time arrives, they are married, by banns, as a further precaution, lest a license should be cavilled at. The bride is given away by her brother. It is a quiet wedding, not a runaway match.

The bridegroom announces his marriage to his parents, in respectful terms, as an accomplished fact, in which he hopes they will acquiesce—though he does not exactly say so—now they cannot help it. He returns with his bride to France, and presents her to society, as Madame de Quelquechose. But his parents refuse to receive or acknowledge her. They do more; they institute law proceedings, on the ground that the marriage is invalid in the absence of their consent and the fulfilment of every detail of the French marriage law. They gain their cause. The court pronounces the English marriage certificate to be waste paper. Miss Smith is compelled to drop the name and title of De Quelquechose and to resume her own; henceforth she can live with monsieur as his mistress merely, and not as his wife; and children so born are illegitimate in France. Miss Smith has fallen into a most cruel position; she is neither bond nor free. In France, she is a single woman; in England, she is a lawful wife. She is the widow of a living husband. She is not married at all in France; and yet, were she to marry in England, she would commit bigamy. Such is the control which French parents are able to exercise over their children's marriages. Amongst the lower orders of society especially, the power of withholding consent is occasionally made the means of extorting conditions favourable to the parents' selfish inte-

rests. But let every English person about to marry a French person carefully study the Code Napoléon beforehand, under the tutorship of an intelligent avocat, and have the marriage ceremonies, if possible, performed within the limits of the French territory.

With the superior classes in France, paternal authority remains almost what it was in patriarchal and in feudal times. The mother scarcely allows the daughter out of her sight; the girl, consequently, is ignorant of worldly matters, and has formed no habit of judging for herself, which will serve to guide her after marriage. She sees with mamma's eyes, and hears with mamma's ears only, unless, indeed, mamma allows her to be guided also by a spiritual director. The mother feels the burden of this responsibility, and hastens to be rid of it by an early marriage, in which the child is expected simply to acquiesce in the parents' choice. We English, and also our American cousins, severely criticise the little free will allowed to French girls in a matter of such immense importance, holding that it affords but a slight prospect of future happiness.

The code requires that the bridegroom should be at least eighteen, and the bride fifteen years of age. It exacts the consent not only of the two parties most interested, but also of their fathers and mothers, and, failing them, of their grandfathers and grandmothers, and even of a family council, if no elder relations exist. In the case of any of the seniors refusing their sanction, in order to effect the celebration of the marriage, in the first place, the man must be twenty-five and the woman twenty-one years of age; secondly, the party to whom consent to marry is refused must institute respectful proceedings (*des actes respectueux*) addressed to the non-consenting father, mother, or senior relation; in short, the child must go to law with the parent to compel him or her to show cause why consent should not be given. But such "respectful proceedings" are undertaken most unwillingly, and we cannot help honouring the unwillingness. They are rarely thought of, and still more rarely carried into practice. They involve considerable delays, which give time either for the projected marriage to be relinquished, or for the parent to yield at the last moment, to avoid being actually compelled to consent. In the uncommon case where the parental signature is withheld until extorted by application of the pressure of law, the ill blood so generated is probably greater than that arising from the majority of our elopements. But, in the way in which the system generally and really works, the parent has as good as a complete veto on his children's marriages.

Consent being given, the marriage is preceded by the publication of banns at the mayoralties belonging to the residences of the contracting parties; it must be celebrated by the mayor of one of these residences, in the public mayoralty, in the presence of four witnesses. The marriage deed is signed by the parties, the witnesses, and

the mayor, and is kept in duplicate. This is the civil marriage, which is indispensable by law. The religious ceremonies—which may be dispensed with, if the parties think fit—are celebrated afterwards, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, according to the creed of the bride and bridegroom. A few couples are married civilly only; if the gentleman thinks lightly of the benediction of the Romish priest—his repugnance being further increased by the condition of his making auricular confession to the said priest before it is granted—the lady's friends will rarely allow the religious marriage (a sacrament) to be omitted. Of course the priesthood do all in their power to discourage unblessed unions by throwing an indirect stigma on the offspring, such as by refusing to allow the church bell to ring at the baptism of children whose parents have not been married at church but at the mayoralty only.

In accordance with the doctrine of the state religion, the law of France declares marriage to be indissoluble. The only course open to married couples who find it impossible to live together, is separation, in cases laid down by law. The number of separations is a sort of touchstone of the wisdom of the choice which husbands and wives have made, and of the degree of harmony existing between them. It is to be regretted that, in France, separations are augmenting in a proportion which is far from following the slow increase of the population. Official statistics inform us that the number of demands for separation, which from 1851 to 1855 averaged from 1000 to 1100 annually, rose to 1727 in 1857, and to 1977 in 1858. Of these demands, 1777 were made by wives, and 200 only by husbands. It is not pretended that statistics will tell us all about unhappy marriages. In France, as in other countries, there are separations by mutual consent, which avoid the public scandal of law proceedings; and there are the still deeper sorrows which hide themselves from every eye, assuming the outward appearance of content, avoiding even a separation by mutual consent, for the interest and reputation of a rising family.

A married Frenchwoman is in every respect her husband's equal; he is not her lord and master, but her friend. "*Mon ami*," is the title by which she addresses him. The law may require her to love him, to honour him by virtuous conduct, but not to obey him. He has indeed a certain superiority in the management of their common interests, but her rights are not the more effaced for that; in certain cases her concurrence is indispensable, and she has a deliberative voice with an absolute veto. She remains the mistress of the whole of her fortune, by making a reservation respecting her personal property. The husband and wife are two partners who club their capital for mutual advantage, but who keep it distinct in their accounts, to facilitate any partial or complete dissolution. She can make her will, and leave her husband without a sou of hers; if she die intestate, her property, in some cases, slips completely through

his fingers. She must will it to him, for him to be safe and sure. The profits arising from the industry of the husband and the wife, and the savings they may be able to put by, form a common stock, to the half of which the wife is entitled. The law places such confidence in her, that, in the event of her widowhood, she, by right, is the guardian of her children. The whole situation is completely superior to that of woman in England, and even in America. Between brothers and sisters there exists a perfect equality as to their rights of inheritance from their father and mother. If the parents are inclined to disturb this equality, or to favour a third person to the prejudice of their children, the law fixes limits to the power of bequeathing. A Frenchman cannot cut off an offending son or daughter with a shilling, nor can he impoverish his neglected family by leaving large sums to charitable institutions.

But the prerogatives of the Frenchwoman are not confined to her family and social privileges; she may enter the same spheres of activity as her husband; the career of business and manufactures is open to her; and she has proved under every circumstance that she is equally capable with her male companion. Compare this condition with that of the women of ancient Rome, who were kept in a perpetual minority, on account of their levity of character. In England, and also in America, women are treated perhaps too much after the Roman fashion, so entirely are they kept in the background, as far as business is concerned.

In England, we have a foretaste of marriage as practised in the United States, in respect to the great liberty allowed to girls to select the object of their choice. Nevertheless, there are very marked differences; one of the first points which is striking in England, is the paternal authority which usually reigns predominant in family affairs. Still, the English girl is allowed to make her choice uncontrolled, although generally under the mother's eye, who does not interfere with her daughter's growing affection, unless grave objections present themselves. In a great commercial and manufacturing country, where a man by industry and intelligence may arrive at a certain position of fortune, the young lady's dowry is less an object than her personal qualities and the consideration enjoyed by her family; unlike France, where a great number of functionaries and military men, with fixed and scanty emoluments, are too often tempted by the exigencies of their position to yield to pecuniary considerations.

America is the land of liberty—for whites. American girls enjoy greater freedom than English; they are independence itself. But it is fair to allow that this liberty and independence are not exposed to the same inconveniences there as elsewhere; for, in America, woman is placed under the shield of public opinion. However young and inexperienced she may be, she can travel alone throughout the United States.

In the United States, according to the old

Common Law of England, the minimum of age for marriage is fourteen years for men, and twelve for women: after which, young people may dispense with the consent of father, mother, or guardian. Moreover, the Common Law enacts neither the publication of banns, nor witnesses, not even the signature of the parties, and the marriage may be celebrated by a justice of the peace or a minister of religion, no matter where resident, even beyond the circumspection of the residence of the bride and bridegroom, at any hour and place whatever.

In the United States, as in England, it suffices that cohabitation should have taken place to render judges very indulgent, and to validate an imperfect marriage. This probably was the reason which induced the Court of Queen's Bench, in 1855, to decide that a Protestant minister might himself celebrate his own marriage ceremony, asking himself the required questions, and then returning his own answers. The example has not found many imitators. Accomplished facts would have no influence whatever on the decision of a French judge respecting a doubtful marriage. Circumstances sometimes unite to give an extraordinary aspect to certain unions. Thus, it is related that, in the State of Maine, the driver of a railway train—too busy, no doubt, to be able to devote a whole day to his wedding—made his bride and a minister start in one of the carriages, and had the ceremony performed while the train was running.

A still more original occurrence is the marriage of a young Virginian couple, in 1855, who had to cross a river to reach the minister who was to unite them. But a flood had converted the river into a torrent; it was neither fordable nor ferryable; and they could not expect that, to crown their happiness, the minister would brave Leander's fate. They, therefore, shouted to the people on the opposite bank, explaining what they wanted. The pastor appeared: they folded the paper containing the necessary authorisation, tied it to a stone, and threw it to the minister, who, after reading it and exchanging the usual questions and answers, married the adventurous couple across the river according to the rites of the Church. These marriages, singular as they appear in form, are not the less in earnest for that, and are followed by every civil consequence required.

Other eccentric weddings, not in earnest, are a serious blow to the respect due to matrimony, and to the law which sanctions it. Among other follies, certain young Americans have amused themselves by contracting mock marriages, or rather by getting married in joke. If two persons, with no serious intention of marrying, nevertheless go through all the formalities thereof, by way of pastime, they are well and effectually married by a legal bond. A case of the kind occurred in Pennsylvania, in 1857. Miss J. met Mr. B. at a party; they exchanged pleasantries on the subject of marriage; Mr. B. asked Miss J.'s hand, which was given. To continue the joke, they went to the house of

a neighbouring minister, where the conjugal knot was tied. After the young lady had recovered her senses a little, she did not choose to carry the simulation of matrimony further. But the bridegroom took up the matter in a serious light. The girl was obliged to petition for a divorce, as the only means of escaping the legal consequences of her thoughtless engagement. Another similar fact is quoted; and in both cases the divorce was pronounced.

It is even extraordinary that like occurrences are not more frequent; for, according to the doctrine adopted by different courts of law, a matrimonial engagement may be inferred from circumstances only. "It is not necessary," said a judge of the State of New York to a jury, "that a promise of marriage should be made in express terms; frequent visits, conversation in whispers, expressions of attachment, presents offered, walks and drives taken together, are so many circumstances which may be insisted upon, in proof of the existence of an engagement to marry. And if these indications have sufficient probability to convince the judges, the law requires nothing further, to establish the bond."

So arbitrary a power of interpretation in so grave a matter has opened the door to the most shameful speculation. Marriageable girls and widows, casting off the reserve which is proper to their sex, hunt after rich men, especially men in the decline of life, and endeavour to attract them by all sorts of artifices, and to spread the report—in consequence of familiarities in which they take the first step—that a wedding is in preparation. When they think they have accumulated proofs enough to make out a strong presumptive case, they exact either marriage or heavy damages. Sometimes, to escape undeserved scandal, the gentleman yields to this Machiavellian pressure, and sacrifices to a quiet life, a sum which mostly runs up to a tolerably high figure. If he resist, he is dragged in no time into court.

In such questions, the jury is easily impressed by the voice and manner of the woman who presents herself in the guise of a victim; and verdicts have been given so monstrously exaggerated, that they seem rather the outbreaks of anger than judicial decisions. Recently, a case of this kind occurred in the State of Missouri; the jury, yielding to the excitement of the moment, condemned a wealthy man, against whom there was nothing but simply presumptive evidence, to pay 20,000*l.* damages to a woman who kept a boarding-house at St. Louis. The gentleman who had fallen into the snare did not submit to the verdict; he appealed; and the judges, in cooler blood and better edified respecting the lady's previous history, annulled the sentence, and discharged the defendant from all further pursuit. It was time to give a lesson to this kind of women; for actions for breach of promise of marriage had become common throughout the United States. Some half-dozen heavy condemnations appear to have excited a number of women to

bring their actions, right and left. It had become dangerous for wealthy men to behave politely to unmarried women. The result of the Missouri appeal allowed them to breathe a little more freely.

Certainly, American legislation is strange! If the smallest scrap of land has to be sold, there must be a deed signed and sealed in the presence of witnesses, and properly registered. In the case of a will, additional guarantees are required; but in the gravest act of human life, simple probabilities suffice to prove an engagement. As if marriage did not involve more important consequences to a man's welfare, than a sale of land or even a will!

One circumstance which gives a great impulse to hasty and impromptu marriages, is the rapid development of the new States of the Union, into which a great number of adventurers rush, with the certainty of obtaining opulence, or at least a very easy position. At first they are colonies of men only, whose increasing wealth enables them to indulge in the comforts of a family. To these matrimonial markets many girls of some education resort, urged by ambition and the love of adventure, to risk the chances of a western alliance. Articles appear in newspapers, begging young women to come, offering them the liberty of a choice of husbands, and promising them liberal and certain settlements. The scarcity of women is continually felt at intervals in the regions of the west. In May, 1857, the Iowa Reporter made an energetic appeal to the ladies, entreating women of all nations to travel in that direction. It stated that, according to the census of June, 1856, there were in Iowa 33,640 more men than women, and that, at the time of writing, they were short of 60,000 women to establish an equal balance of the sexes. Although such a state of things is only transitory, still, women, of whatever condition, who arrive during periods of bridal scarcity, are sure to be welcomed and caught up immediately.

In the older states, American young ladies exhibit a rather paradoxical conjugal tendency. Their great ambition is to marry a man of title; it is a weakness which has gained all classes, and to which they sacrifice everything. Any European, however slightly he may be recommended, if he be the bearer even of a doubtful title of nobility, by going to the United States is sure of making a wealthy match, if he only have patience to bide his time. There are certainly men who, by their personal qualities, adorn the title they have received from their ancestors, and nothing can be more praiseworthy than to seek their alliance; but that is not generally what is uppermost in the female American mind. The title is all in all. If America had been a woman, she would not have suffered the Prince of Wales to depart from her shores a single young man.

That the American law is not only blind to the veritable character of the institution of marriage, but that it even lends itself to offences against society, is shown by a crime committed

in New York in 1857. One Dr. Burdell lived in a house which was his own property, at a few paces' distance from a much-frequented street. He resided on the ground floor; in the story above, there lodged a woman named Cunningham, with whom it was asserted that Burdell had been too intimate. She was visited by several persons, particularly by one Eckel, who was supposed to be Burdell's successor in her affections. The woman had repeatedly and earnestly solicited the doctor to marry her; he had always refused. Nevertheless, as he was supposed to be worth some twelve or sixteen thousand pounds, the woman Cunningham was accused of having planned his murder, after having taken previous steps to secure the inheritance. As the facts relating to the murder were never judiciously proved, we can give no more than the substance of the indictment, according to which the woman Cunningham went one evening, in company with a man supposed to be Eckel, to the house of an obscure Protestant minister to whom they were quite unknown. The man wore a false beard the better to disguise himself; he stated his name to be Burdell, and the couple required to be united in marriage. The only witness was a young daughter of the woman Cunningham. The minister, without taking any trouble to ascertain the identity of the parties, married them in a few minutes, under the names declared to him. No registration of the marriage was made; no signatures of the parties were given; consequently, the only trace which remained of this culpable act was the certificate which the bride and the pretended bridegroom obtained from the complaisant minister. Not a syllable of all this was known in Dr. Burdell's house.

Two or three months afterwards, New York was startled by the murder of Burdell in his room one evening in January. Cunningham and Eckel were arrested; great inquiries were made, but nothing was discovered. The prisoners were discharged.

If matters had rested here, the crime would appear to have been committed without any adequate motive; for the marriage would only have given the female culprit a right to a jointure, which was of comparatively trifling importance; but the marriage was necessary, to support the assumption of a pregnancy which should supply a false heir to the unfortunate Burdell. But in consequence of measures skilfully taken, the attempted fraud was judicially proved.

Suppose American marriages to have been environed by a portion only of the formalities and guarantees required in France—only with those enacted in England—and the murder would assuredly have been prevented. Let notice be published in the official locality belonging to the parish; let the identity of the parties be ascertained; let the celebration of the ceremony in broad day be authenticated by the presence of known witnesses of full age; let the contract be registered in the local archives; and the idea of such a crime as this could not enter the thoughts of the worst sharper.

In spite of the extreme facilities for contracting marriage in the United States, there nevertheless exists a most characteristic prohibition. In divers States—say in the majority—the marriage of whites with Indians, negroes, and mulattoes, is prohibited, whatever may be the degree of fairness of the latter's skin. But even where the statute is silent—nay, even where it is favourable to this sort of alliances—the force of prejudice is so strong that nobody has the moral courage to brave it. Marriages of the kind do sometimes take place, but always among the lowest of the population; and even then it is not always safe for the husband to remain on the scene of the marriage; for amongst the populace the prejudice of race is as deeply rooted as in the upper classes. It is curious that of late years more white women than white men have contracted marriage with persons of colour in two free States. But the circumstance itself is of such rare occurrence, that no conclusion can be drawn from these exceptional instances.

And the matrimonial union of slaves—what of that? Considered either as a chattel or as a responsible being before God and before the law, it would seem that that thinking chattel ought to be authorised to contract a legitimate marriage, in order better to adapt his life to ideas of social and family duty, the two grand elements of civilisation. But it is no such thing; no man of colour, in a state of slavery, has the right to contract a legal marriage, either with another slave or with a free person. The master has always the right to break the connexion, how strong or slight soever it be, which the slave has formed, even with the master's consent; and, as the law refuses to regulate such connexions, there is no recognised paternity. The man and the woman, the father, the mother, and the children, may all be separated at the master's will.

The law of divorce is not the same in all the States of the Union, but there is a great tendency to adopt similar reasons for granting divorces. Separation from bed and board, a *mensâ et thoro*, finds little favour there. It is considered immoral, in consequence of its leaving, according to Lord Howell's expressions, a wife without a husband, and a husband without a wife. It is celibacy in matrimony. It offers great temptations to either party to go astray, and punishes the innocent more than the guilty. For divorce proper, there are divers reasons admitted by the legislatures of divers states. Among them are, voluntary desertion for one, two, three, or five years; prolonged absence for five years; idiocy or mental derangement; marriage with a negro, an Indian, or a mulatto; acts of cruelty or abuse committed by one of the couple on the other; a great misapprehension of duty towards the helpmate; an habitual state of drunkenness, or the abuse of opium; imprisonment for crimes specified by the local statutes; a refusal to provide the wife with sufficient means of subsistence; a refusal on the part of the wife to follow her husband when he changes his residence; disorders in the con-

duct of one of the couple; the conversion of either to the sect of Shakers. One State, Kentucky, has gone so far as to pass a law, enacting that when a husband advertises in the journals his intention of not paying his wife's debts, she thereby acquires good and sufficient grounds for divorce. This last is a very near approach to Cicero's reasons for wishing to divorce Terentia—not that she gave him any cause of complaint, but because he wanted a fresh dowry to pay his creditors. Longer experience will probably cause the Americans to make some radical changes in this branch of their civil code.

UP A STEP-LADDER.

LITTLE Willie had not appeared at my door for full a month; I missed his cheerful whistle as he came, day by day, tugging up the rough road with the heavy bread-basket at his back, and saw that he had been superseded by another boy, much smaller and of preternaturally grave countenance. I waylaid this boy one afternoon as he was toiling up the hill, and inquired what had become of Willie. He said he didn't know. Had he got a better place? He didn't know. Was he gone to school? He didn't know. Was he poorly? He didn't know. In fact, he knew *nothing*, so I gave him a half-penny for his information and let him struggle on, wondering how in the world he did it.

Willie did not belong to my class at school, but his two big brothers did, and when I saw them the next Sunday, I renewed my inquiries for my merry little friend, and was told that he had got the fever—the fever in our village meaning something generated of damp homes, bad drainage, insufficient water, and sometimes insufficient food.

"He has had it, going on for a month," George told me. I asked if he had had it severely? "He's been very bad in his head, and he don't know none of us but mother. But it's his ears now," was the rather mysterious answer.

I always had a reluctance, difficult to overcome, to go anywhere where I am not certain to be welcome. If I were ill, I should feel inexpressibly annoyed to have strangers coming about me with pudding and tarts; and, what I do not like myself, I am chary of inflicting on other people. But I knew that our clergyman and his wife, whose kitchen is kitchen for all the sick poor in the parish, were away; I reflected that a labouring man with six children, even though two of them are big enough to support themselves, is not commonly provided with a surplus fund against rainy days; so I screwed up my courage, told my old servant to make a regulation pudding and put it in a basket with a few other little matters applicable to the case, and set off the next morning to look after Willie.

Down a step from the road, down a steep unpaved cart-way, past an immense mound of agricultural enrichment, down a sloppy foot-path between currant-bushes bearing innumerable

small rags of clothing but no leaves, down a series of stepping-stones, and I am at the open door of Willie's home. Just inside are five small dots of children, four of them "playing at ladies," and the fifth, a curly-headed urchin of about three years old, enacting the part of audience at the comedy. One of the four, a blue-eyed maiden of six and a previous acquaintance of mine, immediately detaches herself from the rest of the group, advances, drops a bob curtsey, and then turns sharply round to her companions and asks where are their manners? Their manners are instantly made manifest by three more bob curtseys, but the curly head proves refractory, retires behind his largest little sister, and peeps at my basket round the corner of her elbow, while my blue-eyed damsel apologises for him as being "only little Robert"—too young yet to have any manners.

And we all stand and stare at each other, the children quite at home under the circumstances, myself feeling awkward that I have not a second basket to give up to plunder by these infantry, until I am recalled to myself by hearing blue eyes communicate my name and place of abode to her next neighbour, when I ask if they know where Willie's mother is? Immediately they all chorus forth, "Mother's gone out ironing at Mrs. Dent's." I then ask, "Where is Willie?" to which they simultaneously reply, "He's up there, in mother's bed;" and following the direction of their pointing fingers, I turn round and perceive an almost perpendicular step-ladder, the foot of which is directly opposite the doorway, and the head, without any circumlocution, in a loft. In which loft, when I look up, I can see hanging, the identical best coat in which George has attended my class for two years past.

"Will you go up and see him?" asks blue eyes; and the biggest girl, who may be of the mature age of seven, darts forward to pilot the way. But I am doubtful as to the step-ladder, and suggest the expediency of my seeing "mother" if she is to be got at; on which all the children, except Robert, execute manœuvres across a flat of blighted cabbages, and disappear round a corner, while he and I improve our acquaintance by continuing to stare at each other. In a few minutes the quartette return as they went, followed by "mother," who stops ten yards off and makes a bob curtsey of the same pattern (I detest this curtseying, but I daren't say "Don't curtsey to me"), and then approaches, looking as if she were thankful to see me, though I never saw her in my life before.

She is a pretty woman of not more than two or three and thirty, with beautiful eyes, delicate features, and dark hair; all her clothing is clean and whole and decent; and when Robert butts at her with his curly head, he is taken up, kissed, and cashiered with two of the girls who are his sisters into the house-place, while she gives me her account of Willie, standing in the doorway.

"He ought to have been in his bed a fortnight before he was, the doctor says," she tells me.

"He is on the mend now, but very weak, and will I go up and see him?"

It is my destiny to mount that step-ladder. So, up the step-ladder into a loft with a pallet-bed in it, and a thinly covered mattress in one corner on the floor; through a doorway without a door, into a room about twelve feet square, in which, on "mother's bed," lies Willie—or Willie's shadow.

He is wide awake, and watching a casual gleam of sunshine that has found its way through the rainy clouds, and strayed in at the low lattice window; but as I go up to his pillow, he turns on me a pair of wonderful eyes, and says, faintly, "A little better." His mother explains that he fancies I asked him how he did. His hearing is quite gone, and he cannot take in a word. I suggest that this arises from weakness, and will pass away as he gets his strength again. "You think it will, ma'am?" she replies, and looks at him very wistfully; on which, supposing himself addressed, Willie says again, "A little better," and, a minute after, "Drink, mother."

She says she will go and warm him a drop of milk, and disappears, leaving us together. Willie turns his eyes slowly from the sunshine to my face, and from my face to the sunshine. I look at him and at the place where he lies, and meditate on the mysterious inequalities there are in the world, and on the hard lives of the working poor.

The room is as pure as scrubbing and white-wash can make it; everything about the bed is scrupulously clean; the old chest of drawers is covered on the top with a white cloth; as is also a rough deal box by the wall, which serves as a table, and on which stands the bottle of doctor's stuff, with a glass and spoon disposed ornamentally in connexion with a copy of the British Workman, a farthing hymn-book, and a Bible. On the walls, fastened up with pins, are some rudely coloured scriptural prints, a few missionary tract pictures, and, in one corner above the head of another mattress on the floor, the Lord's Prayer in large type. In the sunshine of the window are three plants, fresh and green; and, though the room is low, it is not oppressively close, for there is a thorough current of air blowing up from the open door below.

When his mother returns with the warm milk, he drinks it eagerly, and the pudding being extracted from the basket, he eats a portion of that, with an enjoyment pleasant to watch. Having finished it, he stretches out his arm and looks up at his mother.

"He wants you to see how thin his arm is, ma'am," she explains; and rolling up his night-gown sleeve, she shows me a weak little white skeleton limb which will carry no more bread-baskets for many a month to come.

She then sits down by his pillow, puts her arm round him, and makes him lean against her while she gives me the particulars of his illness; how good he was, how little hope there was for him at one time, but how the doctor says now he will come round nicely if she can get him a little strengthening food. The clergyman, she

says, being away, she did not know whom to apply to. "I didn't think of you, ma'am, till George told me you'd been asking about Willie; I've spent many a sixpence for him, but I can't get what he likes; he takes eggs best, and he would eat three or four in a day, for he's getting hungry now, but he mustn't have them; I let him have one, but I pay three ha'pence apiece." On my inquiring what the doctor recommends, she tells me a little broth or arrow-root—nothing stronger yet—which I volunteer to send her. It then occurs to me to ask if the fever is infectious? To which she says she believes not if I don't stay there over long; so, having fulfilled my present business, I think it will, perhaps, be expedient to go away; I therefore bid Willie good-by, with the foolish remark that I am sure he is grown, and that the fever will make a man of him, which, fortunately, he does not hear, and then I follow his mother into the outer loft, and down the step-ladder.

Next day, my old servant, who is interested in Willie as the only boy whom she never had to tell to shut the garden-gate after him, makes a pitcher of excellent broth, and leaves the meat in it, and when submitting it to my taste for approval, she assures me that if Willie's mother has any management about her she will freshen it every day, and it will keep and fit him for a week: which intimation she also conveys to George when he comes for it at his dinner-time. But when I go down, long before the week's end, to see the little fellow again, his mother tells me it lasted him only two days, for what was left after that, turned sour.

I achieve the step-ladder again. Willie is still in bed, and still as deaf as a stone, and I think he looks a shade duller and more pallid than before; but there is no sunshine through the window on the whitewashed wall to-day, and the drizzling rain slips mistily like a curtain over the glass. Still his mother says fondly, as she puts the scattered hair off his forehead, "He mends a little—yes, ma'am, I'm sure he mends a little;" and she adds, that the doctor says if he could have some jelly broth made of cow-heel or calf's-foot, it would be better and more strengthening than anything else. When I reply that I would order the butcher's wife to send her some feet, she hesitates a moment, and then says, "I can clean them and prepare them myself, ma'am, if I get them just as they are; you will have to pay a shilling for the set, but if you do not name it, Mrs. Briskett will do them, and they will cost half-a-crown."

When I return home, I tell my servant the fate of her broth that was to last a week, on which she exclaims, "She has got no keeping place, I'll be bound! but she needn't ha' let it waste! And did she waste that good mutton too? Why, it would ha' been a dinner for all of 'em. What sort of a house is it, missis?" I reply that I have only seen the place into which the outer door opens, which is a sort of scullery where the washing-tub and a few pans appear to live, and

which had the bare ground for floor with a few large round pebbles in it; the family living-room I conjecture to be below the larger bedroom up the step-ladder. She replies that most likely that scullery is larder and pantry and all, but bids me inquire the next time I go, "for," adds she, "I can't abide waste, and if Willie's mother can't keep things as they should be kept, she'd better have 'em little by little every day as he wants 'em. I should like to see how she means to manage them calf's-feet."

A few days later, I visit Willie again, and, waiting at the open door, I look round and suppose my servant's conjecture about this scullery being also pantry to be correct, for, besides the pots and pans on the floor, there are a few basins and dishes on a shelf. Before my survey is completed, Willie's mother appears from the dwelling-room, and to my satisfaction I hear that he is down stairs for the first time, to-day. I am accordingly ushered across the scullery and into the kitchen, where he is sitting on a stool within a deep chintz valance, which hangs where a mantelpiece is commonly fixed; for the chimney is a wide open space; there is no range, no oven, no boiler, nothing but a handful of fire on the stones, kept from being scattered about by three bricks set one upon the other at each side, and about a foot apart. Fuel is very costly in our village, and the fire burns slowly; so Willie crouches down to it, looking much less comfortable than when he lay in his mother's bed: while opposite to him, and dead asleep, sits his father, a powerful man in appearance, who, his wife says softly, has only just got home after being out all night leading coals up from the landing to the store. Willie is no better of his deafness yet, but he is coming round. O what a painful process that coming round looks over that starved scrap of fire!

The room has the same decided features of cleanliness under difficulties, of neatness, and attempt at ornament, as the room up the step-ladder. On a rude deal table, home-made, and by no skilful carpenter, is the week's washing, ironed and folded. In the window-sill is the family library, consisting chiefly of old brown books, contents unknown, but outwardly of a religious appearance, with a few plants to give them an air of liveliness. The floor is paved with worn uneven stones set in the clay, the walls are the unplastered walls whitewashed, and as I look out from the window into the dull day which has but just ceased raining, I see the sloppy footpath inclining down to it and all the water draining off to settle in this moist corner.

I don't like to ask prying questions, but I should like to know who owns this cottage and what it costs the family a week. Whatever it costs in money, it will cost enormously more in health and strength, and possibly in children's lives, before its owner will consent to pull it down as unfit for human habitation—which it is. But Willie's mother has no complaint to make—if she says a word, it is of somebody's kindness

—so I suggest no grievance, but quietly convey myself away, leaving the father still fast asleep.

I have got over the awkwardness of feeling myself an intruder, and a few days later I am that way again; but the cabbage garden and the stones before the door are not decorated any more with the dots of children enacting ladies. The outer door stands open, but the inner one is shut, and, while I stand knocking, I hear a childish wail of suffering, than which I know no sound so sad: then the voice of our clergyman, who is home again, speaking to Willie's mother. As he comes out, I enter and see Willie, sitting on his stool under the valance as before, and a cradle on the stones beside him in which lies little Robert. Their mother's eyes are red with weeping or watching, or both, but in answer to my question if the little one is ill, she only says, in her natural way, which is neither patient nor plaintive, but simply acquiescent in what is, as if she had no idea it either could be or ought to be otherwise, "Yes, ma'am, he's got the fever too; he began three days ago." And as the pitiful inarticulate wail continues, she lifts him in her arms and holds his curly head against her neck, and kisses him until it ceases; but he is very bad in his head, and the great eyes have a very different expression from what they had when he peeped round his sister's elbow at my basket.

"I don't get much rest with him at nights," his mother tells me, and puts a chair for me to sit down, and sits down herself, nursing him in her lap, where he lies quiet enough. Then she tells me about him, and what the doctor says. "And don't I see Willie getting on?" He has been out a minute or two in the sun, but he could not stand by himself, and his boots are too heavy for his little thin feet. So I suggest a superannuated pair of my own, which she says she will be very glad of; and she defers to me and consults me, and I know nothing, and feel that I am nothing, beside her, except that all my speculations and stories of struggle and suffering are mere shreds and patches of phantoms compared with her bare and bitter experience of life.

The two little girls are silently busy at the table, ironing. I inquire of them if they often burn their fingers, an idea which they repudiate with emphatic head-shakings. "It is their doll's clothes, ma'am; it keeps them quiet and makes them handy," their mother tells me; on which they smile, and display some wonderful bits of rag, the property of a much-abused but probably much-cherished wooden image now sitting unclothed on the centre pile of books in the window-sill. The fire is a little brighter to-day—perhaps the clergyman brightened it—and Willie has not quite such a wan and weary look on his white face. He watches his mother and myself as we talk, which he never did before, and though he cannot hear a word, he can raise his mind, apparently, to guess about what is going on; and to look on the best side of everything, perhaps his deafness may be almost a blessing for a little while, for it will prevent him from being

further worn by poor curly-headed Robert's pitiful wail.

This is not poverty under its worst aspect; it is very very far from that. There is no drunken husband or lazy wife to waste the earnings of labour; there is industry, thrift, cleanliness: a successful struggle to be good, honest, pious, decent, orderly, under very hard conditions. There is no special want; there are regular wages, and not bad wages; there is the father toiling night or day; there are two boys at constant work, and a good mother, able and willing to make them a good home; yet all the possibilities of health, and natural growth, and every-day comfort, are defeated in a dwelling which the most scrupulous care can never render what a dwelling of human beings ought to be.

Instead of sun-bonnets for Central Africa, could any fund be raised to enable penurious or indigent landlords to put kitchen ranges in the kitchens of their labouring tenants, and to bribe them to pull down their pest-houses, and erect dwellings in which fever will not always be at war with youth and strength, and always getting the victory?

DESPISED AND FORGOTTEN.

THERE they lie, like buried leaves, or dead twigs without buds or roots; things which have had their uses and their hour, but which have gone down now to eternal forgetfulness. Who thinks of them? Who knows even the names of Dorat, of Cubières, of Olympe de Gouges, of le Cousin Jacques, of De la Morlière, of Grimod de la Reynière? Who takes note of the fret and fever of their lives, or marks the spot where their feet slipped, or where they grasped firmer hold of the great ladder of their fortunes? Yet they were personages in their day; they represented certain forms of popular life, and the thoughts that then governed society; they were giant weeds flung up on the top of the floating scum: unluckily for themselves and humanity, some of them drifted into the pastures where the good food lay, and for a time were classed with things wholesome, sweet, and sound. Lately, M. Charles Mouselet has uncovered their dust-hidden tombs, and read us the secrets they enclose. They are sad secrets, some of them; and the saddest are those where the laughter is loudest.

The group of Despised and Forgotten which he has given us belong to the end of the eighteenth century; just when the old was passing into the new, when the florid follies of the shepherdesses and the loose undress of the goddesses of the Renaissance were being merged in the tricolor of the Convention and the red woollen of the Carmagnole. The mixture of court frivolity and republican fervour which they display, is beyond measure wonderful.

Take the life of the poet Cubières as an example. What a strange story that was! Strange in the excessive levity, want of self-

respect, and universal shoe-blackening which it shows—strange, in the sudden change from Doris and Chloe to Brutus and Virginia, from Dorat to Marat, without an apparent thought that coat-turning was a dishonouring employment, or that a man's life had any nobler aim than that of swimming with the stream, and feathering his nest from all sorts of birds. Cubières was one of the least worthy of his class: and his class was a bad one. One morning, Dorat, the greatest love poet of that time, was at his toilet dressing for an appointment. A young abbé was introduced. He had a small scroll in his hand, and came, he said, to solicit the great man's literary patronage, and to read to him some verses, "the children of his leisure."

"Where do you come from?" says Dorat, powder-puff in hand, leaning over the mirror. "From Saint-Sulpice" smirks our young abbé of twenty, "whence my love poetry procured me the honour of an expulsion only yesterday evening."

"One recommendation," says Dorat, smiling. "And now, what will you do?"

"Make verses," says our abbé, with a satisfied air.

"Good. And then?"

"Make verses, Monsieur Dorat."

"You are from the south?" says Dorat, with a slight sneer.

"I am."

"Your name?"

"Michel de Cubières."

By this time the poet-mousquetaire was powdered. While buckling on his sword he rapidly gave his young companion three bits of excellent advice: the first was, to exchange that vile black coat of his for one in silk with rose-coloured spots; the second, to be openly favoured by women of condition; the third, to study his Dorat's works, "models of perfumed grace and delicacy," after which he could not go wrong. He then sent him away; giving him a commission to do some fluttering little trifle for the *Almanach des Muses*.

In due season, the young abbé returned to the master's house, this time in a coat all laced and embroidered, and with the curliest of tresses covering his recent tonsure. He was an apt scholar, and Dorat had very little trouble with him. This first lesson in tailoring and hair-dressing had been admirably learnt; the next, on the good graces of the women of condition, had to come. It was not difficult, and took even less time than the former. Madame Fanny de Beauharnais—Dorat's own especial Fanny—undertook this part of the young abbé's education: and Dorat was too well-bred to complain. M. de Beauharnais counted for nothing in the question; the contest resting only between the two lovers, by whom it was carried on in the most gentlemanlike style of the period. Finally, Madame Fanny settled the matter by publicly installing the disgraced priest as her favourite, in the room of the verse-making soldier; but Dorat got secret indemnification,

and, besides, was soon consoled elsewhere. Cubières was now at the zenith of his glory. He wrote verses with extreme facility, and inundated the town with them; he got well noticed by the critics, and well received by the court; was gay and gallant; had money, fame, and drank deep of the golden cup of courtly favour and red-heeled popularity. He was the most unscrupulous flatterer of the day; and the adulation he poured out full-handed on others he received back in kind, none the lessened by the transit. If the need took him to write verses more warm than modest, he ascribed them to M. de Palmézeaux, into whom he one morning "doubled" himself, and as Cubières-Palmézeaux, was the smiling author of some of the most highly-coloured poems afloat.

In the midst of these congenial triumphs Cubières-Palmézeaux was startled by the death of his master, Dorat. Cubières, who from obedience had borrowed his mistress, from admiration now borrowed his name, and henceforth figured in the world of letters as Dorat-Cubières, the disciple, friend, and literary legatee of the Catullus of the eighteenth century. So he went on his way a little longer, daintily picking his steps among the royal roses of Versailles, and heedless of all save pleasure and success. And then the hoarse cannon suddenly boomed across Paris, the tocsin rang, the people uprore, and the Revolution broke out in all its fierceness and fury. Dorat-Cubières was at the house of Fanny de Beauharnais when the cannon of the Bastille sounded. He threw down his gilded lyre wreathed with artificial roses, and rushed off to the scene of wrath and bloodshed. Seizing the humour of the moment, and divining what was coming, he instantly wrote an account of the taking of the Bastille, as if he had been there, signing himself "Michel de Cubières, citizen and soldier."

Gods and goddesses, Chloes and Damons, were now abandoned, and the Law was our tuneful renegade's new mistress. The adulator of Marie Antoinette was found "attaching an oak leaf to the brow of Marat," and the most insipid courtier of the day became the most furious republican. Paris ridiculed him for his new devotion, but Marat-Cubières—for he had again changed godfathers as well as creeds—cared nothing for such sneers; and soon the commune of Paris rewarded him with a secretaryship as the price of his turned coat. Cubières was inordinately proud of his new employment, and made himself conspicuous for his revolutionary zeal. When the law was passed which removed all of noble birth from any office under the state, the Chevalier de Cubières—who, in the good old times, had so often vaunted his aristocratic state and condition—now strove with all his energy to show that he was but a low-born commoner, with not a drop of gentle blood in his veins. His pleadings went for nothing; and Dorat-Marat-Cubières-Palmézeaux was dismissed, to carry his sighs and his numbers elsewhere. Before his dismissal, though, he signed, in his quality as secretary, the order for the arrest of

Madame Roland, between whom and himself there had always been a smothered feud; and he saved the life of a fugitive nobleman in a generous and grandiose manner. It is pleasant to find him doing one good thing.

He now went back to literature, dropping the name both of Dorat and of Marat, and retaining only that of Palmézeaux; still the gallant courtier, the unblushing flatterer, beloved by all women, respected by no man, and finally deserted by the fickle world which had once perfumed his path with incense. Cubières died in 1820, so miserably poor that he used to be seen, all in rags and wretchedness, buying a pennyworth of "red eggs" at a fruiterer's, and slinking off to eat them at a wine-shop. This was the end of the friend and pupil of the luxurious Dorat, of the favoured lover of Joséphine's aunt, of the signer of the decree which brought Madame Roland to the scaffold.

Down at Montauban lived a pretty, graceful, intelligent, but wholly uneducated little girl, known simply by the name of Marie-Olympe. Some said she was the daughter of Louis the Fifteenth; but her blood was not quite so "blue" as that. A certain nameless grisette, and the grave, devout, austere Marquis de Pompidon—the Catholic writer par excellence, the inexorable enemy of Voltaire and the Encyclopédistes, whose morals were as irreproachable as his lineage, and whose pride was as intense as his piety—knew more about the birth of that little Marie than King or Kaiser. The secret was well kept, and never reached Voltaire's ears, else the whole world would have rung with the scandal. Not knowing how to read or write, but quick and very promising, Marie-Olympe, when fifteen, was married to a certain M. Aubry, a retired *traiteur*, with sixty thousand pounds, and old enough to be her grandfather. He had the complaisance to die before the bridal year was out, leaving Marie a very wealthy and very lovely widow of sixteen, burning with curiosity to turn her back on virtuous dull Montauban, and see the world. And she saw the world. She locked up the eating-house, and carried her sixteen years and her flashing black eyes to Paris, where she knew that her money, her youth, and her beauty, would be sure to give her a brilliant success. She was right. Paris fêted and praised her without stint, and gave her lovers without number. The next fourteen years of her life were passed in one round of dissipation and gallantry. But the day came when the graces of sixteen were lost in the deepening lines of thirty, and the love which had blazed so fiercely now burnt itself out like blackened straw. Olympe de Gouges—for she, too, changed her name, and sank the plebeian Aubry—hung on to the world of gallantry as long as it would have her; when, fairly abandoned, she gave herself up to the world of literature. She wrote dramas and plays, or rather she dictated them to her secretary—for she could not write, even then; and she de-

lugged the Comédie Française with her wretched productions. Her great ambition was to have one of her pieces acted on the boards of Molière's theatre. It was in vain that she bribed the principal actors, fed the committee, wept and prayed, complimented, persecuted, and resented: they would have none of her. Now, it was a superb orange-tree, by which she would win a favourable verdict; now, a turkey stuffed with truffles; now, a group in porcelain—Apollo and the Muses—for M. Molé's sideboard. All in vain: they accepted her presents and rejected her pieces, ate her turkey and cut up her dramas. Olympe was not daunted. As fast as one piece was refused she composed another, to share the same fate, until, wearied and exasperated, she bearded the awful committee in full conclave—this time without flatteries or bribes to soften their hearts. The committee was not accustomed to indignities from its slaves; the name of Madame Olympe de Gouges was angrily erased from the register; her pieces were returned, and an end was put to all intercourse between her and the Comédie Française. Olympe was furious. She wrote and intrigued, and exhaled her despair in violent threats, till she became the standing nuisance of the time. M. de Beaumarchais suffered from her severity; and, as her abuse of her opponents was not always measured, it was no pleasant thing to fall into her hands. Everywhere she was repulsed, everywhere disappointed, until at last she thought better of her quarrel, and humbled herself to the powers. Vanquished by her tears, Molé took her part in the committee, and a reconciliation was effected, by which she was reinstated to exactly the same place as before the quarrel. This truce instantly brought on the devoted heads of the committee, two new pieces. Olympe used to compose a drama in about forty-eight hours; and again and again other dramas poured in in quick succession. The Comédie Française accepted her now as a chronic malady, and courteously declined her pieces without reading them. At last, Olympe wrote a book wherein she gave all the details of her bribes and flatteries, and crying out in despair: "Oh, if I had been a man, what blood I would have shed! what ears I would have cut!"

But graver events were preparing in France, and Olympe de Gouges was startled, like Cubières, from her dreams of Fame, by the cannon of the Revolution. Here was a wider field for her. She flung herself impetuously into the movement, writing to a nation now, instead of to a committee, and demanding speech of the Assembly instead of a play-house audience. She asked to be allowed to defend "Louis Capet" together with Malesherbes: a demand which it is scarcely necessary to add, was rejected by the Convention as unhesitatingly as her dramas by the Comédie Française. She then essayed a piece for the "Theatre of the Republic," a wretched daub of a thing, full of marches and counter-marches and military evolutions, "to suit the taste of the times;" introducing among the prominent cha-

acters people then living—Dumouriez, young Egalité, the Demoiselles Fernig, and others. The republican audience relished her as little as the royalist committee had done. They hissed. In the midst of that terrible sound, Mademoiselle Candelle came to the foot-lights to give the name of the author, when a woman, breathless, wild, dishevelled, crazed, rushed to the front of the boxes, screaming: "Citizens, you demand the author—here she is! It is I, Olympe de Gouges! If you have not found the piece good, it is because the actors have played it horribly!" This was more than flesh and blood could bear. The actors protested that they had done their best, and the audience took their parts; some hissed, some followed her through the lobbies with jeers and insults, some demanded back their money, and poor Olympe had enough to do to escape this outburst. But she obstinately held her own: the play was performed once more, and then the condemnation was so unmistakable that she was obliged to give way, and content herself with publishing a long accusatory account, which is not one of the least curious documents of the period. Beaten back from the ranks of the drama, how was she to feed that mad ambition of hers? how find place and action for her insatiable desires? Literature had failed her, like love, but politics were still open. She must be doing something, the more wild and mad the better: she must be fighting, now that she was not held worth the loving; so she turned against Robespierre as the most prominent object in her way. Robespierre quietly replied by a decree of death, and poor mad, feverish Olympe de Gouges laid her head on the scaffold, as the best resting-place her ambition could provide her with.

"Fatal desire of renown!" she was heard to whisper softly to herself, while taking her last look of the Boulevards trees; "I wished to be something!"

"Louis Abel Beffroy de Reigny, called Cousin Jacques, esquire, born at Laon, the sixth of November, 1757, of the Musée de Paris, of the Academies of Arras and Bretagne, &c., fair hair, five feet six in height, with the left eye and cheek damaged by fire, living at Paris, rue des Vieux Augustins, Hôtel de Beauvais, No. 264." This was his own description of himself in one of the early numbers of his many works. With one side of his face half roasted—he was dropped into the fire when a miserable little swaddled-up baby—and the other side handsome, Cousin Jacques began life by falling in love with a pretty young grisette, when he was about seventeen. The affair was discovered, and he was sent back to school, none the better for the escapade. On his way thither he met with a grenadier, to whom he told his story. The grenadier began by ridicule, but ended by being as much in love as the schoolboy. He soon left his companion, and Cousin Jacques received his first lesson in woman's inconstancy and a friend's treachery. The whole chapter

reads like a leaf torn out of Gil Blas, and carries one far far back, to Salamanca and the days of duennas and waiting-maids and roving youths out on adventures, soldiers without a captain, and the whole loose jolly world of that time. Cousin Jacques was next made an abbé. It was his best guarantee for respectable bread and meat; and was the fashion. Whether the young priest kept the vows which usually accompanied that coronal shaving, was another matter. The world expected him to break them, and the world was not disappointed—at least in Cousin Jacques's case. When an abbé, he went to Ferney to read a little poem to Voltaire: every writer went to Ferney then, to read poems to Voltaire. The patriarch was not difficult. "Monsieur l'Abbé," he said, "you must give this pretty trifle to the world." So, henceforth Cousin Jacques's career was decided on, and he became a literary man.

He was, strangely enough, connected with the Robespierres, at two points: he had been Maximilian's schoolfellow, and had beaten him in some boyish game, "for which he would never be forgiven," said he, full of dread, when Robespierre's name was the greatest power in France: and he had been Augustin's tutor. Indeed, he was strangely mixed up with the Revolutionist party altogether; he, the gay timid light-hearted Rabelais of the time, of all men least fitted for such company. Before the evil days came, Cousin Jacques made all Paris ring with his inexhaustible wit and good humour. He wrote his famous periodical, *The Moons*; he wrote *The Island of Cataplasms*, *The Comet's Ball*, *The Two Parises*, one on the top of the other, the *History of the musician Gobinchelli*, and a host of oddities of the like character. In one of his *Moons*, he drew up the programme of a certain menagerie which he desired to establish. A wag took him at his word, and one day half Paris ran at the heels of a magnificent ass, which was paraded through the streets—red ribbons floating at its tail, crape rosettes at its ears, two moons of gilt copper at its nostrils, and, on its forehead, a green paper with these words in monstrous gilt letters: "*Ass for Cousin Jacques*." He was the ancestor of Charivari, of our *Punch*, and the modern humorous almanacks; and once, when about to translate his office from one street to another, he published a minute description of his route, and gave an inventory of the chairs and tables he was going to carry with him, adding, "It is not necessary to illuminate." He wrote one pretty sentimentality, which was immensely successful, called *Les Ailes de l'Amour*, and which he applauded as loudly as any one; coming to the foot-lights to receive the praises of the audience, and looking so like an overgrown schoolboy, that it was the *mot* of the day to say: "Cousin Jacques makes better verses than bows." In fact, he was quite one of the floating notabilities of the time, one of the literary powers, till the Revolution came and spoiled all.

Reason or none, Cousin Jacques, the popular amiable light-hearted humorist, who cared for

nothing but love and laughter, must be made into an earnest republican. The people who loved him, and had everything their own way, dragged him to the Hôtel de Ville, to write the history of the siege of the Bastille. "I am a song-writer, not an historian," protested the poor poet; but they never heeded. So, he sat down and wrote his history phrase by phrase, repeating each sentence before he wrote it, or, rather, giving a choice of several, and preserving only those which were chosen by the majority. Surely never was a history written in such manner, before or since! Fifty-six thousand copies of this history were sold for the benefit of the besiegers' families; but all the good which Cousin Jacques got out of the siege or the history, was a couple of enormous bullets, and an old cuirass weighing thirty-two pounds. He was, however, made one of the company of the Bastille Volunteers, and decorated with the ribbon of the order—a tricolor, bearing a bastille reversed. Also he received the visits of, at various times, and had to entertain, seventeen thousand of the conquerors: each of whom pretended that he had been the principal actor on that hateful day; and to all of whom Cousin Jacques had to listen, and appear as if he believed. The earnest work of the Revolution stopped poor Cousin Jacques's play. His Moons suffered a perpetual eclipse, and his affairs fell into sad disorder. From comparative affluence he fell down to indigence, grew sad and mournful, and overcome with terror and terrible forebodings. At times he scarcely seemed master of himself, and wrote to André Dumont, to ask that representative of the people "why he hated him so much?" His tears and his terrors, his fears and his agonies, at last wearied the not very patient executive. He was arrested by the Committee of Public Safety—to give him, as it were, something to be sad for. It is not supposed that any harm was intended this unnerved macaronic Jeremiah; but he believed that every one was thirsting for his blood, and he suffered horribly. He escaped, and was pursued; finally took refuge with a friend, who hid him in a cupboard, where he was left for forty-eight hours without food, light, or water, surrounded by people who would have given him up to the police, and not daring so much as to sneeze, nor yet to sleep, for fear he should snore. He never quite recovered this shock, and died in 1811, a mournful long-visaged broken-down old man. Cousin Jacques was a sad fellow. True to his beginnings, he was for ever in love, though he was married to a woman whom he declared he adored. He made no provision for his daughters whom he idolised, and took especial care that, during his lifetime, they should not suffer by any one like to himself, for he never allowed any man whomsoever to enter his house. After his death they married, and married well; and it is to be hoped were less deceived than their mother before them. Cousin Jacques was witty, gay, good-natured, and good-hearted, but his habits and morals were simply—untranslatable. He was the last of his school: and the world has sus-

tained no loss in the permanent shutting up of his school.

There was the Chevalier de la Morlière, "with only one letter different from Molière," who hated Clairon the actress, and organised a cabal against her, got put under very uncomfortable police surveillance for his pains, and finally was forbidden the theatre altogether: who, after a youth of high company and a manhood of hideous debauchery, sinking ever lower and lower till there seemed no fouler depth to which he could fall, died, a half-starved beggar, having seen his last victim, poor Denise, the guitar-player—seventeen when he was sixty-six—die of want before him. He, too, was a literary power in his day; could bring tears of rage from Clairon's haughty eyes; once supped with Dubarry, who gave him a hundred Louis, a smile, and her hand to kiss, in return for a dedication; was "le Chevalier;" the author of *Angola*, a popular novel; and for a period was caressed and fêted by the fine folks, till his evil nature broke out too openly for even that evil time, and all men and women with any decency were forced to abandon him to the frightful fate he had chosen.

And there was the handsome little reprobate Desforges, who had as many lovers as there are days in the year, and who was present at that horrible massacre of eighteen hundred people in the theatre at Marseilles, when the soldiers fired on the audience because they hissed a certain piece which had been commanded by a local unpopularity. His life has nothing more noteworthy in it than his cleverness and unblushing licentiousness, yet he was of no small account in his day, and brought shame and sorrow upon many a nobler man. And there was Grimod de la Reynière, called Balthazar, appropriately enough—the most gormandising of a family of gourmands—whose grandfather died of a *pâté de foie gras*, whose father was the most noted epicure that Paris or the whole civilised world could show, and who, himself, true to the traditions of his race, was born with webbed hands, and carried the science of gastronomy up to the very highest pitch of which it was capable. The father of Grimod de la Reynière was a wealthy parvenu, a farmer-general; his mother, a Mademoiselle de Jarente, sister to Malesherbes, and niece of the Bishop of Orleans, as proud as she was poor, and debasing her blue blood to the gold-coloured mud of the parvenu, with many a wry face and balancing of her empty purse. Grimod's deformity told sadly against him in the heart of his aristocratic mother. It was bad enough to have married a De la Reynière at all, but to give birth to a palmiped De la Reynière—to a creature with goose-feet instead of hands—was horrible! Mademoiselle de Jarente never forgave her son his misfortune, and never made even a show of loving him. He did the best he could to hide his defect, and had well-looking false hands

of steel springs, with long steel hooks or claws for fingers. These elegant masterpieces of machinery he always covered with white kid gloves; but once, when a boy, he was teased by two ladies who insisted on seeing his steel fingers, so he took off his gloves and scratched them so unmercifully that he sent them shrieking and bleeding to his mother. He was fond of practical jokes.

Grimod might have been a great man: he was full of genius, and had not a bad heart, though he was eccentric enough: but he had early a terrible blow in a certain love disappointment which practically ruined him. He wanted to marry his cousin, to whom he was ardently attached; but he was denied, and the girl was married out of hand hastily, to some one else. Grimod never throve morally after this. He plunged into every kind of extravagance, more like a madman than one of sane and healthy mind; his conduct at last becoming so unbearable that his parents cut off his allowance and left him to sink or swim by himself; whereupon Master Balthazar took to driving his own carriage for hire. And once, when his lady-mother came out of her magnificent hotel, she found her son sitting on the steps, with a market gardener's basket full of vegetables on his arm. He offered them to her for sale, as she passed. One of his numerous pranks was the announcement of his death; and the invitation to his funeral of several of his most intimate friends. At the hour when the procession was to form, suddenly the folding-doors of the dining-room were flung wide open, a flood of light streamed forth, and there stood Grimod, alive and well, prepared to do the honours of the most magnificent banquet ever given. His friends forgave the joke, for the sake of the viands. He went through the time of the Terror, always eating and drinking of the best, as if these were the supreme duties of a man's life, and giving his immortal soul diligently to the stewpans. He married a vulgar little actress of low birth, and died in 1838, an octogenarian, loyal to the last to the faith of gastronomes.

GOING TO THE FRONT.—In this article, in No. 81, the passage, at page 105, "It is one of the disgraces (*disgrazie*) of Italy, that she has too many commanders," should have stood: It is one of the *misfortunes* of Italy, that she has too many commanders.

NEW WORK BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

Next week will be commenced

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, BY CHARLES DICKENS, A NEW SERIAL STORY,

To be continued from week to week until completed
in August.

THE EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER

WILL BE PUBLISHED EARLY IN DECEMBER.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 84.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana Wife of the Above*," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living, exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond, was the river;

and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"O! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me.

"Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man.

"Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside-down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my legs—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips, "what fat cheeks you ha' got."

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Darn Me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to 't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

"Now then, lookee here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with—supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is."

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is."

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again.

"And you get me wittles." He tilted me again.

"You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peccoliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think him-

self comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Goo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river, I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unhooped cask upon a pole—an ugly thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But, now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

CHAPTER II.

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbours because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason why she should have worn it at all: or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off, every day of her life.

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were—most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me, the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."

At this dismal intelligence, I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

"She sot down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she Ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker, and looking at it: "she Ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch

clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to its further investigation. She concluded by throwing me—I often served her as a connubial missile—at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me up there with his great leg.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit, or I'd have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the churchyard," said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

"Churchyard!" repeated my sister. "If it warn't for me you'd have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there. Who brought you up by hand?"

"You did," said I.

"And why did I do it, I should like to know!" exclaimed my sister.

I whimpered, "I don't know."

"I don't!" said my sister. "I'd never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off, since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him a Gargery), without being your mother."

My thoughts strayed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire. For, the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the mysterious young man, the file, the food, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those sheltering premises, rose before me in the avenging coals.

"Hah!" said Mrs. Joe, restoring Tickler to his station. "Churchyard, indeed! You may well say churchyard, you two." One of us, by-the-by, had not said it at all. "You'll drive me to the churchyard betwixt you, one of these days, and oh, a pr-r-recious pair you'd be without me!"

As she applied herself to set the tea-things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally casting me and himself up, and calculating what kind of pair we practically should make, under the grievous circumstances foreshadowed. After that, he sat feeling his right-side flaxen curls and whisker, and following Mrs. Joe about with his blue eyes, as his manner always was at squally times.

My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us, that never varied. First, with her left hand she jammed the loaf hard and fast against her bib—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterwards got into our mouths. Then, she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf, in an apothecary kind of way as if she were making a plaster—using both sides of the knife with a slapping dexterity,

and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then, she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the plaister, and then sawed a very thick round off the loaf: which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves: of which Joe got one, and I the other.

On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance, and his ally the still more dreadful young man. I knew Mrs. Joe's house-keeping to be of the strictest kind, and that my larcenous researches might find nothing available in the safe. Therefore I resolved to put my hunk of bread-and-butter down the leg of my trousers.

The effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose, I found to be quite awful. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house, or plunge into a great depth of water. And it was made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In our already-mentioned freemasonry as fellow-sufferers, and in his good-natured companionship with me, it was our evening habit to compare the way we bit through our slices, by silently holding them up to each other's admiration now and then—which stimulated us to new exertions. To-night, Joe several times invited me, by the display of his fast-diminishing slice, to enter upon our usual friendly competition; but he found me, each time, with my yellow mug of tea on one knee, and my untouched bread-and-butter on the other. At last, I desperately considered that the thing I contemplated must be done, and that it had best be done in the least improbable manner consistent with the circumstances. I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just looked at me, and got my bread-and-butter down my leg.

Joe was evidently made uncomfortable by what he supposed to be my loss of appetite, and took a thoughtful bite out of his slice which he didn't seem to enjoy. He turned it about in his mouth much longer than usual, pondering over it a good deal, and after all gulped it down like a pill. He was about to take another bite, and had just got his head on one side for a good purchase on it, when his eye fell on me, and he saw that my bread-and-butter was gone.

The wonder and consternation with which Joe stopped on the threshold of his bite and stared at me, were too evident to escape my sister's observation.

"What's the matter now?" said she, smartly, as she put down her cup.

"I say, you know!" muttered Joe, shaking his head at me in very serious remonstrance. "Pip, old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief. It'll stick somewhere. You can't have chewed it, Pip."

"What's the matter *now*?" repeated my sister, more sharply than before.

"If you can cough any trifle on it up, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it," said Joe, all

aghast. "Manners is manners, but still your elth's your elth."

By this time, my sister was quite desperate, so she pounced on Joe, and, taking him by the two whiskers, knocked his head for a little while against the wall behind him: while I sat in the corner, looking guiltily on.

"Now, perhaps you'll mention what's the matter," said my sister, out of breath, "you staring great stuck pig."

Joe looked at her in a helpless way; then took a helpless bite, and looked at me again.

"You know, Pip," said Joe, solemnly, with his last bite in his cheek, and speaking in a confidential voice, as if we two were quite alone, "you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you, any time. But such a"—he moved his chair and looked about the floor between us, and then again at me—"such a most uncommon Bolt as that!"

"Been bolting his food, has he?" cried my sister.

"You know, old chap," said Joe, looking at me, and not at Mrs. Joe, with his bite still in his cheek. "I Bolted, myself, when I was your age—frequent—and as a boy I've been among a many Bolters; but I never see your Boltin' equal yet, Pip, and it's a mercy you ain't Bolted dead."

My sister made a dive at me, and fished me up by the hair: saying nothing more than the awful words, "You come along and be dosed."

Some medical beast had revived Tar-water in those days as a fine medicine, and Mrs. Joe always kept a supply of it in the cupboard; having a belief in its virtues correspondent to its nastiness. At the best of times, so much of this elixir was administered to me as a choice restorative, that I was conscious of going about, smelling like a new fence. On this particular evening the urgency of my case demanded a pint of this mixture, which was poured down my throat, for my greater comfort, while Mrs. Joe held my head under her arm, as a boot would be held in a boot-jack. Joe got off with half a pint; but was made to swallow that (much to his disturbance, as he sat slowly munching and meditating before the fire), "because he had had a turn." Judging from myself, I should say he certainly had a turn afterwards, if he had had none before.

Conscience is a dreadful thing when it accuses man or boy; but when, in the case of a boy, that secret burden co-operates with another secret burden—down the leg of his trousers, it is (as I can testify) a great punishment. The guilty knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe—I never thought I was going to rob Joe, for I never thought of any of the housekeeping property as his—united to the necessity of always keeping one hand on my bread and butter as I sat, or when I was ordered about the kitchen on any small errand, almost drove me out of my mind. Then, as the marsh winds made the fire glow and flare, I thought I heard the voice outside, of the man with the iron on his leg who had sworn me to secrecy, declaring that he couldn't and wouldn't starve until to-morrow,

but must be fed now. At other times, I thought, What if the young man who was with so much difficulty restrained from imbruing his hands in me, should yield to a constitutional impatience, or should mistake the time, and should think himself accredited to my heart and liver to-night, instead of to-morrow! If ever anybody's hair stood on end with terror, mine must have done so then. But, perhaps, nobody's ever did?

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the pudding for next day, with the copper-stick, from seven to eight by the Dutch clock. I tried it with the load upon my leg (and that made me think afresh of the man with the load on *his* leg), and found the tendency of exercise to bring the bread-and-butter out at my ankle, quite unmanageable. Happily, I slipped away, and deposited that part of my conscience in my garret bedroom.

"Hark!" said I, when I had done my stirring, and was taking a final warm in the chimney corner before being sent up to bed; "was that great guns, Joe?"

"Ah!" said Joe. "There's another convict off."

"What does that mean Joe?" said I.

Mrs. Joe, who always took explanations upon herself, said, snappishly, "Escaped. Escaped." Administering the definition like Tar-water.

While Mrs. Joe sat with her head bending over her needlework, I put my mouth into the forms of saying to Joe, "What's a convict?" Joe put *his* mouth into the forms of returning such a highly elaborate answer, that I could make out nothing of it but the single word "Pip."

"There was a convict off last night," said Joe, aloud, "after sunset-gun. And they fired warning of him. And now, it appears they're firing warning of another."

"Who's firing?" said I.

"Drat that boy," interposed my sister, frowning at me over her work, "what a questioner he is. Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies."

It was not very polite to herself, I thought, to imply that I should be told lies by her, even if I did ask questions. But she never was polite, unless there was company.

At this point, Joe greatly augmented my curiosity by taking the utmost pains to open his mouth very wide, and to put it into the form of a word that looked to me like "sulks." Therefore, I naturally pointed to Mrs. Joe, and put my mouth into the form of saying, "her?" But Joe wouldn't hear of that, at all, and again opened his mouth very wide, and shook the form of a most emphatic word out of it. But I could make nothing of the word.

"Mrs. Joe," said I, as a last resource, "I should like to know—if you wouldn't much mind—where the firing comes from?"

"Lord bless the boy!" exclaimed my sister, as if she didn't quite mean that, but rather the contrary. "From the Hulks."

"Oh-h!" said I, looking at Joe. "Hulks!"

Joe gave a reproachful cough, as much as to say, "Well, I told you so."

"And please what's Hulks?" said I.

"That's the way with this boy!" exclaimed my sister, pointing me out with her needle and thread, and shaking her head at me. "Answer him one question, and he'll ask you a dozen directly. Hulks are prison-ships, right 'cross th' meshes." We always used that name for marshes, in our country.

"I wonder who's put into prison-ships, and why they're put there?" said I, in a general way, and with quiet desperation.

It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose. "I tell you what, young fellow," said she, "I didn't bring you up by hand to badger people's lives out. It would be blame to me, and not praise, if I had. People are put in the Hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and forge, and do all sorts of bad; and they always begin by asking questions. Now, you get along to bed!"

I was never allowed a candle to light me to bed, and, as I went up-stairs in the dark, with my head tingling—from Mrs. Joe's thimble, having played the tambourine upon it, to accompany her last words—I felt fearfully sensible of the great convenience that the Hulks were handy for me. I was clearly on my way there. I had begun by asking questions, and I was going to rob Mrs. Joe.

Since that time, which is far enough away now, I have often thought that few people know what secrecy there is in the young, under terror. No matter how unreasonable the terror, so that it be terror. I was in mortal terror of the young man who wanted my heart and liver; I was in mortal terror of my interlocutor with the ironed leg; I was in mortal terror of myself, from whom an awful promise had been extracted; I had no hope of deliverance through my all-powerful sister, who repulsed me at every turn; I am afraid to think of what I might have done, upon requirement, in the secrecy of my terror.

If I slept at all that night, it was only to imagine myself drifting down the river on a strong spring tide, to the Hulks; a ghostly pirate calling out to me through a speaking-trumpet, as I passed the gibbet-station, that I had better come ashore and be hanged there at once, and not put it off. I was afraid to sleep, even if I had been inclined, for I knew that at the first faint dawn of morning I must rob the pantry. There was no doing it in the night, for there was no getting a light by easy friction then; to have got one, I must have struck it out of flint and steel, and have made a noise like the very pirate himself rattling his chains.

As soon as the great black velvet pall outside my little window was shot with grey, I got up and went down stairs; every board upon the way, and every crack in every board, calling after me, "Stop thief!" and "Get up, Mrs. Joe!" In the pantry, which was far more abundantly supplied than usual, owing to the season, I was very much alarmed, by a hare hanging up by the heels, whom I rather thought

I caught, when my back was half turned, winking. I had no time for verification, no time for selection, no time for anything, for I had no time to spare. I stole some bread, some rind of cheese, about half a jar of mincemeat (which I tied up in my pocket-handkerchief with my last night's slice), some brandy from a stone bottle (which I decanted into a glass bottle I had secretly used for making that intoxicating fluid, Spanish-liquorice-water, up in my room: diluting the stone bottle from a jug in the kitchen cupboard), a meat bone with very little on it, and a beautiful round compact pork pie. I was nearly going away without the pie, but I was tempted to mount upon a shelf, to look what it was that was put away so carefully in a covered earthenware dish in a corner, and I found it was the pie, and I took it, in the hope that it was not intended for early use, and would not be missed for some time.

There was a door in the kitchen, communicating with the forge; I unlocked and unbolted that door, and got a file from among Joe's tools. Then, I put the fastenings as I had found them, opened the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

A ROMAN COOK'S ORACLE.

THE popular belief that we are indebted to Heaven for meats, and that a great Nameless kindly supplies persons to cook those meats, is quite astray in an Eternal City. The direct contrary rather obtains: Nameless taking on him the purveyor's office; cooks betraying their diviner origin. Friend Merrynote, who is a settler and social backwoodsman in the Eternal City, and has a palatial log-house all to himself in the Corso, bursts upon me one morning, and sings tumultuously, "Let us dine!" He is the most jocund of Adam's children, light and cheerful as a school-boy, and the best company in the world (I would walk with him to the city whose walls fell down before the trumpets and not feel the road heavy); so, though his proposition had not an air of startling novelty, I feel there is more beneath it than meets the eye. I see that here is a rock on which I may lean in perfect security; and simply murmur out "When? Where? How?"

"To-day! At the sign of the Little Bottles! sumptuously!" he answers, without a syllable too much, or one superfluous word.

I could understand at the sign of the Owl, where the clergy gather; at the sign of the Hanglurtaire, where the Saxons cluster noisily; at the United States, which the gentlemen and ladies of that nation affect; or at The British Islands, where nobility pillows its head; but at the sign of the Little Bottles! It sounds tavernous—perhaps cavernous.

The voice of my friend is as a cheerful horn. He is the soul of an expedition, and snaps out details with a raciness that positively inspires. I see my way but indistinctly, yet feel myself working up into a noble enthusiasm. "You have sojourned weeks," he chants, with alacrity,

"in this Eternal City, and yet are, so to speak, fasting. You have sat down every day to the Eternal dinners, and been filled with the Eternal meats and other preparations, and have not yet once dined. You shall dine to-day for the first time. Have faith; put your trust in me," he adds, ingeniously adapting the well-known mot d'ordre to the situation, "and keep your palate dry!"

The shades of night were falling fast, as in the case of the ill-fated young Alpine climber who carried a banner with a strange device, when we went forth to dine. A strong party—half a dozen in number. The night was dark, and lamp accommodation scanty. Merrynote, high priest of Apicius, strides on in front. Invisible angels—Soyer, Carême, Francatelli, and Gogue—walk beside us and guide us tenderly. We are about ascending a gastronomic monarch of mountains, with his robe of snow, &c., and our Balmât and our Tairraz went on in front, cheering us.

He sings for us the whole way—he keeps up the hearts of the lagging—he takes us over dangerous crevasses, where a single slip at either side would have precipitated us into yawning pools of mud. The useful precaution of tying the travellers together with ropes was utterly neglected; no one had thought of bringing axes; but there were instead, plenty of umbrellas. He takes us round by strange unfrequented by-ways, bids us look up at a caked and crusted mass of tumbling buildings, and old grey rockeries, where it is hard to discern nicely which is rock and which building, and tells us that this is the famous old Tarpeian cliff. Then we cross the poor sort of Hungerford suspension bridge, which has proved sadly unremunerative to the spirited proprietor, returning to him but a very light bag of halfpennies in the year. Time is *not* money with Roman commonalty; so why not just as well go round by the old bridge, half a mile or so below, and thus save their halfpenny? Time with us *is* money, dinner, everything; and our guide breaks it to us gently that our host of the Little Bottles is a man of eccentric manners, who would not scruple to set the ordered banquet before guests ready to hand and of more punctual habits.

What! this striking into a net of entangled lanes and alleys, into these foul narrow streets, twisting and doubling back, and shooting wildly, now to the right, now to the left, without a single light—this plunging, in fact, into the noisome atmosphere of the Ghetto, or Old Jewry of Rome—is this a necessary probation before the expected banquet? "Courage!" still chants our Balmât through the darkness. He is waving his banner with the strange device, though the strange device is invisible. Just round this corner, just down this one more alley (with handkerchief pressed firmly to the nose), and the sign of the Little Bottles is waving and creaking noisily over our heads.

Now it breaks upon me. As in the City proper of the Great City, are certain dens, dark, dingy, unfragrant, but where you may see your chop or steak simmering and hissing afar off at a

fiery furnace, and have it presently brought back the tenderest, juiciest, most toothsome morsel such as a domestic cook, despairing of imitating, may fling down her ladle and die; such as ministers, princes, and other quality, noble lords and members, come down privily to relish, so has this Eternal City its own little dingy tabernacles, deliciously low and vulgar, exquisitely plebeian in appointments and decorations; but where ravishing stews and divine extracts shall be served to you. It is the Three Provincial Brothers, Chevet, Véry, Philippe, in coarse working clothes, bound in rough pigskin. The street and approaches are sloppy, and inches deep in mud; vile old clothes shops and rag establishments hang out their staple in offensive prominence. Beaked Hebrew faces peer out over farthing candles, and at the door of the cabaret, public, pothouse, estaminet, or auberge, taking a low rank too in the scale of such establishments. Carrying on his preparations with a loud publicity, stands Roman Soyer, with his arms bare, and sleeves tucked up, rising godlike out of a cloud of vapour. A supreme fragrance is diffused around, and we pass by him reverently with bowed heads, and without daring to whisper. These last few seconds are as a crisis of fearful moment; dishes are in their throes and hover on the verge of miscarriage; a word, a look, a breath, a wink, may undo all. Let us give him our prayers and pass him by into this inner sanctuary, where the banquet shall be served—a barn-looking chamber with bare white walls and roof of beams—everything deliciously rude, rustic, and in the rough. Wicker-work chairs of the familiar make of humble life—long deal table, four-legged, and halting slightly in one limb, of the simple workmanship so dear to kitchen economy. In remote corner, two Ostade boors, in blue frocks, are bent over their goblets with heads laid close together. The whole thing has the most refreshingly democratic, hail-fellow-well-meeting complexion that can be imagined.

Merrynote in the chair, on a burst of acclamation! The cloth, rough in grain as a Turkish towel, hard as a board, but spotless as snow, excites universal admiration; and two brass lamps of the Pompeian funeral model, being presently set down, the enthusiasm works up to furor. Ministering fauns, who somehow appear to have a high agricultural tone, and whose hands the plough-tail would seem to fit appropriately, dance round, performing the offices of their calling in an eminently rustic way. And now, word being passed forward that all has gone well with the Roman Soyer—that he is out of danger, and as well as can be expected—here is now being borne in to us a rich reeking steam, not unaccompanied by hissing sounds, as though something had been lifted from the furnace, and, in fierce commotion, were being transferred bodily to a dish. The moment draws nigh: all eyes look wistfully to the door. The hour has come: and Our Guide, as chorus to the piece, thinks it time to speak.

He sings Fish and its loveliness. To-day, by sportive whim, or the light coquetry of gourmandise, it shall be the sole aliment. We have sighed, not for the flesh, but for the fish-pots of Egypt; and the squamiferous tribe shall have a glorious monopoly. The speciality of Roman Soyer lies in dealing with fins: he is wonderful in gills. The Eternal fish is poor in quality, scarce in number, and dear in price; by so much the more will Roman Soyer rise to the situation gloriously, toying with his quarry, playing magic tricks with it, twisting it finally into some miracle of art. It hath been wagered, that were there such a thing as a leathern fish, the leathern fish would be sent up exquisitely juicy, soft, delicately firm, and flavoured with the breath of the gods.

See, it comes—the first preparation—making triumphal entry, borne aloft by agricultural waiters. The prologue, the overture, and Merry-note begins to sing with enthusiasm the praises of soup. He delivers an explanatory lecture, and expounds rapturously the occult virtues of every dish. We must not eat blindly, after the manner of the meaner animals, but with an instructed, intellectual appreciation of the heavenly savours and juices before us. As the covers, taken off hastily, diffuse an ambrosial essence around, he thus speaks:

“The Mariners’ Soup! Please to observe how it is presented in a state of abnormal separation, the heavy constituents in one tureen, the juice or soup, pure and simple, in another. The union of these elements, the soul and the body, results in the mariners’ soup! See all these diverse components fused in happiest combination—see fish of every hue and creed and party, united here in a sort of divine harmony. Yes!” continues the lecturer, piling each proffered plate hurriedly, while fierce kindling eyes—with ever so little of a cannibal twinkle in them—were watching him greedily, and would not reck delay—“yes! this is the far-famed mariners’ soup!”

“So called,” says a voice struggling with a mouthful of the delicious miscellany, “because the hardy sons of Ocean love to prepare it in the simple retirement of their fore-castle.”

Happy, hardy sons of Ocean! We would all gladly be perpetual hardy sons of Ocean on such terms. And expectant platters are again put forward. Merrynote shakes a warning finger:

“’Tis but the overture,” he said; “there are Alps upon Alps in the way of delicacies yet in store. Exercise, then, a just reticence and a wise discretion.”

The obvious prudence of this remark drew unanimous adhesion. But, alack! he had well-nigh spoken too late, for some thoughtless ones had almost dined (compressing three acts into that one) on the mariners’ soup, and looked ruefully on their empty trenchers. It is delightful to hear Merrynote as an art-lecturer on the beautiful in fish and its culinary æsthetics:

“One of the most wide-spread of popular fallacies, and with which I have, I may say, unsuccessfully done battle during a lifetime,”

continues he, despondingly, "is the prevailing delusion that fish, as an aliment, disagrees with man's economy, that it is indigestible, that it is hostile to interior domestic quietude, that it is prone to make a pronunciamiento and fly into open insurrection. Friends, Romans, countrymen, and lovers" (there is a peculiar appropriateness in this address on the score of locality), "I say emphatically no food is so digestible as fish. But it must be digested. Where? I will not pause for a reply. Where? I say. *In the pot, in the stewpan!*" (Murmurs of adhesion from the hearers.) "This is a pregnant fact. What we have partaken of, what we shall yet partake of" (adhesion again in the shape of motion of the lips expressive of relish), "is warranted all digested. It has been digesting all day, and will sit heavy on no man's soul to-night."

Enters now the second gift of the gods. Wistful eyes speculate on it tenderly; for it is covered. An unaccustomed fragrance is spread around. We doubt, we hope, we fear, we *think* it to be Fry, and yet we hesitate. The cover is swept away with a flourish. "Fry!" sings our Professor of the Beautiful. "Fry!" murmur his disciples plaintively. It is a miscellany again, a mangle-mangle, a grill of white trout, but oh! white trout and mullet glorified, transfigured, resplendent! What manner of man can be Coquus inside? Let it go! Fade into the past, glorified white trout and mullet! give place to yet more celestial idealities! What shall we say to the sepia, or cuttle-fish, made into a stuffato, or stew, being left to simmer, and bubble, and grow tender as infants for hours, in its own rich juices, then seasoned with aromatic herbs and curious spices, the whole beating ox-tail and vermicelli soup—shall I say it?—to sticks? What shall we say, on the decent removal of the mortal remains of the brave sepia or cuttle-fish, to a Poem, an Epic, a Pindaric flight in the shape of a dish called "Laccia?" Yes, Laccia; a preparation cold but divine, rich in oils, yet with the train, and other unpleasing relishes of that lubricative utterly sublimated. Human speculation, as represented at the table, was utterly at fault: some protesting that it was of meat, meatish; but meat such as celestial butchers purvey to the immortals; others suggest faintly that it *may* be fish, but the fish of Dreamland, caught in the Sweet Waters with a golden hook; others hint at a new species fashioned for the occasion, a sort of hermaphrodite article, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Good red-herring is scornfully put aside. Merrynote speaks:

"Laccia is a species of whitebait caught in the waters of the Tiber. The curious traveller, sitting on a broken arch of Roman Bridge, must have observed the creaking aboriginal wheels turning below him. These are nets for the laccia: the take is on an average one little minnow to the hour. Eat and be thankful. Allah is great!"

But what shall I say of the cefalo, spigola, and others of the finny tribes who came disguised exquisitely; their dull sapless textures

saturated with flavours and juices not their own, who passed away and were never seen more? Suddenly there came a pause—the procession was suspended, was over. There were no more worlds to conquer, no exquisite little grilled sonnets, no finned Anacreontics, no more scaled dithyrambs. Then came in, as a last act of grace, a company of artichokes, bathing luxuriously in Lucca oil. Eyes swam tenderly as they pulled away the leaves softly, for it spoke to all hearts touchingly and with a gush of pathos. Was it not the last? Presently came the bill, scored up on the walls according to the old primeval canons, transferred thence to paper, and laid before the committee. A delightful rusticity, a delicious state of nature almost barbarian. It was not charged per capita, or by head, but by dish. So many dishes, so much. We might have come fifty strong. O Cielo, how moderate! As I live, on an allocation—allocation, I would say—of the cost, it stands us in no more than a poor three shillings per head, wine included!—only three shillings for a banquet of the immortal gods!

We went our way silent and dejected, picking our steps through the old Jewry again, for Nemesis walked beside us. Some thought sadly of the coming night, and with the stern and fixed resolve of ordering hot brandies and stimulating drinks when they reached home. To others, the image of the rising sun presented itself in all its appalling hideousness. But all such idle terrors passed away as a vapour. Truly had Merrynote foretold it: all things digestible *had* been digested in the pot, and by way of fire.

I think it is at Pisa that there is found a culinary "forty"—an academy of cooking savans, where meetings are held, and papers "communicated," and degrees conferred in that "faculty." This accounts for the healthy growth of true stewing science, based on sound eclectic principles and the Baconian method: perhaps, this body has its "transactions" with Signor Fracatelli's interesting paper "On the Solidification of Soup," or Soyer "On the Inductive Theory as applied to the mayonnaise." This last allusion raises a host of pleasing memories—no hand can mix that seductive sauce like theirs, and in this the richer oils of Lucca place them on immeasurable vantage-ground. I have seen mayonnaise of lobster, wherein the most searching eye could not detect a particle of the "meat" of that shell-cased dainty, so artfully had the enticing vehicle disguised the deficiency. Albion may proudly take her stand on her immortal beef, and defy the waves, yet let her not too incautiously claim the same pre-eminence for her plum-pudding, almost as famous. Reluctantly I say it, they order this matter better in Italy; and the rich ebony-looking block, bathed in a yellow cream, lighter and more delicate in flavour, transcends immeasurably the conscientious but ponderous twenty-pounder that rolls in about Christmas-time. Our Italian delicacy is not arbitrarily relegated to one festive season: we are glad to

welcome him two and three times in the week. Wonderful tricks are played with Polentas. Bewildering effects result from so simple an element as—cheese! It turns up unexpectedly in soup; it mystifies—though familiar enough in such a situation—on the surface of macaroni.

I do not think those Lilliputian birds—one of which fits on the top of a fork, and may be gauged nicely as an exact mouthful—undeserving of praise or respect. I remark the British mind regards them with disfavour, if not with suspicion. Enthusiastic sportsmen purveying for Roman markets, it is darkly whispered, do not too nicely discriminate, and bring home their bags distended with a loose miscellany of robins, sparrows, wrens, and such twittering fry. Stripped of their plumage, 'tis a nice eye that shall distinguish accurately. What boots it, so long as these doubtful birds have a kind of genuine game flavour, and crunch musically between the jaws. Away with these jealous probing natures that must know the mystery of what they eat—God help them!—and have in the *Lancet* (the journal of that name) and Doctor Hassall to gauge every preparation set before them. I tremble for the appalling discoveries. Better skim away lightly over the thin ice, and not know that it is marked dangerous, else this might have been the sword the late Damocles, Esq., had swinging over his head.

THE WOLF AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury himself has publicly said that ten thousand of the twenty thousand clergy of England and Wales are not in the receipt of a hundred a year each. We have a bishop's word for it, that a bishop without private fortune in a bishopric that yields him only five thousand a year "must be a needy man." He knows the struggles of poor brethren in his diocese, and whatever remains from his other charities is spent in saving them from ruin. Take an obverse of that medal: an Ecclesiastical Commission redistributing surplus revenues of the Church, recently doubled the thousand a year of a dean who had been appointed to his office, because he possessed a private fortune that made the income of the deanery a matter of no consequence whatever to him. The same Commission, in its early days, spent nearly a hundred and fifty thousand pounds upon the houses of eight bishops. In every way to him who hath it gives. When it adds to the endowment of poor livings, it gives only its hundreds against equal hundreds raised in the parish of the starving clergyman. A parish, whether in town or country, may be populous and poor; if so, let its pastor be a beggar. That appears to be the motto of the Church Commissioners.

The clergymen of the English Church, from the archbishop down to the hungriest of superannuated curates, are in our day a body of Christian gentlemen as hardworking, and in the main as self-denying, as the world can show. The privations and sorrows of the most devoted

Greenland missionary are more than equalled by many a pale, fatherly man in rusty black, who works his life out as an underpaid clergyman in a rich English town, or in a pleasant village among our home corn-fields, claiming as a scholar and a gentleman the respect of all his parishioners, and hiding from all eyes the meals of tea and dry bread upon which he and his wife and children are subsisting. When the terrible truth peeps out from under any of its coverings, hands are outstretched in well-meant effort to conceal what it is thought might, were it fully known, bring scandal on the Church. The secret has been nobly respected, at cost of their lives, by a thousand sufferers. What it might be their shame to tell aloud—the shame of the Church of which they are true and loyal members—it is their honour to have said of them by others. A full knowledge of the truth would rather help to bind the striving million to the Church, than to bring disrespect upon it. Moreover, the grief must be published. A private man in difficulties has no chance of fair recovery till he has found courage to confess and face his difficulties boldly. Means are now being furnished to the public for a clear sense of what the words import, when it is said on the highest Church authority, that half the clergy of the Church of England have incomes below one hundred a year.

Four years ago there was formed, under the patronage of the late Bishop of Rochester, a "Clerical Fund and Poor Clergy Relief Society," for the purpose of furnishing private aid to poor clergymen in support of life insurance, and for the relief of what we must needs call destitution with small grants of money, and—pitiful to add—with sheets, blankets, and warm clothing. The secretary to this society, whose offices are at 345, Strand, is the Rev. W. G. Jervis. This gentleman has been unable to endure in silence the incessant revelations of distress that are addressed to him, and, of course reserving all names of places or persons, has published in a small pamphlet of what he may well call "Startling Facts," a part of what he has thus learnt. From that pamphlet, and from the society's report for the year now drawing to a close, we take information that will help to remove discussion of the question of small livings in the Church from the domain of vague generalities, and make men active in the search for remedy of what is now a most intolerable evil. When a vicar who has done his work in the church for forty years, and creditably brought up seven sons, finds all the toil of his life rewarded in this world with an income of little more than fifty pounds a year, while a clerk not in holy orders, but in government or mercantile employment, would have risen to a living of six or eight hundred by the same long course of duty done; when a clergyman keeping a wife and eight children on sixty pounds a year, has only seventeenpence in the house wherewith to meet the expenses of a ninth child at its birth; when a clergyman unmarried, helps and tends the poor in a wide rural parish, is their doctor as well as their

priest in fever time, falls sick himself, and, having paid out of his wretched pittance for performance of his duty, returns sick and thin to work, divides his few shillings so that they may yield him a mere bit of daily bread till quarter day, and then faints with hunger in his pulpit because the quarterly cheque had not arrived punctually; when these things happen, and are only types of a great class of sufferings borne in most cases silently with pious resignation, somebody *must* speak out. So Mr. Jervis felt; and, having heard what facts he has at last ventured to proclaim, and nobody has ventured to deny, our duty is to add to their publicity.

We shall suggest no remedy. We shall impute no wrong to anybody. The first step towards the removal of an evil is distinct acquaintance with it. It is true that we cannot say in the face of the Ecclesiastical Commission that there is the best possible distribution of the Church revenues; but we know that no one person is answerable for the present state of a long-standing grievance. We honestly believe, also, that many—and we know that some—of our bishops are in no mean degree active as brother-clergymen in yielding private and unostentatious help out of their better means to the poor clergy of their dioceses. That the torture of the distress suffered by the lower ten thousand of the English clergy should have been so long and so well concealed by its victims, is a matter for the admiration of all men, whatever their religious creed. What we know was not told for the public ear by those whose stories, with all due reserve, are now for a wise purpose made known to us.

Let us look at a part of the case submitted to the Clergy Relief Society by a gentleman in the twentieth year of his ministry, of whom a competent witness says: "He is a man of strong, active, and in every respect superior order of mind; indeed, there are few men of whose abilities I entertain so favourable an opinion. He is an excellent scholar. In classical literature I believe he has few superiors. As a Christian minister he is fully alive to the responsibilities of his office, and is diligent in the discharge of his duties."

This learned, active, suffering minister of the English Church says: "Now everything is gone, with the exception of our cow, a few hundred of meal, and a scanty supply of potatoes. This is our only provision: on this we support life day by day. To heighten all this suffering, my three youngest boys lie sick and weak, spent by a wasting sickness, and no relief to all this sooner than May next. . . . I have just 60% to feed, clothe, and educate five children. Our state baffles description; I could not tell you all. Day by day I carry with me a troubled mind—ever engaged. I spend sleepless nights, and the thoughts of my family are ever before me; I am truly miserable. I can hardly endure to look at them—hungry and naked. The gloomy prospect presents itself, that in a few short weeks our stock of provisions will be exhausted, and we must either starve, or turn

abroad upon the world as paupers. No credit is to be had; and everything is gone that would afford relief. I could not see my little children flock round their mother and cry for bread, while an article remained that would supply their present want. Such is the state to which I am reduced, after twenty years of faithful service. Clothing would be most acceptable; I am almost ashamed to appear in public, and my wife has for some time been prevented going to church. At night we feel the want of blanketing, and are obliged to use our clothes as covering."

Another clergyman, whose wife lay dangerously ill, secretly begged of the fund clothes for his six girls, his letter being accompanied with a testimonial from his archdeacon. This poor gentleman asked that his application should not be made known in his own part of the country. "For," said he, "I am surrounded by rich persons, who look upon poverty as a crime. They know that I am struggling, and very poor, but an appeal to public charity would seem like a deep sin in their eyes. I know that a poor clergyman in this neighbourhood, *whose child actually died from want of necessary food*, was so snubbed and cut for appealing to these rich folk, or rather because a friend appealed for him, that he was obliged to give up his incumbency and take a curacy near London."

It is best that these cases should be told in the words of the sufferers themselves. The resigned tone, the spirit often painfully subdued by suffering, the querulous note of occasional impatience, or of sickness of the body, as well as of the heart, it is better that a reader should be left to feel than that a writer should endeavour to describe.

A poor vicar says: "If I could only now get 7% or 8%, it would save us from a great deal of misery. I have six little children, and a sickly wife. We do not know what to do."

A well-bred English lady, in the depth of suffering, wrote by the death-bed of her first-born child the narrative that follows: "My husband has been twenty-three years in this diocese. The small property he had on entering the Church has been taken from him by treachery, years since. We have had ten children: six have been taken away by consumption. The long illness and loss of a specially beloved daughter caused my husband to have an apoplectic and paralytic seizure, which entirely prostrated his already weakened constitution. For two years he was unable to take duty of any kind. Our income is not 120%. We have lost two children within the last twelve months: one of these, our eldest son, has left a destitute widow and infant entirely dependent upon us, as the widow is ill and unable to work. We have been in the greatest danger of losing our house, and had it not been for the archbishop, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, and Porteus Fund, we should have lost everything. Last spring my husband ruptured a blood-vessel, and for weeks his life was despaired of; anxiety has caused a fresh rupture, and since Christmas he

has been in a most precarious state. We are hourly anticipating the loss of our eldest daughter, and heart-broken as we are, our grief is doubly embittered by the thought that we know not where to seek the means to bury her. . . .

When I read of the streams of Christian benevolence which have this last Christmas made glad so many desolate hearts and homes—when I compare their need, great as it is, with ours, the harder to bear from the gentle nurture which gives us a power of suffering which the lowly poor mercifully have not, I lift up my cry to Him who careth for us, and beseech Him to send help and hope to our weary hearts."

Here it may be said that the husband was consumptive, and should not have married. Was it because he was consumptive that he had the income of a washerwoman after three-and-twenty years of service in the Church? Much of the privation in most cases follows upon marriage. The incomes of much more than one half our clergy will not properly enable them to support families. Yet who does not know how wholesome—even necessary—is the minister's wife in a parish, how desirable it is for the success of many of his sick-bed ministrations that he should be one who is himself head of a family. In many rural parishes, and in town parishes too, the craving of a refined gentleman for equal sympathy and solace there is not a friend to satisfy. The whole spirit of the English Church and people demands and creates clergymen that shall come out of their own homes blessed by their own home affections, and taught by their own home trials, among the homes of their parishioners. It is not imprudent in an English clergyman to marry, sad as are the trials marriage may entail. Let him find, if he can, a brave good woman to work with him, and to die with him, if needs must!

Again, let it be remembered that these starved men are not men who hunger because they want wit to find work, or industry to do the work they find. Many of them are as well educated as the archbishops themselves; they have more than their share of work given them to do, and do it. It is, in fact, by these men of the lower ten thousand that the greater part of the real work of the Church is done. In the midst of their own sufferings they preach and pray, comfort the poor, visit the sick, devote their whole lives to their duty, and bear silently their burden of neglect.

They may be silent for many motives lower than the highest, yet the silence has been, and is, noble. If gentlemen, drawn from the same class of life, took clerkships, not in holy orders but in civil service, where no question of sacred things, but only one of self-interest occurred, and if they could then be left to earn less than a hundred a year after forty years of service, with a certainty of being unprovided for when they had worked out their strength, their cry would ring throughout the nation. Especially if, like the clergy, they had been required to qualify themselves for such a calling by the most expensive form of education. No fear of

further injury to their neglected interests would ever abate a breath of any one. It is, then, a generous sense of decorum, a respect in these neglected workers for the sacred nature of their work, that has to this hour made them silent except in the secret petition founded on a hope that may bring out from the heart of a gentleman a note like this:

"May I be permitted to ask whether your Society distributes blankets? If so, may I be allowed to solicit the benefit of a pair for one of my poor children? (a daughter in consumption). The feeling that my child is suffering the cold of this keen frost emboldens me to entreat a share in the bounty of your Society."

Of another clergyman, after twenty-one years' service, the income is ninety-two pounds, out of which he has twenty to pay for house-rent. He maintains a wife and nine children upon this, or rather, as he writes, "I have hitherto struggled to maintain my family with a character for integrity and uprightness, but find myself now almost overwhelmed, chiefly by exertions which I have made to keep up an insurance on my life for a few hundred pounds for the benefit of my family."

Here is a clergyman's history given in more detail:

"I am of twenty-five years' standing, and for that period have only received an average income of forty-four pounds per annum, and at present I have eighty pounds per annum, out of which I have to maintain a delicate wife and young family, and to contend against difficulties which have arisen in former years from such very scanty means. I have struggled on unaided hitherto, from a painful conviction that there were so many of my brethren worse off even than myself; but during the last two months the death of my wife's mother, which has compelled us all to go into mourning, has rendered it absolutely necessary that I should at last apply to you for aid in my deep need. I am a curate in sole charge of a large parish. I have struggled on till I can struggle no longer, without the cause of our beloved Church suffering through my deep poverty and inability to obtain even the necessities of life, as you will readily believe, when I tell you that, within the last three months, I have been wearing a coat in rags, and shoes which, from my inability to get them mended, let in water every time I put them on; and for weeks together we have not been able to get a dinner in the house from Sunday to Sunday, but have been compelled to allow ourselves but two meals a day, and those two composed of tea without sugar, and bread without butter. These are painful facts, and render some help absolutely necessary to save us from absolute starvation and complete ruin."

Gratitude for second-hand clothes comes often in letters to the Poor Clergy Relief Society. That the rosy undergraduate who pulled a cheery stroke at the oar, should, after a life's labour and devotion, come to this: "Your kind parcel was opened with a feeling of deep thankfulness and gratitude, because there

were in it so many things that will be pre-eminently serviceable, such as the shawl, which will be a great prize to my dear wife; and the coat, and vests, and stockings, and shoes, which will be a rich prize to me, as they fit me just as well as if they had been made for me, and also the shirts; and for my dear boy, things innumerable. May God reward you for your goodness."

Sometimes distress comes of an innocent imprudence like the following: "Some years since, I was presented with part of a divided living, destitute of a residence. I endeavoured to build myself a residence out of an income of only 120*l*. I could not finish without borrowing money. I procured a loan of 300*l*., for which, as security, I had to assure my life for double that sum.

"I finished the house, and pay 6*l*. per cent. for my loan, but am sorely distressed in making out nearly 40*l*. per annum to meet expenses.

"I have seven children: the eldest I am trying to educate at — school.

"To effect this, I deny myself and family all but the necessities of life. We never can afford animal food more than once a week."

There are many more such cases of suffering in the reports on which we found this notice; there were many more such cases in the heaps of letters which supplied only to those reports a few examples. There are many, many more such cases, of which no society, no man, God alone, hears the cry of patient suffering. Yet, though silence, while the very heart is being gnawed, be great in Spartans and not rare in Englishmen both in and out of holy orders, it is hard to find, as we do, a bishop writing, in reply to questions, about a sick vicar with a hundred pounds a year of living, and a wife who has brought him seventeen children, that "all the facts are true, and he and his family are certainly under great privations, but in past years they have not been as frugal to make their little go far as they might have been. I fear, too, they are rather extensive letter-writers, and *have repaid them for such habit*. Upon the whole, I should say the case is one in which some help may be worthily and mercifully bestowed, for who knows but they who experience them what such trials are?"

Did that dignity with the high sense of decorum in others, and the small sense of decorum in himself, inhabit one of the eight palaces, on the replenishing of which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had bestowed its charity of one hundred and forty thousand pounds?

THE WORLD OF LOVE.

WHERE low the sun's last beams were shed,
Watching the sinking day,
A tender sadness, earthly bred,
Fell on me as I lay.

The white, white moon went flowing fast
To steal to his embrace,
His parting smile upon her cast
Had brightened all her face.

So, constant still, I marked them move,
My soul meanwhile construing
How he was like to mortal Love,
And she like Death pursuing.

I slept—and woke: O wond'rous world!
Mine eyes were eastward turned;
The cold moon waned with wings half furled
The skies with glory burned.

"Pale shape," I cried, "thy regal brow
Ruled this benighted strand:
But, O my soul! how fares it now
In yon blest morning land?"

I gazed, and saw: the broad sun rose
With radiance crowned and belted;
The white, white moon, like scattered snows
Into the shadows melted.

Then first I learned what name to give
That world beyond the sky:
God's heaven, where only Love can live,
And only Death can die.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXII.

WE continued our journey the next morning, but it was not without considerable difficulty that I succeeded in maintaining my former place in the cabriolet. That stupid old woman fancied that princes were born to be bored, and suggested accordingly that I should travel inside with her; leaving the macaw and the toy terriers to keep company with Miss Herbert. It was not only by insisting on an outside place as a measure of health that I at last prevailed, telling her that Dr. Corvisart was peremptory on two points regarding me. "Let him," said he, "have abundance of fresh air, and never be without some young companion."

And so we were again in our little leathern tent, high up in the fresh breezy atmosphere, above dusty roads, and with a glorious view over that lovely country that forms the approach to the Black Forest. The road was hilly, and the carriage-way a heavy one, but we had six horses who trotted along briskly, shaking their merry bells, and flourishing their scarlet tassels, while the postilions cracked their whips or broke out into occasional bugle performances, principally intended to announce to the passing peasants that we were very great folk, and well able to pay for all the noise we required.

I was not ashamed to confess my enjoyment in thus whirling along at some ten miles the hour, remembering how that great sage Dr. Johnson had confessed to a like pleasure, and animated by the inspiring air and the lovely landscape, could not help asking Miss Herbert if she did not feel it "very jolly?"

She assented with a sort of constrained courtesy that by no means responded to the warmth of my own sensations, and I felt vexed and chafed accordingly.

"Perhaps you prefer travelling inside?" said I, with some pique.

"No, sir."

"Perhaps you dislike travelling altogether?"

"No, sir."

"Perhaps——" But I checked myself—and, with a somewhat stiff air, I said, "Would you like a book?"

"If it would not be rude to read, sir, while you——"

"Oh, not at all, never mind me, I have more than enough to think of. Here are some things by Dumas, and Paul Féval, and some guide-book trash." And with that I handed her several volumes, and sank back into my corner in sulky isolation.

Here was a change! Ten minutes ago, all nature smiled on me; from the lark in the high heavens to the chirping grasshopper in the tall maize-field, it was one song of joy and gladness. The very clouds as they swept past threw new and varied light over the scene, as though to show fresh effects of beauty on the landscape—the streams went by in circling eddies, like smiles upon a lovely face—and now all was sad and crape-covered! "What has wrought this dreary change," thought I; "is it possible that the cold looks of a young woman, good-looking, I grant, but no regular downright beauty after all, can have altered the aspect of the whole world to you? Are you so poor a creature in yourself, Potts, so beggared in your own resources, so barren in all the appliances of thought and reflection, that if your companion, whoever she or he may be, sulk, you must needs reflect the humour? Are you nothing but the mirror that displays what is placed before it?"

I set myself deliberately to scan the profile beside me; her black veil, drawn down on the side furthest from me, formed a sort of background, which displayed her pale features more distinctly. All about the brow and orbit was beautifully regular, but the mouth was, I fancied, severe; there was a slight retraction of the upper lip that seemed to imply over-firmness, and then the chin was deeply indented—"a sign," Lavater says, "of those who have a will of their own." "Potts," thought I, "she'd rule you—that's a nature would speedily master yours. I don't think there's any softness either, any of that yielding gentleness there, that makes the poetry of womanhood; besides, I suspect she's worldly—those sharply cut nostrils are very worldly! She is, in fact"—and here I unconsciously uttered my thoughts aloud—"she is, in fact, one to say, 'Potts, how much have you got a year? Let us have it in figures.'"

"So you are still ruminating over the life of that interesting creature," said she, laying down her book to laugh; "and, shall I confess, I lay awake half the night inventing incidents and imagining situations for him."

"For whom?" said I, innocently.

"For Potts, of course. I cannot get him out of my head such as I first fancied he might be, and I see now, by your unconscious allusion to him, that he has his place in your imagination also."

"You mistake, Miss Herbert—at least you very much misapprehend my conception of that character. The Potts family has a high historic tradition. Sir Constantine Potts was cup-bearer to Henry the Second, and I really see no reason why ridicule should attach to one who may be, most probably, his descendant."

"I'm very sorry, sir, if I should have dared to differ with you; but when I heard the name first, and in connexion with two such names as Algernon Sydney, and when I thought by what strange accident did they ever meet in the one person——"

"You are very young, Miss Herbert, and therefore not removed from the category of the teachable," said I, with a grand didactic look. "Let me guard you, therefore, against the levity of chance inferences. What would you say if a person named Potts were to make the offer of his hand? I mean, if he were a man in all respects acceptable, a gentleman captivating in manner and address, agreeable in person, graceful and accomplished—what would you reply to his advances?"

"Really, sir, I am shocked to think of the humble opinion I may be conveying of my sense and judgment, but I'm afraid I should tell him it is impossible I could ever permit myself to be called Mrs. Potts."

"But, in Heaven's name, why?—I ask you why?"

"Oh, sir! don't be angry with me; it surely does not deserve such a penalty; at the worst it is a mere caprice on my part."

"I am not angry, young lady, I am simply provoked; I am annoyed to think that a prejudice so unworthy of you should exercise such a control over your judgment."

"I am quite ashamed, sir, to have been the occasion of so much displeasure to you. I hope and trust you will ascribe it to my utter ignorance of life and the world."

"If you are dissatisfied with yourself, Miss Herbert, I have no more to say," said I, taking up a book and pretending to read, while I felt such a disgust with myself that if I hadn't been strapped up with a leather apron up to my chin, I think I should have thrown myself headlong down and let the wheel pass over me. "What is it, Potts, that is corrupting and destroying the naturally fine and noble nature you are certainly endowed with? Is it this confounded elevation to princely rank? If you were not a royal highness would you have dared to utter such cruelties as these? Would you, in your most savage of moods, have presumed to make that pale cheek paler, and forced a tear-drop into that liquid eye? I always used to think that the greatest effort of a man was to keep himself on a level with those born above him. I now find it is far harder to stoop than to stand on tip-toe. Such a pain in the back comes of always bending, and it is so difficult to do it gracefully!"

I was positively dying to be what the French call "bon prince," and yet I didn't know how to set about it. I could not take off one of my

decorations—a cross, or a ribbon—for I had none; nor give it, because she, being a woman, couldn't wear it. I couldn't make her one of the court ladies, for there was no court; and yet it was clear something should be done, if one only knew what it was. "I suppose now," said I to myself, "a real R.H. would see his way here at once; the right thing to do, the exact expression to use would occur as naturally to his mind as all this embarrassment presents itself to mine. 'Whenever your head cannot guide you,' says a Spanish proverb, 'ask your heart;' and so I did, and my heart spoke thus: 'Tell her, Potts, who you are, and what; say to her, "Listen, young lady, to the words of truth from one who could tell you far more glibly, far more freely, and far more willingly, a whole bushel of lies. It will sit light on his heart that he deceive the old lady inside, but *you* he cannot, will not deceive. Do not deem the sacrifice a light one; it cost St. George far less to go out dragon-hunting than it costs me to slay this small monster who ever prompts me to feats of fancy."'"

"I am very sorry to be troublesome, sir, but as we change horses here, I will ask you to assist me to alight; the weather looks very threatening, and some drops of rain have already fallen."

These words roused me from my reverie to action, and I got down, not very dexterously either, for I slipped, and made the postilion laugh, and then I helped her, who accomplished the descent so neatly, so gracefully, showing the least portion of such an ankle, and accidentally giving me such a squeeze of the hand! The next moment she was lost to me, the clanking steps were drawn up, the harsh door banged to, and I was alone—all alone in the world.

Like a sulky eagle, sick of the world, I climbed up to my eyrie. I no longer wished for sunshine or scenery; nay, I was glad to see the postboys put on their overcoats and prepare for a regular down-pour. I liked to think there are some worse off than even Potts. In half an hour *they* will be drenched to the skin, and I'll not feel a drop of it!

The little glass slide at my back was now withdrawn, and Miss Herbert's pale, sweet face appeared at it. She was saying that Mrs. Keats urgently entreated I would come inside, that she was so uneasy at my being exposed to such a storm.

I refused, and was about to enter into an account of my ascent of Mont Blanc, when the slide was closed and my listener lost to me.

"Is it possible, Potts," said I, "that she has detected this turn of yours for the imaginative line, and that she will not encourage it, even tacitly? Has she said, 'There, is a young man of genius, gifted marvellously with the richest qualities, and yet such is the exuberance of his fancy that he is positively its slave. Not content to let him walk the earth like other men, she attaches wings to him, and carries him off

into the upper air. I will endeavour, however hard the task, to clip his feathers and bring him back to the common haunts of men?' Try it, fair enchantress—try it!"

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and with such swooping gusts of wind that I was forced to fasten the leather curtain in front of me, and sit in utter darkness, denied even the passing pleasure of seeing the drenched postboys bobbing up and down on the wet saddles. I grew moody and sad. Every Blue Devil of my acquaintance came to pay his visit to me, and brought a few more of his private friends. I bethought me that I was hourly travelling away further and further from my home; that all this long road must surely be retraced one day or other, though not in a carriage and post, but probably in a one-horse cart, with a mounted gendarme on either side of it, and a string to my two wrists in their bridle hands. I thought of that vulgar herd of mankind so ready to weep over a romance, and yet send the man who acts one to a penal settlement. I thought how I should be described as the artful knave, the accomplished swindler. As if I was the first man who ever took an exaggerated estimate of his own merits! Go into the House of Commons, visit the National Gallery, dine at a bar or a military mess, frequent, in one word, any of the haunts of men, and with what "*pièces pour servir à l'histoire*" of self-deception will you come back loaded!

The sliding window at my back was again drawn aside, and I heard Miss Herbert's voice: "If I am not giving you too much trouble, sir, would you kindly see if I have not dropped a bracelet—a small jet bracelet—in the coupé."

"I am in the dark here, but I'll do my best to find it."

"We are very nearly so too," said she; "and Mrs. Keats is fast asleep, quite unmindful of the thunder."

With some struggling I managed to get down on my knees, and was soon engaged in a very vigorous search. To aid me, I lighted a lucifer match, and by its flickering glare I saw right in front of me that beautiful pale face, enclosed as it were in a frame by the little window. She blushed at the fixedness of my gaze, for I utterly forgot myself in my admiration, and stared as though at a picture. My match went out and I lit another. Alas! there she was still, and I could not force myself to turn away, but gazed on in rapture.

"I am sorry to give you this trouble, sir," said she, in some confusion; "pray never mind it. It will doubtless be found this evening when we arrive."

Another lucifer, and now I pretended to be in most eager pursuit; but somehow my eyes would look up and rest upon her sweet countenance.

"A diamond bracelet, you said?" muttered I, not knowing what I was saying.

"No, sir, mere jet, and of no value whatever, save to myself. I am really distressed at all

the inconvenience I have occasioned you. I entreat you to think no more of it."

My match was out, and I had not another. "Was ever a man robbed of such ecstasy for a mere pennyworth of stick and a little sulphur? O Fortune! is not this downright cruelty?"

As I mumbled my complaints, I searched away with an honest zeal, patting the cushions all over, and poking away into most inscrutable pockets and recesses, while she, in a most beseeching tone, apologised for her request, and besought me to forget it.

"Found! found!" cried I, in true delight, as I chanced upon the treasure at my feet.

"Oh, sir, you have made me so happy, and I am so much obliged, and so grateful to you!"

"Not another word, I beseech you," whispered I; "you are actually turning my head with ecstasy. Give me your hand, let me clasp it on your arm, and I am repaid."

"Will you kindly pass it to me, sir, through the window," said she, timidly.

"Ah," cried I, in anguish, "your gratitude has been very fleeting."

She muttered something I could not catch, but I heard the rustle of her sleeve against the window-frame, and dark as it was, pitch dark, I knew her hand was close to me. Opening the bracelet, I passed it round her wrist as reverently as though it were the arm of a Queen of Spain, one touch of whom is high treason. I trembled so, that it was some seconds before I could make the clasp meet. This done, I felt she was withdrawing her hand, when with something like that headlong impulse by which men set their lives on one chance, I seized the fingers in my grasp, and implanted two rapturous kisses on them. She snatched her hand hastily away, closed the window with a sharp bang, and I was alone once more in my darkness, but in such a flutter of blissful delight that even the last reproving gesture could scarcely pain me. It mattered little to me that day that the lightning felled a great pine and threw it across the road, that the torrents were so swollen that we only could pass them with crowds of peasants around the carriage with ropes and poles to secure it, that four oxen were harnessed in front of our leaders to enable us to meet the hurricane, or that the postboys were paid treble their usual fare for all their perils to life and limb. I cared for none of these. Enough for me that, on this day, I can say with Schiller,

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebt!

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE arrived at a small inn on the borders of the Titi-see at nightfall; and though the rain continued to come down unceasingly, and large masses of cloud hung half way down the mountains, I could see that the spot was highly picturesque and romantic. Before I could descend from my lofty eminence, so strapped and but-

toned and buckled up was I, the ladies had time to get out and reach their rooms. When I asked to be shown to mine, the landlord, in a very free-and-easy tone, told me that there was nothing for me but a double-bedded room, which I must share with another traveller. I scouted this proposition at once with a degree of force and, indeed, of violence, that I fancied must prove irresistible; but the stupid German, armed with native impassiveness, simply said, "Take it or leave it, it's nothing to me," and left me to look after his business. I stormed and fumed. I asked the chambermaid if she knew who I was, and sent for the Hausknecht to tell him that all Europe should ring with this indignity. I more than hinted that the landlord had sealed his own doom, and that his miserable cabaret had seen its last days of prosperity.

I asked next, where was the Jew pedlar? I felt certain he was a fellow with pencil-cases and pipe-heads, who owned the other half of the territory. Could he not be bought up? He would surely sleep in the cow-house, if it were too wet to go up a tree!

François came to inform me that he was out fishing; that he fished all day, and only came home after dark; his man had told him so much.

"His man? Why, has he a servant?" asked I.

"He's not exactly like a servant, sir; but a sort of peasant, with a green jacket and a tall hat and leather gaiters, like a Tyrolese."

"Strolling actors, I'll be sworn," muttered I; "fellows taking a week's holiday on their way to a new engagement. How long have they been here?"

"Come on Monday last in the diligence, and are to remain till the twentieth; two florins a day they give for everything."

"What nation are they?"

"Germans, sir, regular Germans; never a pipe out of their mouths, master and man. I learned all this from his servant, for they have put up a bed for me in his room."

A sudden thought now struck me: "Why should not François give up his bed to this stranger, and occupy the one in my room?" This arrangement would suit me better, and it ought to be all the same to Hamlet or Goetz, or whatever he was. "Just lounge about the door, François," said I, "till he comes back; and when you see him, open the piece to him, civilly, of course; and if a crown piece or even two, will help the negotiation, slip it slyly into his hand. You understand?"

François winked like a man who had corrupted custom-house officers in his time, and even bribed bigger functionaries at a pinch.

"If he's in trade, you know, François, just hint that if he sends in his pack in the course of the evening, the ladies might possibly take a fancy to something."

Another wink.

"And throw out—vaguely, of course, very vaguely—that we are swells, but in strict incog."

A great scoundrel was François; he was Swiss, and could cheat any one, and, like a regular rogue, never happier than when you gave him a mission of deceit or duplicity. In a word, when I gave him his instructions, I regarded the negotiation as though it were completed, and now addressed myself to the task of looking after our supper, which, with national obstinacy, the landlord declared could not be ready before nine o'clock. As usual, Mrs. Keats had gone to bed immediately on arriving; but when sending me a "Good night" by her maid, she added, "that whenever supper was served, Miss Herbert would come down."

We had no sitting-room save the common room of the inn, a long, low-ceilinged, dreary chamber, with a huge green-tile stove in one corner, and down the centre a great oak table, which might have served about forty guests. At one end of this three covers were laid for us, the napkins enclosed in bone circlets, and the salt in great leaden receptacles—like big ink bottles—a very ancient brass lamp, giving its dim radiance over all. It was wearisome to sit down on the straight-backed wooden chairs, and not less irksome to walk on the gritty, sanded floor, and so I lounged in one of the windows, and watched the rain. As I looked I saw the figure of a man with a fishing-basket and rod on his shoulder approaching the house. I guessed at once it was our stranger, and opening the window a few inches, I listened to hear the dialogue between him and François. The window was enclosed in the same porch as the door, so that I could hear a good deal of what passed. François accosted him familiarly, questioned him as to his sport, and the size of the fish he had taken. I could not hear the reply, but I remarked that the stranger emptied his basket, and was despatching the contents in different directions; some were for the curé, and some for the postmaster, some for the brigadier of the gendarmerie, and one large trout for the miller's daughter.

"A good-looking wench, I'll be sworn," said François, as he heard the message delivered.

Again the stranger said something, and I thought, from the tone, angrily, and François responded; and then I saw them walk apart for a few seconds, during which François seemed to have all the talk to himself, a good omen, as it appeared to me, of success, and a sure warranty that the treaty was signed. François, however, did not come to report progress, and so I closed the window and sat down.

"So you have got company to-night, Master Ludwig," said the stranger, as he entered, followed by the host, who speedily seemed to whisper that one of the arrivals was then before him. The stranger bowed stiffly, but courteously to me, which I returned not less haughtily; and I now saw that he was a man about thirty-five, but much freckled, with a light-brown beard and moustache. On the whole, a good-looking fellow, with a very upright carriage, and something of a cavalry soldier in the swing of his gait.

"Would you like it at once, Herr Graf," said the host, obsequiously.

"Oh, he's a count, is he?" said I, with a sneer to myself. "These countships go a short way with me."

"You had better consult your other guests; I am ready when *they* are," said the stranger.

Now, though the speech was polite and even considerate, I lost sight of the courtesy in thinking that it implied we were about to sup in common, and that the third cover was meant for him.

"I say, landlord," said I, "you don't intend to tell me that you have no private sitting-room, but that ladies of condition must needs come down and sup here with?"—I was going to say, "Heaven knows who;" but I halted, and said—"with the general company."

"That, or nothing!" was the sturdy response. "The guests in this house eat here, or don't eat at all; eh, Herr Graf?"

"Well, so far as my experience goes, I can corroborate you," said the stranger, laughing. "Though, you may remember, I have often counselled you to make some change."

"That you have; but I don't want to be better than my father and my grandfather; and the Arch-Duke Charles stopped here in *their* time, and never quarrelled with his treatment."

I told the landlord to apprise the young lady whenever supper was ready, and I walked to a distant part of the room and sat down.

In about two minutes after Miss Herbert appeared, and the supper was served at once. I had not met her since the incident of the bracelet, and I was shocked to see how cold she was in her manner, and how resolute in repelling the most harmless familiarity towards her.

I wanted to explain to her that it was through no fault of mine we were to have the company of that odious stranger, that it was one of the disagreeables of these wayside hostels, and to be borne with patience, and that though he was a stage player, or a sergeant of dragoons, he was reasonably well bred and quiet. I did contrive to mumble out some of this explanation, but instead of attending to it, I saw her eyes following the stranger, who had just draped a large riding-cloak over a clothes-horse behind her chair, to serve as a screen. Thanks are all very well, but I'm by no means certain that gratitude requires such a sweet glance as that, not to mention that I saw the expression in her eyes for the first time.

I thought the soup would choke me. I almost hoped it might. Othello was a mild case of jealousy compared to me, and I felt that strangling would not half glut my vengeance. And how they talked!—he complimenting her on her accent, and she telling him how her first governess was a Hanoverian from Celle, where they are all such purists. There was nothing they did not discuss in those detestable gutturals, and as glibly as if it had been a language meet for human lips. I could not eat a mouthful, but I drank and watched them. The fellow was not long in betraying himself: he was soon deep in

the drama. He knew every play of Schiller by heart, and quoted the Wallenstein, the Robbers, Don Carlos, and Maria Stuart at will; so, too, was he familiar with Goethe and Lessing. He had all the swinging intonation of the boards, and declaimed so very professionally that, as he concluded a passage, I cried out, without knowing it,

"Take that for your benefit—it's the best you have given yet."

Oh, Lord, how they laughed! She covered up her face and smothered it; but he lay back, and holding the table with both hands, he positively shouted and screamed aloud. I would have given ten years of life for the courage to have thrown my glass of wine in his face; but it was no use, Nature had been a niggard to me in that quarter, and I had to sit and hear it—exactly so, sit and hear it—while they made twenty attempts to recover their gravity and behave like ladies and gentlemen, and when, no sooner would they look towards me, than off they were again as bad as before.

I resolved a dozen cutting sarcasms, all beginning with, "Whenever I feel assured that you have sufficiently regained the customary calm of good society," but the dessert was served ere I could complete the sentence; and now they were deep in the lyric poets, Uhland, and Korner, and Freiligrath, and the rest of them. As I listened to their enthusiasm, I wondered why people never went into raptures over a cold in the head. But it was not to end here: there was an old harpsichord in the room, and this he opened and set to work on in that fearful two-handed fashion your German alone understands. The poor old crippled instrument shook on its three legs, while the fourth fell clean off, and the loose wires jangled and jarred like knives in a tray; but he only sang the louder, and her ecstasies grew all the greater too.

Heaven reward you, dear old Mrs. Keats, when you sent word down that you couldn't sleep a wink, and begging them to "send that noisy band something and let them go away;" and then Miss Herbert wished him a sweet good night, and he accompanied her to the door, and then there was more good night, and I believe I had a short fit, but when I came to myself he was sitting smoking his cigar opposite me.

"You are no relative, no connexion of the young lady who has just left the room?" said he to me, with a grave manner, so significant of something under it, that I replied hastily, "None—none whatever."

"Was that servant who spoke to me in the porch, as I came in this evening, yours?"

"Yes." This I said more boldly, as I suspected he was coming to the question François had opened.

"He mentioned to me," said he, slowly, and puffing his cigar at easy intervals, "that you desire your servant should sleep in the same room with you. I am always happy to meet the wishes of courteous fellow-travellers, and so

I have ordered my servant to give you *his* bed; he will sleep up-stairs in what was intended for *you*. Good night." And with an insolent nod he lounged out of the room and left me.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

DRESS AND FOOD.

THE victorious though unprofitable termination of the war with France stimulated the English nation to a pitch of exultation and joy which our impoverished condition was little able to support. The reckless extravagance into which all classes rushed, especially the humbler, resulted in general dissatisfaction. The Commons took a decided step to remedy the error. They petitioned for a statute to restrict each class to a certain limit in dress, and, those who were most likely to exceed in respect of food, to an allowance: namely, the servant-class, which does not trouble itself about the price of food or clothing, for which it does not pay. A statute was accordingly passed, the provisions of which is an astonishing example of the wisdom of our ancestors.

The lowest classes of all, which included agricultural labourers and villeins, having goods under the value of forty shillings, were not to dress in any but the coarsest cloth, called blanket and russet, sold at one shilling the ell; their girdles and linen to correspond in quality. Servants, whether of lords, traders, or artificers, were confined to meat or fish once a day; the rest of their food was to consist of milk, cheese, butter, and other victuals suitable to their estate. Their dress was to be of cloth not exceeding two marks the whole piece, and destitute of gold, silver, embroidery, or silk. Their wives and daughters were to be clad in a similar manner, and were especially forbidden to wear veils or kerchiefs exceeding one shilling each. The dress of traders, artificers, and yeomen was restricted to cloth under forty shillings the whole piece, without any ornament. Their women were forbidden silken veils, and all furs save the skins of lamb, rabbit, cat, and fox. Esquires and all gentlemen below the estate of knighthood having lands to the value of one hundred pounds a year, and merchants, artificers, and traders, having goods worth five hundred pounds, were permitted to wear cloth at four marks and a half the whole piece, without any ornament. Their ladies were forbidden any kind of embroidery or lining, together with certain other curiously named decorations, the properties whereof are a mystery known only to the female mind. Esquires having lands to the value of two hundred pounds yearly, and merchants with goods worth one thousand pounds, might wear cloth sold at five marks the piece, and reasonably garnished with silk and silver. Their ladies were allowed linings of miniver fur, but not of ermine, or the rich grey fur we call lettrice, and no jewels except upon the head. Knights having lands worth two hundred marks might wear cloth of six marks the piece, but no furred, embroidered, or jewelled

garments. Their ladies were under the same restrictions as those of the preceding class. All knights with lands over the value of four hundred marks and under one thousand pounds a year, and their ladies, were restricted in nothing save the use of ermine, lettice, and jewels not being ornaments for the head. Clerks were to be dressed in the same manner as knights of one of the two classes above named, unless obliged to wear furs on ecclesiastical vestments. All sumptuary restraints were removed in the case of persons whose income exceeded one thousand pounds yearly.*

To ensure obedience to these ordinances without any special machinery for enforcing it, a provision was annexed enjoining the manufacturers to make no cloths of any other prices than those hereinbefore limited. The penalty of disobedience was the forfeiture of the garment. After the statute, however, had been in operation for less than a year, it was found to be so oppressive to the people, and so injurious to trade, that the Commons prayed for and obtained its repeal.

In an imaginary walk down Chepeside five hundred years ago, the feature that must first strike you in a general survey of costume, is the prevalence of bright colours. A great variety of costumes is worn contemporaneously in different parts of the kingdom. The cotehardie, as we call that tight garment buttoned in front down to the hips, with its tippets or long strips of cloth depending from the elbows, is worn by yonder young nobleman and by the lady with whom he is conversing. Both wear similarly shaped capuchons or hoods buttoned to the chin with liripipes or tails wrapped round their heads. Both, too, have girdles and pouches with daggers stuck through them. The women wear fox-tails sewn inside their dresses to inflate them, as the women of a later time wear crinoline. Let us continue our examination of this noble pair before they move away. The man is a knight, as you may see by the belt fastened across his hips with a circular gilt buckle, and by his spurs. His cotehardie is made of the cloth we call tars or tartan, which though here blue is as often scarlet or sometimes white. The length of the nap may strike you as unusual, but the fashion is economical; for, when partly worn the wool is reshorn, and the garment has thus several leases of life. The elaborate embroidery in silk and silver that adorns the long mantle which he wears over the cotehardie is all the rage. The mantle is fastened upon his right shoulder by two or three large buttons, and thrown over the left like a Spanish cloak: were it loose, it would cover his whole person. Note how quaintly the edges are cut into the shape of leaves. The doublet, or linen vest, worn beneath the cotehardie, is only visible at the elbow, whence it is buttoned to the wrist. There, his long gloves lap over it, made of dressed sheepskin, brodered and purfled, or

edged, at the tops with silk. His peaked shoes made of cordwain (Cordovan leather) have that intricate broderie upon them which is popularly known as "Paul's windows." Your Highlander's dress-shoes somewhat preserve this dainty fashion. His close-fitting chausses, or hose—which answer to your trousers and stockings in one—are in the newest vogue, parti-coloured black and red.

That jealous youth who eyes the pair is similarly dressed to his rival, save that in lieu of a mantle he wears a hooded cloak of Spanish silk called a paletouque, and instead of a capuchon he has a Flanders cap of beaver with an upright feather in front. He is somewhat behind the fashion in wearing his beard pointed like the old king. The late prince, our pink of chivalry, had moustaches only. Flowing curled hair, as worn by both these youths, is almost universally in vogue.

The lady's cotehardie is of a scarlet cloth, probably imported from Flanders, embroidered and very richly purfled with fur. The pockets in front are rather for show than use. The kirtle, or gown, visible beneath, appears to be made of sendale: a thin silken stuff from the East, coarser than, but resembling, the Saracenic material which we call sarcenet. Her cyclas, or supertunic, is of green velvet trimmed with grysovere: an expensive grey fur. Attached to her gold-tissued girdle she carries a gypserie, or pouch, made of fine leather brodered with silk. Her hair is of the fashionable colour, yellow—whether naturally, or dyed with saffron, as is commonly the case, we dare not pronounce. The lady on the opposite side of the street is dressed in a somewhat different fashion. Instead of the cotehardie she wears over her kirtle a sort of armless jacket, not unlike the ecclesiastical chasuble in that it has no sides. Its rich trimmings are of miniver fur. She wears a round cap of velvet instead of a capuchon, and her hair is bound up in a net of gold-wire called a crestine. When her cap is removed in-doors, she will substitute a contoise, or quintoise: a sort of scarf with two streamers.

The gaily dressed figure coming towards us is a priest. Of course at the church services he will don his normal ecclesiastical vestments, but abroad you cannot distinguish clerk from layman. If our friend, however, were to remove his cap, his tonsure would discover him. He does not wear a cotehardie—that garment, as a rule, distinguishing the higher classes—but his green tunic, purfled with fur, reaches to his knees. It is of good cloth, as are also his scarlet chausses. His beaver cap, gilt girdle, and long-toed boots, differ little, save in quality, from those of the nobles. The man with whom he has just stopped to converse is also a priest, who must have recently left church, as his dress is of the regular ecclesiastical type—scarlet gown and hood. His only girdle is of beads.

The two men who have just hurried past, are vintners. Their tunics are made of a striped

* Multiplication by fifteen will afford a rough estimate of the foregoing amounts in modern values.

cloth, imported from Flanders, and known as cloth of ray. The beaver hats which they wear over their capuchons, come also from Flanders. They have just doffed them to a rich customer arrayed in the livery of his guild, the Grocers, which consists of a coat and surcoat of crimson. On public occasions you will see him don a furred cloak or gown, with a hood, and the cognisance of his guild: the spice-bearing camel of Araby.

That stately personage, solemnly ambling on his palfrey, is a serjeant-at-law, bound perhaps for Westminster Hall, or for a consultation in the parvise, or portico, before St. Paul's. His robes consist of a scarlet gown faced with blue, a cape edged with budge or lambskin fur, a white capuchon similarly furred having two labels attached to it depending upon the breast, and a white silk coif or head-covering tied beneath the chin. The latter is the serjeant's characteristic badge, being worn over the tonsure: a relic of the time when all lawyers were clerks. As a contrasting equestrian figure, observe the farm labourer on the cart horse, who has just entered the street. His blue bliaus (answering to the blouse or smock-frock) is made of a coarse stuff called fustian, imported from St. Fustien, near Amiens. His scarlet chausses are of some common woollen material either blanket, wadmal, falding, russet, or borel, for all these are in use. The shaggy cap which forms his head-covering is called a hure. The servant woman at the door where he has stopped is in the ordinary dress of her class: a fustian gown, a white linen barm-cloth, or apron, a white voluper, or cap, and high-laced shoes. Out of doors she will probably wear a wimple: a sort of coverchief not unlike a mob-cap.

Let us adjourn to a dinner of five hundred years ago, at the Saracen's Head hostel in Fryday-street. It is now past our ordinary dinner-time, which is nine o'clock A.M. We have no such meal as breakfast. We who have recently shown ourselves masters of the French on the battle-field, are their slaves in the kitchen. Our system of cookery, in its preference of small pieces, called gobbets, to large joints of meat, and its lavish employment of spices, garlic, and other such condiments, is fundamentally one with theirs. We both make considerable use of the pestle and mortar, and bray our meats with fruits of various kinds. Thus, forks are seldom, and spoons frequently, in request at our tables. We carry our love of colour into our food no less than dress. Saffron is our favourite ingredient for producing yellow; sanders (sandal-wood) for red; amydon, or wheat flour steeped in water and dried in the sun, for white; burnt blood for black—all harmless enough. Here is the hostel, and in the hall to the left our repast is prepared.

The table is furnished after the fashion before described; the salt-cellar occupying the centre, the trenchers made of wood, the spoons of silver, and the goblets of masere. Knives, we carry in our pouch. Here are two sorts of pottage. The one, which we call bukkenade, is a composition

of either chicken, rabbit, or veal, chopped and seethed with ground almonds, currants, sugar, ginger, cannell (cinnamon), and other spices. The other, is firmity; made of wheat brayed with yolk of egg in broth or milk, and coloured with saffron. Here are but two kinds of fish. We dine off fish exclusively, so often—for six weeks together in Lent—that it is not much in request on other than fast days. Of these dishes, one is sliced porpoise brayed with blanched almonds. If it should appear coarse, try the other. It is what our cooks term a jelly: that is, a compound, of turbot, plaice, tench, pike, and eel, which, after being minced small and scalded, are mixed with wine, vinegar, pepper, and other spices.

For the second course here is a mess of mortewes. The chief components are chicken, pork, bread, eggs, and spices. The fellow dish is called blankdesire from its whiteness, produced by the blanched almonds and rice flour which are added to its chief material, the brawn (that is the fleshy parts) of capons. Both these dishes require the accompaniment of wine. Yonder are flasks of Gascon and Rhenish, or, if you prefer bastard (that is, sweet) wines, there are Vernage and Claire. They are all new, for the taste in wine is just the reverse of later England's.

To diversify the attractions of science with those of art, the cook at this stage sends up a "subtlety." All banquets of any pretension include some such fanciful confectionary. This gilded group represents the favourite national emblem of St. George slaying the dragon. At the great dinners in College halls the custom will be still maintained when the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty shall be written in England. For the next course we have fillets of venison, egrets (young herons), and partridges. Before you choose the latter, it may be as well that you should know how they are dressed. Our ordinary method is to parboil, then lard, and roast them; finally, sprinkling them thickly with ginger. To these, succeed a mess of peas minced up with onions, sugar, salt, and saffron; and a "salat" composed of parsley, sage, garlic, onions, mint, fennel, cress, rue, and rosemary, prepared with oil, salt, and vinegar. The last course is of "doucettes." In that flat-covered dish, or coffin as we term it, is a crustard (pie) of flawn: a delicious composition of currants and apples ground up with cream, eggs, butter, whitebread, and spices. That tart is made of cheese, eggs, sugar, and spices; and, from the first ingredient, named tart de Brie. The next dish, under the name of macrows, is the macaroni of Italy. We eat it with grated cheese. The titles of rosee and spinee are given to the two messes yonder—their main ingredients, almonds, milk, and rice, being flavoured respectively with concoctions of white roses and the hawthorn flower (spina). The last dish on the list bears the familiar name of frutture, or fritters, and is made of figs ground up with spices, rolled in a thin leaf of dough, and fried in honey.

Let us wind up the feast with a cup of "jolly Hippocras." If you would brew this incomparable beverage at home, you must mind that the wine be of the best quality, and well mixed with cardomums, ginger, cloves, marjoram, and Spanish spikenard.

INCONVENIENCES OF BEING A CORNISHMAN.

I AM a Cornishman, and I am sorry for it. I began my misfortunes early, by being placed at a school in a kind of debatable land on the borders of Devonshire. I have visions of my life at that place, visions of fierce feuds, of stubborn strifes, carried on, like the French wars, solely for the sake of an idea, that idea being a belief in the superiority of Cornish pluck and muscle. I remember that in all these wars I was generally *pushed* into glory. Why did I fight Coombes in the quarries? Had I any mortal spite against that young Devonshire giant? Nothing of the kind; I was simply brought up, *nolens volens*, as a kind of reserve. There had been, I believe, a row at football, and I fear it had been going rather against the "one and all," when our respective friends very kindly decided that Coombes and I, who had not been present, should finish the matter by ourselves. We had *not* been present, we had *not* commenced the quarrel, therefore we should finish it; and finish it we did, after a fight which deserved to be immortalised in an epic poem. That was Jorkind's opinion of that great encounter. Jorkind, who was of no county in particular, and therefore had an easy time of it, passed amongst us as a first-rate classic poet, and as he always got the prize for Greek and Latin verse, I dare say he was a competent judge; but I should like to see the poem, epic or otherwise, which could do justice to my feelings before I got my second wind, or could describe, properly, my sensations during the last ten minutes of that weary struggle. I don't mind confessing to Coombes now, that two minutes' more fight would have made an end of me, and that when he declined to come on again at, what would certainly have been with me, the last "round," I felt bound to him by ties of eternal gratitude.

But fighting was not the only misery which this spirit of Cornish clanship brought upon me. Why did I receive that awful thrashing from old Fortywhacks? Did I really care one rush for the confounded little imp Polglaze, who brought that retribution upon me? Polglaze was in durance vile, and I am certain now that he well deserved it. He had headed a revolutionary deputation on the subject of the mild beer, and had been first well flogged, and then locked up for his pains. But this result did not satisfy the "one and all." Whatever Polglaze may have been, he was at any rate Cornish, and was therefore to be rescued from imprisonment at all cost. A "forlorn hope" was raised, and lots were drawn as to who

should have the honour of leading it, and of course that honour fell upon me. There is an old Cornish song which we often sang in those days, and it was to the tune of it that we made our assault upon the place of Polglaze's captivity. I have the scene before me now, as we marched up the staircase bidding defiance to the powers that be: "And shall Trelawny die? forty thousand Cornishmen shall know the reason why." "Trelawny" was Polglaze. The great thing was to rescue him if possible before Fortywhacks appeared. What a tough door that was to get open! I don't believe we should ever have opened it at all, if it had not been for Handy Bob, a boy of a mechanical turn of mind, and who acted as "sapper and miner" on the occasion. Under his directions, the thing was done, and we burst, one and all, into Polglaze's prison-house. At this point, I remember, our excitement seemed to cool down a little, and a kind of feeling came over us that we had *got* Polglaze, but didn't know what to do with him. It was one of those trying moments when a leader of some genius is required, and we found such a person in Handy Bob, who, encouraged by his late success, now tacitly took the command, and hoisting Polglaze upon my shoulder, re-formed us in procession, and marched us down stairs. I wished Polglaze to the four winds. The young wretch, in his excitement, was pulling out my hair by handfuls, and I was thinking seriously about dropping him over the banisters, when I was suddenly staggered by the appearance of Fortywhacks.

"Pendraggles," said he, "I wish you joy of your prize," and he smiled one of those smiles of his which betokened bitter things.

And bitter things followed. When Jorkind came to me afterwards, and congratulated me on what he was pleased to call my Spartan endurance, comparing me to Mutius Scævola, and declaring that it required a modern Livy to tell forth my fame, I have a distinct remembrance of telling him to go and be hanged; also, of having very severely punched young Polglaze's head on the first opportunity.

Would that my miseries as a Cornishman, and because I am a Cornishman, had left me when I left school! No such good fortune; I may say that I am at *all* times being offered up on the altar of my country. My trials, however, have now taken a new turn, for whereas they may be said to have brought me formerly into collisions with my enemies, they may now with equal truth be described as proceeding entirely from my friends. I am persuaded that if I had not been a Cornishman, I should have expanded into a hearty good fellow, and that a certain genial humour, which I am conscious of possessing, *à fond*, would have made me a most desirable companion for all pleasant company. If, for example, I had been simply by birth an Aztec or an Earthman, or if I had been rescued when young from the worshippers of Mumbo Jumbo in the Lunar Mountains, I am convinced that I should have got over the disadvantages of my birthplace, and should have succeeded in getting myself re-

ceived on my own proper merits; but, as a Cornishman, I have had no such a chance. What a fool I was when I went up to Cambridge, to admit that I came from any greater distance than Highgate or Hampstead!

"Pendraggles," says Littermere to me (Littermere, afterwards called Long Litter, on account of his legs, was my very first college acquaintance; we had been introduced to each other in caps and gowns of startling blueness and freshness, by old Sniggles, the tutor, on the very first day of our first freshmen's term); "Pendraggles," says Littermere to me, about a month after we had been up, "confess you are a Cornishman, and that you are descended from that very same Pendraggles, of ancient memory, who got so much the better of the Phœnicians in their little dealings with tin."

"He's a horrible wrecker, that's what he is!" shouts out that long-winded bore Swilsbury; "and he may be seen any day below the locks, waiting for his prey in the shape of capsized freshmen and their 'funnies.'"

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, you know," says that gorgeous young fellow-commoner, the Honourable Augustus de Slimchick; "it's too bad, you know, for these sea-vultures, you know, to bring their ill-gotten gains up here, and to batten upon the college butteries!"

Oh! those dreary hours when I was supposed to be the cause of wit in Slimchick, and to provoke jokes in the obese mind of Swilsbury! But the dons were just as bad in their way.

"Oh, indeed!" said Sniggles; "dear me, really now, you come from Cornwall!" and Sniggles smiled.

Now, I want to know *why* Sniggles smiled. Cornwall! Why not Cornwall? Isn't Cornwall better than your own sloppy Lincolnshire, O Sniggles?

But there was no reasoning with these people. I wonder how often I have been told that abominable lying story of the Cornish parson, who, on hearing of a wreck when in the middle of his sermon, cried out, "Let us all start fair!" I wonder how often, and in how many varieties of ways, I have had forced upon me that stale, flat, insipid joke about the wise men having come from the *East*. I wonder how often I have had to declare to well-meaning people, that Cornwall is *not* a queer country, that we do *not* speak the language of Wales or Brittany, that we have good roads, and capital inns, that we are only one day's post from London, and that we regularly read the Times.

But you will say that surely my trials must now be over, that living as I do now amongst my own kith and kin, and possessing, in my own little way, a certain otium cum dignitate in my old Cornish home, I can feel all the pride of a Cornishman, without any of these attending disadvantages. No such thing. You are probably aware that the weather has not been altogether propitious this summer. You will probably allow that the season has not been altogether favourable for pedestrian tours, or boating excursions,

or pic-nics in exposed places. Good. Now, I was seated in my snug little study at Treslisick, at the beginning of the late watery month of August, and was glancing hopelessly at my new aneroid barometer, which continued pointing obstinately at "much rain," when the saturated postman brought up the following letter:

"MY DEAR PENDRAGGLES,—I am coming to see you at last. I have got a spare fortnight, and I am determined this time to satisfy my curiosity, and to spend it in the land of Tre, Pol, and Pen. You remember Swilsbury. I met him the other day at Cambridge, and prevailed on him to accompany me. He is as absurd as ever, and wants to know whether his life insurance policy will stand good for such a journey. 'The question is how to get to you,' Swilsbury says. 'It is comparatively easy to get to the frontiers, but that there we must arm ourselves with a Cornish vocabulary, and plunge boldly amongst the natives.' I give you warning beforehand that we intend to do the place thoroughly. We hope to be always in the open air, and to see everything, but especially the pilchard-fishery and the mines. We shall start from here on the 20th, and hope to reach Treslisick in the course of the month. More than that I can't say, but don't be surprised at our coming down upon you at any moment. You must be accustomed to this sort of thing. Looking forward to the pleasure of soon making the acquaintance of Mrs. Pendraggles and the youngster,

"I remain, your old friend,

"LAWRENCE LITTERMERE.

"P.S.—Swilsbury says this must be fine weather for wrecks, and that he hopes to see you come out in your full developed character, which had so little scope for its genius in those little operations below the locks."

Now, I don't hesitate to say that I disliked the tone of that letter. Putting aside, for the moment, Swilsbury's mouldy old jokes, what sort of a time of it could I reasonably hope to have with two fellows who expected, to use their own words, "to be always in the open air, and to see everything, but especially the pilchard fishery and the mines"? I felt convinced there was another time of trial coming, and that my miseries as a Cornishman were not yet past. But however gloomy may have been my expectations, they fell infinitely short of the miserable reality. The visit may be said to have commenced characteristically. The 20th had been passed by some days, and I was beginning to cherish the absurd idea that, perhaps, they had given up the journey in consequence of the continued bad weather, when, suddenly, my two friends made their appearance. What a day that was! The view from Treslisick is at all times of rather a dreary character, but on the day in question there was a more than usual gloominess about the scene. The whole land-

scape seemed to have been brushed over that morning with a strong solution of Indian ink. The bold headlands struck out here and there amongst the mists, in huge fantastic shapes, which would have made poor Turner beside himself with joy. The rain came down in one determined stream, as though Aquarius had commenced a fresh pitcher, having previously drilled larger holes in his cullender. A large pool was gaining ground at the foot of the verandah, and it was evident that we should soon have to consider the question of our main drainage, and, perhaps, to carry out a break-water in front of the dining-room window.

"It's a wet day," said Mrs. Pendraggles.

We had just finished breakfast, so I got up and went to the window, as though to consider that statement. I was conscious that my walk to the window was rather strutting than otherwise. I was beginning to feel that, after all, thanks to our native climate, Littermere and Swilsbury couldn't possibly come in such weather.

"It is a wet day, my dear," I replied, smiling waggishly at the increasing pool before me, as though it were entirely of my own construction—"it is a wet day! I wonder now what Littermere, who seems so resolved upon doing everything, would do on such an occasion as this?"

At this moment there came mingling with the sighing wind across the laurels a hoarse plaintive sound resembling "aggles." I looked at Mrs. P. "Now, do you know what that noise is, my dear?" I asked, calmly. Mrs. P. who is of a superstitious turn, shook her head and turned pale. "Perhaps now, my love," I continued, "you may be disposed to look upon it as the last gurgling moan of the drowning postman, or possibly you may prefer to consider it as a fiendish howl of the spirit of the storm. But that horrible sound is nothing less than the voice of Swilsbury trying to shout out my name, and the better half of that name is at this moment scudding across the hills, in the embraces of the tempest." "Draggles" came the voice again. It was much louder this time, and the owner of it was no doubt rapidly nearing the house. There was evidently nothing to be done but to submit cheerfully to my fate, and to go and open the door with a smiling countenance.

"Pendraggles!—Pendraggles!" The voice sounded now close upon us; I saw there was no time to be lost, so, seizing my hat, I rushed out desperately into the storm.

It was Swilsbury, a trifle stouter, perhaps, and somewhat older-looking no doubt, but the same genuine Swilsbury still. He had just reached the porch when I came out, and was evidently about to give a pull at the bell, which would have sent the nervous cook into fits, and have added another to her long list of kitchen casualties, when my presence interrupted him.

"Hollo! Pendraggles," he shouted out, taking his dripping hand from the bell-pull, and grasping my fist in a kind of spongy vice, which sent out little squirts of rain between his fingers,

"how d'ye do, old fellow?" And he gave himself a shake like a Newfoundland dog, which covered me with spray. "I say," he rattled on, "what the deuce do you mean by having your gate so far away from the house, in a climate like this, and why, in the name of Chubb, do you keep it locked? Here's Long Litter down here in the dog-cart, bawling himself hoarse, and swearing that he will either go at the gate full tilt, or try a leap at the iron paling."

"My dear Swilsbury," I replied, gravely wiping the spray out of my eyes, "go back like a good fellow and tell Littermere that I am coming immediately; the gate is locked at night to keep out the donkeys, but, as you very properly say, why, in the name of Chubb, do I keep it locked when, after all my precaution, you can come in?"

I flattered myself that this was rather a hit at Swilsbury, but the honest fellow never felt it in the least. He turned back again down the drive in the brightest humour possible, walking persistently through the deepest puddles, and evidently believing that the rain was as much a Cornish institution, and therefore a thing to be "done," as the mines or the fisheries.

When I went down, a few minutes afterwards, to liberate Littermere, I found Swilsbury sitting joyfully on the gate, pointing steadily, like a weathercock, in the face of the south-wester, and singing in liquid notes about "a wet sheet and a flowing sea," to a tune pretty much of his own composition.

I don't intend going into any long detailed account of all the miseries I endured during the ten mortal days that Littermere and Swilsbury remained in these parts, but I may say generally that ten days of a more amphibious life were never spent by any inhabitant of terra firma, and that I am still laid up with the rheumatism, which I contracted on that occasion. I had hugged the idea, before they came down, that, after all, I could show them only just as many of the Cornish sights as I pleased, but that pet notion was very quickly dispelled. On the very first day, Littermere produced a book, which at once showed me that I was entirely at their mercy. It was a Cornish guide-book. What adequate punishment can possibly be found for the man who wrote that book! Our excursions commenced on the very next day. Swilsbury, if he could have had his wild will, would have started us for the Land's End just one hour after his arrival; but, for a wonder, on that occasion I had Littermere on my side, and we managed together to hold him in check.

That first day, the only one that I passed in dry clothes, was a day of deep plots and wily stratagems, during which they drew up a sketch of the campaign they had come to open.

"As regards the weather, you know," says Littermere, "I am, of course, quite prepared for that. Of course, I knew perfectly well beforehand that it always rained in these parts, although I wasn't aware that it rained so

hard. But that doesn't matter in the least; I am come to see Cornwall as it is. I don't want any special weather for *me*, you know. On the contrary, I should prefer seeing everything under the same aspect as that in which it is generally known to the inhabitants. Among other things, I expect to see the Land's End, and the Lizard, and Michael's Mount, and Kainance Cove, and the Logan Rock, and Restormel Castle, and the Church of St. Neots, and the China Clay Works, and the pilchard fishery, and the deepest mine in the county. And, moreover, though they don't quite like putting it down in the book, I expect to see you, my dear boy, at your natural work—reaping the fruits of the storm, and heading the wreckers of Treslisick."

O! think of me, as I stood battling with the gale on the heights of the Lizard, and drenched to the skin on the beach at Kainance. Think of me, not as a wrecker, but as nearly wrecked, through the clumsiness of Swilsbury, on that dreary midnight voyage, when they would persist in going across the bay, to be present at the "tucking" of the pilchards. Think of me during the whole of that time, facing the wind and rain by sea and land; plunging through Atlantic waves, driving over barren heaths, and swampy tracks, and all to see things which I had seen a dozen times before in bright and pleasant weather. And last of all, think of me when I found myself one fatal day down three hundred fathom deep in the earth, and reflected that I had to climb that distance again before I could rejoin my wife and children!

In the whole of that highly objectionable list, which Littermere and Swilsbury had drawn up of places to "do," the item which was the most offensive was certainly that of "mines." Perhaps my objections to the pilchard project had been almost equally strong, but still I can look back upon that excursion with comparative complacency. Indeed, there was not wanting one moment in that miserable night, when I might almost be said to be carried away by a kind of vindictive joy—a feeling highly reprehensible, no doubt, but still hugely pleasing at the time—and that was when Swilsbury succumbed to the mutability of things, and paid an unwilling tribute to the shrine of Neptune. I confess that when I saw the convulsions of that stubborn frame, there vibrated within me a chord of savage delight. But in the matter of the mines, I can find no palliative whatever.

I have by nature a well-grounded antipathy to mines of all kinds. The fact is, that we have never, as a family, been well treated by them. The Pendraggles, in their generations, have, like all Cornishmen, made their little ventures in these speculations, and the result has always been the same: namely, to cramp the Pendraggle income, and diminish the Pendraggle property. Now, Swilsbury, who was always making odd acquaintances about the place, had fallen in, the day before, with a mining captain, a Captain Dick, and had settled the matter there and then; so that, when

we got to the mouth of the mine, there was the captain waiting to receive us. He was a sinewy-looking little man, of wiry frame, who seemed to have sweated himself down to attenuation point, by repeated descents into the dark pit before us. I was glad to find, however, when we came up to him, that he was not at all disposed to look upon our proposal as a light and trifling matter.

"Now then, gentlemen," he said, "have you quite made up your minds to go down the mine? Remember, I'm going down to inspect the mine thoroughly, so, if you go, you must consent to be down rather longer, perhaps, than you may find pleasant. It isn't altogether *easy* work, gentlemen, going through our mine; you won't be always able to walk upright, you know," looking hard at the long legs of Littermere; "and it's also very hot down there, and very wet," glancing on to Swilsbury, and then to me. "If, however, you *do* go, you must promise to obey my directions, but I warn you that you've got some work before you, and that you'd better not take it in hand unless you feel confident you will be able to carry it through."

I fancied I saw here a kind of last chance of escape, so I nodded my head gravely, in corroboration of all the difficulties that Captain Dick had stated.

But I might have continued nodding to this very day, for any good which that motion produced in the hardened hearts of Littermere and Swilsbury. Of course they felt quite equal to it—what did Captain Dick take them for? Did he suppose they were made of gingerbread? Certainly they were ready to go, and ready to go at once. And Swilsbury made one step towards the ladders, as though with the intention of showing us the way.

"No, no!" said the little captain, running on ahead and stopping him; "you mustn't start like that. The first thing to do is to put on proper dresses, and then you must allow *me* to go first."

The proper dresses turned out to be regular mining dresses. The captain showed us into a room, where we arrayed ourselves in those hateful garments—everything was changed, even to our boots; and, in this last respect, a nice change it was, for the boots that fell to my share were so large and heavy that when once I had set them in motion they seemed to walk me off in any direction they pleased. To crown all, we were furnished with miners' hats, thick enough to fend off any stray rocks that might come tumbling about our heads, and on the top of each of these was fixed a lighted candle, to enable us to grope our way down in the dark abysses.

"And now," said Captain Dick, surveying us all three with great complacency, "if you will follow me, gentlemen, we will begin the descent."

What a descent that was! down, down, ladder after ladder, into the very bowels of the earth, our candles just sufficing to render the thick darkness visible. Down into a hot, clammy, stifling atmosphere, fit only for the lungs of salamanders.

We had not gone very far before Swilsbury volunteered to entertain the company by whistling "The girl I left behind me."

"You mustn't whistle, gentlemen," cried the voice of the little captain from the depths below.

"Why not?" remonstrated Swilsbury from above.

"The miners don't like the sound, and never allow it down here," replied the captain.

Down, down again, tramp, tramp, shifting from ladder to ladder, and getting every time into hotter and closer air. It seemed, however, as though no air could be close enough to keep Swilsbury quiet. Finding all attempts at conversation fail, he had, wonderful to say, been silent for at least five minutes, when he suddenly startled us with a song.

"Cheer, boys, cheer!" Three cheers for merry England!" sang out Swilsbury.

"Gentlemen mustn't sing songs," came up again the imperative voice of Captain Dick.

"Then what may I sing?"

"Well, you may sing a hymn, or a psalm, if you like, sir," replied the captain, "but the miners won't stand anything else being sung down here."

I could hear from a chuckle below me that Littermere was immensely delighted at this last rejoinder. Psalms and hymns not being Swilsbury's forte, we climbed down the remaining ladders in becoming silence. At times the captain would leave the ladders, and go to see some poor wretches at their work, leading us through low tunnels, in which Littermere was continually knocking his head, and smashing his candle, and behaving altogether in a very unminnerly manner. There was no doubt that the captain knew what he was about when he looked at Littermere's legs, for he was getting by far the most done up of the three. As regards Swilsbury, I don't suppose, of course, that anything would ever really do *him* up, but he went along panting, and puffing, and perspiring, and evidently considering that a true enjoyment of the mine consisted in tumbling himself along as carelessly as possible, and in falling recklessly over every little obstacle. I observed that he was especially lively when we were cramped up in the narrowest and lowest passages, and that when we got into very hot parts of the mine his spirits rose, just like a thermometer under similar circumstances.

My feelings I shall not describe, neither do I intend to describe what I saw in the mine; but indeed if I did my description would not be of much value. All that I saw was some poor miserable half-naked men, here and there, working away as in the haze of a steam-bath, and digging at the rock in every uncomfortable position possible. I was told that this rock was copper ore, but, as far as tame appearances went, it might have been anything you pleased. Swilsbury, I remember, took his candle from his hat, and ostentatiously examined some of it, as

though he were about to make a tender for the whole concern, and Littermere got into an inexplicable difficulty with one of the men, by talking to him about "aluminum," but it was always a dreary business. Captain Dick soon moved on again, and never gave much time either for Swilsbury's investigations or Littermere's remarks.

But there is one thing, at any rate, which I do remember, or rather which I shall never forget, and that was when we got to the *bottom* of the mine. We were standing at that time up to our waists in hot water—water really hot enough for an ordinary bath. The little captain commenced an apology, and began to lay the blame upon one of the pumping engines, but Swilsbury interrupted him.

"Don't mention it for one moment, my dear sir," he called out, wallowing in the hot flood like a blanched porpoise; "it's refreshing; I like it."

"And now, Captain Dick," said Littermere, faintly, "we are really, at last, at the bottom of the mine, eh? We are actually, I think you said, three hundred fathom below the surface?"

"Three hundred fathom," Captain Dick corroborated.

"Three hundred fathom?" said Swilsbury, contemptuously. "It's my belief, Captain Dick, that you don't know *how* deep you are. It's my opinion that, if you go much lower, you will find yourself tampering with the antipodes, and will break into Wheal Kangaroo or some such cousin mine in Australia, and be had up for trespassing. At any rate," said Swilsbury to Littermere and me, "here *is* a new sensation! Here we are in a great subterranean hot bath, half boiled and half steamed, at no end of a temperature, our lives depending upon farthing rushlights, and upon the proper working of a pumping engine six hundred yards above our head. Here we are in a place where it is death to whistle or to sing, and where we are entirely at the mercy of this Captain Dick, who might run away and leave us. And remember, Pen-druggles, that if it hadn't been for me, you might have died a degenerate Cornishman, without once having seen the inside of your county."

Here I stop; but I remember our climbing up out of that abyss, and, inasmuch as during that pleasing operation Littermere fainted, and was revived by strong British brandy sent down in the bucket, I suppose that *he* remembers it also.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 85.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER III.

It was a rimy morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. Now, I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarser sort of spiders' webs; hanging itself from twig to twig and blade to blade. On every rail and gate, wet lay clammy; and the marsh-mist was so thick, that the wooden finger on the post directing people to our village—a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there—was invisible to me until I was quite close under it. Then, as I looked up at it, while it dripped, it seemed to my oppressed conscience like a phantom devoting me to the Hulks.

The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marshes, so that instead of my running at everything, everything seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a guilty mind. The gates and dykes and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried as plainly as could be, "A boy with Somebody-else's pork pie! Stop him!" The cattle came upon me with like suddenness, staring out of their eyes, and steaming out of their nostrils, "Halloa, young thief!" One black ox, with a white cravat on—who even had to my awakened conscience something of a clerical air—fixed me so obstinately with his eyes, and moved his blunt head round in such an accusatory manner as I moved round, that I blubbered out to him, "I couldn't help it, sir! It wasn't for myself I took it!" Upon which he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind-legs and a flourish of his tail.

All this time, I was getting on towards the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, to which the damp cold seemed riveted, as the iron was riveted to the leg of the man I was running to meet. I knew my way to the Battery, pretty straight, for I had been down there on a Sunday with Joe, and Joe, sitting on an old gun, had told me that when I was 'prentice to him regularly bound, we would have such Larks there! However, in the con-

fusion of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently had to try back along the river-side, on the bank of loose stones above the mud and the stakes that staked the tide out. Making my way along here with all despatch, I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the Battery, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was towards me, and he had his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be more glad if I came upon him with his breakfast, in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He instantly jumped up, and it was not the same man, but another man!

And yet this man was dressed in coarse grey, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was everything that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat broad-brimmed low-crowned felt hat on. All this, I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in; he swore an oath at me, made a hit at me—it was a round weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it made him stumble—and then he ran into the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

"It's the young man!" I thought, feeling my heart shoot as I identified him. I dare say I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

I was soon at the Battery, after that, and there was the right man—hugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping—waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of deadly cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upwards while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

He was already handing mincemeat down his throat in the most curious manner—more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry, than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor. He shivered all the while, so violently, that it was quite as

much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth, without biting it off.

"I think you have got the ague," said I.

"I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he.

"It's bad about here," I told him. "You've been lying out on the meshes, and they're dreadful aguish. Rheumatic, too."

"I'll eat my breakfast afore they're the death of me," said he. "I'd do that, if I was going to be strung up to that there gallows as there is over there, directly arterwards. I'll beat the shivers so far, I'll bet you."

He was gobbling mincemeat, meat-bone, bread, cheese, and pork pie, all at once: staring distrustfully while he did so at the mist all round us, and often stopping—even stopping his jaws—to listen. Some real or fancied sound, some clink upon the river or breathing of beast upon the marsh, now gave him a start, and he said, suddenly:

"You're not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?"

"No, sir! No!"

"Nor giv' no one the office to follow you?"

"No!"

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young hound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warmint, hunted as near death and dunghill as this poor wretched warmint is!"

Something clicked in his throat, as if he had works in him like a clock, and was going to strike. And he smeared his ragged rough sleeve over his eyes.

Pitying his desolation, and watching him as he gradually settled down upon the pie, I made bold to say, "I am glad you enjoy it."

"Did you speak?"

"I said I was glad you enjoyed it."

"Thankee, my boy. I do."

I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating, and the man's. The man took strong sharp sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful, too soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger in every direction, of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unsettled in his mind over it, to appreciate it comfortably, I thought, or to have anybody to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very like the dog.

"I am afraid you won't leave any of it for him," said I, timidly; after a silence during which I had hesitated as to the politeness of making the remark. "There's no more to be got where that came from." It was the certainty of this fact that impelled me to offer the hint.

"Leave any for him? Who's him?" said my friend, stopping in his crunching of pie-crust.

"The young man. That you spoke of. That was hid with you."

"Oh ah!" he returned, with something like

a gruff laugh. "Him? Yes, yes! *He* don't want no wittles."

"I thought he looked as if he did," said I.

The man stopped eating, and regarded me with the keenest scrutiny and the greatest surprise.

"Looked? When?"

"Just now."

"Where?"

"Yonder," said I, pointing; "over there, where I found him nodding asleep, and thought it was you."

He held me by the collar and stared at me so, that I began to think his first idea about cutting my throat had revived.

"Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat," I explained, trembling; "and—and"—I was very anxious to put this delicately—"and with—the same reason for wanting to borrow a file. Didn't you hear the cannon last night?"

"Then, there *was* firing!" he said to himself.

"I wonder you shouldn't have been sure of that," I returned, "for we heard it up at home, and that's further away, and we were shut in besides."

"Why, see now!" said he. "When a man's alone on these flats, with a light head and a light stomach, perishing of cold and want, he hears nothin' all night, but guns firing, and voices calling. Hears? He sees the soldiers, with their red coats lighted up by the torches carried afore, closing in round him. Hears his number called, hears himself challenged, hears the rattle of the muskets, hears the orders 'Make ready! Present! Cover him steady, men!' and is laid hands on—and there's nothin'! Why, if I see one pursuing party last night—coming up in order, Damn 'em, with their tramp, tramp—I see a hundred. And as to firing! Why, I see the mist shake with the cannon, arter it was broad day.—But this man;" he had said all the rest, as if he had forgotten my being there; "did you notice anything in him?"

"He had a badly bruised face," said I, recalling what I hardly knew I knew.

"Not here?" exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek mercilessly, with the flat of his hand.

"Yes! There!"

"Where is he?" He crammed what little food was left, into the breast of his grey jacket. "Show me the way he went. I'll pull him down, like a bloodhound. Curse this iron on my sore leg! Give us hold of the file, boy."

I indicated in what direction the mist had shrouded the other man, and he looked up at it for an instant. But he was down on the rank wet grass, fling at his iron like a madman, and not minding me or minding his own leg, which had an old chafe upon it and was bloody, but which he handled as roughly as if it had no more feeling in it than the file. I was very much afraid of him again, now that he had worked himself into this fierce hurry, and I was likewise very much afraid of keeping away from home any longer. I told him I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I

could do was to slip off. The last I saw of him, his head was bent over his knee and he was working hard at his fetter, muttering impatient imprecations at it and at his leg. The last I heard of him, I stopped in the mist to listen, and the file was still going.

CHAPTER IV.

I FULLY expected to find a Constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up. But not only was there no Constable there, but no discovery had yet been made of the robbery. Mrs. Joe was prodigiously busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day, and Joe had been put upon the kitchen door-step to keep him out of the dustpan—an article into which his destiny always led him sooner or later, when my sister was vigorously reaping the floors of her establishment.

"And where the deuce ha' *you* been?" was Mrs. Joe's Christmas salutation, when I and my conscience showed ourselves.

I said I had been down to hear the Carols. "Ah! well!" observed Mrs. Joe. "You might ha' done worse." Not a doubt of it, I thought.

"Perhaps if I warn't a blacksmith's wife, and (what's the same thing) a slave with her apron never off, I should have been to hear the Carols," said Mrs. Joe. "I'm rather partial to Carols, myself, and that's the best of reasons for my never hearing any."

Joe, who had ventured into the kitchen after me as the dustpan had retired before us, drew the back of his hand across his nose with a conciliatory air when Mrs. Joe darted a look at him, and, when her eyes were withdrawn, secretly crossed his two forefingers, and exhibited them to me, as our token that Mrs. Joe was in a cross temper. This was so much her normal state, that Joe and I would often, for weeks together, be, as to our fingers, like monumental Crusaders as to their legs.

We were to have a superb dinner, consisting of a leg of pickled pork and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince-pie had been made yesterday morning (which accounted for the mincemeat not being missed), and the pudding was already on the boil. These extensive arrangements occasioned us to be cut off unceremoniously in respect of breakfast; "for I an't," said Mrs. Joe, "I an't a going to have no formal cramming and busting and washing up now, with what I've got before me, I promise you!"

So, we had our slices served out, as if we were two thousand troops on a forced march instead of a man and boy at home; and we took gulps of milk and water, with apologetic countenances, from a jug on the dresser. In the mean time, Mrs. Joe put clean white curtains up, and tacked a new flowered-flounce across the wide chimney to replace the old one, and uncovered the little state parlour across the passage, which was never uncovered at any other time, but passed the rest of the year in a cool haze of silver paper, which even extended to the four little white crockery poodles on the mantel-

shelf, each with a black nose and a basket of flowers in his mouth, and each the counterpart of the other. Mrs. Joe was a very clean house-keeper, but had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and some people do the same by their religion.

My sister having so much to do, was going to church vicariously; that is to say, Joe and I were going. In his working clothes, Joe was a well-knit characteristic-looking blacksmith; in his holiday clothes, he was more like a scarecrow in good circumstances, than anything else. Nothing that he wore then, fitted him or seemed to belong to him; and everything that he wore then, grazed him. On the present festive occasion he emerged from his room, when the blithe bells were going, the picture of misery, in a full suit of Sunday penitentials. As to me, I think my sister must have had some general idea that I was a young offender whom an *Accoucheur Policeman* had taken up (on my birthday) and delivered over to her, to be dealt with according to the outraged majesty of the law. I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born, in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of my best friends. Even when I was taken to have a new suit of clothes, the tailor had orders to make them like a kind of Reformatory, and on no account to let me have the free use of my limbs.

Joe and I going to church, therefore, must have been a moving spectacle for compassionate minds. Yet, what I suffered outside, was nothing to what I underwent within. The terrors that had assailed me whenever Mrs. Joe had gone near the pantry, or out of the room, were only to be equalled by the remorse with which my mind dwelt on what my hands had done. Under the weight of my wicked secret, I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young man, if I divulged to that establishment. I conceived the idea that the time when the banns were read and when the clergyman said, "Ye are now to declare it!" would be the time for me to rise and propose a private conference in the vestry. I am far from being sure that I might not have astonished our small congregation by resorting to this extreme measure, but for its being Christmas Day and no Sunday.

Mr. Wopsle, the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble the wheelwright and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook (Joe's uncle, but Mrs. Joe appropriated him), who was a well-to-do corn-chandler in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half-past one. When Joe and I got home, we found the table laid, and Mrs. Joe dressed, and the dinner dressing, and the front door unlocked (it never was, at any other time) for the company to enter by, and everything most splendid. And still, not a word of the robbery.

The time came, without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company came. Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of; indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the Amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm—always giving the whole verse—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this style!"

I opened the door to the company—making believe that it was a habit of ours to open that door—and I opened it first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook. N.B. I was not allowed to call him uncle, under the severest penalties.

"Mrs. Joe," said Uncle Pumblechook: a large hard-breathing middle-aged slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been all but choked, and had that moment come to; "I have brought you, as the compliments of the season—I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine—and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine."

Every Christmas Day he presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words, and carrying the two bottles like dumbbells. Every Christmas Day, Mrs. Joe replied, as she now replied, "Oh, Un—cle Pum—ble—chook! This is kind!" Every Christmas Day, he retorted, as he now retorted, "It's no more than your merits. And now are you all bob-bish, and how's Sixpennorth of halfpence?" meaning me.

We dined on these occasions in the kitchen, and adjourned, for the nuts and oranges and apples, to the parlour; which was a change very like Joe's change from his working clothes to his Sunday dress. My sister was uncommonly lively on the present occasion, and indeed was generally more gracious in the society of Mrs. Hubble than in any other company. I remember Mrs. Hubble as a little curly sharp-edged person in sky-blue, who held a conventionally juvenile position, because she had married Mr. Hubble—I don't know at what remote period—when she was much younger than he. I remember Mr. Hubble as a tough high-shouldered stooping old man, of a sawdusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart: so that in my short days I always saw some miles of open country between them when I met him coming up the lane.

Among this good company, I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. Not because I was squeezed in at an acute angle of the tablecloth, with the table

in my chest, and the Pumblechookian elbow in my eye, nor because I was not allowed to speak (I didn't want to speak), nor because I was regaled with the scaly tips of the drumsticks of the fowls, and with those obscure corners of pork of which the pig, when living, had had the least reason to be vain. No; I should not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn't leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity lost, if they failed to point the conversation at me, every now and then, and stick the point into me. I might have been an unfortunate little bull in a Spanish arena, I got so smartingly touched up by these moral goads.

It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation—as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in Hamlet with Richard the Third—and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low reproachful voice, "Do you hear that? Be grateful."

"Especially," said Mr. Pumblechook, "be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand."

Mrs. Hubble shook her head, and contemplated me with a mournful presentiment that I should come to no good, asked, "Why is it that the young are never grateful?" This moral mystery seemed too much for the company until Mr. Hubble tersely solved it by saying, "Naturally vicious." Everybody then murmured "True!" and looked at me in a particularly unpleasant and personal manner.

Joe's station and influence were something feeble (if possible) when there was company, than when there was none. But he always aided and comforted me when he could, in some way of his own, and he always did so at dinner-time by giving me gravy, if there were any. There being plenty of gravy to-day, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half a pint.

A little later on in the dinner, Mr. Wopsle reviewed the sermon with some severity, and intimated—in the usual hypothetical case of the Church being "thrown open"—what kind of sermon *he* would have given them. After favouring them with some heads of that discourse, he remarked that he considered the subject of the day's homily, ill chosen; which was the less excusable, he added, when there were so many subjects "going about."

"True again," said Uncle Pumblechook. "You've hit it, sir! Plenty of subjects going about, for them that know how to put salt upon their tails. That's what's wanted. A man needn't go far to find a subject, if he's ready with his salt-box." Mr. Pumblechook added, after a short interval of reflection, "Look at Pork alone. There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork!"

"True, sir. Many a moral for the young," returned Mr. Wopsle; and I knew he was going to lug me in, before he said it; "might be deduced from that text."

("You listen to this," said my sister to me, in a severe parenthesis.)

Joe gave me some more gravy.

"Swine," pursued Mr. Wopsle, in his deepest voice, and pointing his fork at my blushes, as if he were mentioning my christian name; "Swine were the companions of the prodigal. The gluttony of Swine is put before us, as an example to the young." (I thought this pretty well in him who had been praising up the pork for being so plump and juicy.) "What is detestable in a pig, is more detestable in a boy."

"Or girl," suggested Mr. Hubble.

"Of course, or girl, Mr. Hubble," assented Mr. Wopsle, rather irritably, "but there is no girl present."

"Besides," said Mr. Pumblechook, turning sharp on me, "think what you've got to be grateful for. If you'd been born a Squeaker——"

"He *was*, if ever a child was," said my sister, most emphatically.

Joe gave me some more gravy.

"Well, but I mean a four-footed Squeaker," said Mr. Pumblechook. "If you had been born such, would you have been here now? Not you——"

"Unless in that form," said Mr. Wopsle, nodding towards the dish.

"But I don't mean in that form, sir," returned Mr. Pumblechook, who had an objection to being interrupted; "I mean, enjoying himself with his elders and betters, and improving himself with their conversation, and rolling in the lap of luxury. Would he have been doing that? No, he wouldn't. And what would have been your destination?" turning on me again. "You would have been disposed of for so many shillings according to the market price of the article, and Dunstable the butcher would have come up to you as you lay in your straw, and he would have whipped you under his left arm, and with his right he would have tucked up his frock to get a penknife from out of his waistcoat-pocket, and he would have shed your blood and had your life. No bringing up by hand then. Not a bit of it!"

Joe offered me more gravy, which I was afraid to take.

"He was a world of trouble to you, ma'am," said Mrs. Hubble, commiserating my sister.

"Trouble?" echoed my sister; "trouble?" And then entered on a fearful catalogue of all the illnesses I had been guilty of, and all the acts of sleeplessness I had committed, and all the high places I had tumbled from, and all the low places I had tumbled into, and all the injuries I had done myself, and all the times she had wished me in my grave and I had contumaciously refused to go there.

I think the Romans must have aggravated one another very much, with their noses. Perhaps, they became the restless people they were, in consequence. Anyhow, Mr. Wopsle's Roman nose so aggravated me, during the recital of my misdemeanours, that I should have liked to pull it until he howled. But, all I had endured up to this time, was nothing in comparison with the

awful feelings that took possession of me when the pause was broken which ensued upon my sister's recital, and in which pause everybody had looked at me (as I felt painfully conscious) with indignation and abhorrence.

"Yet," said Mr. Pumblechook, leading the company gently back to the theme from which they had strayed, "Pork—regarded as biled—is rich, too; ain't it?"

"Have a little brandy, uncle," said my sister.

O Heavens, it had come at last! He would find it was weak, he would say it was weak, and I was lost! I held tight to the leg of the table under the cloth, with both hands, and awaited my fate.

My sister went for the stone bottle, came back with the stone bottle, and poured his brandy out: no one else taking any. The wretched man trifled with his glass—took it up, looked at it through the light, put it down—prolonged my misery. All this time, Mrs. Joe and Joe were briskly clearing the table for the pie and pudding.

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Always holding tight by the leg of the table with my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature finger his glass playfully, take it up, smile, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off. Instantly afterwards, the company were seized with unspeakable consternation, owing to his springing to his feet, turning round several times in an appalling spasmodic whooping-cough dance, and rushing out at the door; he then became visible through the window, violently plunging and expectorating, making the most hideous faces, and apparently out of his mind.

I held on tight, while Mrs. Joe and Joe ran to him. I didn't know how I had done it, but I had no doubt I had murdered him somehow. In my dreadful situation, it was a relief when he was brought back, and, surveying the company all round as if *they* had disagreed with him, sank down into his chair with the one significant gasp, "Tar!"

I had filled up the bottle from the tar-water jug. I knew he would be worse by-and-by. I moved the table, like a Medium of the present day, by the vigour of my unseen hold upon it.

"Tar!" cried my sister, in amazement. "Why, how ever could Tar come there?"

But, Uncle Pumblechook, who was omnipotent in that kitchen, wouldn't hear the word, wouldn't hear of the subject, imperiously waved it all away with his hand, and asked for hot gin-and-water. My sister, who had begun to be alarmingly meditative, had to employ herself actively in getting the gin, the hot water, the sugar, and the lemon-peel, and mixing them. For the time at least, I was saved. I still held on the leg of the table, but clutched it now with the fervour of gratitude.

By degrees, I became calm enough to release my grasp and partake of pudding. Mr. Pumblechook partook of pudding. All partook of pudding. The course terminated, and Mr. Pumblechook had begun to beam under the genial influence of gin-and-water. I began to think I

should get over the day, when my sister said to Joe, "Clean plates—cold."

I clutched the leg of the table again immediately, and pressed it to my bosom as if it had been the companion of my youth and friend of my soul. I foresaw what was coming, and I felt that this time I really was gone.

"You must taste," said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace, "you must taste, to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook's!"

Must they! Let them not hope to taste it!

"You must know," said my sister, rising, "it's a pie; a savoury pork pie."

The company murmured their compliments. Uncle Pumblechook, sensible of having deserved well of his fellow-creatures, said—quite vivaciously, all things considered—"Well, Mrs. Joe, we'll do our best endeavours; let us have a cut at this same pie."

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I saw reawakening appetite in the Roman nostrils of Mr. Wopsle. I heard Mr. Hubble remark that "a bit of savoury pork pie would lay atop of anything you could mention, and do no harm," and I heard Joe say, "You shall have some, Pip." I have never been absolutely certain whether I uttered a shrill yell of terror, merely in spirit, or in the bodily hearing of the company. I felt that I could bear no more, and that I must run away. I released the leg of the table, and ran for my life.

But, I ran no further than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets: one of whom held out a pair of handcuffs to me, saying: "Here you are, look sharp, come on!"

WAITING FOR CAPUA.

THIRTY-FOUR days, and little Capua is still coquetting with her persevering, if not too pressing, suitors; now affecting to sleep, but ever keeping open one bright vigilant eye; now closing her lips for days, only to startle the echoes of the Campagna Felice with accents that would outscold Xantippe; keeping us the besiegers (to be plain) in a state of excitement and watchfulness that goes near to render the siege, which has hitherto been a pleasure, a scarcely mitigated bore. What does the little vixen mean? Well she knows that her intrepid lover, Giuseppe of the victorious band, is, indeed, the soldier of humanity, and that, though one hour's wooing with his mortars might bring her to his feet, she is safe from that stern summons.

Waiting for something to fall, that *must* fall, whether it be tree, or city, or considerable landed estate, has the invariable effect of clogging the wheel of time; it accordingly seems about two years since Capua, one fine October morning, adventured a sortie, and threw Naples herself into a flutter: when Giuseppe Garibaldi appeared, and, with his own hand, flung her back, clipping her tail feathers as she flew.

Since that memorable epoch, we have been gradually fortifying against such another little alarm, which caused a most wanton sacrifice of tricolored flags and nascent opinions of freedom, and beguiled persons of courtly leanings into indiscreet prophecies not justified by the event. I think it must have been about fourteen months ago, that we placed another twelve-pounder in position. It appears to have been many weeks subsequent to *this*, that a new battery was marked out, though not absolutely begun. Within more recent recollection, two boats, out of the twenty required to bridge the Voltorno, were noticed in a backward state of unpreparation. And lastly—quite lately, indeed—a Piedmontese soldier was clearly distinguishable on the slopes of distant Teano. Things are coming to a crisis. It will be well to take up a position near the front, say at Santa Maria, and with an occasional glance at Naples when there is nothing doing, hold ourselves in readiness for anything that may occur. And, judging from our own note-book, we are in excellent season.

Oct. 13. The enemy did a little firing at our silent batteries, but could not draw them into argument. They fired with great precision, but, our people being under shelter, one only was touched—shot through the arm. The enemy apparently massing troops on the right and left, their patrols and videttes being plainly visible. A traitor on our side, last night, found means to plant a long rod or wand in rear of Dowling's guns, concealed on the road at St. Sorio, so that their position might be visible to the enemy on the opposite hill. A quantity of ammunition was also scattered in the ditch. St. Dash's report of the day, informs the general that "appearances in general indicate an attack."

Oct. 14. The long-expected English battalion arrived in two steamers, after a protracted voyage, seven hundred and eighty strong; but were not permitted to land, either because nothing was ready for them, or (politer explanation) that the authorities desired to afford time for the people to get up an ovation.

Oct. 15. Last night the enemy walked off with an entire picket, an officer and sixteen men. Very early in the morning, two battalions of riflemen came out, and attacked a position near St. Angelo, hitherto occupied by the division Medici. These had, however, been withdrawn, and the enemy found himself in contact with the flower of the Piedmontese army—the Bersaglieri—who speedily drove them off, taking twenty prisoners.

Our friend St. Dash had a narrow escape to-day. He had stopped to speak to General Corti, and was in the act of turning away, when a large fragment of shell struck the general's horse on the head. The poor animal's jaw hung down, and he span wildly round and round, upsetting the rider—who was happily untouched. Had the conversation lasted a moment longer, St. Dash could hardly have escaped.

The English battalion disembarked to-day, half-stunned with applause, and half-suffocated

with flowers—a fine body of half-drilled fellows, with rather insubordinate-looking faces, and a decidedly hungry expression in their eyes. No wonder. On board of one of the vessels, they had been reduced, for the last three days, to biscuit and salt butter. Some unfortunate mal-arrangement has already begun to betray itself, in dissensions among the officers; and the most popular among them, he to whose exertions such efficiency as the regiment could boast was really due, had scarcely set foot on shore, when he was placed under arrest. Although the regiment had been expected for a fortnight, and had been actually in harbour twenty-four hours, no rations were prepared for the famished men. After being marched to barracks, they were turned loose upon the town; such as had money being left to provide themselves; such as had not, receiving about fourpence—with which, ignorant of the language and the price and character of food, they were expected to purchase a meal.

From causes not here pretended to be analysed, certain it is that fortune has rarely smiled upon those military expeditions in which Englishmen array themselves under the banners of a foreign power. Some tincture of disrepute invariably attaches to them. Viewed with disfavour at home, the noble fortitude and courage which is inseparable from banded Englishmen, have often proved powerless to redeem the bad fortune which has attended their career.

Oct. 16. Little or no firing to-day, but constant movement of the enemy's troops keeping us on the alert. The English regiment pushed on to Caserta, where they were inspected and addressed by their gallant colonel (Peard); also by the Countess de la Torre, who wore a very pretty dress, difficult to describe—but there were trousers in it—a light, and perhaps serviceable, sabre, and a few pistols. Her speech was as concise as one of Suwarrow's bulletins: "Ingis! I am whiz you always."

Let us hope the lady will not adhere too closely to this pledge. The battalion has evidently yet to learn discipline: a fault which might lead their constant associate into positions of difficulty.

Loud cheers followed the little address above mentioned, and these were redoubled on the arrival, a few minutes later, of a large hamper of excellent wine: a gift from the lady. But, alas for popularity! no sooner did it become known that the rosy stream was to flow for the officers alone, than the enthusiasm sank to zero. Hoarse murmurs succeeded, and

"What the (Hades) does this Countess Toarey mean by humbuggin' us?" growled the mouth-piece of company No. 1.

Nevertheless, honour to the Countess de la Torre, whose generous efforts on behalf of the wounded cannot be too highly commended.

Oct. 17. While at breakfast, two heavy guns, followed by a smart fusilade, the latter close at hand, caused us to hurry into the street. On reaching the ruins of the amphitheatre we found a portion of the British regiment stationed in the square, while the officers were

doing their utmost to recal two companies, who had sallied forth on their own account into the adjacent wood, and, under the very noses of the enemy, were trying their new rifles against the thrushes and tomits! The fire was well sustained, the men having received forty rounds of rifle ammunition each. Garibaldi sent an aide-de-camp at full speed to learn the meaning of the fire; but it was not until one unfortunate Piedmontese soldier on outpost duty had been shot dead by a glancing ball, that the stragglers were reassembled, coming in like sulky children, half inclined to rebel.

"What do these fellows mean by going on in this way without orders?" said an English gentleman, standing near.

"What do *you* mean by 'fellows'?" retorted one of the legionaries: "That man's father," (pointing to a comrade) "is worth two thousand a year!"

Went with Colonel D'Anonymous and General Wheat (an American officer of some distinction, who has brought to Garibaldi a cannon of his own invention) to examine a new battery at St. Angelo—designed to cover the passage of the river.

To-night, an alarm: a distant bugle sounded the assembly, others took it up, then the drums. The transition from the most profound quiet to universal bustle was striking enough to the uninitiated. The night was intensely dark, as we groped our way towards the Capua gate, passing the troops hastily collecting in the square. The artillery horses were already out and harnessed, but not yet attached to the guns. At the gate, everybody was on the alert, listening and forming conjectures. No firing was to be heard, but we learned that before our arrival some rifle-shots had been heard at the outposts. Presently, a general, whose face we could not recognise in the gloom, galloped up, attended by his aides and orderlies, and was informed that one of our patrols had seen a large body of the enemy moving in the wood, and had heard the bugles of a corps d'élite rarely employed but when the enemy are in earnest. Nothing, however, came of it; and, after waiting under arms for an hour, the troops were dismissed.

Oct. 19th. The English regiment were in action to-day about eleven A.M. They occupied a farm-house at the outpost; the enemy lay in a rival farm and adjacent fields, bounded by thick hedges. One company of the English advanced, skirmishing, supported by two others; the Piedmontese on their left; Captain Cowper, with four guns, in their rear, in readiness for contingencies. The men behaved admirably, driving the enemy from the fields and house, but having little conception of cover, suffered some loss—among others, Mr. Tucker, a gentleman well known and highly esteemed. An officer who was within a pace or two of him when he fell, told me he was without arms, and had just quitted the cover of a tree, with his hands clasped behind him—his favourite attitude—when a ball struck him on the forehead,

and he sank forward a corpse, with his hands still clasped behind him.

Oct. 20. After breakfast, drove to St. Angelo; hardly a soldier to be seen. Surprised at this unusual tranquillity we went on to the post at St. Torio, where the officer in command informed St. Dash that he was in treaty with the enemy! An entire battalion had signified their wish to come across the river to-night. How to contrive their passage was the difficulty. The river at this point is a hundred and twenty feet wide, and thirty deep, with very precipitous banks. No boat was to be had, but a rope might perhaps be got across, by help of which such as dared might venture.

As a gun of ours was at this time sending an occasional shell over our heads at the enemy and alarming the country people, who were the medium of his little negotiation, St. Dash sent an orderly with a request to suspend the firing, and we then walked down the hitherto perilous road to the bank, when several of the enemy advanced, without arms, and making signs of "amicizia," while they strove to make us further comprehend that their own sentries formed the principal obstacle. The plan did not succeed. No sooner had the preliminaries commenced, after dark, than a shower of rifle-shots convinced our people of its impracticability.

Oct. 23. Nothing of interest, in front, excepting the removal of almost all the Sardinian troops to Maddaloni, leaving Capua in charge of the Garibaldians. The exaggerated credit given to the former for the share they had in the action of the first of October (purposely exaggerated, because it was held politic, pending the vote of annexation, to show how essential was Sardinian military aid), has given much umbrage to the Garibaldisi: to lessen which, the place of honour has been conceded to them.

A curious camp incident; which it is not law for a civilian to criticise; he may merely record it as unquestionable fact.

The intrepid leader of the English battalion aroused his men about midnight, and announced to them his intention of taking Capua at once. Three guides had been provided, and fifty men more told off, to lead the way. How the walls were to be scaled and the ditch crossed, nobody knew: certainly no means were furnished for these little preliminaries. Somewhat staggered at the manifest hopelessness of such an attempt, the officers held a hasty consultation, and three of their number waited upon the general of their division, Medici, requesting his opinion. The general declined absolutely to countermand the movement, but contented himself with declaring that he would have nothing to do with so mad a scheme. In the mean time, the colonel had gone forward with twenty men, halting once to send back for fifty more, and again for a hundred more. With most of these he arrived within a stone's throw of Capua: having, by the way, laid open the skull of one of the guides for having, as he said, misled them. Here, he lay perdu till near dawn, when it became advisable

to retire. On the following day, fifty men quitted his regiment, and formed themselves into an artillery company, under Colonel Dowling.

Oct. 25. Returned from Naples this morning, taking two friends and the sister of one of them, who was going to visit the wounded English. At Caserta, we found that Garibaldi had shifted his head-quarters to Santa Maria. Nearly all the troops gone forward, and strong reports of an action near St. Angelo. Aides-de-camp had been sent out to investigate, but none had returned. Advised not to take ladies any further—a warning which of course induced the ladies of our party to insist on being taken at least as far as Santa Maria. Nothing occurred, except that Garibaldi crossed the river on a bridge of boats, to join Victor Emmanuel.

A deserter was smuggled out of Capua, in what was carelessly described as a "tea-kettle;" probably one of the large coppers in which the soldiers' soup is made. He reported that but two weak battalions are left in the town.

Oct. 27. A loud explosion in Capua, aroused us in the night—a magazine, or possibly blowing up some of the stores, before surrender.

Left, at seven A.M., for St. Angelo. Some heavy firing on the left, chiefly from the city. All the troops under arms, on either side of the road—a very animated spectacle. The fire increased, everything indicating a serious action; St. Dash rubbed his hands with delight. The coachman showing symptoms of discomfort, we abandoned our chariot, and proceeded across the fields; climbing to the top of a shattered farm, we saw what was passing. A strong column had left Capua by the Santa Maria gate, had driven in our outposts, and occupied several of our farms. The heavy guns covering their advance, shelled one of these houses so severely, that a Calabrese battalion which occupied it retired without the ceremony of waiting for orders. In consequence of this, other posts had to be withdrawn also, until the troops, hastily collected from St. Angelo, recovered the lost positions. This operation cost a considerable amount of gunpowder, but very little life: the enemy falling back almost immediately.

Another strange incident, in connexion with the English battalion, occurred this morning, some leagues from hence. Doubtless it will be related with the usual exaggerations and inaccuracies. I note it down, from the perfectly coincident statements of two eye-witnesses—acquaintances of my own, both formerly in her Majesty's service. It seems that the regiment, owing to some mismanagement, had received no other rations, while on the march with Garibaldi, than two biscuits a day. Murmuring and straggling were the consequences; and on this, the third day of such frugal fare, complaints had been made of plunder: the country people alleging that a Piedmontese officer who had interposed to protect a farm-house, had been fired upon by the British pilferers. It was even affirmed that a priest had been murdered by them. Grave doubts existed as to these last charges, but, like most circumstantial fibs well

told, they obtained a certain degree of credence. It was at this unluckily moment that the priest who always accompanies Garibaldi, appeared, bringing five English soldiers prisoners, escorted by a party of the general's foot-lancers, and bearing a verbal request from him that the colonel should deal with them according to their deserts. Whether the colonel understood Garibaldi's message in its severest sense, or whether a certain degree of excitement under which he had been labouring, clouded his calmer judgment, cannot be known. The course he adopted was to address the culprits as follows:

"You are ruffianly thieves, and have brought disgrace upon the British name. The general desires that I should punish you as you deserve. You will now be *shot*."

As might be expected, there was an universal movement. The men who were sitting round their camp-fires, started up and gathered about the prisoners in a disorderly crowd. Some few caught up their arms with meaning looks. The prisoners themselves offered some agitated remonstrance: one, vowing he had only taken a fowl, and had offered payment for that: another speaking of his wife and children. The colonel replied by ordering two men from each company to form the firing party. Mr. D. now stepped forward, and, in the character of an old Sicilian comrade and friend, begged the colonel to consider the responsibility he was incurring, in taking the lives of these five men without even the form of trial.

"You do not belong to the regiment, sir," was the reply, "and I cannot permit you to interfere."

By this time, the battalion was in a state of open mutiny. It being evident that the order to execute the men, would not be obeyed, the colonel sent a hasty report to Garibaldi of the state of affairs, and demanded instructions.

"Shoot *two* of them," responded the chief.

This was found equally impracticable, and another message was sent, requesting that an Italian regiment might be marched to the spot, to execute the sentence.

"I cannot," returned Garibaldi, "allow any English soldier to suffer the disgrace of being executed by any hands but those of his own countrymen. Let the men be pardoned."

They were reserved, however, for trial, and probably for some minor penalty. Thus ended this painful scene; one of the strangest features of which was, that he whose sudden severity had nearly provoked a dangerous outbreak, is ordinarily no less thoughtful and humane than he is brave.

Oct. 29. To-day, a little battle. Firing began, very coaxingly, just as we were considering how to pass the day. Obtained a new pass from General Milwitz—having lost my own—and drove out, picking up Generals Wheat and Jackson, who had been unable to procure horses. A good deal of firing from the town, and a small roll of musketry all along the left of our line. Leaving the carriage on the road, we cut across the fields towards the "scrimmage,"

meeting many wounded, being borne away. An aide-de-camp galloped past from the front, and a minute or two later our carriage came tearing over the cross-roads at frantic speed, urged on by the aide-de-camp, pistol in hand! Our driver made helpless signs to us, intimating that he would return, if he could; and we were speculating as to what superior officer had been hit—fearing it might be General Avezzano, who was in command in front, and to whom we were bound—when the carriage returned, bringing Colonel Fabrizzi, of the general staff, fearfully wounded by a shell in the thigh, arm, and head. Proceeding onward, we found the brave old general, Avezzano, where, of course, he had no business to be—among his skirmishers—doing the duty of a captain, because he did not choose to confide it to another. After a few minutes here, we sat down in the centre of a Calabrese battalion who were sheltered from the enemy's fire by the crest of a little hill. Round its base, swept a dry watercourse, leading direct from the enemy's position, and down which, if the attack was pressed, they were expected to come. An hour passed—the firing died away—and again we returned home disappointed.

Oct. 30. Heavy firing from Capua kept the troops on the alert. Walked out alone to St. Angelo, and, from the sand-bag battery, witnessed a smart little action. The day was bright and still, and the atmosphere so clear, that not a puff of the rifle-smoke nor the glister of a bayonet was lost. A large body of the enemy suddenly issued from the town, and, moving in loose order across the open ground, occupied a number of rifle-pits they have dug, and from thence opened a well-sustained fire on our people lining the wood. The movement was covered by a heavy fire from the works: the shells dropping into the wood, and the nearest farm-buildings, with an accuracy to which the number of wounded brought to the rear soon bore witness. In about half an hour, a second body came out. These were followed by two squadrons of cavalry, who, keeping well out of fire, manœuvred on their rear and right: their object being apparently, to guard against a rush upon the rifle-pits. Our line was strongly reinforced, and extended to the left; but no closer conflict took place, and in a couple of hours the enemy retired. Those extraordinary troops—the Calabresi—who sometimes fight like lions, and sometimes act like curs, to-day had a fit of the latter propensity. An officer told me, that of seven hundred men who were ordered forward, only one hundred could be brought to the scratch.

Oct. 31. In great expectation that the bombardment would commence to-day. It proved, on the contrary, to be the quietest day we have had for some time. The town is now completely invested; the Sardinians having passed their approaches within range, on the opposite side, and our batteries on *this*, only awaiting the signal. Garibaldi, who never made an offensive movement (unless the unopposed passage of the Volturno could be so regarded) after the arrival

of the Piedmontese, has resigned the command to Sirtori.

Nov. 1. Drove out with a friend to the bridge of St. Torio; leaving the carriage, we crossed over, ascended the hill, Jerusalem, and visited the four-gun battery of the enemy, with which we had fought an unsuccessful duel on the tenth of October. Returning to St. Torio, we encountered St. Dash and Cowper. The latter proposed to us to go down and visit a new mortar-battery established about six hundred yards from the walls in readiness to begin. As all seemed quiet, and it was now nearly four o'clock, the idea of a bombardment to-day, grew fainter; we therefore strolled down to the spot, and found what Cowper described as a remarkably pretty work—the most alluring part of which was, certainly, a little bomb-proof bower, into whose recesses it was not, however, permissible to enter. It was, in effect, the magazine. A great mamma-mortar, and a little daughter-mortar with a movable chin, together with a twenty-four pounder, comprised the armament; an enormous grandmamma-mortar, drawn by sixteen oxen, having sunk down helpless in the adjoining field. Owing to the height of the sand-bag parapet, and the surrounding trees, the city was wholly invisible; but a couple of steel rods placed on the parapet were supposed to be in a direct line between the mortar's mouth and the cross on the cathedral.

Being thus near the walls, a fancy seized a member of our party to advance still nearer. Accordingly, availing ourselves of what shelter we could, we crept gradually forward, until we were almost within speaking distance of the enemy, whose artillerymen lined the ramparts in crowds. A few paces beyond the last trees there was a small shed, with a roof but no walls; and this commanded so complete a view, that, trusting to the politeness of our friends on the wall, we ventured thus far, and were calmly using our opera-glasses, when Cowper's experienced eye detected a quiet movement, and we became aware that a gun was revolving silently in our direction.

It was useless to walk away, and it is not held pretty to run. We had to stand our ground, come what might. It came—a shell—well enough aimed in point of distance, but too much to the left, my friends! We dropped, and the fragments whistled among the trees. As we moved off, they sent us a present of grape, with no better effect. Scarcely had we set foot once more in the mortar-battery, than up went a signal from the hill of St. Angelo, whither King Victor Emmanuel had “come to see,” and whiz! went from our battery the first bomb against Capua. Quick as lightning, the enemy returned it with a splendid shot from a gun that had probably been laid for hours waiting to reply. The shell passed close to my friend's head, who had climbed up to peep over the parapet; went between a horse's legs; and exploded in the rear of the work, without mischief. The thundering now became incessant. We had five batteries at work; the Sardinians three; while the city,

firing from three faces, beat us all to nothing in rapidity and skill.

A poor sergeant in our battery was hit on the left side by a large fragment of shell that passed nearly through his body.

“Ahi, signor capitano! Son morto,” he gasped out to Cowper, who stood upon the parapet, watching the effect of our shells.

Cowper leaped to the ground and crammed two handkerchiefs into the frightful wound; but the poor fellow died as he was borne away.

Returning from the hill of St. Angelo, whence we witnessed the remainder of the contest, we learned that the entire loss was only five killed and twenty wounded. One of our batteries had received no less than forty shots, and was entirely silenced. The advantage, in fact, had all been on the side of our antagonists, who had sustained little or no damage. On the following morning, Capua, admitting that we were too much for her, hung out the white flag, and sent out nine thousand men to deposit their glittering arms upon the glacis.

They did not seem unhappy.

WATER EVERYWHERE.

THERE are worse things to gossip about, than geology, than the chronicles of the earthquake and volcano, the flood and the geyser, the olden times of the mighty lizards and mammoths. By means of such gossip, the reader may acquire a knowledge of the essentials of the science, and the writer may teach many weighty truths, without everlastingly using repellantly learned words and phrases. This is what PROFESSOR ANSTED has undertaken to do by his admirable *Geological Gossip*, and we hope that in return for his very successful achievement, he will not be torn limb from limb by those devotees of science who consider an impracticable phraseology as an integral part of every orthodox creed.

To a vast number of persons, beyond the immediate interest taken in a flood or a drought, the doings of the great waters are of little moment. They know that without rain, corn and grass will turn to useless stubble; that the flower will no longer bloom, and the deep-rooted tree will wither in the ground; but they no more think of the mighty chemistry involved in the question, than the schoolboy who is told that “three-fourths of the globe are covered with water,” and that water “enters largely into the composition of plants and animals.”

Water is the blood and chyle of this crusted globe; without water there could be no life, as we understand the term—no stir and bustle. “Death would reign everywhere, silence and stillness would take the place of that universal movement which now characterises our earth. The face of nature would present a dreary blank, in which the intensest glare of sunshine would alternate with the intense blackness of perfect night.” Of all the agents concerned in the transformation continually going on in our earth, the first place must

be assigned to water. Magnetism, central heat—if there be such a power—the earthquake, and the volcano, play their parts; but one far inferior to that effected by this mighty fluid, without the aid of which the earth would be no better fitted for the home of animated beings than in the days when, a boundless waste of rocks glowing like a furnace, it swept through the cold and silent fields of ether.

For, after all, the six or seven thousand earthquakes catalogued by Mr. Mallett and Professor Perry, of Dijon, have not produced any particular effects except in the immediate neighbourhood of the Andes, the Mediterranean, and Iceland; their action all over Europe has been productive of less results than that of the sea on the coast of England alone. Like the volcano and the hurricane, they rivet the attention; but the first Napoleon caused more deaths than all the earthquakes since the days of Noah; the cupidity of ship-owners and the supineness of sailors have lost more ships and lives than all the storms that ever blew; the filthy state of our towns sends more souls to Hades than all put together. Plague, pestilence, war, and famine, yield to dirt.

For the information and comfort of those who feel interested in earthquakes, it may be useful to remark that they can have an earthquake at any speed they like, from six or seven miles per minute at California, to thirty-four miles at Lisbon; and as there is an earthquake every nine days on an average, with a preponderance in cold weather and at the new and full moon, they may, according to the new tables, almost rely upon having one sooner or later; indeed, by waiting long enough, they may enjoy the excitement of one at home, as there have been a hundred and eleven in the first half of this century in the British Isles. They are, however, very poor affairs, and ought not to be compared with the fearful shattering throes on the coasts of the Mediterranean and the shores of Iceland. Mr. David Milne, indeed, wants us to believe that there is a central point of disturbance, a sort of hotbed of mischief, just below our island, capable of breaking the backbone of the country; but it is difficult to believe in earthquakes here. They have gone out of date with the great wealden lizard and the mammoths.

The water-changes which take place in our globe, are not effected by the great rivers and lakes, though they do their part, but by the tiny stream and humble water-shed. Men are struck by the picture of the Ganges, rushing in the flood season at the rate of nine miles an hour, and bearing every year seven thousand million tons of mud to the Bay of Bengal; of the Mississippi, rending away whole islands; of the cataracts of Niagara, and the unparalleled majesty of the Amazons; of the tidal wave of the Atlantic, seven thousand miles long and two thousand wide; and the mighty Gulf stream, cleaving with its indigo-blue waves the green waters of the Atlantic: its vast current, twenty-five hundred feet deep, forcing its way through the ocean at

the rate of five knots an hour; but these mighty forces are feeble in comparison with those of the unseen waters. The principal rivers do not carry off more than one-sixth of the whole rainfall, even in tropical climates.

Water penetrates into everything save metals, and even into some of these, especially iron and lead. Nearly all the earths, flint, lime, and clay, are pervaded by its influence. All soils, even the hardest, contain water in abundance: few having less than one-eleventh, some being nearly half water. It penetrates every rock, till sandstone becomes so full of it that one or two millions of gallons of water can be pumped daily from a single well: while chalk is still fuller of water. The microscope has shown that water is even contained in some of the primary rocks, quartz often holding it in such quantities that the cavities are large enough to be seen by the naked eye; and it is probable that mica, felspar, and quartz, though first evolved by heat, have been dissolved by water and laid down in beds.

Of the human frame, water forms so large a component part, that the most thoroughly smoked-dried old crone that ever ran the risk of being burned for a witch, would shrink very materially if the water were abstracted from her withered frame. A gentleman of comfortable dimensions, if subjected to dry distillation, would be transformed into a respectably-dressed mummy; the famous Daniel Lambert, under this process, would have dwindled to the weight of a small young gentleman in Knickerbockers. A ton of grass represents two hundred-weight of hay, and this, when deprived of the remaining radical moisture, sinks to a still smaller figure; while some plants and fruits, such as the water-melon, are almost entirely composed of water.

And whether it is launched in the soft mud of the volcano, spreading destruction over the labours of man, or is boiled in the geyser; whether it thunders down the cataract, or stagnates in the torpid jungle; it is the same invaluable mysterious agent, wearing down the old world, and building up the new: refreshing the worn-out soil with vitalising matter, and changing the sandy waste or barren heath into a land smiling with plenty. The great mammoth cave of Kentucky, and the vast caverns of the Adelsberg; the labyrinth of Crete, and the wonders of the Peak, are alike due to the action of water upon limestone. The vast beds of egg-stones (oolite) were formed by some nameless shallow quiet sea rolling a regular coating of lime round myriads of small nuclei, some tiny shell or skeleton; the beautiful deposits in the hot springs of Iceland are owing to the silica in the water. Nature has always plenty of the material on hand: the sea contains in solution—besides as much Epsom salts as would physic all the inhabitants of earth—five hundred millions of tons of flint.

So thoroughly does water enter into all the doings of this sublunary sphere, that we find it alike in the icy winds that sweep over the

Arctic regions, and in the hot simoon. The east wind, which proverbially dries up the skin, and makes a horse's coat stare, contains its due proportion of moisture, just as air does after rain; in fact, almost immediately after parting with its water, the temperature of the atmosphere rises, and a part of the water is re-absorbed. But the air is not merely modified by the water in it; it is greatly influenced by that beneath it. Thus, while the shores of Labrador lie buried in ice and fog, the coasts of England and Ireland, in the same latitude under the vitalising warmth of the Gulf stream, smile in perennial verdure.

Even congealed into ice, water is of such incalculable service, that without it the machinery of the globe must come to a stand-still. The mariner who beholds the huge icebergs bearing down the Atlantic and looming through the palpable darkness of midnight; or the traveller who surveys the savage and fantastic desolation of the Polar realms; may wonder what purpose they can serve. They are the checks Nature has placed upon the over-vibration of the pendulum; they are the flood-gates, the breaking of which would ensure the destruction of everything that now inhabits the earth.

If the movement of upheaval now going on at Cape North, should extend to Spitzbergen and the lands around the Pole—a trifling process compared with the great convulsions that must have repeatedly happened—the accumulation of ice in these regions would soon render the north of Europe uninhabitable. Where the engine-driver now guides with the steady smoothness of planetary motion the thundering flight of the locomotive, the icy stream and snow-swollen cataract would alone meet the eye; where the ring of the hammer and whirl of the spindle tell of man's daily toil, would be heard only the fall of the avalanche and the grinding of the icebergs. But a few short years, and the Polar bear and the walrus, the whale and the penguin, would again be seen in the German Ocean and St. George's Channel; and the fertile fields of England would again lie buried beneath the clay-flood and the glacial drift; and the lowest hills would be covered with eternal snows.

Or, were it to sink again by the process which has borne down tracts, equally large, to the bottom of the ocean, leaving a scarcely appreciable inequality on the surface of the globe, man, with all his traditions, arts, and sciences, would disappear from the scene, and his place would be filled by some of the huge forms which tell of a mighty past in language that cannot be disputed. For a time, indeed, fanned by the cool breezes from the Atlantic, the temperate regions might be endurable by those who can bear the fierceness of a tropical heat. But ere long, this possibility would cease; nay, if this not very improbable change happened, the giant iguanodon might reappear on the wold, and the fish-lizard again be the sanguinary tyrant of the ocean and the estuary; again the

pterodactyle might cleave with its dusky wings the dank and poisonous air of the tree-fern groves; and the turtle might once more spawn her eggs "where the walrus now sleeps and the seal has drifted on the ice-floe."

Had man been able to read and interpret Nature's signs aright, he might have learned from the denizens of the ice-fields how to get through the north-west passage by a very short cut. Whales, it appears, have got into Behring's Straits, after escaping harpooning in Baffin's Bay; in one or two instances a fish harpooned in the Atlantic has been captured soon afterwards in the Pacific: so there can be only a short distance between them, as the whale cannot remain long under water.

Not merely has water preserved the remains, and chronicled the era, of the stone lily and the lizard of the wæld, of the cavern bear, and the old English tiger, but it has been lately made by man to reveal the doings of men who went down into the dark coasts of the past, ages ago. Memphis and Heliopolis, old in the times of Herodotus, Homer, and Joseph, were selected for an experiment, aided by the munificence and energy of the Pasha of Egypt. Ninety-five pits were sunk on those sites. As the Nile accumulates almost exactly the same quantity of mud every year, the explorers were able to determine that men had lived there, at least eleven thousand four hundred years ago. And long before this, there must have been rude tribes who knew nothing of the potter's art, by remains of which the diggers were guided.

The results are so interesting, that they deserve to be given in full. At six feet depth, they found part of a human figure; and at ten feet (representing a flight of at least three thousand years), a fragment of a small figure of a lion, both in baked clay. There, and two feet deeper, were found shells of the Nile and the sea. Pottery was discovered at various depths, from six to fifteen feet: that down to fourteen feet (four thousand two hundred years ago) being white: the rest consisting of coarse unglazed pots, jars, and saucers. At twelve feet, was found a small fragment of coloured mosaic; at thirteen feet, the blade of a knife made of copper, hardened with arsenic; statuettes were dug up at depths varying from eight to fifteen feet, and a tablet of inscriptions was found. As the excavations were made by intelligent persons, aware of the object of investigation, but in no way likely to misrepresent facts, the conclusions may be considered worthy of all reliance.

Geology has taught us that every rood of land by the fruits of which man could live, has been manured at the bottom of the waters; and geography has shown that continents consist of so many roods lifted en masse when the due time came. Thanks to the indomitable energy of man, we are now, by the aid of Brookes's apparatus, able to discover how land is fertilised, even in oceans as deep as the Himalaya mountains are high. There were no slight difficulties to over-

come before this discovery could be made : as any person will at once understand, who is told that to haul in only twenty-four hundred fathoms of line, without the sinker, it was necessary—not only to use a twelve-horse-power steam-engine, but to raise the steam until there was a pressure of twelve pounds on the square inch.

Soundings in the Atlantic have been particularly pushed forward, and have excited, on account of the telegraph cable, more general interest than any others yet taken. They have revealed the fact that at least two hundred and thirty miles from the coast of Ireland, the water is still shallow : or, in other words, that there is another Ireland only waiting to be raised—thus reversing the famous panacea for keeping the country quiet. It is just beyond this, that the true Atlantic begins : the gulf suddenly sinking to nine thousand feet. Thus, Ireland may one day have a coast line as high as the Alps. The whole floor of the Atlantic is paved with a soft sticky substance, called ooze, nine-tenths consisting of very minute animals, many of them mere lumps of jelly, and thousands of which could float with ease in a drop of water ; some, resembling toothed wheels ; others, bundles of spines, or threads shooting from a little globule. Some, however, are endowed with the property of separating flint from the sea water—which is more than every chemist could do ; and there are hundreds of square miles covered with the skeletons of these little creatures. Part of this ooze is doubtless from the clouds of rain-dust which rise from the vast steppes of South America in such masses as to darken the sun, and make the animals fly to shelter, and which, after sweeping like a simoom over the country, lose themselves in the “steep Atlantic.” No bones have been found of the larger animals, so that the kraken and sea-serpent might sleep their last sleep, and leave not a bone or a vertebra to tell the tale. Not a mast or anchor, not a block or strand, not a coin or a keepsake, has been found, to testify of the countless gallant ships and more gallant men who have gone down amid the pitiless waves.

Only Mr. Ansted's book itself, can show how pleasantly and usefully its writer gossips about the newest discoveries in the fascinating branches of science.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

My reader is sufficiently acquainted with me by this time to know that there is one quality in me on which he can always count with safety—my candour ! There may be braver men and more ingenious men, there may be, I will not dispute it, persons more gifted with oratorical powers, better linguists, better mathematicians, and with higher acquirements in art ; but I take my stand upon candour, and say, there never lived the man, ancient or modern, who presented a more open and undisguised section of himself than I have done, am doing, and hope to do to the end. And what, I would ask you, is the

reason why we have hitherto made so little progress in that greatest of all sciences—the knowledge of human nature ? Is it not because we are always engaged in speculating on what goes on in the hearts of others, guessing, as it were, what people are doing next door, instead of honestly recording what takes place in our own house ?

You think this same candour is a small quality. Well, show me one thoroughly honest autobiography. Of all the men who have written their own memoirs, it is fair to presume that some may have lacked personal courage ; some been deficient in truthfulness ; some forgetful of early friendships, and so on. Yet where will you find me one, I only ask one, who declares, “I was a coward. I never could speak truth. I was by nature ungrateful ?”

Now, it would be exactly through such confessions as these our knowledge of humanity would be advanced. The ship that makes her voyage without the loss of a spar or a rope, teaches little ; but there is a whole world of information in the log of the vessel with a great hole in her, all her masts carried away, the captain invariably drunk, and the crew mutinous. Then, we hear of energy and daring and ready-wittedness, marvellous resource, and indomitable perseverance. Then, we come to estimate a variety of qualities that are only evoked by danger. Just as some gallant skipper might say, “I saw that we couldn't weather the point, and so I dropped anchor in thirty fathoms, and determined to trust all to my cables ;” or, “I perceived that we were settling down, so I crowded all sail on, resolved to beach her.” In the same spirit, I would like to read in some personal memoir, “Knowing that I could not rely on my courage ; feeling that if pressed hard, I should certainly have told a lie——” Oh, if we only could get honesty like this ! If some great statesman, some grand foreground figure of his age would sit down to give his trials as they really occurred, we should learn more of life from one such volume than we glean from all the mock memoirs we have been reading for centuries !

It is the special pleading of these records that makes them so valueless ; the writer always is bent on making out his case. It is the eternal representation of that spectacle said to be so pleasing to the gods—the good man struggling with adversity. But what we want to see is the weak man, the frail man, the man who has to fight adversity with an old rusty musket and a flint lock, instead of an Enfield rifle, loading at the breech !

I'd not give a rush to see Blondin cross the falls of Niagara on a tight-rope ; but I'd cross the Atlantic to see, say the Lord Mayor, or the Master of the Rolls try it.

Now, much-respected reader, do not for a moment suppose that I have, even in my most vainglorious of raptures, ever imagined that I was here in these records supplying the void I have pointed out. Remember, that I have expressly told you, such confessions, to be valuable,

ought to come from a great man. Painful as the avowal is, I am not a great man! Elements of greatness I have in me, it is true; but there are wants, deficiencies, small little details many of them—rivets and bolts, as it were—without which the machinery can't work; and I know this, and I feel it.

This digression has all grown out of my unwillingness to mention what mention I must—that I passed my night at the little inn on the table where we supped. I had not courage to assert the right to my bed in the count's room, and so I wrapped myself in my cloak, and with my carpet-bag for a pillow, tried to sleep. It was no use—the most elastic spring-mattress and a down cushion would have failed that night to lull me. I was outraged beyond endurance: *she* had slighted, *he* had insulted me! Such a provocation as he gave me could have but one expiation. He could not, by any pretext, refuse me satisfaction. But was I as ready to ask it? Was it so very certain that I would insist upon this reparation? He was certain to wound, he might kill me! I believe I cried over that thought. To be cut off in the bud of one's youth, in the very spring-time of one's enjoyment—I could not say of one's utility—to go down unnoticed to the grave, never appreciated, never understood, with vulgar and mistaken judgments upon one's character and motives! I thought my heart would burst with the affliction of such a picture, and I said, "No, Potts, live—live, and reply to such would-be slanderers by the exercise of the qualities of your great nature." Numberless beautiful little episodes came thronging to my memory, of good men, men whose personal gallantry had won them a world-wide renown, refusing to fight a duel. "We are to storm the citadel to-morrow, colonel," said one; "let us see which of us will be first up the breach." How I loved that fellow for his speech, and I tortured my mind how, as there was no citadel to be carried by assault, I could apply its wisdom to my own case. What if I were to say, "Count, the world is before us—a world full of trials and troubles. With the common fortune of humanity, we are certain each of us to have our share. What if we meet on this spot, say ten years hence, and see who has best acquitted himself in the conflict?" I wonder what he would say. The Germans are a strange, imaginative, dreamy sort of folk. Is it not likely that he would be struck by a notion so undeniably original? Is it not probable that he would seize my hand with rapture, and say, "Ja! I agree"? Still it is possible that he might not; he might be one of those vulgar matter-of-fact creatures who will regard nothing through the tinted glass of fancy; he might ridicule the project, and tell it at breakfast as a joke. I felt almost smothered as this notion crossed me.

I next bethought me of the privileges of my rank. Could I, as an R.H., accept the vulgar hazards of a personal encounter? Would not such conduct be derogatory in one to whom great destinies might one day be committed?

Not that I lent myself, be it remarked, to the delusion of being a prince; but that I felt, if the line of conduct would be objectionable to men in my rank and condition, it inevitably followed that it must be bad. What I could neither do as the descendant of St. Louis, or the son of Peter Potts, must needs be wrong. These were the grievous meditations of that long, long night; and, though I arose from the hard table, weary, and with aching bones, I blessed the pinkish-grey light that ushered in the day. I had scarcely completed a very rapid toilet, when François came with a message from Mrs. Keats, "hoping I had rested well, and begging to know at what hour it was my pleasure to continue the journey." There was an evident astonishment in the fellow's face at the embassy with which he was charged; and though he delivered the message with reasonable propriety, there was a certain something in his look that said, "What delusion is this you have thrown around the old lady?"

"Say that I am ready, François; that I am even impatient to be off, and the sooner we start the better."

This I uttered with all my heart; for I was eager to get away before the odious German should be stirring, and could not subdue my anxiety to avoid meeting him again. There was every reason to expect that we should get off unnoticed, and I hastened out myself to order the horses and stimulate the postilions to greater activity. This was no labour of love, I promise you! The sluggardly inertness of that people passes all belief; entreaties, objurgations, curses, even bribes could not move them. They never admitted such a possibility as haste, and stumped about in their wooden shoes or iron-bound boots, searching for articles of horse-gear under bundles of hay or stacks of firewood, as though it was the very first time in their lives that post-horses had ever been required in that locality. "Make a great people out of such materials as these!" muttered I; "what rubbish to imagine it! How, with such intolerable apathy, are they to be moved? Where everything proceeds at the same regulated slowness, how can justice ever overtake crime? When can truth come up with falsehood? Whichever starts first here, must inevitably win. To urge the creatures on by example, I assisted with my own hands to put on the harness; not, I will own, with much advantage to speed, for I put the collar on upside down, and, in revenge for the indignity, the beast planted one of his feet upon me, and almost drove the cock of his shoe through my instep. Almost mad with pain and passion, I limped away into the garden, and sat down in a damp summer-house. A sleepless night, a lazy ostler, and a bruised foot, are, after all, not stunning calamities; but there are moments when our jarred nerves jangle at the slightest touch, and even the most trivial inconveniences grow to the size of afflictions.

"We began to fear you were lost, sir," said François, breaking in upon my gloomy reverie, I cannot say how long after. "The horses have

been at the door this half-hour, and all the house searching after you."

I did not deign a reply, but followed him, as he led me by a short path to the house. Mrs. Keats and Miss Herbert had taken their places inside the carriage, and, to my ineffable disgust, there was the German chatting with them at the door, and actually presenting a bouquet the landlord had just culled for her. Unable to confront the fellow with that contemptuous indifference which I knew with a little time and preparation I could summon to my aid, I scaled up to my leathern attic and let down the blinds.

"Do you mean," said I, through a small slit in my curtain—"do you mean to sit smoking there all day? Will you never drive on?" And now, with a crash of bolts and a jarring of cordage, like what announces the launch of a small ship, the heavy conveniency lurched, surged, and, after two or three convulsive bounds, lumbered along, and we started on our day's journey. As we bumped along, I remembered that I had never wished the ladies a "good morning," nor addressed them in any way; so completely had my selfish preoccupation immersed me in my own annoyances, that I actually forgot the commonest attentions of every-day life. I was pained by this rudeness on my part, and waited with impatience for our first change of horses to repair my omission. Before, however, we had gone a couple of miles, the little window at my back was opened, and I heard the old lady's voice, asking if I had ever chanced upon a more comfortable country inn, or with better beds?

"Not bad—not bad," said I, peevishly. "I had such a mass of letters to write that I got little sleep. In fact, I scarcely could say I took any rest."

While the old lady expressed her regretful condolences at this, I saw that Miss Herbert pinched her lips together as if to avoid a laugh, and the bitter thought crossed me, "She knows it all!"

"I am easily put out, besides," said I. "That is, at certain times I am easily irritated, and a vulgar German fellow who supped with us last night so ruffled my temper, that I assure you he continued to go through my head till morning."

"Oh, don't call him vulgar!" broke in Miss Herbert; "surely there could be nothing more quiet or unpretending than his manners."

"If I were to hunt for an epithet for a month," retorted I, "a more suitable one would never occur to me. The fellow was evidently an actor of some kind—perhaps a rope-dancer."

She burst in with an exclamation, but at the same time Mrs. Keats interposed, and though her words were perfectly inaudible to me, I had no difficulty in gathering their import, and saw that "the young person" was undergoing a pretty smart lecture for her presumption in daring to differ in opinion with my royal highness. I suppose it was very ignoble of me, but I was delighted at it. I was right glad that the old

woman administered that sharp castigation, and I burned even with impatience to throw in a shell myself and increase the discomfiture. Mrs. Keats finished her gallop at last, and I took up the running.

"You were fortunate, madam," said I, "in the indisposition that confined you to your room, and which rescued you from the underbred presumption of this man's manners. I have travelled much, I have mixed largely, I may say with every rank and condition, and in every country of Europe, so that I am not pronouncing the opinion of one totally inadequate to form a judgment——"

"Certainly not, sir. Listen to that, young lady," muttered she, in a sort of under growl.

"In fact," resumed I, "it is one of my especial amusements to observe and note the forms of civilisation implied by mere conventional habits. If, from circumstances not necessary to particularise, certain advantages have favoured this pursuit——"

When I had reached thus far in my very pompous preface, the clatter of a horse coming up at full speed arrested my attention, and at the very moment the German himself, the identical subject of our talk, dashed up to the carriage window, and with a few polite words handed in a small volume to Miss Herbert, which it seems he had promised to give her, but could not accomplish before, in consequence of the abrupt haste of our departure. The explanation did not occupy an entire minute, and he was gone and out of sight at once. And now the little window was closed, and I could distinctly hear that Mrs. Keats was engaged in one of those salutary exercises by which age communicates its experiences to youth. I wished I could have opened a little chink to listen to it, but I could not do so undetected, so I had to console myself by imagining all the shrewd and disagreeable remarks she must have made. Morals has its rhubarb as well as medicine, wholesome, doubtless, when down, but marvellously nauseous and very hard to swallow, and I felt that the young person was getting a full dose; indeed, I could catch two very significant words, which came and came again in the allocation, and the very utterance of which added to their sharpness: "levity," "encouragement." There they were again!

"Lay it on, old lady," muttered I; "your precepts are sound; never was there a case more meet for their application. Never mind a little pain either—one must touch the quick to make the cautery effectual. She will be all the better for the lesson, and she has well earned it!"

Oh, Potts! Potts! was not this very hard-hearted and ungenerous? Why should the sorrow of that young creature have been a pleasure to you? Is it possible that the mean sentiment of revenge has had any share in this? Are you angry with her that she liked that man's conversation and turned to *him* in preference to *you*? You surely cannot be actuated by a motive so base as this? Is it for herself,

for her own advantage, her preservation, that you are thinking all this time? Of course it is. And there now, I think I hear her sob. Yes, she is crying; the old lady has really come to the quick, and I believe is not going to stop there.

"Well," thought I, "old ladies are an excellent invention; none of these cutting severities could be done but for them. And they have a patient persistence in this surgery quite wonderful, for when they have flayed the patient all over, they sprinkle on salt as carefully as a pastrycook frosting a plum-cake."

At last, I did begin to wish it was over. She surely must have addressed herself to every phase of the question in an hour and a half, and yet I could hear her still grinding, grinding on, as though the efficacy of her precepts, like a homœopathic remedy, were to be increased by trituration. Fortunately, we had to halt for fresh horses, and so I got down to chat with them at the carriage door, and interrupt the lecture. Little was I prepared for the reddened eyes and quivering lips of that poor girl, as she drank off the glass of water she begged me to fetch her, but still less for the few words she contrived to whisper in my ear, as I took the glass from her hands.

"I hope you have made me miserable enough now."

And with this the window was banged to, and away we went.

CHAPTER XXV.

I WAS so hurt by the last words of Miss Herbert to me, that I maintained throughout the entire day what I meant to be a "dignified reserve," but what I half suspect bore stronger resemblance to a deep sulk. My station had its privileges, and I resolved to take the benefit of them. I dined alone. Yes, on that day I did fall back upon the eminence of my condition, and proudly intimated that I desired solitude. I was delighted to see the dismay this declaration caused. Old Mrs. Keats was speechless with terror. I was looking at her through a chink in the door when Miss Herbert gave my message, and I thought she would have fainted.

"What were his precise words? Give them to me exactly as he uttered them," said she, tremulously, "for there are persons whose intimations are half commands."

"I can scarcely repeat them, madam," said the other, "but their purport was, that we were not to expect him at dinner, that he had ordered it to be served in his own room, and at his own hour."

"And this is very probably all your doing," said the old lady, with indignation. "Unaccustomed to any levity of behaviour, brought up in a rank where familiarities are never practised, he has been shocked by your conduct with that stranger. Yes, Miss Herbert, I say shocked, because, however harmless in intention, such freedoms are utterly unknown in—in certain circles."

"I am sure, madam," replied she, with a certain amount of spirit, "that you are labour-

ing under a very grave misapprehension. There was no familiarity, no freedom. We talked as I imagine people usually talk when they sit at the same table. Mr.—I scarcely know his name—"

"Nor is it necessary, Miss Herbert," said the old woman, tartly; "though, if you had, probably this unfortunate incident might not have occurred. Sit down there, however, and write a few lines in my name, hoping that his indisposition may be very slight, and begging to know if he desire to remain here to-morrow and take some repose."

I waited till I saw Miss Herbert open her writing-desk, and then I hastened off to my room to reflect over my answer to her note. Now that the suggestion was made to me, I was pleased with the notion of passing an entire day where we were. The place was Schaffhausen—the famous fall of the Rhine—not very much as a cataract, but picturesque withal; pleasant chesnut woods to ramble about, and a nice old inn in a wild old wilderness of a garden that sloped down to the very river.

Strange perversity is it not! but how naturally one likes everything to have some feature or other out of keeping with its intrinsic purport. An inn like an old château, a chief justice that could ride a steeple-chase, a bishop that sings Moore's melodies, have an immense attraction for me. They seem all, as it were, to say, "Don't fancy life is a mere four-roomed house with a door in the middle. Don't imagine that all is humdrum, and routine, and regular. Notwithstanding his wig and stern black eyebrows, there is a touch of romance in that old chancellor's heart that you couldn't beat out of it with his great mace; and his grace the primate there has not forgotten what made the poetry of his life in days before he ever dreamed of charges or triennial visitations."

By these reflections I mean to convey that I am very fond of an inn that does not look like an inn, but resembles a faded old country-house, or a deserted convent, or a disabled mill. This Schaffhausen Gasthaus looked like all three. It was the sort of place one might come to in a long vacation, to live simply and go early to bed, taking monotony as a tonic, and fancying unbroken quiet to be better than quinine.

"Ah!" thought I, "if it had not been for that confounded German, what a paradise might not this have been to me! Down there in that garden, with the din of the waterfall around us, walking under the old cherry-trees, brushing our way through tangled sweetbriers, and arbutus, and laburnum, what delicious nonsense might I not have poured into her ear. Ay! and not unwillingly had she heard it. That something within that never deceives, that little crimson heart within the rose of conscience tells me that she liked me, that she was attracted by what, if it were not for shame, I would call the irresistible attractions of my nature; and now this creature of braten and beetroot has spoiled all, jarred the instrument and unstrung the chords that might have yielded me such sweet music."

In thinking over the inadequacy of all human institutions, I have often been struck by the fact that while the law gives the weak man a certain measure of protection against the superior physical strength of the powerful ruffian in the street, it affords none against the assaults of the intellectual bully at a dinner party. *He* may maltreat you at his pleasure, batter you with his arguments, kick you with inferences, and knock you down with conclusions, and no help for it all!

"Ah, here comes François with the note." I wrote one line in pencil for answer: "I am sensibly touched by your consideration, and will pass to-morrow here." I signed this with a P., which might mean Prince, Potts, or Pottinger. My reply despatched, I began to think how I could improve the opportunity. "I will bring her to book," thought I; "I will have an explanation." I always loved that sort of thing—there is an almost certainty of emotion; now emotion begets tears; tears, tenderness; tenderness, consolation; and when you reach consolation, you are, so to say, a tenant in possession; your title may be disputable, your lease invalid, still you are there, on the property, and it will take time at least to turn you out. "After all," thought I, "that rude German has but troubled the water for a moment, the pure well of her affections will by this time have regained its calm still surface, and I shall see my image there as before."

My meditations were interrupted, perhaps not unpleasantly. It was the waiter with my dinner. I am not unsocial—I am eminently the reverse—I may say, like most men who feel themselves conversationally gifted, I like company, I see that my gifts have in such gatherings their natural ascendancy—and yet, with all this, I have always felt that to dine splendidly, all alone, was a very grand thing. Mind, I don't say it is pleasant, or jolly, or social; but simply that it is grand to see all that table equipage of crystal and silver spread out for *you* alone; to know that the business of that gorgeous candelabrum is to light *you*; that the two decorous men in black—archdeacons they might be, from the quiet dignity of their manners—are there to wait upon *you*; that the whole sacrifice, from the caviare to the cheese, was a hecatomb to *your* greatness. I repeat, these are all grand and imposing considerations, and there have been times when I have enjoyed these Lucullus cum Lucullo festivals more than convivial assemblages. This day was one of these: I lingered over my dinner in delightful dalliance. I partook of nearly every dish, but, with a supreme refinement, ate little of any, as though to imply, "I am accustomed to a very different cuisine from this; it is not thus that I fare habitually." And yet I was blandly forgiving, accepting even such humble efforts to please as if they had been successes. The Cluquot was good, and I drank no other wine, though various flasks with tempting titles stood around me.

Dinner over and coffee served, I asked the

waiter what resources the place possessed in the way of amusement. He looked blank and even distressed at my question: he had all his life imagined that the Falls sufficed for everything; he had seen the tide of travel halt there to view them for years. Since he was a boy, he had never ceased to witness the yearly recurring round of tourists who came to see, and sketch, and scribble about them, and so he faintly muttered out a remonstrance,

"Monsieur has not yet visited the Falls."

"The Falls! why I see them from this, and if I open the window I am stunned with their uproar."

I was really sorry at the pain my hasty speech gave him, for he looked suddenly faint and ill, and after a moment gasped out,

"But monsieur is surely not going away without a visit to the cataract? the guide-books give two hours as the very shortest time to see it effectually."

"I only gave ten minutes to Niagara, my good friend," said I, "and would not have spared even that, but that I wanted to hold a sprained ankle under the fall."

He staggered, and had to hold a chair to support himself:

"There is, besides, the Laufen Schloss——"

"As to castles," broke I in, "I have no need to leave my own to see all that mediæval architecture can boast. No, no," sighed I out, "if I am to have new sensations, they must come through some other channel than sight. Have you no theatre?"

"No, sir. None."

"No concert-rooms, no music garden?"

"None, sir."

"Not even a circus?" said I, peevishly.

"There was, sir, but it was not attended.

The strangers all come to see the Falls."

"Confound the Falls! And what became of the circus?"

"Well, they made a bad business of it; got into debt on all sides, for oil, and forage, and printing placards, and so on, and then they beat a sudden retreat one night, and slipped off, all but two, and indeed they were about the best of the company; but somehow they lost their way in the forest, and instead of coming up with their companions, found themselves at daybreak at the outside of the town."

"And these two unlucky ones, what were they?"

"One was the chief clown, sir, a German, and the other was a little girl, a Moor they called her; but the cleverest creature to ride or throw somersaults through hoops of the whole of them."

"And how do they live now?"

"Very hardly, I believe, sir; and but for Tinfleek—that's what they call her—they might starve; but she goes about with her guitar through the cafés of an evening, and as she has a sweet voice, she picks up a few batzen. But the maire, I hear, won't permit this any longer, and says that as they have no passport or papers of any kind, they must be sent over the frontier as vagabonds."

"Let that mair be brought before me," said I, with a haughty indignation. "Let me tell him in a few brief words what I think of his heartless cruelty—But no, I was forgetting—I am here incog. Be careful, my good man, that you do not mention what I have so inadvertently dropped; remember that I am nobody here; I am Number Five and nothing more. Send the unfortunate creatures, however, here, and let me interrogate them. They can be easily found, I suppose?"

"In a moment, sir. They were in the Platz just when I served the pheasant."

"What name does the man bear?"

"I never heard a name for him. Amongst the company he was called Vaterchen, as he was the oldest of them all; and indeed they seemed all very fond of him."

"Let Vaterchen and Tintefleck, then, come hither. And bring fresh glasses, waiter."

And I spoke as might an Eastern despot giving his orders for a "nautch;" and then, waving my hand, motioned the messenger away.

POOR LAW DOCTORS.

A PARAGRAPH, interesting to medical men, has been recently going the round of the papers. It relates to fees. Dr. Radcliffe got, it is said, five hundred guineas for curing a noble earl of what is commonly called stomach-ache; also, one thousand guineas for attending the infant Duke of Gloucester when in fits from teething. A Dr. Dimsdale netted twelve thousand pounds sterling; besides five hundred a year for life for going to Russia to inoculate the Empress Catherine. Nor must Sir Astley Cooper's twenty thousand a year be forgotten, nor the thousand-pound note which a grateful patient rolled up in his nightcap and threw at the bluff surgeon as a graceful way of paying a fee.

These stories represent the medical art as a wonderfully money-making calling. But there is a reverse to the picture. There are a thousand poor doctors to every rich one. A man has spent a small fortune—perhaps his all—in qualifying himself, and then takes a small country practice, with the bait of poor-law doctor attached. His first step is to ascertain what the duties of this office entail, and he finds them to consist of attendance upon all people within the district who require medical relief and cannot afford to pay for it; of provision of all such medicines as may be needed; of informing the relieving officer of any poor whom he may attend, with, or without an order; of personal attendance at all the meetings of the "Board," to whom also he must make returns of all his proceedings. To these slight duties, may be added, the necessity of keeping on general good terms with the members of the Board and the relieving officer—which he will find to be very essential. Say, that a parish patient is considered by the doctor to require meat and wine, and that he appends such recommendation to the note for relief; the relieving officer is not

bound to obey the recommendation, and a fruitful source of bickering is opened: especially as the latter personage generally has the ear of the guardians, and takes care, in such cases, to represent the transaction as a piece of parochial extravagance, upon which his parochial vigilance has acted as a salutary check.

In England and Wales there are three thousand three hundred and ninety-nine medical men holding appointments under six hundred and sixty-three unions: who, according to returns made in 1857, attended every pauper in the country afflicted with all the ills that flesh is heir to, at the rate of fivepence-halfpenny per case!

In a pamphlet published by Mr. Griffin, of Weymouth: a medical man, who has been long and zealously struggling to obtain for poor-law doctors a more generous recognition of their services by the government: there are the following cases, quoted here at random. The union of Epsom contains one thousand patients, and involves journeys of five miles on the part of the medical officer to visit many of them; he is remunerated with the magnificent salary of twenty-six pounds, being at the rate of sixpence a case. Fortunate Galen! Perhaps the guardians of the Epsom union imagine that he is sufficiently paid by living near Epsom Downs; it is to be hoped that the doctor is also a bit of a racing character, and manages to make out his income by a neat book on the Derby. Cheltenham cannot afford to give more than sixpence a case, while merry Islington pays a doctor for looking after four thousand patients, at the munificent rate of threepence a case! Halstead offers fivepence, and the medical officer of that union has to travel six and a half miles to gain his salary of ten pounds for attending four hundred and fourteen patients.

On the other hand, it is fair to state that some unions pay much better; for instance, Elham offers twenty-eight pounds for eleven patients—a perfect Dorado for the doctor.

Vaccination forms an important part of the Union medical officer's duties, for which he is paid extra. There has been a great outcry lately at the apparent inability of vaccination to prevent small-pox; and government occasionally reminds the vaccinators of the extreme care and caution which they should exercise in the superintendence of it. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that small-pox gains ground when we consider how much the doctor is paid for vaccination. The fees are one shilling and sixpence a head for every case under two miles' distance, and two shillings and sixpence a head for every case above two miles' distance. What has the medical man to do for this majestic sum? He has to vaccinate a child: an operation which in itself is simple, but which, nevertheless, demands a certain amount of care and attention; he has to keep a watch over his little patient, and, on the eighth day, to visit it again and see that the pustules have duly appeared; finally, if the case is successful, he has to give a certificate of the due perform-

ance of the operation. If, on the contrary, it has not perfectly succeeded, he gets nothing. Can any reasonable person wonder at the neglect or careless performance of vaccination when such an amount of trouble is required to be taken, perhaps for nothing, or, at the best, for eightpence or half-a-crown?

Another point: every parent or guardian is made aware that unless a child is vaccinated within a certain time after birth, he or she is liable to a fine of twenty shillings. But how many medical men could afford to press the charge? The practitioner knows perfectly well that it would be as much as a great portion of his practice was worth, if he informed against a refractory parent. It ought to be made the duty of a special officer who should have returns of all the vaccinating lists, to prosecute without fear or favour all those (and they are legion) who evade the law.

One thing of great importance, not only to the medical profession and the parishes, but to society at large, is the compulsory appointment of a medical officer of health to every union, or every district of a union, who should be paid independently of other duties, and whose special provision it should be to inquire into and bring to light all defects and impurities prejudicial to the health of the community. Many a fair smiling village, which seems as though made to be the abode of rustic happiness and content, is rotten with fever and malaria, simply because there is no officer of health, and it is, consequently, nobody's business to look to the foul drains, the reeking dunghills, and the overcrowded cottages. It is no business of the squire's, because he can't be expected to be bothered about bad drains which he doesn't smell; the parson visits his sick like a good man, but does not always understand that prevention is better than cure; the doctor is overworked with hard riding about his district, and sick of dinning into the heads of the Board that it would save their rates if common sanitary precautions were taken in time. The relieving officer grumbles at the number of sick paupers in the village, and takes exception to the meat and wine that the medical man orders. Consequently, he takes upon himself not to give it; the doctor complains to the Board; the guardians back up the relieving officer; the doctor appeals to the commissioners; and finally, having quarrelled all round in his efforts to do well by his patients, resigns his appointment.

A LEGEND OF THE ARYAN RACE.

LONG, long ago, when the world was young, and every man tended his own flock and tilled his own field, there lived two brothers. The eldest was much thought of: he was a grave, silent boy, who liked to be alone, to wander about at night, and stay in caves and desert places. No one ever expected him to work; he would see his little sister stooping under the weight of the great milk-pails, and never think of

helping her; he lived with his head in the clouds, but his father said, "Let him alone, he'll be a great man some day."

Now, the Younger Brother was a merry, active boy, ever ready to help, here and there and everywhere, at the same time; if a plough wanted mending, he was ready to do it; when his mother baked the cakes for supper, they never got burnt if he were by; and as for the little dairymaid, his sister, he took such care of her that she never found her work too much. But nobody thought anything of him; he didn't go about with his head in the clouds, and his mother said he was a regular good-for-nothing.

One night, the Elder Brother had been talking strangely over the dying embers about Light and Thought, and how good and grand it was to sit quite still and think one's life away. He was always saying this, and his brother always shook his head, for he felt so strong and active, he was sure that he, at least, must be doing and not thinking. But, somehow, that night he did think; he must think, and could not sleep. His Elder Brother had fallen asleep in the midst of his talk, and lay with folded hands and closed eyelids, at his side. But there had been words of his which set the boy's heart beating high. Where did the sun come from? Did he not make the corn to grow, and bring light and joy to all? Did he not send men happily to their work, and call them home, weary and contented, to their rest? Night, with her quivering stars and pale unhappy moon, was no friend to the Younger Brother. It was the glorious sun that roused him to happy toil, and sent him, with light-springing step, to lead the flocks across the plain. But this friend of his, why did he never rest? Where had he gone? and would he come again?

Just then he raised his eyes and saw the sky before him flushed with a glad red light. The birds around whispered, "He is coming!" The leaves fluttered for joy, as the morning breezes swept by and told them that the sun was awake once more. The clouds gathered up their robes and bent their heads, as the glory came travelling onward. Higher shot the beams of light, throbbing upward like a pulse of gladness; splendour flooded the sky, and soon the hero himself leaped upon the earth. The distant fields awoke to life, the birds burst forth into full chorus, the great forest-trees thrilled in all their branches, and the cattle upon a thousand hills began to low. Men rose up, shook off the chains of sleep, and went forth to their work. Living, acting, working, the sun never stood still. Living, acting, working! The words rang in the boy's ears all day long, and when in the evening the hero-sun, still travelling onward, left the plains in darkness, the Younger Brother took up his staff, and, not once looking back, set off to see what the sun would do behind the purple hills.

It was a long journey that he had set out upon. Beyond the hills lived a race of giants, who filled no land, but lived like the wild

beasts, preying on them, and being preyed on. But the Younger Brother shook his golden locks, and rushed upon them; and the giants were no match for the active boy. He was to win his way on, to follow the hero-sun, and no hills could bar his path, no foes could stop him.

The waters of the Hellespont were cleft, and he came to a glorious land, where forms of beauty and thoughts of godlike greatness rose upon him; and there he left traces of his work which will teach the world throughout all time.

By the shores of the Adriatic, he travelled on and came to Rome, whence, for a while, he ruled the world, and gave forth laws of justice such as have never been surpassed.

Onward he urged his way until all Europe lay at his feet, and only here and there a few wild men remained: who were not worth driving from the rocky north, or from the little nooks to which they had fled in the south.

Here, then, for a while, he found the limit to his wanderings; hemmed in by the great Atlantic, his steps could go no farther. Still, the sun rose and set; but now he knew that the hero never rested; that when he left him in darkness it was to bring life and joy to other lands, and to teach all who would listen, even as he had taught the Younger Brother, that there is no room for idleness in this world. Now, too, the Younger Brother knew that there is One mightier than the sun, whose bidding he and all must do. At Athens and at Rome he had met the children of an ancient race, and from them he had learnt to know Him whose will it is that men should work on earth: who Himself had come to earth to set an example of such high self-forgetting work for man, that men at an humble distance might follow after, and strive to do like Him.

So the Younger Brother never rested. For a long time he knew of no lands beyond the sea; but, though his journeyings had ceased for a while, he had hard work at home—to train himself to seek out all knowledge, to frame new laws, to think great and vigorous thoughts—to carry out, though seldom consciously, the will of Him who is Ruler of all.

But a time came when voices were sent up to Heaven from the Far West, from the company of fair islands south and east, from all the lands where men can live and breathe, whence rose the common cry of help, "Save us from ourselves!"

Among them was a voice he had heard long ago, before he had left his father's hearth; he answered it as he answered all other cries for help, but he knew not the voice. Whose was it?

Come back to the land of the tillers and reapers of the earth. Come back to that fair morning of promise which brought those great glad thoughts to the Younger Brother. Another looks on at that gorgeous sight, and he also is moved by it to the one only action of his life. Rest, ease, a life of thought—these were what he sought as his highest good; and when he saw the sun shake off his slumber, he read no

lesson there of struggle and of toil; he only thought of the couch of ease whence the sun had arisen. He coveted that splendid ease; he thought that by going back but a little way, he would reach that gorgeous repose, and there dream away his life. So he set out some time after his brother had gone; for, sloth clogged his steps, and he had no need to hurry, since it was but a little way he meant to go.

But woe to him who would go back in this world; woe to him whose eyes are blinded that he cannot see the onward upward path which all should follow! Turning his back upon the sun, he went forth.

For a little while he showed the true spirit of his race, fought bravely with the giant hunters on their wild steeds, and strode sturdily across the mountains; but on the other side, finding few difficulties, he sank back into his natural sloth, and, folding his hands, slept the sleep of idleness, while his mind was busied with splendid and useless dreams. He had crept into a narrow corner, hemmed in on one side by the heaven-reaching hills, which he had crossed with so much trouble, while all around roared the cruel sea. He could not choose but sleep. The land he had come to, was brilliant as the dawn, favoured beyond all others by the sun's strong beams; food, far more than he could need, grew within his reach. Surely after so much toil he could afford to rest; surely, this was the promised land of which he had dreamed so long.

There is no room for idleness in this world of ours, Elder Brother! Those magnificent imaginings of yours, those deep thoughts grasping sometimes at truth, but oftener bright and flimsy as a foam-bubble—could you not read in them the great lesson of unceasing toil which you have striven against in vain?

Pure and beautiful were his thoughts at first, but the moss grew round his heart, the fetters of foolish custom tied down his hands, and his limbs grew stiff for want of use. His soul died within him, and the unconscious cry arose to his lips, "Brother, save me from myself!"

This was the voice the Younger Brother heard, but he knew not whose need it was that called him to that land of luxury. He has found that brother, and is trying now to help him: though so enfeebled, so degraded is he, so unlike all others whom the Younger Brother has helped, that it will be a long and weary task.

I dare not say that the Younger Brother has acted throughout as became one who had received such high teaching; I dare not say that when the Elder Brother, once roused beyond all endurance, turned like a wild beast to rend his helper, it was altogether without cause. But I hope that the Younger Brother will remember the good things which fell to his share in the grey old times when the choice of life or death lay before them both; when, but, for the energy which was given him, and the wide field of work which was opened to him, he might have been like this poor degraded brother, in all, perhaps, but the noble thoughts which for a while staved off that brother's decay. I hope

that he will use the wisdom which his happier life has taught him, for the truest and highest good of him whose early words first stirred him to activity.

He knows now, that this is his brother. Infirm and crippled as he found him, changed in all outward seeming, he never could have known him, but that in his dim mutterings he spoke of the little milkmaid sister, of the simple active life of the plains, of the love of brethren, and the tender care of fathers. And lo! in these mutterings the Younger Brother heard a language he once knew, but had long forgotten; a music from the twilight time of childhood.

HUNTING THE STAG IN GERMANY.

"SIR," said the old forester, "times have sadly changed. I remember when these hills and valleys were left to the enjoyment of our humble selves, when there was abundance of everything at very cheap prices, when game was so plentiful that royal stags ate the roses on the walls of the duke's palace. Strangers came at rare intervals, and were welcome guests at our simple boards; but now there are railways and steam-engines in all the land, people to whom the commonest things in nature seem strange have turned our houses into lodgings for the season, the highest and most solitary of our crags into retreats for discussing butter, bread, and beer; and they have so pried into our little secret places, and they eat so voraciously, that we can't live in quiet or exist on our salaries. They create new tastes and desires in the people of these mountains, and we hear of offences which were pretty well unheard of in our calendar."

"You remind me," I said, "of the American borderer, who can't bear the sight of a human being in his vicinity, and who tells you that his reason for continually moving on into the wilderness, is, that he won't hear the bark of his neighbour's dog. Civilisation overtakes everything. Your regrets are respectable, as the French would say, but unavailing. What is a curse to you, is a blessing to the world."

"No," broke out my friend, with that emphasis which peculiarly characterises a German when he says *No* to a thought unexpressed, because it has only passed through the mental phase: "no, it *is* too bad. Only think, sir; his highness, my most gracious master, came here one summer, about ten years ago, to shoot the stag—a sly animal, which runs to cover at the earliest streak of dawn. He rose at two, and at three was standing in wait for his game, when the stillness of the hour was broken by the hollow tramp of some animal. The duke cocked his gun as the tramping sounded on his ear, and the branches of not very distant trees crackled in the underwood: though, as a good woodsman, he thought the sound unlike that which a quadruped ought to make. The noise ceased; the duke stood with his gun ready, his left foot forward, when Doodle, doodle, dun! a flute was heard; a flute, sir, played by some

infernal (excuse the word) love-sick Berliner. It was not to be borne, sir. You go out into distant and solitary places, you walk miles in search of game, and you find a mad traveller instead of an antlered stag. His highness was in such a rage, that he rushed home and went to bed. I am not sure that his digestion was not troubled—mine would have been; nor would my humour have been improved by what followed a few days after. The duke again, standing in a close cover, was suddenly caught by the arm at dawn, by a gentleman in white kid gloves and a sky-blue stock, who, breaking the stillness of the morning in tones loud enough to frighten every buck within a mile, said, pointing to his highness's gun:

"What is that, sir?"

"I believe," said the duke, repressing his rising anger, 'it is a rifle.'

"A rifle!" said the other; 'how strange! It has two barrels. I have often seen double-barrelled rifles, but none like this. I had always believed that the barrels were placed horizontally, side by side, and those which I now see are placed vertically, below each other. The ramrod, too, is on one side, and not beneath the gun.'

"The ox! the rindvich! what the deuce was he doing at such an hour in the morning, in white gloves and a blue stock, on the top of a mountain? Could he not stay at home and make his inquiries at an armourer's? No wonder the duke was in a rage and vowed he would never go stalking again."

"My good friend," I said, "I have heard of similar complaints being made in my country, where enthusiastic hunters also stalk the deer. There, a remedy has been found, which has notable disadvantages. The owners of the hills have bought up the rights of way. Lapsed leases have not been renewed, and, where houses have stood, the ground has been cleared to its original waste. The stag roams over the cold hearths of expelled peasants; land which, if cultivated, would produce hundreds of thalers, is thrown into underwood; and the lords of the place have no less an ambition than that the hills and valleys in their possession should be restored to the primitive solitude in which they were during the wars of the early races. But do you think *that*, a state of things that can last? Hunting is no longer the occupation of a people; it is the pastime of a gentleman; and we who like sport, wish all the world were a hunting-field, until the thought suddenly obtrudes itself that it is not our wastes that give us the wealth which helps us to the pastime. That wealth comes from the labour of millions who must congregate and work and communicate with each other; and, therefore, the man in white gloves and a blue stock is only one of a class which must and will extend. So we must make the best of things as they are, in this confined world of ours, and, if we will insist on being hunters, we must go to the Cape or the Indies to shoot lions and bisons, or to the Americas to drive the elk and prairie buffalo. Why, sir,

the duke, whom I greatly honour"—the forester bowed as if the flattering words were addressed to him, and for this I liked him—"the duke was no doubt disappointed by the flute, and vexed by the gentleman in the blue stock, but I don't find that his vexation carries any consequences. These very people who visit your crags and strew the ground with sandwich papers, find their way into his private gardens, stare at him as he gets into his carriage, make profound bows to him when he passes and they know his person; he has no privacy because he likes to see humankind contented and happy around him. So you see he has made up his mind to let them have their way, and he is right, for though you won't find many people in the grounds of a Scotch duke, you will also not find the said Scotch duke's name generally mentioned with any great degree of reverence. So if there is a little worse sport, there is more of the milk of human kindness, and that is a thing not to be despised."

"Sir," quoth the forester, "I admit that what you say is not devoid of truth, but you would sigh with me if you recollected the good old times, when paternal ideas of government had the assent and reverence of the peasants; when game was numerous, and nothing was heard of the new-fangled ideas now common. The farmers, some centuries ago, had been confirmed in the possession of their holdings, on the express condition that game should be respected everywhere. They gained perpetual possessions for a consideration which they now repudiate. That detestable period of '48 has put such notions into their heads, that even now they pretend to the right of killing the game which comes on their land, because they say the deer eat their corn and potatoes; they knowing all the time that if they come to the duke and say, 'My potatoes are disappearing,' he comes out and shoots the offensive animal, and there is an end of the matter. Ah, you should see the funny old pictures which hung in the passages of the schloss close by; the quaint way in which scenes familiar to me since my childhood are depicted, and the old inscriptions which explain the painter's subject: saying that on such a day, in the sixteenth century, his serene highness went out with the dukes and duchesses, his high-born guests, and shot seventeen stags, fifteen dams, twenty-five calves, thirty roebucks and twenty roes, and how many more wild animals it is impossible to say. Those were, indeed, days when game was abundant, and shooting was a pleasure! There were severe laws against killing deer, just as there now are in Courland against killing elk, and in Poland against taking the life of the gigantic bison. It was part of the condition on which the peasants held their land, that they should keep the forest stalls filled with hay in winter, that the game might have wherewithal to live in the hard frosty months. There, at daybreak in the cold mornings, might be seen numbers of stags and deer of every kind, clustered at the feeding places, enjoying the bountiful supply

so carefully placed at their disposal; then, when they had had their fill, dashing out into the snow-clad woods again, and clattering through the silvery glades. You can see the sight now, it is true, but how much less numerous are the deer; how much less noble! Cultivation has extended and forests have receded, and as the woods grow smaller, so seem to grow the antlers of the royal stag. It is, indeed, a regal pastime now, for the duke is obliged to feed the deer himself, and that's no light burden on his purse. Then again, when the fine summer days came, and the west wind sighed through the noble silver pines, the guests congregated in the pleasant summer schloss, and the hunting arsenal was opened out. At night the peasants, led by the experienced foresters, drove the woods in circles, so that the deer were brought in troops within a given space. A wall of liners, stretched between poles, was struck round a circumference of about two miles. A large tent was erected in the centre glade, where seats and standing room were provided for the duke and his guests to shoot from. A second tent was arranged for the ladies who came as spectators; a third for the cooks. Tables were set in the open air for a noon dinner. Casks of beer were brought in numbers to the ground. Such shooting, eating, and drinking, was never seen elsewhere. For, at nine o'clock the duke and his guests would arrive, drawn in large carriages, the like of which you don't see now-a-days—carriages shaped as the round-sterned boats I have seen on some canals, painted of bright blue and red colour, with awnings stretched over them. The ladies rode to the meet, in palanquins, harnessed to poles in front and rear: each horse ridden by a postilion, whose heavy knotted whip cracked gaily in the morning air. Then, the ladies took their seats, the gentlemen their stations. At a given signal, the drivers, distributed around the outer circumference of the space, set up wild shouts as they drew in towards the centre, the fuses and arquebuses of the guests cracked quickly, as the noble stags, with antlers thrown back and necks extended, careered away across the glade. Then came the liveried retainers, with daggers at their sides, whose duty it was to despatch the wounded, and direct their assistants where to lay the game in rows. These carried the deer in stretchers of net, brought them to the scales, and weighed them; and great was the honour for him who had shot a stag of twenty-four, or a stag whose weight exceeded four hundred pounds. Then, sometimes, a wild boar or two would be found in the enclosure, and it was a strange and exciting scene to witness the dire fights which took place between the stags and them; the former would attack with his antlers; the latter with his tusks; they fell and bled in turns, till one of the high-born gentlemen came out with a spear, and put an end to the life of both—not without personal danger. But, sir," continued the forester, with a sigh, "these days are long gone by; the hunting arsenal is still there—you may see its roof amongst the pines—but it is never

opened now. The peasants must be paid for driving, the expense of enclosing is too great, and the game is not so plentiful as of old. The only reminiscence left of that time is in the quaint perspectiveless pictures which you can see yonder in the schloss, and the gallery of noble antlers laid out in the passages."

My old forester was a good illustration of that class of people who believe, and therefore affirm, that the new generation is not equal to the old; that the world degenerates every day; and that it would be much better for it if it could possibly retrograde instead of progressing. I ventured to say to my old friend, "I won't trouble you with some of the remarks which are made frequently in these days as to the character of *treib-jagd*, or battues according to the old system. It is sufficient to say, that many people think it well that the old system should have necessarily fallen into disuse. They consider it somewhat cruel, and the present system more sportsmanlike. I, for my part," I went on, "was yesterday so lucky as to be one of the ducal party, and we had some very good sport. It is true we did not kill seventeen stags, or fifteen dams, or twenty-five calves, or thirty roebucks, but we inhaled the mountain air, we killed two splendid stags, and roamed freely over the hill-sides. We started at nine in the morning down the beautiful vale, which on the west is overlooked by the lofty summits of the Gipfelberg. The peasants on the road greeted us as we passed, with a cheerful 'good day.' The rye-fields waved in the breeze, and the bright green flax-fields gave a rich colour to the landscape, strongly contrasting with the dark rocks and stern pines of the hills. We clattered through the pebble-paved streets of a little village, in the gardens of which were strewn the linen clothes set out to bleach, whilst in the brawling brook industrious women washed the yarn destined for the winter loom. We turned in towards the hills, got under the pines, and found ourselves, in a short time, amongst a motley group of drivers in various quaint costumes: each carrying a hunch of black bread, a porcelain pipe, and a stick; coarse clad and sometimes tattered they were, whilst conversing with them were sundry foresters, in green, with peaked hats adorned with the feathers of the hawk, carrying rifles and smoking cigars. (Cigars are cheap here, you know; you get four for a groschen, and, though I can't smoke them, those who do, say they are good.) Some of the keepers held bloodhounds and quaint-looking turnspits in leashes, and the brutes smelt the powder, and whined and fretted for action, apparently as anxious about the sport as we were. A signal was given and we moved. Silently we entered; the high pines towering seventy or eighty feet above us; silently we trod the thick green moss, and crushed the yellow mushrooms. We crossed a clearing, another high plantation, and came to a wide patch of six year old wood. Along the high pines which surrounded it, a rope was run, on which were hung yellow and blue cloths, and between it

hung another rope, forming chevaux-de-frise of goose quills; you know what that is for. It does not prevent the stags from passing, but makes them halt and hesitate before they pass. At one corner of the plantation, looking down a cleared path, about twelve feet wide, I was posted, and left in solitary stillness.

"The wind sighed through the pines, and seemed to dull my sense of hearing, as after many minutes I heard no sound. Presently, in the extreme distance, I heard a faint *hoi! hoi!* from many voices, and I knew the drive had commenced. Another minute, and a rifle shot was heard; then the barking of a cur in the underwood in my direction, and a great trampling. I cocked my gun and waited breathlessly; there was a great crackling of branches, the hollow tramp sounded nearer, and out with a spring comes the royal stag across the little cleared space! Off goes my rifle; it's like firing at a shadow, no time given for deliberation; but is he hit? Surely the ball has struck him, for here is blood on a sprig of pine. The drive is over; the men again congregate, a stag has been wounded by the duke. I show my sprig of pine and point to the blood. The head forester takes it, rubs the blood on his hand, looks at it for an instant, throws down the sprig, and quietly proceeds to organise a search for the stag wounded by the duke.

"I felt rather humiliated; I didn't know why. Surely, I thought, the animal is wounded, else whence the blood.

"Said the duke, smiling, 'It is certain that you hit the animal, you cannot, however, tell where you struck it. The forester knows that, as if he had seen it. We will ask him. Where,' said the duke, 'was that blood from?'

"'About the heel,' said the forester.

"'Then we shall never catch him?'

"'Never,' was the reply.

"I thought he was pretending to a knowledge he did not possess, but the duke said:

"'By long practice, these men know accurately, from the colour of the blood, where an animal is wounded. The lighter the colour, the lighter the wound. But in order that you may be entirely satisfied, now that some time has elapsed since your shot, we will send a bloodhound on the track—that liver-coloured dog, for instance, who never failed us yet. It is his peculiarity that he never gives up a scent after he has taken it, and has gained the conviction that the animal is likely to die. So, if after a hundred yards the dog halts, you may take it that the stag is so slightly touched that he is as strong as ever.' The dog took up the scent, followed it fifty yards, and then lay down quietly, lolling out his tongue. 'Now,' said the duke, 'you might thrash that dog for ten minutes, and he would not resume the scent.' I pocketed my disappointment, and I joined the party, which now proceeded to follow the wounded stag, whose blood lay plentifully sprinkled upon the moss and pines along the course he had taken. The spot where he had been first struck was easily found again, for, in obedience to the true rules

of woodcraft, a branch of pine had been cut and placed on it with the under side of the spiculæ uppermost. Half an hour had elapsed and I wondered why the track had not been followed sooner, until I was informed that there was a reason for the delay.

"Dogs will eagerly follow the hot blood track of a deer; but if a dog gets accustomed to the hot track, he is unwilling ever afterwards to follow a cold scent, and, as it frequently happens that a wounded deer cannot be followed on the very day he is hit, expediency dictates the necessity of helping the dogs to cold scents alone. So half an hour having been allowed to elapse, and the forester having declared that the deer was hit on the hind quarter and that he could not have gone far, the fir-branch, originally placed to mark the stag's starting-point, was turned over to show that it had been used, and two keepers, with a bloodhound and a turnspit fast to their waists by a leathern thong, took to the track. The brutes pulled with violent tugs at the thongs, dragging the men so fast on the windings of the track that we could hardly follow them. They began after a short time to whine and bark, which showed that the stag was at no great distance. The shooting party then gave up the track, descended the brow of the wooded hill into a broad meadow, and waited. The dogs were now let loose, and half a dozen of them followed the scent and announced the finding of the stag, with loud and hoarse bayings, which resounded through the woods. The stag, as was expected, came down to the meadow, and he emerged from the trees, limping forward very fast, with one dog hanging on to his nose and the rest to his heels and sides. Down he came to a little brook into which he threw himself, and, at last, turned at bay. The hound hanging to his nose kept a firm grip of him, even when the stag, holding his head down, tried to drown him in the stream; at the same time the stag butted violently with his horns in every direction, making the dogs cautious. Then, tired out, he fairly lay down in the stream, and at this moment a shot from the duke's rifle struck him, and a huntsman running up plunged his dagger into the expiring animal's heart.

"Don't you think," I continued, looking at the forester, "it was more interesting than firing at stags from a tent?"

"Well," he replied, "every man has his notions of sport. Yours are evidently not mine."

And so we parted.

The truth is, that even if the expenses of the old battue shooting at stags had not been so great as almost to forbid their frequent recurrence in our day, they would fall into disuse because of the destruction they entailed. Not only were old antlered stags killed on these occasions, but almost all the animals driven into the enclosure perished. It became evident of late years, that

the indiscriminate slaughter of the dams and calves would soon make the stags as rare as the elk, or any other animal who has been hunted off the face of the earth; the rather as the conditions under which large deer were enabled to live in more distant times, are greatly changed. In proportion as land has been redeemed from forest or waste, wild animals have become scarce in Germany. The stag, for instance, does not grow to tall proportions, and does not rear antlers of many points, unless he has liberty to roam over wide expanses. The stag is the daintiest of feeders. He will wander for miles over a cultivated vale, before he finds a patch of verdure that suits his fastidious palate. His patch of verdure may be five, ten, fifteen miles from his wooded haunts. He will not be deterred by distance from constantly revisiting the spot, and he is only frightened away at last by the whistle of a rifle ball.

The same contempt of distances is shown in his perambulations through forests: amid the recesses of which, he wanders with a strange caprice; at one time, pleased to lie on the outskirts of young plantations, in proximity to high pines, on the summit of the loftiest Thuringian hills: at others, partial to lower ground. In warm and genial weather he lies in the short underwood, and wanders into the cultivated fields. In wet weather, he takes shelter in the old forest. In the former case, he falls an easy prey to the hunter; in the latter, it is next to impossible to find him. He wanders out at night to feed, and is home at the earliest streak of dawn, retiring as far as possible from the haunts of men. The great improvement that has been lately made in Germany in the art of keeping and cutting forests, has brought the game in closer proximity to man, while the extension of cultivation has diminished the expanse of woods to which deer may retire for solitude. The result is, that although no perceptible difference has as yet been made in the growth and numbers of roe-deer, which are small and comparatively tame, the stag and his dam have become more and more scarce. Perpetually scared by the approach of men, they become of smaller size, and have horns of fewer points, and to those who care for stag-hunting it becomes a matter of necessity to shoot with discrimination, and not to commit too much slaughter; simply because, unless such precautions were observed, the race would, in time, probably disappear.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 86.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER V.

THE apparition of a file of soldiers ringing down the butt-ends of their loaded muskets on our door-step, caused the dinner-party to rise from table in confusion, and caused Mrs. Joe re-entering the kitchen empty-handed, to stop short and stare, in her wondering lament of "Gracious goodness gracious me, what's gone—with the—pie!"

The sergeant and I were in the kitchen when Mrs. Joe stood staring; at which crisis I partially recovered the use of my senses. It was the sergeant who had spoken to me, and he was now looking round at the company, with his handcuffs invitingly extended towards them in his right hand, and his left on my shoulder.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said the sergeant, "but as I have mentioned at the door to this smart young shaver" (which he hadn't), "I am on a chase in the name of the King, and I want the blacksmith."

"And pray what might you want with *him*?" retorted my sister, quick to resent his being wanted at all.

"Missis," returned the gallant sergeant, "speaking for myself, I should reply, the honour and pleasure of his fine wife's acquaintance; speaking for the King, I answer, a little job done."

This was received as rather neat in the sergeant; inasmuch that Mr. Pumblechook cried audibly, "Good again!"

"You see, blacksmith," said the sergeant, who had by this time picked out Joe with his eye, "we have had an accident with these, and I find the lock of one of 'em goes wrong, and the coupling don't act pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them?"

Joe threw his eye over them, and pronounced that the job would necessitate the lighting of his forge fire, and would take nearer two hours than one. "Will it? Then will you set about it at once, blacksmith," said the off-hand sergeant, "as it's on his Majesty's service. And if my men can bear a hand anywhere, they'll make themselves useful." With that, he called to his men, who came trooping into the kitchen one after another, and piled their arms in a corner. And then they stood about, as soldiers do; now, with

their hands loosely clasped before them; now, resting a knee or a shoulder; now, easing a belt or a pouch; now, opening the door to spit stiffly over their high stocks, out into the yard.

All these things I saw without then knowing that I saw them, for I was in an agony of apprehension. But, beginning to perceive that the handcuffs were not for me, and that the military had so far got the better of the pie as to put it in the background, I collected a little more of my scattered wits.

"Would you give me the Time?" said the sergeant, addressing himself to Mr. Pumblechook, as to a man whose appreciative powers justified the inference that he was equal to the time.

"It's just gone half-past two."

"That's not so bad," said the sergeant, reflecting; "even if I was forced to halt here nigh two hours, that'll do. How far might you call yourselves from the marshes, hereabouts? Not above a mile, I reckon?"

"Just a mile," said Mrs. Joe.

"That'll do. We begin to close in upon 'em about dusk. A little before dusk, my orders are. That'll do."

"Convicts, sergeant?" asked Mr. Wopsle, in a matter-of-course way.

"Ay!" returned the sergeant, "two. They're pretty well known to be out on the marshes still, and they won't try to get clear of 'em before dusk. Anybody here seen anything of any such game?"

Everybody, myself excepted, said no, with confidence. Nobody thought of me.

"Well!" said the sergeant, "they'll find themselves trapped in a circle, I expect, sooner than they count on. Now, blacksmith! If you're ready, His Majesty the King is."

Joe had got his coat and waistcoat and cravat off, and his leather apron on, and passed into the forge. One of the soldiers opened its wooden windows, another lighted the fire, another turned to at the bellows, the rest stood round the blaze, which was soon roaring. Then Joe began to hammer and clink, hammer and clink, and we all looked on.

The interest of the impending pursuit not only absorbed the general attention, but even made my sister liberal. She drew a pitcher of beer from the cask, for the soldiers, and invited the sergeant to take a glass of brandy. But Mr. Pumblechook said, sharply, "Give him

wine, mum. I'll engage there's no Tar in that :'' so, the sergeant thanked him and said that as he preferred his drink without tar, he would take wine, if it was equally convenient. When it was given him, he drank his Majesty's health and Compliments of the Season, and took it all at a mouthful and smacked his lips.

"Good stuff, eh, sergeant?" said Mr. Pumblechook.

"I'll tell you something," returned the sergeant; "I suspect that stuff's of *your* providing."

Mr. Pumblechook, with a fat sort of laugh, said, "Ay, ay? Why?"

"Because," returned the sergeant, clapping him on the shoulder, "you're a man that knows what's what."

"D'ye think so?" said Mr. Pumblechook, with his former laugh. "Have another glass."

"With you. Hob and nob," returned the sergeant. "The top of mine to the foot of yours—the foot of yours to the top of mine—Ring once, ring twice—the best tune on the Musical Glasses! Your health. May you live a thousand years, and never be a worse judge of the right sort than you are at the present moment of your life!"

The sergeant tossed off his glass again and seemed quite ready for another glass. I noticed that Mr. Pumblechook in his hospitality appeared to forget that he had made a present of the wine, but took the bottle from Mrs. Joe and had all the credit of handing it about in a gush of joviality. Even I got some. And he was so very free of the wine that he even called for the other bottle and handed that about with the same liberality, when the first was gone.

As I watched them while they all stood clustered about the forge enjoying themselves so much, I thought what terrible good sauce for a dinner my fugitive friend on the marshes was. They had not enjoyed themselves a quarter so much, before the entertainment was brightened with the excitement he furnished. And now, when they were all in lively expectation of "the two villains" being taken, and when the bellows seemed to roar for the fugitives, the fire to flare for them, the smoke to hurry away in pursuit of them, Joe to hammer and clink for them, and all the murky shadows on the wall to shake at them in menace as the blaze rose and sank and the red-hot sparks dropped and died, the pale afternoon outside, almost seemed in my pitying young fancy to have turned pale on their account, poor wretches.

At last, Joe's job was done, and the ringing and roaring stopped. As Joe got on his coat, he mustered courage to propose that some of us should go down with the soldiers and see what came of the hunt. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble declined, on the plea of a pipe and ladies' society; but Mr. Wopsle said he would go, if Joe would. Joe said he was agreeable, and he would take me, if Mrs. Joe approved. We never should have got leave to go, I am sure, but for Mrs. Joe's curiosity to know all about it and how it ended. As it was, she merely stipulated, "If you bring the boy back with his head

blown to bits by a musket, don't look to me to put it together again."

The sergeant took a polite leave of the ladies, and parted from Mr. Pumblechook as from a comrade; though I doubt if he were quite as fully sensible of that gentleman's merits under arid conditions, as when something moist was going. His men resumed their muskets and fell in. Mr. Wopsle, Joe, and I, received strict charge to keep in the rear, and to speak no word after we reached the marshes. When we were all out in the raw air and were steadily moving towards our business, I treasonably whispered to Joe, "I hope, Joe, we shan't find them." And Joe whispered to me, "I'd give a shilling if they had cut and run, Pip."

We were joined by no stragglers from the village, for the weather was cold and threatening, the way dreary, the footing bad, darkness coming on, and the people had good fires in-doors and were keeping the day. A few faces hurried to glowing windows and looked after us, but none came out. We passed the finger-post, and held straight on to the churchyard. There, we were stopped a few minutes by a signal from the sergeant's hand, while two or three of his men dispersed themselves among the graves, and also examined the porch. They came in again without finding anything, and then we struck out on the open marshes, through the gate at the side of the churchyard. A bitter sleet came rattling against us here on the east wind, and Joe took me on his back.

Now that we were out upon the dismal wilderness where they little thought I had been within eight or nine hours and had seen both men hiding, I considered for the first time, with great dread, if we should come upon them, would my particular convict suppose that it was I who had brought the soldiers there? He had asked me if I was a deceiving imp, and he had said I should be a fierce young hound if I joined the hunt against him. Would he believe that I was both imp and hound in treacherous earnest, and had betrayed him?

It was of no use asking myself this question now. There I was, on Joe's back, and there was Joe beneath me, charging at the ditches like a hunter, and stimulating Mr. Wopsle not to tumble on his Roman nose, and to keep up with us. The soldiers were in front of us, extended into a pretty wide line with an interval between man and man. We were taking the course I had begun with, and from which I had diverged in the mist. Either the mist was not out again yet, or the wind had dispelled it. Under the low red glare of sunset, the beacon, and the gibbet, and the mound of the Battery, and the opposite shore of the river, were plain, though all of a watery lead colour.

With my heart thumping like a blacksmith at Joe's broad shoulder, I looked all about for any sign of the convicts. I could see none, I could hear none. Mr. Wopsle had greatly alarmed me more than once, by his blowing and hard breathing; but I knew the sounds by this time, and could dissociate them from the object

of pursuit. I got a dreadful start, when I thought I heard the file still going; but it was only a sheep bell. The sheep stopped in their eating and looked timidly at us; and the cattle, their heads turned from the wind and sleet, stared angrily as if they held us responsible for both annoyances; but, except these things, and the shudder of the dying day in every blade of grass, there was no break in the bleak stillness of the marshes.

The soldiers were moving on in the direction of the old Battery, and we were moving on a little way behind them, when, all of a sudden, we all stopped. For, there had reached us on the wings of the wind and rain, a long shout. It was repeated. It was at a distance towards the east, but it was long and loud. Nay, there seemed to be two or more shouts raised together—if one might judge from a confusion in the sound.

To this effect the sergeant and the nearest men were speaking under their breath, when Joe and I came up. After another moment's listening, Joe (who was a good judge) agreed, and Mr. Wopsle (who was a bad judge) agreed. The sergeant, a decisive man, ordered that the sound should not be answered, but that the course should be changed, and that his men should make towards it "at the double." So we slanted to the right (where the East was), and Joe pounded away so wonderfully, that I had to hold on tight to keep my seat.

It was a run indeed now, and what Joe called, in the only two words he spoke all the time, "a Winder." Down banks and up banks, and over gates, and splashing into dykes, and breaking among coarse rushes: no man cared where he went. As we came nearer to the shouting, it became more and more apparent that it was made by more than one voice. Sometimes, it seemed to stop altogether, and then the soldiers stopped. When it broke out again, the soldiers made for it at a greater rate than ever, and we after them. After a while, we had so run it down, that we could hear one voice calling "Murder!" and another voice, "Convicts! Runaways! Guard! This way for the runaway convicts!" Then both voices would seem to be stifled in a struggle, and then would break out again. And when it had come to this, the soldiers ran like deer, and Joe too.

The sergeant ran in first, when we had run the noise quite down, and two of his men ran in close upon him. Their pieces were cocked and levelled when we all ran in.

"Here are both men!" panted the sergeant, struggling at the bottom of a ditch. "Surrender, you two! and confound you for two wild beasts! Come asunder!"

Water was splashing, and mud was flying, and oaths were being sworn, and blows were being struck, when some more men went down into the ditch to help the sergeant, and dragged out, separately, my convict and the other one. Both were bleeding and panting and execrating and struggling; but of course I knew them both directly.

"Mind!" said my convict, wiping blood

from his face with his ragged sleeves, and shaking torn hair from his fingers; "I took him! I give him up to you! Mind that!"

"It's not much to be particular about," said the sergeant; "it'll do you small good, my man, being in the same plight yourself. Handcuffs there!"

"I don't expect it to do me any good. I don't want it to do me more good than it does now," said my convict, with a greedy laugh. "I took him. He knows it. That's enough for me."

The other convict was livid to look at, and, in addition to the old bruised left side of his face, seemed to be bruised and torn all over. He could not so much as get his breath to speak, until they were both separately handcuffed, but leaned upon a soldier to keep himself from falling.

"Take notice, guard—he tried to murder me," were his first words.

"Tried to murder him?" said my convict, disdainfully. "Try, and not do it? I took him, and giv' him up; that's what I done. I not only prevented him getting off the marshes, but I dragged him here—dragged him this far on his way back. He's a gentleman, if you please, this villain. Now, the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me. Murder him? Worth my while, too, to murder him, when I could do worse and drag him back!"

The other one still gasped, "He tried—he tried—to—murder me. Bear—bear witness."

"Lookee here!" said my convict to the sergeant. "Single-handed I got clear of the prison-ship; I made a dash and I done it. I could ha' got clear of these death-cold flats likewise—look at my leg: you won't find much iron on it—if I hadn't made discovery that *he* was here. Let *him* go free? Let *him* profit by the means I found out? Let *him* make a tool of me afresh and again? Once more? No, no, no. If I had died at the bottom there;" and he made an emphatic swing at the ditch with his manacled hands; "I'd have held to him with that grip, that you should have been safe to find him in my hold."

The other fugitive, who was evidently in extreme horror of his companion, repeated, "He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you had not come up."

"He lies!" said my convict, with fierce energy. "He's a liar born, and he'll die a liar. Look at his face; ain't it written there? Let him turn those eyes of his on me. I defy him to do it."

The other, with an effort at a scornful smile—which could not, however, collect the nervous working of his mouth into any set expression—looked at the soldiers, and looked about at the marshes and at the sky, but certainly did not look at the speaker.

"Do you see him?" pursued my convict. "Do you see what a villain he is? Do you see those grovelling and wandering eyes? That's how he looked when we were tried together. He never looked at me."

The other, always working and working his dry lips and turning his eyes restlessly about him far and near, did at last turn them for a

moment on the speaker, with the words, "You are not much to look at," and with a half-taunting glance at the bound hands. At that point, my convict became so frantically exasperated, that he would have rushed upon him but for the interposition of the soldiers. "Didn't I tell you," said the other convict then, "that he would murder me, if he could?" And any one could see that he shook with fear, and that there broke out upon his lips, curious white flakes, like thin snow.

"Enough of this parley," said the sergeant. "Light those torches."

As one of the soldiers, who carried a basket in lieu of a gun, went down on his knee to open it, my convict looked round him for the first time, and saw me. I had alighted from Joe's back on the brink of the ditch when we came up, and had not moved since. I looked at him eagerly when he looked at me, and slightly moved my hands and shook my head. I had been waiting for him to see me, that I might try to assure him of my innocence. It was not at all expressed to me that he even comprehended my intention, for he gave me a look that I did not understand, and it all passed in a moment. But if he had looked at me for an hour or for a day, I could not have remembered his face ever afterwards, as having been more attentive.

The soldier with the basket soon got a light, and lighted three or four torches, and took one himself and distributed the others. It had been almost dark before, but now it seemed quite dark, and soon afterwards very dark. Before we departed from that spot, four soldiers standing in a ring, fired twice into the air. Presently we saw other torches kindled at some distance behind us, and others on the marshes on the opposite bank of the river. "All right," said the sergeant. "March."

We had not gone far when three cannon were fired ahead of us with a sound that seemed to burst something inside my ear. "You are expected on board," said the sergeant to my convict; "they know you are coming. Don't straggle, my man. Close up here."

The two were kept apart, and each walked surrounded by a separate guard. I had hold of Joe's hand now, and Joe carried one of the torches. Mr. Wopsle had been for going back, but Joe was resolved to see it out, so we went on with the party. There was a reasonably good path now, mostly on the edge of the river, with a divergence here and there where a dyke came, with a miniature windmill on it and a muddy sluice-gate. When I looked round, I could see the other lights coming in after us. The torches we carried, dropped great blotches of fire upon the track, and I could see those, too, lying smoking and flaring. I could see nothing else but black darkness. Our lights warned the air about us with their pitchy blaze, and the two prisoners seemed rather to like that, as they limped along in the midst of the muskets. We could not go fast, because of their lameness, and they were so spent, that two or three times we had to halt while they rested.

After an hour or so of this travelling, we came to a rough wooden hut and a landing-place. There was a guard in the hut, and they challenged, and the sergeant answered. Then, we went into the hut where there was a smell of tobacco and whitewash, and a bright fire, and a lamp, and a stand of muskets, and a drum, and a low wooden bedstead, like an overgrown mangle without the machinery, capable of holding about a dozen soldiers all at once. Three or four soldiers who lay upon it in their great-coats, were not much interested in us, but just lifted their heads and took a sleepy stare, and then lay down again. The sergeant made some kind of report, and some entry in a book, and then the convict whom I call the other convict was drafted off with his guard, to go on board first.

My convict never looked at me, except that once. While we stood in the hut, he stood before the fire looking thoughtfully at it, or putting up his feet by turns upon the hob, and looking thoughtfully at them as if he pitied them for their recent adventures. Suddenly, he turned to the sergeant, and remarked:

"I wish to say something respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me."

"You can say what you like," returned the sergeant, standing coolly looking at him with his arms folded, "but you have no call to say it here. You'll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, before it's done with, you know."

"I know, but this is another pint, a separate matter. A man can't starve; at least I can't. I took some wittles, up at the village over yonder—where the church stands a'most out on the marshes."

"You mean stole," said the sergeant.

"And I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's."

"Halloa!" said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

"Halloa, Pip!" said Joe, staring at me.

"It was some broken wittles—that's what it was—and a dram of liquor, and a pie."

"Have you happened to miss such an article as a pie, blacksmith?" asked the sergeant, confidentially.

"My wife did, at the very moment when you came in. Don't you know, Pip?"

"So," said my convict, turning his eyes on Joe in a moody manner, and without the least glance at me; "so you're the blacksmith, are you? Then I'm sorry to say, I've eat your pie."

"God knows you're welcome to it—so far as it was ever mine," returned Joe, with a saving remembrance of Mrs. Joe. "We don't know what you have done, but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, poor miserable fellow-creatur.—Would us, Pip?"

The something that I had noticed before, clicked in the man's throat again, and he turned his back. The boat had returned, and his guard were ready, so we followed him to the landing-place made of rough stakes and stones, and saw him put into the boat, which was rowed

by a crew of convicts like himself. No one seemed surprised to see him, or interested in seeing him, or glad to see him, or sorry to see him, or spoke a word, except that somebody in the boat growled as if to dogs, "Give way, you!" which was the signal for the dip of the oars. By the light of the torches, we saw the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mud of the shore, like a wicked Noah's ark. Cribbed and barred and moored by massive rusty chains, the prison-ship seemed in my young eyes to be ironed like the prisoners. We saw the boat go alongside, and we saw him taken up the side and disappear. Then, the ends of the torches were flung hissing into the water, and went out, as if it were all over with him.

THE MAN FOR CHINA.

I HAVE a mission. I may not, perhaps, be able to fulfil it, for we lie at the mercy of circumstances in this trying world. Nevertheless, I am confident that I have a mission, and that mission has reference to China. I have been conscious of the fact for some years past, but it has been impressed upon me more forcibly than ever by the intelligence which we have been lately receiving from that country.

I suppose all Englishmen will be ready to confess that our relations with the Chinese empire have not been altogether satisfactory. Without doubt there has been a decided hitch in those relations. They have not been working well for some time past, and, indeed, I may say that they never have worked well at any time. We don't seem, as two nations, to understand each other. We appear to be playing at cross questions and crooked answers, and this state of things is giving rise to all sorts of evils, which are telling in a very disagreeable way upon the temper of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. My mission is to remedy these evils. I feel a kind of inspiration, that I, and I only, am the man to deal with that shifty people.

We are in the habit of speaking of such and such a person as being a man suited to his time, a man fitted for the occasion. Wellington was the man for Waterloo, Russell was the man for Reform, Cobden was the man for the No Corn-law. Very good; my name is Chapman, and I am the man for China.

Of course such a work as that which I propose to do could not possibly be performed without adequate means and powers being placed at my disposal. Even Wellington, I presume, mighty genius as he was, would not have been successful at Waterloo altogether by himself. Some people go so far as to say that he was very much indebted to Blücher on that occasion. At any rate he required a British army at his back; and, without a British army, I think, we may safely conclude that his success would have been, to say the least of it, problematical. You will, therefore, not be surprised to hear that I also re-

quire certain small aids and auxiliaries. You ask what these are? I have no objection to confess ingenuously that I shall require the assistance, not only of the British army, but of the British fleet besides. This modest requisition you will probably deny me; nevertheless, I will proceed to lay before you, briefly but clearly, the grounds upon which I, Chapman, thus ask for the confidence and support of the British nation.

First of all, I will begin by saying that, although I understand English and French perfectly, and am decidedly fluent as regards the latter language, yet I know nothing whatever about Chinese. I consider this last a great qualification. You will say it is not a singular one. Probably not. But what is the use of a qualification if it is not taken advantage of? I contend that all our dealings with the Chinese people have been carried on by persons who, if they did not understand the language themselves, were unfortunate enough to be surrounded by those who did, and I further contend that this knowledge has been the cause of all the evils which we have now to deplore. The use of language, we have been told, is to conceal our thoughts, and this is certainly the use to which the Chinese put it. Talk of their Flowery Land! what is the floweriness of their land when compared to the efflorescence of their language? Here is a people who make it their chief business to tell lies. They are great in fire-works, moral as well as pyrotechnic, and the man of genius, with them, is the man who can invent the most awful "crackers." Truthfulness is the sign of a rude, unpolished mind, and a man who should go amongst the Chinese, without first cloaking and concealing and carefully covering over every real feeling of his mind, would be looked upon pretty much in the same light as one of our own naked ancestors would be looked upon, if he were to reappear suddenly amongst ourselves greased and painted. Can you wonder that Chinamen persist in calling us barbarians, when, notwithstanding all the experience which we have had of their character, we still continue to send diplomatists to them, to be cajoled and wheedled and bamboozled in every possible way? Look at that affair at Tien-tsin the other day. I believe that we were within an ace, on that occasion, of making another of those famous treaties which convulse the fat sides of every mandarin in the empire with mirth. How I wish that I had commenced my mission at that time; that I could have been set down in Lord Elgin's place, and could have had Kwei-liang brought before me. You ask me what I would have done with him? What? Why, I would have had his head off; and, if I had made any use whatever of Messrs. Parke and Wade, it would have been to send them to Hang-fuh with my compliments, and to tell him that if any other lying commissioner of the same sort were to come before me, I would serve him after the same sort. I think

Hang-fuh would have understood that message. It has, in fact, something of the Chinese style about it; at any rate, you may feel convinced of this:—that that enlightened provincial governor would think twice about the matter before he ever endeavoured again to palm off any falsehood upon me.

But you will say that we are going to do matters in the right way this time; that Lord Elgin is close to Pekin, with some powerful persuaders, in the shape of Armstrong guns and Minié rifles; and that he will be able to dictate, to that effete old emperor Hien-fuh, any terms we please. I hope so; but I don't feel at all satisfied upon this point. I read in the newspapers that two mandarins arrived at Tung-chow with a flag of truce—probably our Tien-tsin friends Tsai-wan, President of the Imperial Court of Punishment, and Mu-hyn, President of the Council of War. This looked bad, and turned out so. Some of our people went to meet them; were caught in a trap and treacherously made prisoners. I will suppose that what the correspondents say is correct, and that Lord Elgin will refuse to have anything to say to the Imperial trickster until the prisoners are released, and a heavy sum of money paid. This isn't enough for me. I would have no treaty that is not signed inside the walls of Pekin. An extramural treaty I don't build much upon. The value of any treaty which Lord Elgin would conclude would be worth as much, and no more, as he could manage to squeeze out of it upon the spot,—and that wouldn't be much short of Pekin itself.

Just contrast Lord Elgin's plans with my brilliant method of doing business. Imagine *me* for a moment on the march to Pekin and meeting with Tsai-wan and Mu-hyn on the way. Lord Elgin is no doubt an excellent and highly intelligent person, but I have a spice of the Jehu in *me*. I am a little more fiery and decided, and I flatter myself that if Tsai-wan and Mu-hyn came, with the purpose of playing us any tricks, he would find in *me* rather a difficult customer.

The first thing that I should do would be to seize upon those two mandarins, and say, if they prated of peace, "What hast thou to do with peace? turn thee behind me;" and I would have them sent to the rear to be taken care of accordingly. I would do more than this. I would have that Grand President of the Imperial Court of Punishment carefully searched and examined, and if I found on him, as I most probably should, any traces of deceit and double-dealing, I would furnish him with an excellent example of the British method of executing the duties of his office, and he should be made acquainted with the punishment of which we generally consider prevaricators to be deserving in this country. Don't you see the advantage of this vigorous plan of dealing with these Celestials? Don't you think, when I had once given out, that I refused to have any com-

munication on any subject, save with the Emperor Hien-fuh himself, and had given a pledge of the sincerity of my statement by administering condign punishment upon Kweiliang, and every other commissioner pretended or not who endeavoured to deceive me, that I should not be much longer troubled with these crafty, shifty, faithless, perjured, lying mandarins?

I have no patience when I think of the manner in which we have allowed ourselves, from time to time to be cheated by this curious people. What do we mean by going to them with our hats in our hands, and treating with all the civility, and courtesy, and diplomatic niceties of European courts, a nation who have deceived us, and broken faith with us, on every possible opportunity, and who scarcely take proper pains to conceal the fact that they are desirous of treating us in the same manner now? What do we mean by allowing a coarse, ignorant debauchee like Hien-fuh, to shield himself behind commissioners, and presidents, and lying functionaries of all kinds, and to keep at a distance, and treat with insolent contempt, the best, and bravest, and noblest of our land? What do we mean by going out to China, year after year, with our costly fleets and armies, merely to gain barren victories, and to conclude treaties which turn out, six months afterwards, to be of the exact value of so much waste paper?

If the British government will only send me, Chapman, out to China, and give me *carte blanche* to do as I please, I promise to remedy all these perplexing difficulties in such an effectual manner, that they shall never, by any possibility, occur again. I shall not require any assistance beyond that which I have already stated. If I *must* have an interpreter, I will only consent to have one, on this condition, that he shall interpret any proposals which I may think well to make, into Chinese, but that he shall be prohibited, at the risk of instant annihilation, from interpreting any Chinese answers in return, beyond the simple affirmative and negative, "yes" and "no." I dare say that even this would not be an easy business; for no doubt those wily diplomatists have a word which, on occasion, serves for both. There was a fellow, I remember, at Cambridge, of a Celestial type of countenance and low algebraic intellect, who was able to write a peculiar sign, something between "plus" and "minus," and which, in doubtful cases, would serve for either one or the other. I reserve to myself the power of dealing with the Chinese, in an opposite manner to that in which the examiners dealt with the deceitful Cantab. The Cantab was only plucked; but my ambiguous Celestials shall be tarred and feathered.

Suppose me then set down on these conditions at "seven miles from Pekin"—as one newspaper correspondent dates—and with full powers. What would I do? Well, it is evident that the emperor cares no more about the thrashing of his armies than he does about the thrash-

ing of the Bourbons. We have been always thrashing them. We have been thrashing them, until at last we have become quite tired of that species of cruelty. I declare (putting aside for the moment the loss of life) that it was a positive relief to the tedious monotony of Chinese wars, when they managed last year, contrary to the wildest expectations, to beat us off from the Taku forts. We have now, of course, succeeded in thrashing them again, and we may go on thrashing them, if we please, every year, and Hien-fuh will be rather pleased than otherwise at this clearing away of his redundant population. It is certain, therefore, that this is not the way to get what we require. My plan is simple. Having first of all well thrashed his armies, I would now go on and thrash the emperor himself. The idea of allowing that old sinner to remain all this time in safety at Pekin, is not at all according to my notion of doing business. Nothing should stop *me* till I reached the imperial palace; nothing should satisfy me till I had got Hien-fuh in my power. When I had done that—and I am certain that I could do it in a fortnight—when I had once got that source of all evil in my firm grasp, and had surrounded him with all his lying satellites, who have been bolstering up all his insolence and presumption, I would call in my interpreter, and, having first gently pricked up Hien-fuh with the point of my sword to arouse his attention, and to make him sensible that I meant business, I would deliver this oration:

"I am come here to demand twelve millions of taels, as some slight compensation for all the trouble and expense which your breaches of good faith have occasioned, and I require that the payment of this sum shall be made within three months. I am also come to require certain changes in our commercial relations, and in other important matters; all of which have been already explained to you. The question is, Are you willing to fulfil these demands or not? I know very well that you are burning to declare that the thing is thoroughly impossible, but it is of no use whatever your making any such remark; for, in the first place, I couldn't possibly understand you, and, in the second place, the individual who should dare to interrupt me with any statement of any kind, would only do so at his own imminent peril. I know, also, that you are especially desirous of saying—but you had better not say it—that the idea of collecting twelve millions of taels in three months is a frightful absurdity. To this, however, I *will* make a reply, and it is this: that if *you* don't collect them, *I* will; and I moreover promise, that you shall every one of you remain under my safe custody until the amount is made up. But, mind, beyond the three months I won't wait. Do you remember a certain Commissioner Yeh? Very good; now let me tell you that gentlemen of your country are very much appreciated in the West India Islands, and that if you don't make haste to carry out my

wishes at once, instead of going to India you shall go to the West Indies. So much of the present; but there is something else which I wish to say with respect to the future, and it is this: I am sorry to have to confess that the sea voyage between England and your delightful country is rather long and tedious, and that, therefore, I have determined, if ever I have to visit you again, to come for good. I mean, that if the commands which I lay upon you now are not complied with to the very letter, the next time I come I will make it utterly impossible for you ever to disappoint me again. You may feel sure then of this, that if you don't stick to this agreement you will find yourselves playing a losing game.

Now I think you will agree that when I had made this oration, and had acted up to it, I should have produced an impression upon the Celestial mind which would at any rate last our time. Lord Elgin, I have no doubt, will do on this occasion more than has ever been done before, but I fear that, even then, our relations with the Chinese will be very imperfect. My plan may seem harsh and cruel: but it has a grandeur of simplicity about it, such as all inspirations of real genius have. It would give you twelve instead of eight millions of taels: it would bring cheap tea to every old woman in the country. It would open up at once a splendid market for British manufactures on the one hand, and, on the other, it would give the Chinese the material and social advantages which Europeans enjoy. It would do away for ever with these troublesome Chinese wars, and make our Chancellor of the Exchequer dance with joy. You will say, perhaps, with a sigh of regret, that I am too late for the present dispute. In that case, all I ask is, that when the next war comes, which it will surely do before long, you will then remember *me*. I am a man of deeds, not words. My name is Chapman, and I am the man for China.

GAULS IN ROME.

ON prominent corners of our Roman streets glaring placards arrest the eye importunately, to the one burden, "ROME EN CINQ JOURS:" that is, a recipe for fricaseeing, hashing, and serving hot the dish called an Eternal City, in three, two, or even one day. The essence or extract of ruins, churches, pictures, forums, columns, statues, and bones, all boiled down into a concentrated jelly. We gallop at the thing desperately—ventre à terre—and the city must be done post. Towards evening—when there rolls by me that ancient open coach, with the father o' family, and mother o' family, and the son o' th' family, and daughters in the familiar hat of the period, all packed close and painfully in the interior, with their common Red Book lying cast away in the middle, and with the most worn, haggard expression that hopeless human misery can ever attain—I know that they

have been having a pleasant day of it, and have been gasping through the famous Roman sights within a limited period. They have been adapting the notorious pedestrian feat, and have walked their thousand sights in a thousand consecutive seconds. Their hired showman sits on the box, and is still doing his office—pointing; while his victims have their necks craned back, and with a dull and stony stare, gaze on the details of what seem to be only the cornices and house-tops. Poor souls! their day's work is nearly at an end; and, gorged with huge undigested lumps of statues, painting, churches, and general antiquity, are returning very full and uncomfortable. Only conceive of this miserable *peine forte et dure*! Fancy their being driven through the happy fields of Elysium with an avenging fury, or hired showman, scourging them on from behind. That drooping gladiator, the noblest figure in the world, lies there all brown and dusty, piteously and silently invoking an irresistible sympathy; but the fury behind will only allow one second to the gladiator, and hoarsely whispers, "Move on!" Antinous, one second; Apollo, a glance; Laocoon, no more than a wink; Coliseum, a bow. What a horrible Tantalus feast for a true child of Art! enough to tease and goad him to lunacy.

The three answers made by a pontiff of a sprightly turn of mind to the three American gentlemen on their travels, has furnished an apologue, quite Arabesque in turn and thought, as applied to this melancholy disease of greedy sight-seeing. Once on a time three American kalenders were presented to the Pope, and the Pope received them very graciously. The Pope said unto the first American kalender, "My good friend, how long will you tarry with us in this Eternal City?" But the first kalender, opening his mouth, said, with grief, "O holy father! no more than one week." And the Pope smiled on him, and said, "Then you shall see a very great deal." Then, turning to the second kalender, he asked him, "My good friend, how long will you tarry with us in this Eternal City?" But the second kalender, opening his mouth, said, with grief, "O holy father! no more than one month." And the Pope looked doubtfully on him, and said, "Then you shall see a very little indeed." Then, turning to the third kalender, he asked him, "My good friend, how long will you tarry with us in this Eternal City?" But the third kalender, opening his mouth with joy, said, "O holy father! as long as six months." But the Pope looked frowningly on him, and said, "Then you shall see nothing at all." So the three American kalenders went home to their caravanserais foolishly. The moral: this fable sheweth how, when we go out to see the lions, it is always wise to take Time by the forelock, and to drag him by it very fast.

The little Frenchmen again, as I live, turning up at every corner in threes and fours, looking in at the windows, chattering, laughing, smoking, scoured and burnished as bright as their very bayonets—the Fortieth and the Twenty-second

Regiments of the Line. They have been here for ten or twelve years, and are heartily sick of the place. In the whole contingent taken together, I will venture to say, they cannot muster a page of decent Italian. Habitually they do not corrupt their own easy idiom by the admixture of broken Italian, but address the population fearlessly in loud Parisian French. "Peste!" cry out, angrily, two officers purchasing gloves in a shop, one rolling his r's in frightful reduplication; "see! we are here two years now, and these coquins have not learnt a word of French!" This speech is delightful, and worth a sack of scudi; deliciously characteristic of the Great Nation and its unconscious vanity. All things are in an exquisite keeping. The grand French Bird has swooped (with an Idea in its head), and this, gentle sirs, is no more than the department of the Tiber, with prefect and sub-prefect, making allowance, of course, for some little native formalities in the matter of rule just tolerated. With what a superb disdain do the little red-limbed men, who trip along with hands plunged into their brick-red pantaloons, measure the native canaille! They do not know them. But the colonels and officers—can words convey the pitying contempt of the superior captain returning the salute paid with such humility by the poor native soldiery? Ask a red-limbed gaillard to direct you to the General Post-office, and with much courtesy the good-natured child of France will send you on your way rejoicing, up this sinuosity, down that intricacy, until you flounder at last upon the wished-for temple. Here it is, beyond mistake, with the soldiers on guard at the door, and the inscription, "POSTE DE L'ARMÉE." Most satisfactory: and this precaution of the soldiery shows a jealous care and watchfulness we cannot too much admire. Alack, and alack a-day! this is only the French post for the soldiers' letters; and the child of France, being questioned touching a post, reasonably concludes that allusion is made to *his* institution—to the Post of la Belle France—in fact, to the one only true and genuine establishment of the world—and the army! See the refined point, the delicate exclusion; there being, as the world knows, but one grand people and one army. Italian nomenclature of streets is too troublesome: so, again asking topographical assistance from the red-limbed child of France, he will set you forward by the Place d'Espagne (not by any means Piazza di Spagna), thence down by La Course (he does not know the Corso), thence by the Rue de la Fontaine (what gibberish is this about Via della Fontanella?), and so happily on to Saint-Pierre. It is a little troublesome this process, but the honour of France is untarnished.

They swarm thickly as locusts, these red-limbed insects. That noble Place of the Column, so broad and spacious, with its grand rusted pillar, round round with its spiral riband, now made orthodox and christianised by a saint's statue, vice heathen Jove or Pallas, is hopelessly Gallicised by these aliens. They are

to be seen sitting in long files on long benches, in whatever sun there is, when that generous warmth is but feebly distributed; in the shade, when he is rampant and inconveniently warm. Theirs is then the thin red line (of culottes) tipped with blue. They turn unexpectedly at all corners. They are eternally sitting in the sun or in the shade. At the huge Convent of the Dominicans, where there are squares and squares of building, and courts and squares again, and huge cold corridors where cold figures flit by you in the white and black plumage of the order (even in this sultry zone it imparts an unpleasant creeping feel seeing these holy men in their airy uniform), where, too, is that famous temple-church of the Goddess Minerva, now Santa Maria sopra Minerva, and the unique Gothic church of an Eternal City—here again, I say, will this sanctuary have the locusts with the red antennæ intruded, obtaining barrack accommodation in some of the brethren's disused cells. They sit out in the sun at the very grand entrance, on a bench, smoking their pipes, and I have no doubt are contemptuous enough at the expense of "ces Robins blancs" who pass them by. They scowl, too, at the strong Englishman who strides by them every day and surveys the little men patronisingly. They know him to be English, and the feeling, by that daily habitual encounter, is exasperated into a silent acrimony. They would like to lave him in that picturesque pond in the centre of a square, where braves are washing their linen, pounding them with stones, as is the custom on beloved Seine. But here is most sweet retribution in the shape of these wains with the braves (in dishabille) sitting atop, and on huge chests of British biscuit, marked legibly with the name of a Liverpool firm. The Liverpool firm in an Eternal City, among the Cæsars, ministering to the Gallic cock!

Someway, they bring brightness with them, do the red-limbed invaders. Most welcome is it to see them flashing down the street with their polished steel and brass, their gay worsteds, red and green, and their handsome intelligent faces. So gay, so obliging, too! they will go round with you some furlongs to point out the way. These braves are matchless in their acting of *preux chevaliers*. Where shall we ever hear of so touching a little trait of delicate politeness as I once saw hard by the fields of Elysium (Parisian, not Paradisal, though both are almost convertible)? Two ranks of the braves are keeping a lane open for the Emperor to pass by, of a cold dismal morning. Suddenly the sun breaks out cheerlessly, and sends down a kind of icy sunbeam aslant, crossing the ranks of the braves. An English lady, comically enough, puts out a small foot into the sloping sunbeam, striving to fetch out of it such warmth as she can; and these braves positively dress up close, and make a gap in their ranks, to give the chilly sunbeam clear passage to madame's foot! Gavarni or Cham should have been there with his crayon.

Another but different little scene, charmingly

French, which these eyes have witnessed, in Rome, must not be passed by unsung. I am well in the front of a battling, squeezing, seething crowd, who have struggled to the barriers at Saint Peter's choir to see the venerable John Labre beatified. A superb church in itself, it is to-day a miracle of golden hangings and illumination. There is a perfect army of candles in the air, to be counted by the hundred thousand. The relatives and descendants of the venerable John have come forward, regardless of expense; for, reasonably enough, they take a just pride in this spiritual ennoblement of their ancestor, a little of which is reflected upon themselves. Here is a significant fact, worthy of being considered at the funerals of Iron Dukes and such awful notabilities. The lighting dispensation is not left to the elegant caprices of lampmen and ball-room contractors, nor to the gloomy art canons which regulate the decoration of the catafalque, but to an architect of eminence, who furnishes an elaborate design which shall harmonise with the building. No running wild and stopping up of vacant spaces with surfeits of candle-light as it shall seem good to nice Undertaking eye. Here everything is elegant, harmonious, and architectural. Nay, this is yet more curious: two other saints will have their turn on the two next Sundays, and their architects will come in, each with *his* design, demolishing and striving to outshine his predecessor. As I have struggled to the front, the lighting of the fifty thousand has just set in: and surely such desperate, frantic gymnastics in that line, could not be so much as dreamt of. It must be done within, say, a quarter of an hour; and here are figures fluttering in the air among the candles, swinging in the clouds of the roof, now flying down ropes and lighting as they go. It makes one dizzy to see these fearful acrobatic performances. Others skip up strange-jointed ladders, carrying fresh joints upon their backs and fitting them on hurriedly as they ascend, until they are poised at a terrible height upon a pair of long slender reeds, bending and springing like fishing-rods. The lighting of the fifty thousand thus proceeds, and the clouds of twinkling stars spread and grow yet wider. Presently, the work being done, the flying figures have dropped to earth one by one, contriving, by some mysterious agency, or, at least, a suspension of the laws of statics, to bring down with them their pulleys, tackle, and general gear.

Now—when the *Te Deum* is singing, buffeted back and forward between two hostile choirs, and the cannon is heard booming away at Saint Angelo, resounding hollowly through each versicle, and the Spanish ladies (not in prison on this occasion, but in a state of semi-seclusion) are standing up in their ranks, rustling those prints of the venerable John and the neatly printed biographies, handed round like ices, distributed from trays, at the charges of his descendants, and there is general rejoicing abroad—I note a stout Capuchin monk beside me, who has fought his way up with his stalwart arms. The sharp elbows attached to the

stalwart arms occasion me much personal inconvenience, and even pain; and gentle remonstrances, as well as physical protest in the shape of counter-elbow pronunciamiento, are equally unavailing. Sullen and resigned, I am thinking what retribution may be in store for this cruel combination of miserable heart and sharpened elbows, when suddenly I am startled by a loud hollow thud and a suppressed shriek, and, turning sharply, see my Capuchin rubbing his hair (it was thick, and matted, and very rough) convulsively, and with features contorted with agony. All contiguous faces are turned upwards, searching out the mystery; but I look down, and see at my feet a thick substantial wax candle which had descended from the firmament, from a ledge somewhere in the regions of the huge dome! Bystanders commiserate feelingly the poor Capuchin whose wonderful head had sustained such a shock. But while they pour in their consolations (accepted ruefully enough), a light, trim little French soldier has skipped up lightly, has deftly picked up the irregular lump of wax and slipped it into the pockets of his voluminous red pantaloons. He gives the injured ecclesiastic a shrug of sorrow and a pitying "Mon Dieu!" and is gone, just as the Capuchin is querulously looking about under his sandalled feet for the odious candle.

At home in un-Eternal London the science of bare-wall advertising takes odd shapes and vagaries, and in the matter of colouring bursts into the most fiery combinations. Still, even with such training, who can be prepared for this affiche, this mortuary emblazonment, where an enormous span of dead wall (a not inappropriate field) is projected over profusely with tiers of very spirited skeletons on a black ground? They are full of lively gesture, and seem to go through a kind of dismal poses plastiques and sepulchral gymnastics. By some being fiery red and others a staring yellow, allusion *may* have been intended to another person, for whom a skeleton, with the addition of horns and such decoration, will pass tolerably well. But there are heraldic ornaments intermingled with these grisly figures; so we must take the whole combination to be in the nature of an eccentric hatchment. In our Eternal City we get a sort of morbid taste for these things, and take a hideous comfort in the ghastly "properties" of death. I never was so startled as at that strange pall, in the middle of a church, which was perfectly alive with little yellow skeletons, skipping over it like the imps in a pantomime. It was the most grotesque performance that could be conceived; but I have no doubt was considered a very chaste effort, and highly suggestive of becoming thoughts.

But this distasteful familiar does take a more touching shape when of a bright sunny day you, who are wandering hither and thither, revolving picture or statue, or some such immortality, are stayed suddenly, hearing sweet voices—children's voices—singing just at hand, and coming

round the corner, and the hymn drawing nearer, and rising still louder, some bystander tells how this is the orphan boy, whom other orphans are burying. A most touching, pathetic little train! A file of children, graduated to all sizes, and all in the quaint white flowing robes which denote orphanage, with the priests, and swinging censers, and cross swaying in the air, and flowers—yes, there was abundance of flowers—and the small light case—not the dismal, elongated lozenge which prevails at home, with the funereal brilliancy of nails and platings, but absolutely a cheery, festival-like thing, where the little orphan slept, carried on the shoulders of six white little orphans. This, too, under the brightest sun and a turquoise-blue sky, without a disturbing breath abroad. It seemed a festival day, a bright, peaceful holiday for the little orphan boy—as, indeed, we may be pretty sure it was. And so he was sung away round the corner out of my sight.

An Eternal City is a very masquerade ball for confusing diversity of dresses. In the shops are to be purchased a sort of costumier's vade mecum—little books of coloured plates, which flutter to the ground in a long paper riband, presenting a panorama of all the disguises, ecclesiastic, civil, and military. And yet, with such help, and even a commendable knowledge of detail in the matter of this refinement, which helps to set right the errors of pure ignorant strangers, I own I am confounded and gravelled (to use a fine old bit of Saxon) by these grey men sitting dismally on a bench at their archway. In the mere fact of grey men sitting dismally on a bench there is nothing curiously startling. Grey men have been seen walking the earth before now; not wholly unfamiliar is the bench as a convenient and expansive form of seat. No; what gravelled me (to import that chip of racy Saxon again) was seeing fellow-creatures sitting on a bench with bright brass barbers' basins on their heads instead of caps. Unadulterated barbers' basins. These eyes have seen such, swinging within convenient distance of the symbolical pole, with that mysterious chip, or bite, out of the edges. There is a legend over their archway, and the legend runs, "POMPIERI." Pumpers! Pompiers! Firemen! It is explained—that is their simple calling. They fly by night: and they have a very neat little waggonette of an engine laid up in their archway, on which they ride to conflagrations. They have a delightful time of it, the pumpers, sitting in the sun, snoozing or smoking, anything, in fact, but putting out fires. At times, at moments of inert languor and of weary buffetings with an ungrateful world, an inexpressible longing seizes on me for the tranquil lot of a pumper. I think, with a sad feeling of envy, of the bright barber's basin—brilliant but unexplained head-dress. A first-class nobleman of three tails is captain-general of the pumpers—wears the peculiar uniform of his corps (has he, I wonder, a glorified barber's basin?), and very likely takes the box-seat on his little engine. All this, too, is Gallican; plagiarised, probably,

from the helmeted Sapeurs Pompiers—incendiaries of nursemaids' hearts in the gardens of the Luxembourg and elsewhere.

REGISTRATION OF SICKNESS.

To know how many persons in a hundred die in any place at any time, gives but a rough clue to the general state of public health. The English system of registration upon which we found most of our sanitary statistics, is the best in Europe, yet it is so lamentably imperfect that there is no full registration of births, and a complete silence as to the still-born; there is no record whatever of the nature and duration of diseases that do not end fatally, while of those ending in death, the registrar (ignorant himself of medical science) accepts as the cause of death, whatever statement he may get from competent or incompetent witnesses. The excellent and indefatigable Registrar-General has stated that only eighty-three in a hundred of the deaths throughout the kingdom have been certified by medical attendants, and that in one quarter of a year twenty-two thousand deaths were returned without any recognised cause. Among causes that are returned we find "want of vitality," or "worn-out stomach." Any one acquainted with the ways of the poor in our rural districts, must know how imperfect is a great part of the evidence supplied to account for the deaths that happen. Mr. Aspland, of Dukinfield, who has extended over eight years an inquiry into the returns for his own district, finds that "in only fifteen out of two thousand seven hundred and fifteen deaths was the cause of death stated by the registrars to be "unknown," whereas it ought to have been so returned in the greater number. The last form of a disease is never fairly to be called the cause of death, even if it were always properly reported. But when the report even of that is utterly untrustworthy, and when all those elevations and depressions of the public health shown in the mass of sickness which mars life but does not destroy it, are passed over without remark, we certainly derive, from the returns of the Registrar-General, less benefit than we ought.

Considerations of this kind were submitted at Bradford to the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, by Mr. Henry Wyldbore Rumsey, and they obtained so general an assent that a committee was formed, including among its members Dr. Farr, Mr. Simon, and Dr. Southwood Smith: to whom afterwards Mr. Chadwick, Sir James Clark, and other men, both skilled and interested in this line of inquiry, were added. To the last meeting of the association, this committee reported its opinion that registration of births and deaths should be taken out of the hands of unscientific men, by filling up all vacancies as they arise, with an order of highly qualified medical superintendents: the registration of marriages being left to the clerk of the board of guardians, who now generally undertakes that duty. The committee found it to be desirable that the cause of deaths

not accounted for by the certificate of a legally qualified medical practitioner, should be ascertained by the medical superintendent registrar, and that the same officer should be supplied with means of registering the sickness in, at least, all public institutions. That such returns should specify age, occupation, and class; and that the registration of all births should be enforced, including the births of still-born children.

We will dwell only upon the suggestion of a public registration of disease. This was at the beginning of the eighteenth century, says Mr. Rumsey, one of the twelve proposals of John Bellers, "by which the lives of many thousands of the rich as well as the poor may be saved yearly." It has been urged since that time, again and again, with various suggestions as to the best manner of effecting it, and it is now again before the public. Well-devised forms of returns are wanted, but are easily to be obtained; and valuable records of the cause and duration of sickness in our workhouses, hospitals, and dispensaries, might be claimed by the State for the public good. These would suggest the proportion of sick time to healthy time in the lives of those who live under the least favourable conditions. The pauper returns would represent from three to seven per cent. of the population of a district; the applicants to medical charities would add to this, only another seven or eight per cent.

But, if forms of return were supplied, and slight remuneration for the trouble of careful registration were paid to the secretaries of friendly and benefit societies, sick-clubs, and self-supporting dispensaries, with suggestion of a few obvious precautions easily to be observed, valuable knowledge might be gained as to the habitual health and the influences by which strength is lowered among a large body of the prudent and comparatively healthy working class. More than this we might not be in a hurry to expect; indeed, we do not expect so much as this to be accomplished in a hurry. But for the interests of the higher class of private patients, the chances of healthy life, as well as the chances of death in every grade of society under its various conditions, should be laid open to careful study; and it is well to know that excellent statistics of private practice have been worked out by some thoughtful surgeons and physicians, without the faintest approach to any breach of professional confidence. Thus, Dr. Hartshorne, of Philadelphia, has devised for the use of private practitioners a tabular record, in which every case is entered by a single dot, and the return of dots conveys all the required information.

There is much to be learnt that we only suspect at present from comparison of sickness with mortality. We know that in Scotland there is less sickness, but more death, than in England; and we know that in London, while the death-rate is comparatively low, the public-sickness rate seems to be higher than that of most continental cities. Mr. Rumsey believes that at present, in prolonging life, we prolong much in-

firmity, and that the less death we have the more sickness we have,—and shall have, until sanitary science shall have advanced several steps higher. "Facts," he says, "are accumulating to prove that the mere number of deaths occurring in any locality, bear no constant or even approximate ratio to the real amount of sickness existing there. As a necessary result of improvements in domestic management and medical treatment, and owing to the removal or absence of those more virulent agents of destruction which, by sharp and decisive strokes, prematurely sever the thread of life, its duration has been lengthened in our great cities; but at the same time the sickly and infirm period of existence has been prolonged probably in a greater degree than even life itself. Chronic diseases, or at least functional disorders, have increased. Vital force is lowered. Man's work is arrested; his duties are unperformed; his objects fail; though he still lives. Weakly, diseased children are now mercifully helped, as they never were in olden time, to grow up into weakly, ailing adults, who, in their turn, propagate with abnormal fecundity an unsound progeny. Is this true sanitary progress? Does it deserve the ostentatious parading an increasing death-rate?"

As our fathers left us no more statistics of sickness than are at present registering for the instruction of our children, we are unable to say nay to this picture. It is probable that under the old unwholesome conditions of life there was not only a great deal of killing, but also a great deal of crippling short of death, and even more general sickness, as well as more death, than there is among us now. But of that we know nothing. It is most true that we have never studied, and are still neglecting to study, with any accuracy, the statistics of sickness and health, to which the statistics of death, even if they were perfect, would afford no clue. So far as care of the body goes, it concerns a man more to know his risks of the fifty illnesses that may throw him on his back, than the possible date of the one death that must come, and of which the time is to him personally—in spite of libraries full of statistics—utterly unknown and uncertain. We join, therefore, in the demand for a registration of sickness that has not a fatal end, as well as for a more effective registration even of the births and of the causes of the deaths themselves. Let us have lists of the killed, and of the wounded too.

REJOICE!

In the warm grandeur of the summer-glows,
Gleaming and cold in Winter's frozen tears,
Casting a faded crimson on the snows,
Beauty in all appears—

The thunder-music of the winter floods,
The summer calms, the hush of solitudes.

This crowning beauty breathes upon the face,
Up through the fine pores of the scented flowers,
In the still stars her looks of love we trace
On quiet midnight hours;

Her dew-wet kisses to the morn are given;
Her lingering blushes tinge the cheek of even.

Beauty will oft her face in darkness shroud,

'Tis lovely glances struggle through the storm:
'Tis the black bosom of the rainy cloud

Wears the bright rainbow's form.

A universal love, a good in ill

Worketh for man, yet cheats his human skill.

Closed in the city's cold and granite heart,

Lulled by the groaning murmur of the wheels,
The soul is lost in life, becomes a part

Of the fierce tide that steals

Throughout the city's long and sinuous veins,
The many-sounded streets, the lighted lanes:

Yet may the heart be far 'mong flowery fells,

Drinking the drowsy music of the bee,
Or dreaming joyous in the summer dells

Wrapt in rich poesy.

The spirit ne'er is chained by time or place,
Wild as the swallow in its airy chase.

Rejoice, O man! the winds sing out "Rejoice!"

Hark! it is whispered by the falling leaf,

A grand hope-echo like a seraph voice

Rings through the night of grief.

O God! how barren were thy gift of life

Devoid of flowers, with nought but weeds of strife!

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HAD Fortune decreed that I should be rich, I believe I would have been the most popular of men. There is such a natural kindness of disposition in me, blended with the most refined sense of discrimination. I love humanity in the aggregate, and, at the same time, with a rare delicacy of sentiment, I can follow through all the tortuous windings of the heart, and actually sympathise in emotions that I never experienced. No rank is too exalted, no lot too humble, for the exercise of my benevolence. I have sat in my arm-chair with a beating, throbbing heart, as I imagined the troubles of a king, and I have drunk my Bordeaux with tears of gratitude as I fancied myself a peasant with only water to slake his thirst. To a man of highly organised temperament, the privations themselves are not necessary to eliminate the feelings they would suggest. Coarser natures would require starvation to produce the sense of hunger, nakedness to cause that of cold, and so on; the gifted can be in rags, while enclosed in a wadded dressing-gown; they can go supperless to bed after a meal of oysters and toasted cheese; they can, if they will, be fatally wounded as they sit over their wine, or cast away after shipwreck with their feet on the fender. Great privileges all these; happy is he who has them, happy are they amidst whom he tries to spread the blessings of his inheritance!

Amid the many admirable traits which I recognise in myself—and of which I speak not boastfully, but gratefully, being accidents of my nature as far removed from my own agency as the colour of my eyes or the shape of my nose—of these, I say, I know of none more striking than such as fit me to be a patron. I am graceful as a lover, touching as a friend, but I am really great as a protector.

Revelling in such sentiments as these, I stood

at my window looking at the effect of moonlight on the Falls. It seemed to me as though in the grand spectacle before my eyes I beheld a sort of illustration of my own nature, wherein generous emotions could come gushing, foaming, and falling, and yet the source be never exhausted, the flood ever at full. I ought parenthetically to observe that the champagne was excellent, and that I had drunk the third glass of the second bottle to the health of the Widow Cliquot herself. Thus standing and musing, I was startled by a noise behind me, and, turning round, I saw one of the smallest of men in a little red Greek jacket and short yellow breeches, carefully engaged in spreading a small piece of carpet on the floor, a strip like a very diminutive hearth-rug. This done, he gave a little wild exclamation of "Ho!" and cut a somersault in the air, alighting on the flat of his back, which he announced by a like cry of "Ha!" He was up again, however, in an instant, and repeated the performance three times. He was about, as I judged by the arrangement of certain chairs, to proceed to other exercises equally diverting, when I stopped him by asking who he was.

"Your excellency," said he, drawing himself up to his full height of, say, four feet, "I am Vaterchen!"

Every one knows what provoking things are certain chance resemblances; how disturbing to the right current of thought, how subverting to the free exercise of reason. Now, this creature before me, in his deeply indented temples, high narrow forehead, aquiline nose, and resolute chin, was marvellously like a certain great field-marshal with whose features, notwithstanding the portraits of him, we are all familiar. It was not of the least use to me that I knew he was not the illustrious general, but simply a mountebank. There, were the stern traits, haughty and defiant, and do what I would, the thought of the great man would clash with the capers of the little one. Owing to this impression, it was impossible for me to address him without a certain sense of deference and respect.

"Will you not be seated?" said I, offering him a chair, and taking one myself. He accepted with all the quiet ease of good breeding, and smiled courteously as I filled a glass and passed it towards him.

I pressed my hand across my eyes for a moment while I reflected, and I muttered to myself,

"Oh, Potts, if instead of a tumbler this had really been the hero, what an evening might this be! Lives there that man in Europe so capable of feeling in all its intensity the glorious privilege of such a meeting? Who, like you, would listen to the wisdom distilling from those lips? Who would treasure up every trait of voice, accent, and manner, remembering, not alone every anecdote, but every expression? Who, like you, could have gracefully led the conversation so as to range over the whole wide ocean of that great life, taking in battles, and sieges, and stormings, and congresses, and scenes of all that is most varied and exciting in existence? Would not

the record of one such night, drawn by you, have been worth all the cold compilations and bleak biographies that ever were written? You would have presented him as he sat there in front of you." I opened my eyes to paint from the model, and there was the little dog, with his legs straight up on each side of his head and forming a sort of gothic arch over his face. The wretch had done the feat to amuse me, and I almost fainted with horror as I saw it.

"Sit down, sir," said I, in a voice of stern command. "You little know the misery you have caused me."

I refilled his glass and closed my eyes once more. In my old pharmaceutical experiences I had often made bread pills, and remembered well how, almost invariably, they had been deemed successful. What relief from pain to the agonised sufferer had they not given! What slumber to the sleepless! What appetite, what vigour, what excitement! Why should not the same treatment apply to morals as to medicine? Why, with faith to aid one, cannot he induce every wished-for mood of mind and thought? The lay figure to support the drapery suffices for the artist, the Venus herself is in his brain. Now, if that little fellow there would neither cut capers nor speak, I ask no more of him. Let him sit firmly as he does now, staring me boldly in the face that way.

"Yes," said I, "lay your hand on the arm of your chair so, and let the other be clenched thus." And so I placed him. "Never utter a word, but nod to me at rare intervals."

He has since acknowledged that he believed me to be deranged, but as I seemed a harmless case, and he could rely on his activity for escape, he made no objection to my directions. The less, too, that he enjoyed his wine immensely, and was at liberty to drink as he pleased.

"Now," thought I, "one glance, only one, to see that he poses properly."

All right, nothing could be better. His face was turned slightly to one side, giving what the painters call action to the head, and he was perfect. I now resigned myself to the working of the spell, and already I felt its influence over me. Where and with what was I to begin? Numberless questions thronged to my mind. I wanted to know a thousand disputed things, and fully as many that were only disputed by myself. I felt that as such another opportunity would assuredly never present itself twice in my life, that the really great use of the occasion would be to make every inquiry subsidiary to my own case, to make all my investigations what Germans would call "Potts-wise." My intensest anxiety was then to ascertain if, like myself, his grace started in life with very grand aspirations.

"Did you feel, for instance, when playing practical jokes on the maids of honour in Dublin, some sixty odd years ago, that you were only in sportive vein throwing off so much light ballast to make room for the weightier material that was to steady you in the storm-tossed sea before you? Have you experienced the almost

necessity of these little expansions of eccentricity as I have? Was there always in your heart, as a young man, as there is now in mine, a profound contempt for the opinions of your contemporaries? Did you continually find yourself repeating, 'Respite finem! Mark where I shall be yet?' There was another investigation which touched me still more closely, but it was long before I could approach it. I saw all the difficulty and the delicacy of the inquiry, but with that same recklessness of consequences which would make me catch at a queen by the back hair if I was drowning, I clutched at this discovery now, and, although trembling at my boldness, asked: "Was your grace ever afraid? I know the impertinence of the question, but if you only guessed how it concerns me, you'd forgive it. Nature has made me many things, but not courageous. Nothing on earth could induce me to risk life; the more I reason about it the greater grows my repugnance. Now, I would like to hear, is this what anatomists call congenital? Am I likely to grow out of it? Shall I ever be a dare-devil, intrepid, fire-eating sort of creature? How will the change come over me? Shall I feel it coming? Will it come from within, or through external agencies? and when it has arrived, what shall I become? Am I destined to drive the Zouaves into the sea by a bayonet charge of the North Cork Rifles, or shall I only be great in council, and take weekly trips in the Fairy to Cowes? I'd like to know this, and begin a course of preparation for my position, as I once knew of a militia captain who hardened himself for a campaign by sleeping every night with his head on the window-stool."

As I opened my eyes I saw the stern features in front of me. I thought the words, "I was never afraid, sir!" rang through my brain till they filled every ventricle with their din.

"Not at Assaye?"

"No, sir."

"Not at the Douro?"

"No, sir."

"Not at Torres Vedras?"

"I tell you again, no, sir!"

Whether I uttered this last with any uncommon degree of vehemence or not, I so frightened Vaterchen that he cut a somersault clean over the chair, and stood grinning at me through the rails at the back of it. I motioned to him to be reseated, while, passing my hand across my brow, I waved away the bright illusions that beset me, and, with a heavy sigh, re-entered the dull world of reality.

"You are a clown," said I, meditatively. "What is a clown?"

He did not answer me in words, but, placing his hands on his knees, stared at me steadfastly, and then, having fixed my attention, his face performed a series of the most fearful contortions I ever beheld. With one horrible spasm he made his mouth appear to stretch from ear to ear; with another, his nose wagged from side to side; with a third, his eyebrows went up and down alternately, giving the different sides of his face two directly antagonistic expressions.

I was shocked and horrified, and called to him to desist.

"And yet," thought I, "there are natures who can delight in these, and see in them matter for mirth and laughter!"

"Old man," said I, gravely, "has it ever occurred to you that in this horrible commixture of expression, wherein grief wars with joy and sadness with levity, you are like one who, with a noble instrument before him, should, instead of sweet sounds of harmony, produce wild, unearthly discords, the jangling bursts of fiend-like voices?"

"The Tintfeleck can play indifferently well, your excellency," said he, humbly. "I never had any skill that way myself."

Oh, what a crassa natura was here! What a triple wall of dullness surrounds such dark intelligences!

"And where is the Tintfeleck? Why is she not here?" asked I, anxious to remove the discussion to a ground of more equality.

"She is without, your excellency. She did not dare to present herself till your excellency had desired, and is waiting in the corridor."

"Let her come in," said I, grandly; and I drew my chair to a distant corner of the room so as to give them a wider area to appear in, while I could at the same time assume that attitude of splendid ease and graceful protection I have seen a prince accomplish on the stage at the moment the ballet is about to begin. The door opened, and Vaterchen entered leading Tintfeleck by the hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I WAS quite right—Tintfeleck's entrée was quite dramatic. She tripped into the room with a short step, nor arrested her run till she came close to me, when, with a deep curtsy, she bent down very low, and then, with a single spring backward, retreated almost to the door again. She was very pretty—dark enough to be a Moor, but with a rich brilliancy of skin never seen amongst that race, for she was a Calabrian; and as she stood there, with her arms crossed before her, and one leg firmly advanced, and with the foot—a very pretty foot—well planted, she was like—all the Italian peasants one has seen in the National Gallery for years back. There was the same look, half defiant, half shy; the same elevation of sentiment in the brow, and the same coarseness of the mouth; plenty of energy, enough and to spare of daring; but no timidity, no gentleness.

"What is she saying?" asked I of the old man, as I overheard a whisper pass between them. "Tell me what she has just said to you."

"It is nothing, your excellency—she is a fool."

"That she may be, but I insist on hearing what it was she said."

He seemed embarrassed and ashamed, and instead of replying to me, turned to address some words of reproach to the girl.

"I am waiting for your answer," said I, pe-remptorily.

"It is the saucy way she has gotten, your excellency, all from over-flattery; and now that she sees there is no audience here, none but your excellency, she is impatient to be off again. She'll never do anything for us on the night of a thin house."

"Is this the truth, Tintefleck?" asked I.

With a wild volubility, of which I could not gather a word, but every accent of which indicated passion, if not anger, she poured out something to the other, and then turned as if to leave the room. He interposed quickly, and spoke to her, at first angrily, but at last in a soothing and entreating tone, which seemed gradually to calm her.

"There is more in this than you have told, Vaterchen," said I. "Let me know at once why she is impatient to get away."

"I would leave it to herself to tell your excellency," said he, with much confusion, "but that you could not understand her mountain dialect. The fact is," added he, after a great struggle with himself—"the fact is, she is offended at your calling her 'Tintefleck.' She is satisfied to be so named amongst ourselves, where we all have similar nicknames; but that you, a great personage, high, and rich, and titled, should do so, wounds her deeply. Had you said——"

Here he whispered me in my ear, and almost inadvertently I repeated after him "Catinka."

"Si, si, Catinka," said she, while her eyes sparkled with an expression of wildest delight, and at the same instant she bounded forward and kissed my hand twice over.

I was glad to have made my peace, and placing a chair for her at the table, I filled out a glass of wine and presented it. She only shook her head in dissent, and pushed it away.

"She has odd ways in everything," said the old man; "she never eats but bread and water. It is her notion, that if she were to taste other food she'd lose her gift of fortune-telling."

"So, then, she reads destiny, too?" said I, in astonishment.

Before I could inquire further, she swept her hands across the strings of her guitar, and broke out into a little peasant song. It was very monotonous, but pleasing. Of course I knew nothing of the words nor the meaning, but it seemed as though one thought kept ever and anon recurring in the melody, and would continue to rise to the surface, like the air bubbles in a well. Satisfied apparently by the evidences of my approval, she had no sooner finished than she began another. This was somewhat more pretentious, and, from what I could gather, represented a parting scene between a lover and his mistress. There was, at least, a certain action in the song which intimated this. The fervent earnestness of the lover, his entreaties, his prayers, and at last his threatenings, were all given with effect, and there was actually good acting in the stolid defiance she opposed to all; she rejected his vows, refused his pledges, scorned his menaces; but when he had gone and left her, when she

saw herself alone and desolate, then came out a gush of the most passionate sorrow, all the pent-up misery of a heart that seemed to burst with its weight of agony.

If I was in a measure entranced while she was singing, such was the tension of my nerves as I listened, that I was heartily glad when it was over. As for her, she seemed so overcome by the emotion she had parodied, that she bent her head down, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed twice or thrice convulsively.

I turned towards Vaterchen to ask him some question, I forget what, but the little fellow had made such good use of the decanter beside him while the music went on, that his cheeks were a bright crimson, and his little round eyes shone like coals of fire.

"This young creature should never have fallen amongst such as you!" said I, indignantly; "she has feeling and tenderness—the powers of expression she wields all evidence a great and gifted nature. She has, so to say, noble qualities."

"Noble, indeed!" croaked out the little wretch, with a voice hoarse from the strong Burgundy.

"She might, with proper culture, adorn a very different sphere," said I, angrily. "Many have climbed the ladder of life with humbler pretensions."

"Ay, and stand on one leg on top of it, playing the tambourine all the time," hiccuped he in reply.

I did not fancy the way he carried out my figure, but went on with my reflections:

"Some, but they are few, achieve greatness at a bound——"

"That's what she does," broke he in. "Twelve hoops and a drum behind them, at one spring—she comes through like a flying-fish."

I don't know what angry rejoinder was on my lips to this speech, when there came a tap at my door. I arose at once and opened it. It was François, with a polite message from Mrs. Keats, to say how happy it would make her "if I felt well enough to join her and Miss Herbert at tea." For a second or two I knew not what to reply. That I was "well enough" François was sure to report, and in my flushed condition I was, perhaps, the picture of an exaggerated state of convalescence; so, after a moment's hesitation, I muttered out a blundering excuse, on the plea of having a couple of friends with me, "who had chanced to be just passing through the town on their way to Italy."

I did not think François had time to report my answer, when I heard him again at the door. It was, with his mistress's compliments, to say, she "would be charmed if I would induce my friends to accompany me."

I had to hold my hand on my side with laughter as I heard this message, so absurd was the proposition, and so ridiculous seemed the notion of it. This, I say, was the first impression made upon my mind; and then, almost as suddenly, there came another and very different one. "What is the mission you have embraced,

Potts?" asked I of myself. "If it have a but or an object, is it not to overthrow the mean and unjust prejudices, the miserable class distinctions, that separate the rich from the poor, the great from the humble, the gifted from the ignorant? Have you ever proposed to yourself a nobler conquest than over that vulgar tyranny by which prosperity lords it over humble fortune? Have you imagined a higher triumph than to make the man of purple and fine linen feel happy in the companionship of him in smock-frock and high-lows? Could you ask for a happier occasion to open the campaign than this? Mrs. Keats is an admirable representative of her class; she has all the rigid prejudices of her condition; her sympathies may rise, but they never fall; she can feel for the sorrows of the well-born, she has no concern for vulgar afflictions. How admirable the opportunity to show her that grace, and genius, and beauty are of all ranks! And Miss Herbert, too, what a test it will be of *her*! If she really have greatness of soul, if there be in her nature a spirit that rises above petty conventionalities and miserable ceremonials, she will take this young creature to her heart like a sister. I think I see them with arms entwined—two lovely flowers on one stalk—the dark crimson rose and the pale hyacinth! Oh, Potts! this would be a nobler victory to achieve than to rend battalions with grape, or ride down squadrons with the crash of cavalry.—I will come, François," said I. "Tell Mrs. Keats that she may expect us immediately." I took especial care in my dialogue to keep this prying fellow outside the room, and to interpose in every attempt that he made to obtain a peep within. In this I perfectly succeeded, and dismissed him without his being able to report any one circumstance about my two travelling friends.

My next task was to inform them of my intentions on their behalf; nor was this so easy as might be imagined, for Vaterchen had indulged very freely with the wine, and all the mountains of Calabria lay between myself and Tintefleck. With a great exercise of ingenuity, and more of patience, I did at last succeed in making known to the old fellow that a lady of the highest station and her friend were curious to see them. He only caught my meaning after some time, but when he had surmounted the difficulty, as though to show me how thoroughly he understood the request, and how nicely he appreciated its object, he began a series of face contortions of the most dreadful kind, being a sort of programme of what he intended to exhibit to the distinguished company. I repressed this firmly, severely. I explained that an artist in all the relations of private life should be ever the gentleman; that the habits of the stage were no more necessary to carry into the world than the costume. I dilated upon the fact that John Kemble had been deemed fitting company by the First Gentleman of Europe; and that if his manner could have exposed him to a criticism, it was in, perhaps, a slight tendency to

an over-reserve, a cold and almost stern dignity. I'm not sure Vaterchen followed me completely, nor understood the anecdotes I introduced about Edmund Kean and Lord Byron, but I now addressed myself pictorially to Tintefleck—pictorially, I say, for words were hopeless. I signified that a *très grande dame* was about to receive her. I arose, with my skirts expanded in both hands, made a reverent curtsy, throwing my head well back, and looking every inch a duchess. But alas for my powers of representation! she burst into a hearty laugh, and had at last to lay her head on Vaterchen's shoulder out of pure exhaustion.

"Explain to her what I have told you, sir, and do not sit grinning at me there, like a baboon," said I, in a severe voice.

I cannot say how he acquitted himself, but I could gather that a very lively altercation ensued, and it seemed to me as though she resolutely refused to subject herself to any further ordeals of what academicians call a "private view." No; she was ready for the ring and the sawdust, and the drolleries of the men with chalk on their faces, but she would not accept high life on any terms. By degrees and by arguments of his own ingenious devising, however, he did succeed, and at last she arose with a bound, and cried out, "Eccomi!"

"Remember," said I to Vaterchen, as we left the room, "I am doing that which few would have the courage to dare. It will depend upon the dignity of your conduct, the grace of your manners, the well-bred ease of your address, to make me feel proud of my intrepidity, or, sad and painful possibility, retire covered with ineffable shame and discomfiture. Do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly," said he, standing erect, and giving even in his attitude a sort of bail bond for future dignity. "Lead on!"

This was more familiar than he had been yet; but I ascribed it to the tension of nerves strung to a high purpose, and rendering him thus inaccessible to other thoughts than of the enterprise before him.

As I neared the door of Mrs. Keats's apartment, I hesitated as to how I should enter. Ought I to precede my friends, and present them as they followed? Or would it seem more easy and more assured if I were to give my arm to Tintefleck, leaving Vaterchen to bring up the rear? After much deliberation, this appeared to be the better course, seeming to take for granted that, although some peculiarities of costume might ask for explanation later on, I was about to present a very eligible and charming addition to the company.

I am scarcely able to say whether I was or was not reassured by the mode in which she accepted the offer of my arm. At first, the proposition appeared unintelligible, and she looked at me with one of those wide-eyed stares, as though to say, "What new gymnastic is this? What tour de force, of which I never heard before?" and then, with a sort of jerk, she threw

my arm up in the air and made a pirouette under it, of some half dozen whirls.

Half reprovingly, I shook my head, and offered her my hand. This she understood at once. She recognised such a mode of approach as legitimate and proper, and with an artistic shake of her drapery with the other hand, and a confident smile, she signified she was ready to go "on."

I was once on a time thrown over a horse's head into a slate quarry, a very considerable drop it was, and nearly fatal; on another occasion, I was carried in a small boat over the fall of a salmon weir, and hurried along in the flood for almost three hundred yards; each of these was a situation of excitement and peril, and with considerable confusion as the consequence; and yet I could deliberately recount you every passing phase of my terror, from my first fright down to my complete unconsciousness, with such small traits as would guarantee truthfulness; while of the scene upon which I now adventured I preserve nothing beyond the vaguest and most unconnected memory.

I remember my advance into the middle of the room. I have a recollection of a large silver tea-urn, and beyond it a lady in a turban; another with long ringlets there was. The urn made a noise like a small steamer, and there was a confusion of voices—about what, I cannot tell—that increased the uproar, and we were all standing up and all talking together; and there was what seemed an angry discussion, and then the large turban and the ringlets swept haughtily past me. The turban said, "This is too much, sir!" and ringlets added, "Far too much, sir!" and as they reached the door, there was Vaterchen on his head, with a branch of candles between his feet to light them out, and Tintefleck, screaming with laughter, threw herself into an arm-chair, and clapped a most riotous applause.

I stood a moment almost transfixed, then dashed out of the room, hurried up-stairs to my chamber, bolted the door, drew a great clothes-press against it for further security, and then threw myself upon my bed in one of those paroxysms of mad confusion in which a man cannot say whether he is on the verge of inevitable ruin, or has just been rescued from a dreadful fate. I would not, if even I could, recount all that I suffered that night. There was not a scene of open shame and disgrace that I did not picture to myself as incurring. I was everywhere in the stocks or the pillory. I wore a wooden placard on my breast, inscribed, "Potts, the Impostor." I was running at top speed before hooting and yelling crowds. I was standing with a circle of protecting policemen amidst a mob eager to tear me to pieces. I was sitting on a hard stool while my hair was being cropped à la Pentonville, and a grey suit lay ready for me when it was done. But enough of such a dreary record. I believe I cried myself to sleep at last, and so soundly, too, that it was very late in the afternoon ere I awoke. It was the sight of the barricade I had

erected at my door gave me the clue to the past, and again I buried my face in my hands, and wept bitterly.

SILK FOR THE MULTITUDE.

SILK has been gradually getting dearer and dearer, with little prospect of a more abundant supply. The silkworms of Europe have been stricken with disease, at various stages of their growth, which has carried them off by millions and millions, before they reached the spinning point. The cause of the malady is not quite clear: crowding of the worms in insufficiently ventilated "magnaneries," or silkworm-houses; adverse seasons, affecting the health either of the caterpillars themselves or of the trees on whose leaves they feed; the taking of the eggs (or the grain, as our continental friends call it) from moths which have had their silk wound from them, instead of passing the whole of their time in the cocoon; these and other causes of failure have been suggested, without leading to the discovery of a remedy.

As in the case of the potato disease, endeavours have been made to find a substitute for the organism which appears to be lingering under a damaged constitution. No substitute for the potato has been found; to replace the silkworm appeared even more difficult. If soil and atmosphere are congenial, a plant will thrive; but, an insect requires more: it must be fed. The feeding part is the only reason why silk cannot be profitably cultivated in the British islands. Shelter, temperature, dryness moisture, and attendance, are, as far as can be ascertained, quite sufficiently at our command to ensure success. But the delicate white mulberry-tree, whose leaves must constitute the food of the ravenous larvæ, refuses to adapt itself to our short and cloudy summers. It cannot ripen its wood to resist winter frosts, and it drags along a pitiable sickly existence when subjected to the severe process of being stripped of its leaves, which often proves fatal. Even in the climate of Italy, the mulberry-trees, stripped for silkworms, are obliged to be treated with the greatest care, to be swathed with wet hay-bands, suffered to rest alternate seasons, and, in short, to be tended like invalids whose life is at the same time valuable and precarious.

It is clear, then, that the only available substitute for the ordinary old-established silkworm must be a caterpillar not merely more robust in constitution and equally profitable as a silk-producer (either in respect to quantity or quality), but at least as easily, and, if possible, more easily fed. The first hit, happy in some respects, was most unfortunate in the main point of all. In the beginning of 1854, news was brought to France that there existed in India a species of bombyx, or silkworm, which lived on the ricinus, or castor-oil plant. We ought to call it the castor-oil-tree; for although, here, it is a tender annual attaining a height of from four to six feet only, in our hottest summers and most sheltered

situations, and being burnt black at the slightest touch of frost, yet, in countries where the winter temperature never descends below freezing-point it becomes a tree of very striking aspect, with large and richly-tinted foliage. The further south you travel in Europe, the finer stature do the castor-oil plants attain in autumn; but all are doomed to perish unless removed under shelter, until you reach some favoured spots in Italy, such as certain environs of Naples, where it remains out-doors all winter long, sadly torn by the winds, certainly, but still surviving. The ricinus is much more ornamental in its tree than in its plant condition, and it is worth all the trouble which it gives the gardener to grow it as an arborescent specimen anywhere in Northern Europe. Of course if planted out in summer it must be removed, at the beginning of October, or earlier, to a green-house or orangery, in a tub or box, by the appliances with which skilful horticulturists are well acquainted. During the past summer there was a handsome castor-oil tree in the little garden at the foot of the Tour de St. Jacques, Paris, growing, apparently, in the open ground. It has retreated now to its winter quarters, which, if not furnished apartments, at least enjoy the comfort of a fire.

In the same year, 1854, M. Milne Edwards, one of the Professors of the Museum of Natural History, Paris, received eggs of this silkworm from Signor Baruffi, of Turin, who obtained them, through Signor Bergonzi, from Sir William Reed, Governor of Malta, to whom they were sent from Calcutta by Mr. Piddington. These eggs produced about fifty individuals, in perfect health. At the same time, the Paris Society of Acclimatation, having obtained eggs from the same liberal source, commenced a set of experiments there. Trials of the castor-oil silkworm were also made at Malta, Palermo, and Messina (where the ricinus grows abundantly), at Turin, at Valencia, in Spain in Algeria, and lastly at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, and especially in the reptile-house, where perfect success in propagating the insect was attained.

One of the great merits of this new species is the rapidity with which its various metamorphoses follow each other—the hatching of the eggs, the successive moultings of the caterpillar, the reclusion of the nymph, the development of the moth, and the laying of fresh eggs. The more rapidly those phases are run through, the less is the danger of disease, and also the quicker are the returns. Six or seven crops of silk can be obtained in a year; and it is said that in India they come on earlier still, amounting to as many as twelve per annum: for the female lays in less than twenty-four hours after her escape from the chrysalis, in which she remains about a fortnight. The perfect insect is large, strong, and handsome, light-fawn coloured, with a few wavy streaks of dirty-white, yellow, and black. The cocoon is orange-yellow, like that of the common silkworm; the silk is less beautiful, but remarkably strong. In many parts of India it is

used for the every-day clothing of the poorer classes all the year round, while everybody wears it during the cold season. The stuff made from it is coarse and loose in texture, but lasts for ever, a dress of it passing from mother to daughter. If our manufacturers could get an unlimited supply of such silk they would turn it to a hundred useful and ornamental purposes; but there is no prospect of obtaining in Europe any considerable quantity of a raw material which depends on the castor-oil-tree for its production. Wintering plants in boxes, in green-houses, for the feeding of silkworms, is out of the question; even heated orchard-houses can be turned to much more remunerative account; and seedling plants do not attain sufficient vigour to feed caterpillars with their leaves until the summer is too far advanced. This bombyx will eat lettuce leaves—and also, it is said, willow and thistle leaves—but the cocoons so obtained are one-third less in size, and are probably inferior in strength of filament. To show how little hope was entertained of any practical benefit from the castor-oil silkworm, the whole of the original stock sent from Calcutta was suffered to become extinct, except the colonies in Algeria and those under the care of the Society of Acclimatation.

The sericultural experiment failing, another has been tried by M. Guérin-Méneville, which promised better from the very outset. His bombyx, a native of China, is the silkworm which feeds on the leaves of the *Ailanthus glandulosus*, improperly termed by the French the *Vernis du Japon*, or the Japan varnish. Now the *Ailanthus*, which was introduced to Europe some hundred years ago, is a vigorous, perfectly hardy tree, which cares nothing for our winters, and which throughout summer produces an abundance of large, pinnated, somewhat coarse leaves; but what is that to us, so long as the silkworms like them? It is a favourite as an ornamental town tree, partly on account of its handsome carriage, and partly because it offers considerable resistance to the noxious influences to which plants are exposed in towns. It is not nice about soil or aspect. Its lofty stature is an inconvenience both for the gathering of its leaves and for allowing the caterpillars to feed on it at liberty in the open air; but then it submits to be cut down, sending up plenty of stout suckers from the stump, so that it is easily kept in a bushy state which allows the formation of *ailanthus* thickets or shrubberies. You may see healthy trees in the Boulevards of Paris; but, what is of the greatest importance, the *ailanthus* makes itself quite as much at home in England as in France. Of the waggon-loads of leaves it would give with the apronfuls to be had from the mulberry and the handfuls from the ricinus, there is no comparison.

Any reasonable number of *ailanthuses* may be had during the present planting-season by advertising in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*; and we have the satisfactory certainty that, if properly planted, they will grow and flourish with no

more care than is needed for elm or oak. The first great point is, therefore, gained—sure and abundant pasture for the silkworms. The climates of Paris and of a great part of England are sufficiently similar to make it highly probable that any living creature which thrives in the one will do so in the other, especially when it is of a kind which may be sheltered in buildings during the whole of its existence. The savants who were so interested about the castor-oil bombyx, have hardly troubled themselves with that of the *ailanthus*; never mind, M. Guérin-Ménéville has succeeded all the same. A year ago, he was received by the Emperor of the French, to announce to his Majesty the introduction and the acclimation in France of a new Chinese silkworm, which gives two crops of cocoons per annum, lives in the open air on a hardy tree, and produces a very strong silky material which has served for centuries in China as the clothing of entire populations. Success, then, being certain, he prayed to be allowed to make a final experiment on a large scale, in order to convince agriculturists that they might make handsome profits by rearing the new domestic insect stranger.

But such attempts, he fairly urged, cannot be undertaken either by scientific men, who are mostly without fortune, nor by small farmers, who live from hand to mouth: it is for large landed proprietors, the patrons of agriculture, to open the way. It was therefore hoped that the first patron of French agriculture, the Emperor, would deign to come to the aid of the poorer agricultural classes, by instituting in his own domains a practical experiment sufficient to establish this new source of riches on the soil of France. To Henry the Fourth the country owes the silk of the rich, to Napoleon the Third, courteous history will record, she owes the silk of the people. In 1599, a great king wished to patronise the introduction of a silkworm, but a great minister, Sully, was hostile to the enterprise: at the present epoch, it is again a great sovereign who patronises the introduction of a new silkworm, but it is impossible that a minister could now be found who would repeat the error committed by Sully.

Words chanted to such tunes as this have charmed duller ears than those of Napoleon the Third. The Ministers of Agriculture and of Algeria enabled M. Guérin-Ménéville to commence experiments on a large scale on the estates of proprietors who placed the *ailanthuses* in their parks at his disposal; while the Minister of the Emperor's Household ordered the planting of five thousand *ailanthuses* in the imperial domain of La Sologne, in order to make practical trial of the new caterpillar's real merits. The result up to the present day, of which we propose to give an abstract, was detailed in a Report of the Emperor, in the official part of the *Moniteur* for November 19th, 1860. The honour thus conferred upon it is a proof that the attempt is at least thought worthy of being continued further.

It was in the spring of 1857 that Monsieur Guérin-Ménéville first endeavoured to introduce the *ailanthus* silkworm into France; but he did not succeed until the 5th of July, 1858. The acclimation, or rather let us call it the naturalisation, of these humble creatures, is much more difficult than that of superior animals; which may be safely entrusted to careful shepherds, herdsmen, or keepers. Such tender importations as exotic silkworms demand the constant attention of the acclimator himself. In this case it does not suffice to have a pocket well furnished with the requisite funds; it is absolutely necessary to work at the matter personally, and that almost day and night. The rest of the year 1858 was so employed by M. Guérin-Ménéville. At the same time, La Comtesse Drouyn de Lhuys undertook an autumnal rearing of the caterpillars, and was rewarded for her pains by the Acclimatising Society's first-class medal.

M. Ménéville holds that a species cannot be regarded as acclimatised until it is demonstrated that it can live in the locality to which it is introduced as well as in its native country; that its produce can be turned to a useful purpose; and that agriculturists will find their advantage in rearing or raising it on an extensive scale. The two first points were proved after the conclusion of the season of 1858; for the new Chinese silkworm had attained several generations in France; and its silk, both in the thread and woven, both unbleached and dyed, manufactured in Alsace, was laid before his imperial majesty, side by side with that of the *ricinus* species. The *ailanthus* cocoons furnish carded silk which is superior, both in lustre and strength, to that obtained from those out of which mulberry silkworms have eaten their way. Now, carded silk is a textile material in great request by manufacturers. France consumes a great deal more than she produces, having imported, in 1858, nearly two and a half millions of pounds. The town of Roubaix alone employs considerably more than three hundred thousand pounds a year in the manufacture of her famous fancy goods, which are composed of a mixture of carded silk and wool, thread, cotton, &c.

Be it understood, however, that the silk of the *ailanthus* caterpillar is not expected to supersede that of the mulberry. It is comparatively inferior in quality; it has not the brilliant lustre of the best silks to which we are accustomed. Moreover, the cocoons have not as yet yielded to the treatment applied to mulberry cocoons; they have not been reeled off in skeins, but only carded, and then spun. But in January of the present year, M. Ménéville exhibited to the Academy of Sciences four specimens of stuff woven in China, with threads of *ailanthus* cocoons; their inspection led to the belief that the Chinese have discovered a method of reeling off the raw silk from the cocoon in skeins. If the same result is attained in Europe, of which there can hardly be a doubt, the produce of this new branch of agriculture will be at least tripled. Still, the new

silk (to be called ailanthine) promises to become an important article of commerce. Its easy culture, the wide range of country throughout which it may be grown, and its consequently moderate price, destine it for the daily usages of the great masses of the population. Manufacturers have never enough silk, nor enough cotton; and it is probable that many years will elapse before they have enough ailanthine, when once it finds its way into the general market. It takes most dyes well; it is strong, and must be cheap. It will be the silk for work-days and for working-people.

The task to be performed, in 1859, was to prove that agriculturists might derive a profit from the culture of the ailanthus and its silkworm. On the 15th of May, M. Méneville went to Toulon, and on M. Aguilon's property, reared caterpillars on a considerable scale and in the open air. A little later, he put M. le Comte de Lamote-Baracé in a position to make an experiment still larger in its proportions, at the Château du Coudray, near Chinon (Indre-et-Loire). Four thousand five hundred silkworms were placed upon flourishing thickets of ailanthus, which had been grown as bushes with that intention. Their development progressed admirably, and they gave 3515 excellent cocoons, after supporting, without injury, rain and heavy storms, and with no extraordinary precautions taken to protect them from the attacks of birds. This is a remarkable result; for, with ordinary silkworms, the loss of individuals is well known to amount to at least one-half.

But the summer of 1859 was very fine, and Chinon lies quite in the warm interior of France. We want to know what would happen under less favourable circumstances. An eye-witness, M. Lucien Platt, informs us that last summer, i.e. 1860, in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, they stood the rain day after day, without losing their hold of a leaf or losing a bite. On the contrary, they continued in perfect health; you could see them grow. Besides the two principal experiments just mentioned, M. Méneville tried others, not less conclusive, in various parts of France, as well as at the experimental garden of Hamma, in Algeria. It is clear, therefore, from these essays, that the new silkworm will give, in France (south of Paris), two crops a year; that it can be reared in the open air, and almost without putting a hand to work; for it has only to be placed on ailanthus bushes, according to the immemorial practice of the Chinese. The details of the rearing process are intelligible to the meanest capacity.

M. Méneville thinks that he is, at last, in a position to state, in figures, to the imperial government, the profits which farmers may expect to make by adopting the newly imported caterpillar. He has worked out a debtor and credit account, on the supposition that a proprietor devoted twelve acres (to take round English numbers) to the culture of ailanthine. The balance in his favour turned out so great, that he hesitated to believe in it. But after carefully studying the elements

of his figures; after consulting men of practical experience in all the details, and purposely exaggerating the expenses and diminishing the receipts, he arrives at this magnificent result: During a period of ten years, the average annual expenses would be 2030 francs, the average of possible receipts 9945 francs, leaving a net annual average profit of 7914 francs (say 330*l.* in round numbers) for the twelve acres, or 27*l.* 10*s.* per acre, and this from poor ground, be it remembered, whose slope or whose poverty unfits it for growing scarcely anything else.

But in the northern departments of France, and for the same reason in Great Britain and Ireland, only one crop of cocoons can be expected per annum. Nevertheless, if we diminish the profits by one half, *without diminishing a farthing of the expenses*, a very pretty little balance will remain. Many a small farmer would whistle gaily as he pocketed sixteen pounds fifteen shillings, the nett return of an acre of land through which he would not, or could not, drive the plough. But we may take the practical truth to be, that time alone can verify any balance, or any set of figures, in such an utterly novel project as this. The important inquiry to be made is, Has M. Méneville made out a good and promising case? We think it cannot be denied that he has. The new insect appears to be of a robust constitution, and of its favourite food there can be no lack. The only textile material with which ailanthine is likely to compete, is cotton; but instead of proving cotton's competitor, it may turn out to be cotton's ally, combining with it, the one strengthening and beautifying the other. In short, no one can exactly guess what unexpected uses the future may develop. M. Méneville is working out the problem by studying the bases of its general employment, which comprise: the culture of the ailanthus in lands hitherto uncultivated, the rearing of its silkworm, the purchase of cocoons or of the silk carded from them, and the spinning of the produce.

The English public are wisely averse to hasty and ill-considered schemes; but mulberry silk was a doubtful scheme in Europe not quite three hundred years ago. Swedes and mangel-wurzel were all innovating schemes in their day; which has not prevented their taking root in the land, to the nation's manifest advantage. It will not be ruinous for private individuals to try a few ailanthus silkworms during the coming year; our zoological establishments, and perhaps some of our botanical, ought certainly to show us what they are like and what they can do; the numerous individuals, ladies, and children, who amuse themselves by rearing common silkworms on the leaves of the lettuce and the garden mulberry, will find equal amusement and more excitement in trying their hands at a novelty. The French possessors of the stock have shown themselves liberal in communicating it; they have manifested no jealous intention of keeping the importation all to themselves, and would no

doubt make a proper reply to proper applications made by proper persons.

Those who are inclined to experimentalise, may be told that the eggs of the ailanthus silkworm hatch at a temperature of from 18° to 20° centigrade, or from 64° to 68° of Fahrenheit. It stands to reason that they must be kept in a cool place until the ailanthus plants are well in leaf. When hatched, the young caterpillars may be placed either on ailanthus leaves in a tray, or on young branches furnished with leaves, and whose extremities are stuck into a jar of water. After the first moult, they may be transferred to the growing trees and left there in the open air until the cocoons are ready to be gathered. M. Méneville advises the stems of the ailanthus plants to be cut down level with the ground, and only to use the suckers of the same year, which will start with great vigour. In the spring, all last year's shoots must be pruned close, so that your ailanthus copse consists only of ligneous stumps and herbaceous branches, whose large and succulent leaves are more suitable for feeding the worms than those produced on the tops of tall trees. The ailanthus may be planted in rows or in quincunx; it will grow even in stony soils where little else that is useful, except the vine, will thrive—and that demands a far better climate with the best of aspects.

The cocoons are oval; their colour is exactly that of a dead leaf. The caterpillar is larger than the mulberry silkworm. It is of a mealy green, very difficult to describe, marked with black spots. Its spiny tubercles are bluish green. The feet, head, and the last segment of the body are light yellow; in short, it is as pretty a caterpillar as you would wish to see. The moth is clad in more sombre hues. Finally, it was introduced into Europe by two Piedmontese naturalists, Signore Griseri and Comba, who received it from Father Fantoni, a missionary in China. Who will try whether it can or cannot be turned to good account in the United Kingdom?

A PUBLIC RECEPTION.

THE sign manual which I am in the habit of attaching to my familiar letters, formal documents, cheques, and receipts, is Badger Spring Badger. But I have not signed Spring Badger for months, having been what is grandly called a martyr to rheumatism. Friends tell me that this vulgar affection is completely gone out, and that I should take comfort in the more exquisite but genteeler suffering of what is called neuralgia. I wish it were gone out—of my wretched bones. Neuralgia or rheumatism, it is all one to me. I know that I have lain for weeks stiff and rigid as the ossified man; that an undue weight of bed-clothing seemed to fry and grill my flesh; that I could only turn by a slow and painful process, moving cautiously at about a hair's breadth per minute; and that a hasty movement, in a moment of forgetfulness, resulted in a yell

of such protracted agony as to bring all the members of the household rushing to my bedside. My eldest son, a fighting Indian warrior newly returned from the wars, being brought in, had to be cautioned against too filial a greeting: his hearty military warmth would have undone me utterly. My second son, who serves his sovereign not less honourably in harmless domestic warfare—I allude to the militia—comes rushing from his tented fields: I am compelled sternly to refuse his proffered hand. Both insist noisily on taking me northwards to the country. Alas, take down northwards to the country, unless for exhibition purposes, an ossified man and living skeleton!

The only thing that helped to soothe the latter stages of this wretched probation, was the opportune occurrence of a most interesting murder. I say it advisedly, a most interesting murder. But for the well-known Burton-on-Trent murder case I should have given way. It stimulated me. I had all the details read to me. How one Mr. William Rudd, of Burton-on-Trent, and manager of one of the opulent brewing firms, by a steady attention to business, became a paragon among the brewers. How, rising every day in estimation, he at last had the happiness of intermarrying with the opulent brewing firm's daughter. How they lived happily together. How it came to be remarked with surprise that Mr. William Rudd was falling into expensive tastes—keeping race-horses, four-in-hands, opera-boxes, besides other less excusable luxuries. How of a sudden he became very pressing with Mrs. William Rudd to effectuate a heavy policy on her life: a mere formality, as he put it. How Mrs. William Rudd was taken ill in a mysterious way shortly after, with spasms and sickness which the best medical advice could not account for; especially as after each visit of the best medical advice Mrs. William Rudd seemed to grow worse. How Mrs. William Rudd died eventually, and how the heavy policy was paid, with reluctance certainly. How the opulent brewing firm had dark suspicions; suspicions strengthened into certainty when a gentleman who was in the habit of drinking with Mr. William Rudd in familiar intercourse, died suddenly; Rudd having also, as a matter of pure form, effected a policy on his life. How the late Mr. William Rudd was taken up, and portions of Mrs. William Rudd sent up to London to Doctor Alkaly, F.R.S., for analysis. How Mr. William Rudd was eventually placed upon his trial. These things, I say, are familiar to the world, who for many weeks devoured all details greedily.

I was deep in the exciting trial. I had followed the convincing but uninteresting address of the state prosecutor, and found the wretched man at the bar Guilty unanimously. I had heard the bubbling enthusiastic harangue of the serjeant on the other side, and with my hand on my heart pronounced my own verdict of Not Guilty. I listened (from my bed) to Doctor Alkaly, F.R.S. (of London), who, in a curious series of experiments, had administered

a millionth part of a grain to a dog and caused instant death; and to Doctor Lithmus, F.R.S. (of Edinburgh), who had given double that quantity to another dog of Scottish extraction, without impairing the ordinary relish of the animal for his usual meals. To the Sunday papers, for the gorgeous richness of details and pre-Raphaelite delicacy of touches, I owe a debt of gratitude. Positively I was getting better under the Burton-on-Trent business; and, on a Monday morning, when my Indian warrior and his brother arrived to take me to the country, I found I could actually crawl, walking beautifully, with only suppressed gasps and spasms. But the learned judge was charging. At two o'clock, my domestic warrior enters with news that the jury had retired. At five o'clock, my Indian warrior returns with word that Mr. William Rudd had been found guilty, that the Scotch dog had been justly discredited, and Doctor Alkaly's terrier gloriously vindicated. The express leaves at half-past eight—the cab waits at the door. This time I was not more than half an hour reaching it. We drove as is customary at funerals, and yet these poor bones of the ossified man, how they cracked and pierced me, as though some one was striving savagely to snap them across his knee! Every stone that paves the court of Euston-square station was as a stab. We were in time, with fifteen minutes to spare.

It was a painful business the extrication of the ossified man and living skeleton, but it was done under cover of night. Wrapped in an enormous horseman's cloak of large folds, my poor swelled arms and wrists swathed in bandages, with a warm travelling-cap drawn well over my eyes and ears, I walked in the centre and leant painfully for support on my two warrior sons. The Indian, with his tall martial figure and coal-black beard, of which I was justly proud, held me tightly on one side, the domestic fighting lad propped me on the other. In this order we emerged on the platform, into the long lines of lamps, and trundling trucks, and flying porters, and the general hurly-burly waiting on departing expresses.

"What a crowd!" says the Indian warrior. A crowd, indeed, expectant, noisy, but respectable, with many policemen battling with them and keeping them back by persuasion and pressure. As we get near the carriages, a curious murmur bursts out; we are in an instant pressed on, hustled, and surrounded with a hundred faces, peering at us with a strange curiosity. "There he is!"—"There he is!"—"Yes, that's him!" (This was the ungrammatical interjection.)—"No, it isn't!"—"Keep back!"—"Let me see!"—"Who is it?" But policemen fight them off desperately, and we stand in a sort of ring at a first-class carriage. "What does it mean?" the Indian warrior says, doubtfully. My heart was beating proudly. I knew what it all meant. There, beside me, stood the brave but modest hero of Bundelcund, who had fought his way into the citadel, and through a murderous fire carried out the three European ladies on his crupper. His fame had travelled before him.

Heroes were dear and scarce in those days. The coal-black beard, the little decoration of the Griffin at his button-hole, had betrayed the secret. My voice trembled as I whispered, "My brave boy!"

A kind of superior policeman, a tightly-buttoned official, now came up and said to him, "The governor sent word you were not coming until the next train."

I *had* sent no message of the kind, but I found he did not allude to me.

"What governor?" said my son.

"Colonel Cranker. I don't know what to do, I'm sure. You had better put him in here, I suppose."

I thought this tone a little contemptuous; but the unworthy feeling was all swallowed up in the high compliment to my son. This conduct of the high military authorities was considerate indeed. The behaviour of the mob, towards myself personally, was disgraceful: I happened to slip, entering the carriage, and was greeted with a roar of laughter intermingled with groans, and I heard low coarse remarks about the way I carried my poor swathed hands under my cloak. I distinctly heard one ruffian use the word "handcuffs."

"Of course, you'd wish this compartment all to yourself!" the official went on, locking the door smartly. Another graceful compliment to my brave boy.

"By no means," I said, hastily. "Thank you, very much; but I like company."

"Well," he said, taking no notice of my remark, "what shall you do?"

"Leave the door open, of course," said my son, "as he wishes it."

"Oh, just as you like," the official said; "you know best, of course," then went away; and, coming again, said, carelessly, "the Wan will meet you at Stafford, eh?"

"I have not heard," I said, doubtfully, overpowered at this new attention; "I suppose it's all right."

"I say," the official says again, not heeding me as before, "is the wan to meet you at Stafford?"

"I believe so—I hope so," my brave boy answered, confidently. Then the other went his way.

I do believe that the English, when gratifying their curiosity, are the worst-behaved people in the world. The conduct of the passengers—first-class passengers—on this occasion, defies description. I could allow much for a generous enthusiasm towards one who had fought and bled for his country; but it was pushed to the verge of ill manners; it was brutal. I sat, as I have mentioned, in the centre, wrapped in my cloak, with a son on each side. Persons crowded at the window, stared their fill, and then gave place to others; gentlemen, under specious pretext of taking a place there, brought in their bags and packages, sat a few moments with eyes riveted on my person, then withdrew hurriedly. A demure lady entered presently, took out her yellow railway volume and began to read, unconscious of who was near her. A gentleman

sate down beside her and whispered: I saw her start as she looked at us; and again a thrill of pride passed through me. He was telling her the Indian episode.

"Let us go," she said, rising; "I grow sick. Let us get into the fresh air again." And, gathering up her skirts, she passed out hastily.

Extraordinary young person! Why should she grow sick? It struck me at the time that her mind must have been affected. It was altogether very flattering, but getting uncomfortable.

An old gentleman in a bright waistcoat, leaning his chin on a stick, placed himself in the seat exactly opposite to my son; and, leaning over, whispered to him hoarsely,

"Well, now it's over, it was a long business and a weary one!"

My brave boy looked down confused: he is as modest as a girl.

"We did our best," he said, smiling, "and pulled through somehow."

"You had a poor chance from the beginning: I always said so," the old gentleman went on.

"Perhaps so," said my son; "but the enemy was too strong for us to do much!"

"There was a fair trial," said the other, firing up, "and a jury of the British nation. What more would you ask!"

"I would have risked my life a thousand times," said my son, with a generous warmth, "to have brought away the body of the poor murdered lady; but burdened as I was with three others on my crupper——"

"God bless my soul, I never heard that!"

"It is true, sir," my son added, with a little heat.

"Yes, sir," I struck in, "Christian charity and that holy religion of which I trust we are common members, teaches——"

He was looking at me in such blank astonishment that I stopped. I thought I heard him murmur,

"Well, this beats——"

Official at the window again, with a nod:

"I say, we have made it all right about the Wan; telegraphed down, eh?"

"Thank you a thousand times," I answered; "why put yourself to such trouble?"

He stopped, looked at me with a comic expression, then went his way, smiling. Most extraordinary!

The bell, a scream of the whistle, and we go off. The old gentleman is our only companion, but my brave boy, wounded by the tone of his last remarks, declines conversation. The cold of the night pierces into my bones. I am racked with pains: all my joints are being fractured. As the night advances, the old gentleman stoops forward, and in the same low whisper, which I hear perfectly, asks,

"It is fixed for Saturday fortnight, is it not?"

"What is fixed?" said my brave boy, who was a little sleepy.

"The—the—you know—the public Reception," I add, wishing to help him out.

He looked at me again with astonishment.

"Public reception? Well, you *do* speak of it coolly."

"Yes," said I, proudly, "it is enough to turn one's head."

"Turn one's head!" he said. "This is very bad—very bad!"

"Bad!" I answered, indignantly; "I am proud of it—I glory in it."

"Then may Heaven soften your heart!" he said.

I gave this person up as insane also. All the principal stations, I could see, were advised of our coming: for men—porters with lanterns—would come to the window under flimsy pretence of making us show our tickets, and would stare. At Rugby a long, thin, white-tied person came in, with a lantern, too (in his jaws), sat down directly opposite to me, and fixing his eyes plaintively on me, began to snuffle.

"Officer," he said at last, turning to my son,—"officer, give me leave to speak a few words to this poor man upon his state. Has he shown any signs of an awakening, officer?"

I hear my son, who has been lying back with his head on the cushion, murmur out that "he doesn't know—can't say, indeed."

"Officer," the clergyman goes on, "does he show insensibility? Hath he found a balm, a cure?"

Though inclined to resent a little the inquisitive character of these interrogatories, "Sir," I answer, with courtesy—"sir, I have tried nearly every known remedy, and am sorry to say have as yet found no relief. I despair of a cure."

"Have you tried——?"

"Tried? Tried what?" I interrupted, impatiently.

"Poor, blinded, lost sheep. Hopelessly stiff-necked!" Another snuffle.

"You may say that," I said; "I'm in a vice. The drugs do me no good. Even he," I say, pointing to my sleeping son, "*would* make me try a little in the poison line; he said it was a violent remedy, and so it was: I think it has done for me."

"Hardened beyond redemption!" said the layman. "Officer, do you hear this?"

"Perhaps," said I, a light suddenly breaking upon me, "you may be the retired clergyman of the papers, who has suffered so much, and are willing, for two postage-stamps, to impart the secret to others, 'To nervous sufferers?' Don't you know I am a nervous sufferer?"

"He is hardened—he will die impenitent," said the clergyman. "Oh, think, think an instant, poor lost sheep, how——"

"Sir," I said, with dignity, "you have applied that epithet to me once before. I am neither poor, nor lost, nor, as far as I know, a sheep. It is free, very free of you indeed."

"With your sands of life running out" (no

doubt the advertising retired clergyman), "with only a few days left to you, with both legs in the grave, with the rope already round your neck—"

I coloured: I was indignant at these coarse allusions to my state of health. "Pardon me," I said—

"Pardon?" he answered, scornfully; "the poor broken reed that every condemned wretch clings to. In your case there is no hope—no, not a particle. Come," he said, flinging himself on the floor of the carriage, "let us pray for him. Officer, join me in prayer for this stony heart, that it may be converted."

It seemed to be an understood thing that all first-class passengers to-night were to be lunatics; and so I held my peace, and took no further notice of the lean clergyman. The train was slackening its pace. We were drawing near to Stafford: it was a relief.

An official came round with a lantern, taking tickets. "Oh, there you are!" he said. "It's all right. The gov'nor's waiting on the up platform."

"What! another governor?" I asked, in astonishment.

"I say, though," he went on, dropping his voice, "I don't know how you'll get him off quietly; the whole town's waiting outside with the Wan!"

My son, still sleepy, murmured, "All right."

"What'll you do?" asked the official.

"Step into the carriage, to be sure," I said, "and drive to the Stafford Arms. Beds are ordered." He flashed the lantern into my face and laughed.

"Now, then," he said, as the train came rolling into the station. Lights—a spacious hall and crowd running along to keep up. Passengers jumped hastily from their seats and rushed to swell the mob clustered thickly round our door. I did not like the look of this complimentary ovation—they were noisy and impatient.

"Here's the gov'nor," the official said, opening the door; and a rough, hard-featured man stepped in with two other hard-featured gentlemen, officers on his staff, I suppose.

"Come along," he said, sharply; "there is no time to be lost. I don't know how we'll get him through this mob; we must only try: keep fast hold of him."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, governor," I said, trying to salute with the cap, but it was too firmly down over my ears, "for this little attention. If you will favour me and my friends here—let me introduce Captain Badger, the famous hero of Bundelcund—at a little festivity up at the Stafford Arms—"

"Now then, you two, get him well under the arms. Bring him along."

I became almost insensible: the excruciating agony the vile wretches put me to made me

shriek. Lights flashed in my eyes, a mist of faces peered at me, hoarse tongues roared and hooted. What *did* it all mean? I called faintly for my brave boy. I only heard "Bring him along—sharp. Hold him tight! Here's the Wan!"

An enormous dark-coloured, shining vehicle, surrounded, too, with a guard of honour of mounted soldiery—I did not like the look of it. Why all this state? "Do tell the governor," I said to my supporters, "that my private carriage is waiting, and that if he will honour me by accepting a seat—"

They began to laugh. "Well, Bill, if that ain't cheek—Why, bless us, if he haven't got no darbies on. Where's th' cuffs?"

"Here," I said, showing my bandages. "All thick lambswool."

"It's troubled his head a little," said the one called Bill.

The governor came up now with my son in a heat.

"Where's the warrant?"

"My commission?" said my brave boy, hesitatingly.

"Commission or warrant, where is it?"

"I didn't bring it; I never thought you'd want—"

"Good gracious! what are we to do? I have no authority to take the convict's body from you."

I saw there was some mystification, so I said politely, "I think you had better take my offer of a seat in the private carriage."

"You are responsible for the body, I have no official cognisance of its presence."

"But," murmured my son, sadly bewildered, "burdened as I was already with three upon my crupper—"

"Your crupper?" said the governor, a little wildly.

A scream of engine-whistle close to our ears made us start; another express has just come in. An official ran up hastily. "The prisoner's in the train there waiting for you!"

"What! the convict Rudd?"

"Yes, sir, heavily ironed. Mr. Gyves and two other constables have got him in a first-class compartment all to themselves."

The governor burst out laughing, a hazy perception of something like a mistake broke upon me. I looked down at myself, at the hands crossed under the cloak as if fettered, and at my two supporters on whom I leant. I must have been *very* like the convict Rudd, going down to Stafford Gaol.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 87.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER VI.

My state of mind regarding the pilfering from which I had been so unexpectedly exonerated, did not impel me to frank disclosure; but I hope it had some dregs of good at the bottom of it.

I do not recal that I felt any tenderness of conscience in reference to Mrs. Joe, when the fear of being found out was lifted off me. But I loved Joe—perhaps for no better reason in those early days than because the dear fellow let me love him—and, as to him, my inner self was not so easily composed. It was much upon my mind (particularly when I first saw him looking about for his file) that I ought to tell Joe the whole truth. Yet I did not, and for the reason that I mistrusted that if I did, he would think me worse than I was. The fear of losing Joe's confidence, and of thenceforth sitting in the chimney corner at night staring drearily at my for ever lost companion and friend, tied up my tongue. I morbidly represented to myself that if Joe knew it, I never afterwards could see him at the fireside feeling his fair whisker, without thinking that he was meditating on it. That, if Joe knew it, I never afterwards could see him glance, however casually, at yesterday's meat or pudding when it came on to-day's table, without thinking that he was debating whether I had been in the pantry. That, if Joe knew it, and at any subsequent period of our joint domestic life remarked that his beer was flat or thick, the conviction that he suspected Tar in it, would bring a rush of blood to my face. In a word, I was too cowardly to do what I knew to be right, as I had been too cowardly to avoid doing what I knew to be wrong. I had had no intercourse with the world at that time, and I imitated none of its many inhabitants who act in this manner. Quite an untaught genius, I made the discovery of the line of action for myself.

As I was sleepy before we were far away from the prison-ship, Joe took me on his back again and carried me home. He must have had a tiresome journey of it, for Mr. Wopsle, being knocked up, was in such a very bad temper that if the Church had been thrown open, he would probably have excommunicated the whole expedi-

tion, beginning with Joe and myself. In his lay capacity, he persisted in sitting down in the damp to such an insane extent, that when his coat was taken off to be dried at the kitchen fire, the circumstantial evidence on his trousers would have hanged him if it had been a capital offence.

By that time, I was staggering on the kitchen floor like a little drunkard, through having been newly set upon my feet, and through having been fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and lights and noise of tongues. As I came to myself (with the aid of a heavy thump between the shoulders, and the restorative exclamation "Yah! Was there ever such a boy as this!" from my sister) I found Joe telling them about the convict's confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Mr. Pumblechook made out, after carefully surveying the premises, that he had first got upon the roof of the forge, and had then got upon the roof of the house, and had then let himself down the kitchen chimney by a rope made of his bedding cut into strips; and as Mr. Pumblechook was very positive and drove his own chaise-cart—over everybody—it was agreed that it must be so. Mr. Wopsle, indeed, wildly cried out "No!" with the feeble malice of a tired man; but, as he had no theory, and no coat on, he was unanimously set at naught—not to mention his smoking hard behind, as he stood with his back to the kitchen fire to draw the damp out: which was not calculated to inspire confidence.

This was all I heard that night before my sister clutched me, as a slumberous offence to the company's eyesight, and assisted me up to bed with such a strong hand that I seemed to have fifty boots on, and to be dangling them all against the edges of the stairs. My state of mind, as I have described it, began before I was up in the morning, and lasted long after the subject had died out, and had ceased to be mentioned saving on exceptional occasions.

CHAPTER VII.

At the time when I stood in the churchyard, reading the family tombstones, I had just enough learning to be able to spell them out. My construction even of their simple meaning was not very correct, for I read "wife of the Above" as a complimentary reference to my father's exaltation to a better world; and if any one of my

deceased relations had been referred to as "Below," I have no doubt I should have formed the worst opinions of that member of the family. Neither, were my notions of the theological positions to which my Catechism bound me, at all accurate; for, I have a lively remembrance that I supposed my declaration that I was to "walk in the same all the days of my life," laid me under an obligation always to go through the village from our house in one particular direction, and never to vary it by turning down by the wheelwright's or up by the mill.

When I was old enough, I was to be apprenticed to Joe, and until I could assume that dignity I was not to be what Mrs. Joe called "Pompeyed," or (as I render it) pampered. Therefore, I was not only odd-boy about the forge, but if any neighbour happened to want an extra boy to frighten birds, or pick up stones, or do any such job, I was favoured with the employment. In order, however, that our superior position might not be compromised thereby, a money-box was kept on the kitchen mantelshelf, into which it was publicly made known that all my earnings were dropped. I have an impression that they were to be contributed eventually towards the liquidation of the National Debt, but I know I had no hope of any personal participation in the treasure.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt kept an evening school in the village; that is to say, she was a ridiculous old woman of limited means and unlimited infirmity, who used to go to sleep from six to seven every evening, in the society of youth who paid twopence per week each, for the improving opportunity of seeing her do it. She rented a small cottage, and Mr. Wopsle had the room up-stairs, where we students used to overhear him reading aloud in a most dignified and terrific manner, and occasionally bumping on the ceiling. There was a fiction that Mr. Wopsle "examined" the scholars, once a quarter. What he did on those occasions, was to turn up his cuffs, stick up his hair, and give us Mark Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar. This was always followed by Collins's Ode on the Passions, wherein I particularly venerated Mr. Wopsle as Revenge, throwing his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down, and taking the War denouncing trumpet with a withering look. It was not with me then, as it was in later life: when I fell into the society of the Passions, and compared them with Collins and Wopsle, rather to the disadvantage of both gentlemen.

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, besides keeping this Educational Institution, kept—in the same room—a little general shop. She had no idea what stock she had, or what the price of anything in it was; but there was a little greasy memorandum-book kept in a drawer, which served as a Catalogue of Prices, and by this oracle, Biddy arranged all the shop transactions. Biddy was Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's granddaughter; I confess myself quite unequal to the working-out of the problem, what relation she was to Mr. Wopsle. She was an orphan like myself; like me, too, had been brought up by hand. She

was most noticeable, I thought, in respect of her extremities; for, her hair always wanted brushing, her hands always wanted washing, and her shoes always wanted mending and pulling up at heel. This description must be received with a week-day limitation. On Sundays, she went to church elaborated.

Much of my unassisted self, and more by the help of Biddy than of Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, I struggled through the alphabet as if it had been a bramble-bush; getting considerably worried and scratched by every letter. After that, I fell among those thieves, the nine figures, who seemed every evening to do something new to disguise themselves and baffle recognition. But, at last I began, in a purblind groping way, to read, write, and cipher, on the very smallest scale.

One night, I was sitting in the chimney corner with my slate, expending great efforts on the production of a letter to Joe. I think it must have been a full year after our hunt upon the marshes, for it was a long time after, and it was winter and a hard frost. With an alphabet on the hearth at my feet for reference, I contrived in an hour or two to print and smear this epistle:

"MI DEER JO i OPE U R KRWITE WELl i OPE i SHAL SON B HABELL 4 2 TEEDGE U JO AN THEN WE SHORL B SO GLODD AN WEN i M PRENGTD 2 U JO WO T LARX AN BLEVE ME INF XN PIP."

There was no indispensable necessity for my communicating with Joe by letter, inasmuch as he sat beside me and we were alone. But, I delivered this written communication (slate and all) with my own hand, and Joe received it as a miracle of erudition.

"I say, Pip, old chap!" cried Joe, opening his blue eyes wide, "what a scholar you are! An't you?"

"I should like to be," said I, glancing at the slate as he held it: with a misgiving that the writing was rather hilly.

"Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and a O equal to anything! Here's a J and a O, Pip, and a J-O, Joe."

I had never heard Joe read aloud to any greater extent than this monosyllable, and I had observed at church last Sunday when I accidentally held our Prayer-Book upside down, that it seemed to suit his convenience quite as well as if it had been all right. Wishing to embrace the present occasion of finding out whether in teaching Joe I should have to begin quite at the beginning, I said, "Ah! But read the rest, Joe."

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe, looking at it with a slowly searching eye, "One, two, three. Why, here's three Js, and three Os, and three J-O, Joes in it, Pip!"

I leaned over Joe, and, with the aid of my forefinger, read him the whole letter.

"Astonishing!" said Joe, when I had finished. "You ARE a scholar."

"How do you spell Gargery, Joe?" I asked him, with a modest patronage.

"I don't spell it at all," said Joe.

"But supposing you did?"

"It *can't* be supposed," said Joe. "Tho' I'm uncommon fond of reading, too."

"Are you, Joe?"

"On-common. Give me," said Joe, "a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord!" he continued, after rubbing his knees a little, "when you *do* come to a J and a O, and says you, 'Here, at last, is a J-O, Joe,' how interesting reading is!"

I derived from this, that Joe's education, like Steam, was yet in its infancy. Pursuing the subject, I inquired:

"Didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"No, Pip."

"Why didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"Well, Pip," said Joe, taking up the poker and settling himself to his usual occupation when he was thoughtful, of slowly raking the fire between the lower bars: "I'll tell you. My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink, he hammered away at my mother, most ommerciful. It were a'most the only hammering he did, indeed, 'cepting at myself. And he hammered at me with a wigour only to be equalled by the wigour with which he didn't hammer at his anvil.—You're a listening and understanding, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Consequence, my mother and me we ran away from my father, several times; and then my mother she'd go out to work, and she'd say, 'Joe,' she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child,' and she'd put me to school. But my father were that good in his hart that he couldn't abear to be without us. So, he'd come with a most tremendous crowd and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was, that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which, you see, Pip," said Joe, pausing in his meditative raking of the fire, and looking at me, "were a drawback on my learning."

"Certainly, poor Joe!"

"Though mind you, Pip," said Joe, with a judicial touch or two of the poker on the top bar, "rendering unto all their doo, and maintaining equal justice betwixt man and man, my father were that good in his hart, don't you see?"

I didn't see; but I didn't say so.

"Well!" Joe pursued, "somebody must keep the pot a biling, Pip, or the pot won't bile, don't you know?"

I saw that, and said so.

"Consequence, my father didn't make objections to my going to work; so I went to work at my present calling, which were his too, if he would have followed it, and I worked tolerable hard, I assure *you*, Pip. In time I were able to keep him, and I kep him till he went off in a purple leptie fit. And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that What-

sume'er the failings on his part, Remember reader he were that good in his hart."

Joe recited this couplet with such manifest pride and careful perspicuity, that I asked him if he had made it himself?

"I made it," said Joe, "my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horseshoe complete, in a single blow. I never was so much surprised in all my life—couldn't credit my own ed—to tell you the truth, hardly believed it *were* my own ed. As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him; but poetry costs money, cut it how you will, small or large, and it were not done. Not to mention bearers, all the money that could be spared were wanted for my mother. She were in poor elth, and quite broke. She weren't long of following, poor soul, and her share of peace come round at last."

Joe's blue eyes turned a little watery; he rubbed, first one of them, and then the other, in a most uncongenial and uncomfortable manner, with the round knob on the top of the poker.

"It were but lonesome then," said Joe, "living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip;" Joe looked firmly at me, as if he knew I was not going to agree with him; "your sister is a fine figure of a woman."

I could not help looking at the fire, in an ob-vious state of doubt.

"Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions, on that subject may be, Pip, your sister is," Joe tapped the top bar with the poker after every word following, "a—fine—figure—of—a—woman!"

I could think of nothing better to say than "I am glad you think so, Joe."

"So am I," returned Joe, catching me up. "I am glad I think so, Pip. A little redness, or a little matter of Bone, here or there, what does it signify to Me?"

I sagaciously observed, if it didn't signify to him, to whom did it signify?

"Certainly!" assented Joe. "That's it. You're right, old chap! When I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her too, all the folks said, and I said, along with all the folks. As to you," Joe pursued, with a countenance expressive of seeing something very nasty indeed: "if you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself!"

Not exactly relishing this, I said, "Never mind me, Joe."

"But I did mind you, Pip," he returned, with tender simplicity. "When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child,' I said to your sister, 'there's room for *him* at the forge!'"

I broke out crying and begging pardon, and hugged Joe round the neck: who dropped the poker to hug me, and to say, "Ever the

best of friends; an't us, Pip? Don't cry, old chap!"

When this little interruption was over, Joe resumed:

"Well, you see, Pip, and here we are! That's about where it lights; here we are! Now, when you take me in hand in my learning, Pip (and I tell you beforehand I am awful dull, most awful dull), Mrs. Joe mustn't see too much of what we're up to. It must be done, as I may say, on the sly. And why on the sly? I'll tell you why, Pip."

He had taken up the poker again; without which, I doubt if he could have proceeded in his demonstration.

"Your sister is given to government."

"Given to government, Joe?" I was startled, for I had some shadowy idea (and I am afraid I must add, hope) that Joe had divorced her in favour of the Lords of the Admiralty, or Treasury.

"Given to government," said Joe. "Which I meantersay the government of you and myself."

"Oh!"

"And she an't over partial to having scholars on the premises," Joe continued, "and in particular would not be over partial to my being a scholar, for fear as I might rise. Like a sort of rebel, don't you see?"

I was going to retort with an inquiry, and had got as far as "Why——" when Joe stopped me.

"Stay a bit. I know what you're a going to say, Pip; stay a bit! I don't deny that your sister comes the Mo-gul over us, now and again. I don't deny that she do throw us back-falls, and that she do drop down upon us heavy. At such times as when your sister is on the Ram-page, Pip," Joe sank his voice to a whisper and glanced at the door, "candour compels fur to admit that she is a Buster."

Joe pronounced this word, as if it began with at least twelve capital Bs.

"Why don't I rise? That were your observation when I broke it off, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Well," said Joe, passing the poker into his left hand, that he might feel his whisker; and I had no hope of him whenever he took to that placid occupation; "your sister's a master-mind. A master-mind."

"What's that?" I asked, in some hope of bringing him to a stand. But, Joe was readier with his definition than I had expected, and completely stopped me by arguing circularly, and answering with a fixed look, "Her."

"And I an't a master-mind," Joe resumed, when he had unfixed his look, and got back to his whisker. "And last of all, Pip—and this I want to say very serous to you, old chap—I see so much in my poor mother, of a woman drudging and slaving and breaking her honest hart and never getting no peace in her mortal days, that I'm dead afeard of going wrong in the way of not doing what's right by a woman, and I'd fur rather of the two go wrong the t'other way, and be a little ill-convenienced my-

self. I wish it was only me that got put out, Pip; I wish there warn't no Tickler for you, old chap; I wish I could take it all on myself; but this is the up-and-down-and-straight on it, Pip, and I hope you'll overlook short-comings."

Young as I was, I believe that I dated a new admiration of Joe from that night. We were equals afterwards, as we had been before; but, afterwards at quiet times when I sat looking at Joe and thinking about him, I had a new sensation of feeling conscious that I was looking up to Joe in my heart.

"However," said Joe, rising to replenish the fire; "here's the Dutch-clock a working himself up to being equal to striking Eight of 'em, and she's not come home yet! I hope Uncle Pumblechook's mare mayn't have set a fore-foot on a piece o' ice, and gone down."

Mrs. Joe made occasional trips with Uncle Pumblechook on market days, to assist him in buying such household stuffs and goods as required a woman's judgment; Uncle Pumblechook being a bachelor and reposing no confidences in his domestic servant. This was market-day, and Mrs. Joe was out on one of these expeditions.

Joe made the fire and swept the hearth, and then we went to the door to listen for the chaise-cart. It was a dry cold night, and the wind blew keenly, and the frost was white and hard. A man would die to-night of lying out on the marshes, I thought. And then I looked at the stars, and considered how awful it would be for a man to turn his face up to them as he froze to death, and see no help or pity in all the glittering multitude.

"Here comes the mare," said Joe, "ringing like a peal of bells!"

The sound of her iron shoes upon the hard road was quite musical, as she came along at a much brisker trot than usual. We got a chair out ready for Mrs. Joe's alighting, and stirred up the fire that they might see a bright window, and took a final survey of the kitchen that nothing might be out of its place. When we had completed these preparations, they drove up, wrapped to the eyes. Mrs. Joe was soon landed, and Uncle Pumblechook was soon down too, covering the mare with a cloth, and we were soon all in the kitchen, carrying so much cold air in with us that it seemed to drive all the heat out of the fire.

"Now," said Mrs. Joe, unwrapping herself with haste and excitement, and throwing her bonnet back on her shoulders where it hung by the strings: "if this boy an't grateful this night, he never will be!"

I looked as grateful as any boy possibly could, who was wholly uninformed why he ought to assume that expression.

"It's only to be hoped," said my sister, "that he won't be Pompeyed. But I have my fears."

"She an't in that line, mum," said Mr. Pumblechook. "She knows better."

She? I looked at Joe, making the motion with my lips and eyebrows, "She?" Joe

looked at me, making the motion with *his* lips and eyebrows, "She?" My sister catching him in the act, he drew the back of his hand across his nose with his usual conciliatory air on such occasions, and looked at her.

"Well?" said my sister, in her snappish way. "What are you staring at? Is the house a-fire?"

"Which some individual," Joe politely hinted, "mentioned—she."

"And she is a she, I suppose?" said my sister. "Unless you call Miss Havisham a he. And I doubt if even you'll go so far as that."

"Miss Havisham, up town?" said Joe.

"Is there any Miss Havisham down town?" returned my sister. "She wants this boy to go and play there. And of course he's going. And he had better play there," said my sister, shaking her head at me as an encouragement to be extremely light and sportive, "or I'll work him."

I had heard of Miss Havisham up town—everybody for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham up town—as an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

"Well to be sure!" said Joe, astounded. "I wonder how she come to know Pip!"

"Noodle!" cried my sister. "Who said she knew him?"

"Which some individual," Joe again politely hinted, "mentioned that she wanted him to go and play there."

"And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? Isn't it just barely possible that Uncle Pumblechook may be a tenant of hers, and that he may sometimes—we won't say quarterly or half yearly, for that would be requiring too much of you—but sometimes—go there to pay his rent? And couldn't she then ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, being always considerate and thoughtful for us—though you may not think it, Joseph," in a tone of the deepest reproach, as if he were the most callous of nephews, "then mention this boy, standing Prancing here?"—which I solemnly declare I was not doing—"that I have for ever been a willing slave to?"

"Good again!" cried Uncle Pumblechook. "Well put! Prettily pointed! Good indeed! Now Joseph, you know the case."

"No Joseph," said my sister, still in a reproachful manner, while Joe apologetically drew the back of his hand across and across his nose, "you do not yet—though you may not think it—know the case. You may consider that you do, but you do *not* Joseph. For you do not know that Uncle Pumblechook, being sensible that for anything we can tell, this boy's fortune may be made by his going to Miss Havisham's, has offered to take him into town to-night in his own chaise-cart, and to keep him to-night, and to take him with his own hands to Miss Havisham's to-morrow morning. And Lor-a-mussy me!" cried my sister, casting off her bonnet in sudden desperation, "here I stand talking to mere

Mooncalfs, with Uncle Pumblechook waiting, and the mare catching cold at the door, and the boy grimed with crock and dirt from the hair of his head to the sole of his foot!"

With that, she pounced upon me, like an eagle on a lamb, and my face was squeezed into wooden bowls in sinks, and my head was put under taps of water-butts, and I was soaped, and kneaded, and towelled, and thumped, and harrowed, and rasped, until I really was quite beside myself. (I may here remark that I suppose myself to be better acquainted than any living authority, with the ridgy effect of a wedding-ring, passing unsympathetically over the human countenance.)

When my ablutions were completed, I was put into clean linen of the stiffest character, like a young penitent into sackcloth, and was trussed up in my tightest and fearfulest suit. I was then delivered over to Mr. Pumblechook, who formally received me as if he were the Sheriff, and who let off upon me the speech that I knew he had been dying to make all along: "Boy, be for ever grateful to all friends, but especially unto them which brought you up by hand!"

"Good-bye, Joe!"

"God bless you, Pip, old chap!"

I had never parted from him before, and what with my feelings and what with soap-suds, I could at first see no stars from the chaise-cart. But they twinkled out one by one, without throwing any light on the questions why on earth I was going to play at Miss Havisham's, and what on earth I was expected to play at.

THE MOON.

THE moonlight aspects both of mighty cities and of wild and natural scenery—moonlight walks, and moonlight drives—offer a most agreeable variety in the number of impressions which lie within the range of human enjoyment. The season, too, has now arrived when the sun's brief stay above the horizon renders the moon a much more conspicuous object in our eyes, than she is during the longer and lighter days of summer. Most persons, at present, will prefer having some precise idea of the surface of the silvery luminary which shines overhead, to discussing whether the spots that are visible upon it represent a face merely, or a man at full-length carrying a fagot of sticks upon his shoulders. We therefore direct our readers' attention to a clear and admirable map of the moon by Messieurs Lecouturier and A. Chapuis, published this summer, and accompanied by an excellent explanatory pamphlet. The map (in which the moon is delineated with a diameter of very nearly sixteen inches, and which is the only general chart of our satellite that has been given to the French public for the last two centuries*) is sold in Paris for three francs. At a London bookseller's it would cost a trifle more, to which must be added a shilling or so for the little treatise which is at the same time put into your

* There are partial maps, and small confused maps, as in Arago's Popular Astronomy.

hands. Together, they make a very cheap five-shillings' worth of information and amusement, if we may be allowed to apply the latter term to speculations so disconnected from the world in which we actually live.

With a moderate telescope, the observer can compare what he sees in the sky with what is mapped out on paper before him, and so can study Lunar Topography bit by bit. For this reason, the moon is drawn in the map as it is seen through an astronomical (not a *land*) telescope; namely, reversed. The North Pole is at the bottom, and the East is to the left. To get an exact idea how the moon would look if it could be seen, so magnified, by the naked eye, you have only to turn the map upside down. It represents the moon at the full, although the observations on which it is founded were taken during the different phases which occur between one new moon and the next. The full moon being illuminated by the sun directly in front of it, displays its mountains and circuses without the projection of any shadow; their peaks and outward edges appear bright white. In order to give relief to the inequalities of the surface, the moon has been portrayed as if seen during her crescent period, when she receives the sun's light from the right, and casts her shadows towards the left. The name of Seas, improperly given by ancient astronomers to the lunar plains, has been retained. The *chains* of mountains have names borrowed from those which exist on earth; as the Pyrenees, the Apennines, the Carpathians. The annular mountains, or circuses (which are much more numerous), are named after celebrated scientific men; as Cassini, Tycho, Copernicus, Playfair. The elevation of the highest mountains is calculated in metres, approximatively and in round numbers, measured from the bottom of the internal cavity to the top of the rampart.

Since the publication of the map and its explanation, one of its authors, we regret to state, has prematurely closed his mortal career at the early age of forty-one. Henri Lecouturier was the son of a general of the Empire, who, wounded severely at Eylau, died young, leaving little more behind him than an honourable name and the title of baron. Brought up to the law, young Lecouturier devoted himself entirely to science instead, with an ardent and disinterested passion. He loved knowledge for itself. He thirsted after information, for information's sake alone, not bestowing on his worldly interests even the attention which common prudence required; nor was he conscious yet of the great talent for clear and methodical explanation which he afterwards was found to possess. His small patrimony was thus dwindled down to next to nothing. The revolution of 1848 excited him to write a political work, *La Cosmophilie*, now extremely rare, which did him little good, except as an exercise in the art of writing. No bookseller would publish it; in 1850, he printed it himself with the remnant of his little fund. It did not sell; somebody bought the remainder of the edition for a trifle.

But Lecouturier had commenced the struggle; he saw clearly before him the road which he was destined to follow; he was born to be a writer. He had married a woman without fortune, whom he lost when his prospects began to brighten. His trials were severe, but his courage was un-failing. In 1854, his appointment as scientific editor to the *Pays* newspaper established his position, and displayed the peculiar merits for which the reading public admired him. Lecouturier was no great discoverer; he propounded no important novel theories, he brought to light no unknown natural phenomena, and can hardly be said to have extended the existing limits of human knowledge. But, instead of creating light, he was gifted with the faculty of spreading it. He had the art of communicating to the unlearned many of the secrets possessed by the learned few. He unlocked science from the strong-box of dog-Latin, mathematical formulæ, and technical language, in which selfish pedants might be inclined to keep it imprisoned, and then spread it broadcast over the world. He was a lucid populariser of abstruse things. Of late, astronomy was his favourite pursuit. His numerous labours were contributions to periodical literature; his most important work, as a whole, is the *Panorama des Mondes*, unfortunately still unfinished. His life was shortened by his incessant toil. He is much regretted as a modest, simple, and amiable man, whose society was a pleasure, and his friendship an honourable satisfaction.

Until the invention of telescopes, the most learned astronomers could know no more of the physical condition of the moon than the most unmathematical sailor or coast-guard who keeps his watch by night. The clearness of a southern sky might help them a little, but not much. They might see that the moon's disk was made up of darker and brighter portions, some of which have a clearly defined outline, such as those which may be distinguished by the naked eye in the upper part towards the right. That nearest to the edge—a small dark spot, completely surrounded by a bright ground—is what astronomers call the Sea of Crises. Nearer to the middle of the disk is a larger dark irregular patch, the Sea of Serenity, which forms one of the eyes—a severe black eye, such as might be the result of a fight—if we suppose the moon to represent the human face. The equatorial portion of the moon is occupied by a considerable breadth of shadowy parts, whose broken and undecided outline has given rise to the idea of the Man in the Moon, which is recorded by unanimous and almost universal tradition. Imagination supplied every defect in the picture. The Sea of Tranquillity, which forms the body, divides into the Seas of Fecundity and of Nectar, which represent the legs. One arm is formed by a jutting gulf of the Sea of Tranquillity to the right; the other by a larger gulf, called the Sea of Vapours. According to this reading of lunar geography, the Sea of Serenity is the man's bundle of sticks; in the southern hemisphere, to the left, is the Sea of Humours,

suggesting the notion of the little dog trotting in front of his master, the man. The whole of the upper left portion of the moon's disk is more uniformly sombre, but also less dark, in general, than the decided spots that are seen to the right. In that part, the unaided eye can hardly make out any marked divisions; the borders of the immense spot, which covers half the western portion of the lunar disk, melt away and become confounded with the brighter portions of our satellite. The northern extremity of this great spot is formed by the Sea of Rain; the southern end by the Sea of Clouds, which is contiguous to the Sea of Humours. Besides these spots, which occupy about a third of the lunar disk, the unassisted eye can only distinguish a confused sprinkling of luminous points. Plutarch was the author of the notion that the shaded parts of the moon are seas, from which a fainter light would be reflected than from areas of solid rock or land. He also suspected that the spots might be extremely deep caverns, which would entirely absorb the rays of the sun.

On the map, or with a telescope of moderate power, there is a marvellous change in the aspect of the moon. The bright parts are covered with apparently innumerable spots, like circular patches of grease floating in a basin of mutton-broth, of which nothing could be distinguished before, but which, on closer inspection, appear as if bubbles had burst on the surface of some molten metal, which had suddenly cooled before the depression made by the blister had time to fill up again. The moon's face is deeply pitted, scarred, and seamed with a fiery small-pox, which must have broken out in her early infancy, and which has left indelible traces of its ravages. Some few of these circular spots, which Galileo compared to the eyes on a peacock's tail, are surrounded by straight rays, which radiate from them as if from a central luminous star. Not far from the south pole, in the midst of the great luminous patch which nearly covers the southern hemisphere, is the remarkable circular mountain, Tycho, from which a number of slightly curved rays stretch to a great extent in all directions, giving to that part of the moon somewhat the appearance of being slightly ribbed like a melon. Most extraordinary phenomena also are sundry bright, wavy, narrow stripes, some single and some branched, one of which crosses the Sea of Serenity; another runs along one side of the Sea of Crises; another lies on the north-western edge of the moon, beyond the Ocean of Tempests. One of the darkest spots on the moon, the inner part or crater of a circular mountain, named Plato, is not far from the north pole, a little to the west of the central meridian. It looks as black and hollow as if it were an immense dry well of a profundity that baffles imagination. It is a bottomless peak cavern, but with no stream of water gushing out of its yawning, thirsty mouth. The small craters in the moon are countless; more than fifty thousand have been already observed. No attempt has been made to delineate them in Lecouturier's map,

whose aim has been clearness rather than profuse detail.

Of all the heavenly bodies, the moon is the nearest to us and the easiest to observe. It is especially interesting as the boundary between astronomy and meteorology; everything above the moon is in the celestial heavens, and consequently belongs to the former science; everything below the moon is in the terrestrial sky, in the atmosphere, and therefore lies within the domain of the latter. The connexion between the moon and the earth is closer than is often suspected. If a line be drawn from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon, there lies in it a point (much nearer to the moon than to us) where the moon's and the earth's attraction on any material object are exactly equal. If the object be removed a little towards us, it will fall upon the earth; a little the other way, it will be drawn towards the moon. Arago has calculated the force necessary to shoot a body from the moon to reach this intermediate point of equilibrium, and finds it to be by no means an impossible or unattainable force. Consequently, it is not improbable that many (though perhaps not all) of the meteoric stones that fall, are sent hither from the moon. It would be very possible for an inhabitant of the moon, supposing such inhabitant to exist, to keep up a daily communication with the earth by means of projectiles. For us to reply to the correspondence, would be immensely more difficult. The nearness and conspicuousness of the moon have caused the human race, from the highest antiquity, to attribute to it great influence on the variations of the weather.

The earth and the moon are planets, or wandering globes, both receiving their light from their common centre of attraction, the sun; but the moon is much the greater wanderer of the two; for, being a satellite, or follower, she is constantly travelling round her principal, while her principal only travels round the sun. Her orbit round the earth not being circular but elliptical, she is sometimes nearer to us than at other times, the extreme difference of distance being about twenty-five thousand miles. Her mean distance from the earth is about two hundred and forty thousand miles, which is a mere trifle compared with the distances of the other planets, and which looks like proximity itself if we consider the distances even of the nearest fixed stars. The moon is about two thousand one hundred and seventy-five miles through. In regard to volume, or size, she is only one forty-ninth of the magnitude of the earth; to compare their respective densities or heaviness, the earth, taken as a whole, is nearly five and a half times as heavy as water, while the moon is only something more than three and a quarter times as heavy as water. If we weigh one against the other, we must put eighty-eight globes like the moon into one scale before it will balance the earth in the other.

The most remarkable fact is that the moon always shows us one and the same illuminated face; which is said to be caused by the perfect

equality of the time of the moon's revolution on her own axis and of her revolution round the earth. The moon, however, is subject to a slight swinging motion, called her libration, which brings sometimes a little piece of one side of the unseen hemisphere into view, and sometimes a little piece of the other. The cause of the libration is thus explained: When the moon passed from a liquefied, or fused, to a solid state, under the influence of the earth's attraction, she assumed a form less regular than would have been if no powerful attractive body had existed in her neighbourhood. The moon's equator, which would have been circular, was pulled into an ellipse by the action of our globe. The moon would, therefore, appear to an observer situated in open space who could look at it transversely, as an egg-shaped body drawn out in the direction of the earth—as a sort of pendulum without a visible string or rod of connexion, the real rod being the force of gravity. When a pendulum is pushed out of the perpendicular, its own weight brings it back again: when the moon's major axis leaves its usual position, the earth's attraction in like manner forces it to return. The human race will never see but one face of the moon. This strange phenomenon may be thus accounted for without having recourse to an almost miraculous coincidence between the moon's times of rotation and revolution, which are really quite independent of each other; we find that it is due to a physical cause, which is calculable, although it is visible only to the eyes of the mind—namely, to the lengthening of one diameter, which took place in consequence of the earth's attraction, when the moon cooled down into a solid body. If there had existed, at the outset, a slight difference between the moon's movements of rotation and revolution, the earth's attraction would have reduced those movements to the strict equality which we witness now.

And, as the fact of the moon exposed to our view remains ever unchanged, so does the aspect of that face. Schröter studied the moon for years, in order to ascertain whether any alteration of her surface could be discovered. Macdler, who began, in 1830, a grand topographical map of the moon, which, with its accompanying treatise, was published at Berlin in 1837, was obliged to come to the conclusion that, as far as we are permitted to judge, there is no living thing, nor will there ever be, in the moon. Any one who could behold the earth from a distance, would have his view of our continents and oceans continually intercepted by curtains of clouds; as one position became unveiled, another would be shrouded in shifting mists. Spring would tinge vast tracts of forest land with green; winter would silver over still wider areas with white. We see nothing of this in the moon; not a cloud, not a token of change of season, not an exhalation to betray the presence of water, not a refracted ray or tinge of varying colour to give reason to suspect an atmosphere. The moon herself never offers the slightest obstacle to our minutest inspection; when we

cannot see her, she is hid only by the happy mutations to which the terrestrial atmosphere is subject.

From these circumstances, the conclusion, perhaps too hasty, has been arrived at, that the moon is not only dead, but is a mummified dead body, utterly uninhabitable. Huygens, the first who stated that the moon had no atmosphere capable of refracting the light of the stars, more cautiously expressed his belief that the inhabitants of the moon, if any, must be quite differently constituted to ourselves. At present, there exists a tendency to revise the verdict of "Found Dead," which preceding centuries have pronounced on the moon. By a comparison of old drawings made by careful astronomers with the most exact sketches that can be taken now, Mr. Webb believes that notable changes have taken place on the moon's surface. Father Secchi concludes, from experiments, that the topmost points of the lofty mountains may be covered with ice and snow. Mr. Delarue concludes, from his photographic observations, that the moon has an atmosphere, which is very shallow, but relatively very dense, and that the vast space entitled seas are neither more nor less than forests.

Apropos of vegetation, there are known on the surface of the moon some hundred luminous furrows or grooves, already mentioned, whose nature remains as yet unexplained. They were once thought the dry beds of rivers; but that cannot be. Their length varies from ten to a hundred and twenty miles; their greatest breadth is about a mile, but the majority are much narrower. Their edges are parallel and very steep; their depth must be great. Some stretch onwards in straight lines, others are slightly curved, but all are generally isolated. A few cross, or branch into, each other, like veins. There are some which traverse the craters of mountains, while others terminate at the steep rampart which surrounds them. They are visible everywhere, except in the region of the highest mountains. Many more of these luminous furrows exist than are laid down in M. Lecouturier's map; the small ones were omitted to avoid confusion.

A German astronomer, M. Schwabe, undertook the elucidation of the mystery, by studying the furrows with powerful telescopes. He found them to be composed, at certain epochs, of fine parallel dark lines, separated by luminous rays. In the course of several months, the dark lines and luminous rays disappear, but not for good and all; they are afterwards reproduced, disappearing again, and so on, continually. These periodical appearances and disappearances are interpreted by M. Schwabe as a phenomenon of vegetation. He holds the dark lines to be rows of green trees, and the bright lines which separate them to be naked sterile vacant spaces which acquire the look of luminous stripes from the contrast of the dark trees fringing them. The disappearance of the bright and sombre lines is attributed to the trees' shedding their foliage. Whether this explanation be correct or not, the

question of an atmosphere in the moon, and consequently of its vegetation and the habitability of its surface, is again taken into consideration by the most competent astronomers. With the greater means now at their disposal, we may entertain more sanguine hopes of their ultimate success.

Still, there are difficulties in making good lunar observations. Throughout the whole of the lunar month, no two days show exactly the same extent of illuminated disk; the illuminated sides are different during the first and the latter halves of the month. The length of the shadows cast by the very same asperities is constantly varying from day to day. The full moon is flooded with light; there is no shadow to give relief; the tops of the mountains are indicated only by luminous points, and the ramparts of the circuses by simple lines. At new moon, there is no light at all, and she cannot even be distinguished. When two or three days old, the earthshine on the dark part of the disk is just sufficient to show that the moon is round, but not sufficient to enable us to discover any further details. Certainly, at the first and the last quarter, when the boundary of the illuminated part lies in the middle of the disk, the moon offers a most picturesque spectacle. Earth can show no scene of ruin, no chaos of destruction, equal to that presented by the half-lighted and splintered circuses of the centre. More to the north, towards the border of the Sea of Rain, is the grand so-called chain of the Apennines, displaying their summits as clearly defined as those of terrestrial mountains whose peaks appear rising above a distant horizon.

But we must neither expect to see more than is possible, nor that what we do see should resemble an earthly landscape. We call the inhabitants of New Zealand our antipodes, because they walk with their feet exactly opposite to ours; when we stand perpendicularly upright they hang perpendicularly downright. If the earth were transparent, we should have a full view of the soles of their feet, with the rest of their persons foreshortened, as painters call it. The men in the moon, on the contrary, are exactly our anticephalæ; their heads are opposite to ours; if the intervening space were annihilated, we and they should be laying our heads together. Consequently, could any telescope show us an inhabitant of the moon, we should see him exactly as we look down upon a passenger in the street walking on the pavement immediately beneath our third-story window. We could only see the crown of his hat, his shoulders, the point of his nose, the tips of his toes, and perhaps the equatorial regions of his corpulency. To know what he is really like, we should have to request him to lie down on the flat of his back, and then to roll over and show his other side. The same of lunar animals; their dogs and horses would appear in the same position as flies crawling up a wall or on a ceiling. One advantage we gain by this; we can peep down the immense craters of the moon's volcanoes, and see what there is inside them.

The highest magnifying power which can at the same time be most usefully employed in our climate is that of one hundred diameters, which brings our satellite to an apparent distance of something less than two thousand five hundred miles. Beer and Maeder could not advantageously go beyond a power of three hundred diameters, reducing her distance to eight hundred miles. But even that is still too far off to examine an unknown country with any minuteness. Lord Rosse has brought much higher powers to bear upon the moon, on whose surface his gigantic telescope clearly distinguishes areas of about eighty yards square. Therefore, although it would not show us a lunar elephant, nevertheless vast herds of animals, like the crowds of buffaloes in North America, would be perfectly visible, as would also be the case with armies marching in battle array. Towns analogous to ours could not escape our observation, any more than the courses of rivers, of canals, of roads, and of railways, and especially regular plantations and other crops that are grown on a scale of any magnitude.

Some of the above-mentioned optical appliances bring the moon sufficiently near to enable us to study her geology. No earthly scene, as already stated, can give any idea of the desolation reigning there. The whole sphere appears to have been formerly torn up from its very entrails. The so-called seas are most generally supposed to be arid plains of sand. The circular ramparts of the mountains, in shape like amphitheatres, enclose vast craters with one or more cones rising from their bottom. These ramparts are broken by a multitude of breaches, and at their feet lie prodigious heaps of shattered rocks, which do not appear to be held together or covered by any sort of vegetable mould. Lord Rosse's telescope shows the flat bottom of the grand crater of Albategnes to be completely sprinkled over with broken rocks; and Father Secchi has obtained a photographic image of the enormous fragments of rock which are piled at the bottom of the annular enclosure which forms the Circus of Copernicus.

More than two centuries ago, Robert Hooke, the contemporary and opponent of Newton, believed he had discovered the secret of the moon's geological formations. He is said to have obtained artificial imitations of the lunar craters, by boiling thick calcareous mud until the disengagement of its elastic vapours produced bubbles on its surface, which, in bursting, left cavities with an annular edge. If the same process once took place in the moon, both water and gas must have existed there; and, as nothing is annihilated, we may ask what became of them. Can they be decomposed and combined with other substances, or are they lying concentrated and hid in the deep hollows and wide chasms with which there is every reason to believe the interior of the moon is torn and dislocated.

M. Faye, a distinguished French astronomer, says that the moon's surface is quite new, so to speak; that is, it has undergone no wear and

tear. The earth's superficies, although much more recent, has been worn and ground down in all directions by the continual action of wind and water. The moon is the object in which to study plutonian action, or the effects of heat in all their purity, and deserves more attention than she has hitherto received from competent observers. Her singular marshes, gulfs, and seas; her circular valleys; her gigantic star-shaped formations; her isolated mountains, standing on level ground, without any apparent rise of the surrounding strata; her rectilinear fissures, which look like canals dug by an intelligent hand; her innumerable variety of oblong hills, lying nearly in the same direction with, but a slight deviation from, the meridian lines; the different shades of her soil, from the stellar brightness of certain peaks, up to sombre grey and steel blue; all these diverse appearances make a strong appeal to natural history and geology.

But this study is rendered more difficult by the preconceived ideas which we entertain. Thus, there is a too striking analogy between her principal formations and earthly volcanoes. In these latter, however, you have to climb to a considerable height from the solid ground before you reach the circular rampart, and you have to descend only a little way to get to the bottom of the upheaved crater. In the moon it is exactly the reverse. It is a general rule, to which there is no known exception, that the bottom of all the circuses is profoundly depressed below the surrounding soil. If you are looking at a rampart which rises five hundred yards above the ground outside it, be sure that its top will be from one thousand to fifteen hundred yards, sometimes three thousand yards, above the level of the bottom of the crater. And yet this bottom does not look in any respect like an excavation whose contents have been hollowed out by throwing them up; for, in the most extensive circuses, this bottom follows the general curvature of the moon, and appears simply to form part of a smaller inner sphere with a shorter radius. Add to this, the absence of any real chain of mountains; those so called are, in all probability, nothing but the remains of ancient broken-up circuses. We may, therefore, admit that the formation of the lunar mountains is due to causes completely different to those which have fashioned our own terrestrial crust.

Although the moon does not, like the earth, exhibit a surface partly covered with land and partly with water, but appears to be entirely coated with solid substances, still her different parts present as varied an aspect as the earth would do to a dweller in the moon; without, however, there being the slightest resemblance between the planet and the satellite. The moon has only regions of plain and regions of mountain, and the difference between flat and hilly ground suffices to produce the strange contrasts which we observe; the former appears dull and sombre, whilst the other is bright and luminous.

Observers are not agreed about the colour of

the lunar plains. Some say that no tint but grey is to be seen; Humboldt asserts that the Sea of Crises is grey mixed with dark green, and that the Seas of Serenity and of Humours are likewise green. A reddish tinge prevails in the Marsh of Sleep. The circular plains whose centre is not occupied by mountains, are mostly grey approaching to blue, resembling polished steel. But Julius Schmidt holds that the plains of the moon are not really coloured with green, but that it depends on the state of our atmosphere, and still more on the way in which we make use of a telescope. If he could prove that there was no green in the moon, it would be a serious objection to the belief that her plains are covered with rich vegetation analogous to that of our tropical countries. But whatever doubt there may be respecting the hues of red and green, there can be none about the great contrasts of light and darkness. Grimaldi, Plato, and Endymion are circuses, each enclosing a very black crater. The most brilliant point, shining like a lighthouse, is the summit of Aristarchus, between the Ocean of Tempests and the Sea of Rain.

At full moon, as before stated, the sun's rays fall directly on the visible hemisphere of our satellite; every shadow disappears, and its rugged mountains exhibit no relief whatever. If, at that time, we examine it with a telescope of some power, our eye is immediately attracted by certain mountains which are resplendent with light, and which are surrounded by a sort of glory whose rays dart to great distances in all directions. These radiating mountains offer a miniature resemblance to vulgar pictures of the rising sun. The rays convert the annular mountains, their focuses, into so many radiating systems; they exhibit the appearance of luminous trains which attain a breadth of from twelve to five and twenty miles; their length is considerable, occasionally exceeding five hundred, and even seven hundred and fifty miles. These luminous projections cast no shadow: hence, they cannot be spurs or buttresses of the mountain. They stretch with equal intensity of light over plain and mountain up to heights of more than nine thousand feet, and that without effacing the outline of the irregularities of the ground over which they pass.

Many opinions have been hazarded as to the nature of these luminous trains. Sir J. Herschel thought they might be formed by ancient streams of lava; but there is no evidence to confirm the supposition. Those illustrious selenographs Lohrmann and Maedler exerted every means in their power to obtain a knowledge of these mysterious ribbons of light, but they have failed to give any satisfactory explanation. Humboldt believed that there is no guessing what changes in the soil could determine the presence of luminous rays around certain annular mountains. It is singular that they should not become visible to us until the sun's direct rays efface every shadow in the moon, and that they should disappear as soon as the light again falls obliquely and the

shadows begin to lengthen over the plains. There is therefore no radiation either at the first or last quarters, nor during all the time that the shadows cast by peaks and hills are visible to us. The principal radiating mountains in the moon are Tycho, Copernicus, Kepler, and Aristarchus; but by far the most important, and the one which excites the greatest admiration, is Tycho.

From this majestic centre there start, in all directions, immense rays, more than a hundred in number, which extend over almost half the moon's southern hemisphere. They attain their greatest development in the direction of the east, the north-east, and the north. One of them, sensibly directed towards the east, reaches the circus of Neander at a distance of nearly seven hundred and fifty miles. Below it, is a ray of prodigious length, which traverses the whole of the mountainous region, stretches over the Sea of Nectar, and stops at the foot of the Pyrenees, after traversing a distance of more than nine hundred miles. Towards the north-west, the rays which spring from Tycho extend beyond the mountainous country quite into the midst of the Sea of Clouds. One of them in that direction is especially remarkable, advancing nearly four hundred miles, as far as the circus of Bouillaud. Its breadth is even more striking than its length, producing the effect of a luminous furrow, whose edges are raised, and whose middle is hollow like a cradle.

FORGIVEN.

FAST from the land of gold the good ship bore us,
While the blue distance ebb'd in silver mist;
The sunset, like a dove's neck, changed before us,
In hues of sapphire, gold, and amethyst,
That went and came,
Surged into shade, or melted into flame.

We had been wed three summers. I had ta'en
A helpmeet more for use than love or passion;
Our marriage days had passed in common fashion,
Nor sweet nor bitter, neither joy nor pain.
She was my wife, I knew, and nothing more,
A labourer hired to pick up coin, and toil:
Such wives were common on the young crude soil
We sailed from, hailing for an English shore.
And in the daily tumult when my brain
Was busied in the earnest act of gain,
I simply saw she helped the household store
And did her duty, lending labour meet;
I had no time to find her incomplete.
But when the toil was ended, and my place
Was emptied in the wild imperfect land,
I would have had a gentler face,
A purer duty and a softer hand,
To hush the happy tumult in my breast,
And beautify the sense of well-earned rest.
Then, worn with bitterness and sorely tried,
Grown old in head and heart at thirty-seven,
I thought the common woman at my side
Looked petty by a sweeter face in Heaven.

She saw it in my face as in a book,
And made me shudder at her silent look;
Our lives were wide apart,
She was my wife, but not my other heart.

Her bitterness was silent as my pride,
Our words were calm, our hearts were hard and deep;
But once, as I lay waking at her side,
The common woman cursed me in her sleep!

Rich hours were mine, those happy days at sea,
Seasoned with pleasant talk of goodly minds;
Our vessel bravely took the driving winds,
Swift as a ship could be.
I loved to think of England, and the joy
Found in her pleasant places when a boy,
Her copsy villages, her streets and marts,
Her woodland nooks, her peaceful country cheer,
And some few friendly hearts
That beat with happy hopes as I drew near.
Then over all the pleasant dream there stole
Soft fancies of a churchyard still and lone,
A little hamlet, and a sweet lost soul
Mocked by an epitaph as cold as stone;
But when I thought of her, before the best
And very sweetest thought within my breast—
The patient wife I lost in other years,
Once a sweet memory interdicting pain—
A dark doubt startled out from happy tears
And stung along my brain.

But with us in the ship sailed one, a maid,
Whose sweetness pleased my humour calm and staid:
I think her pretty childish ways destroyed
The selfish demon in me, more or less;
For contrast made us friends, and I enjoyed
Her chiding tricks of sinless tenderness.
So, often in the calm and sunny weather,
We, sitting side by side, read books together;
And whispered in the twilight shadows dun
Of the green isle towards the setting sun.
She put a boyhood in my blood again
In kindred with her girlish views; I caught
Her fireside warmth of tone, her innocent thought,
Taught by her clearer heart and giddier brain;
She gave my fancy wings,
And brought me closer unto humankind,
Giving new colour to my moody mind,
And sober estimate of men and things.
Yet, when I lay apart,
And communed in the darkness with my heart,
I shuddered—for this long-forgotten lore
Would seem to vindicate my grosser part,
And my thoughts wronged the sleeping woman more.

I was the sinner, and not she,
The woman with hard hands—'twas I alone;
I was the sinner, and my flesh and bone
Were sinned against by me.
I was the sinner—speak it out, O Heart!
What God has linked no man shall dare to part;
And marriage is no whim of boyish blindness
To change as fortune changes—we were one;
And a wife's duty changes with our kindness,
As flowers take colour from the shade or sun.
She was no cultured woman, pure as snow
Through patience to resist;
She changed when I changed, and 'twas I, I know,
Who put the poison in the lips I kissed.

She watched me, day and night,
With a blanch'd bitterness upon her face;
A darkness veiled her in that marriage place
Which gave her privilege to hold me base
When it became unlovely in my sight:
For women, when their use is undiscerned,
Are spat upon and spurned.
She watched me in the darkness and the light,
With a scared anger like a wild affright.
I lied against the love for which I yearned;

I saw no mission, blind with wretchedness,
In her who held the right
To be my mistress—
Who claimed her share of all my woe or bliss.
I crushed all duty by ignoring this.

One night, when all was still, she stood beside me,
Pale as my thoughts, with eyes that looked away
The dying friendship of our marriage day,
And bitterly defied me.
Gross words were hers, that only hurt and soil
The mind from which they come:
Words of mind rough-hewn in petty toil,
Yet with a meaning in them. I was dumb.
But when she stained the name of that young maid,
That dwelling-place for sunshine where I played,
Like some glad boy, and pleased a heart grown cold,
I spake out fierce and bold,
With bitter phrases better left unsaid.
I was as innocent as Faith in this:
The pretty maiden, to my sober mind,
Was like a pleasant thought of buried bliss,
A memory of sweetness left behind,
A sense of something lovely gone before,
A gentle friend too soon to be forgot,
Who made me gay because I loved her not,
Nor dreamed of loving—this and nothing more.
So angry speech was mine, and swift as thought,
Words that stung back upon my lips and died,
Perchance more pitiless because I sought
To justify the bitterness of thought
Which came between the woman and my pride.
She laughed a homeless laugh without a tear,
And as she left my side
There was a list'ning malice in her sneer.

What demon urged me on to mock and dare her,
To wound the snake that then began to stir?
To coin a paltry show of scorn for her,
And love for one face fairer,
To taunt her with the bitterness I bare her?
My blood no longer flowed with pulses cool;
I gave the woman whose hard hands had been
Toiling to teach me how to think her mean,
The right to scorn me and to hate me. Fool!
And if I talked to that sweet friend, whenever
My wedded wife was near,
The selfish demon in me would rejoice,
And put a softer pathos in my voice
That she might vindicate her scorn, and hear.
She watched us, sitting silently apart,
With cruel eyes, and eyebrows knitted down;
The bright blood gushing upward from the heart
Blackened about her frown.

Fair winds of incense blew the good ship home,
Through green sea shades from many a pleasant
clime,
And little snowy showers of ocean-foam;
And in the evening time
We home-sick voyagers would stand in knots,
And gaze towards the west with eager eyes,
While, one by one, the stars in quiet skies
Opened in light, like heaven's forget-me-nots.
And sometimes, leaning downward o'er the waves,
Deep without end and blind to human sight,
I seemed to see the shipwreck'd in their graves
Of soundless purple shadows flaked with light;
Green gardens of the depths, so hush'd and fair,
Still as a heart-beat, dumb without a sound,
Where pipy sea-weeds scatter gems around
The faces of the drowned,
Cold, with the freezing ooze amid their hair.

We slept. It was a pleasant night of June;
The sea that sighed around, was still and sweet;
And leaning dusky down in heaven, the moon
Sucked the pale billows to her silver feet.
We slept, or seemed to sleep, for all was calm,
And in our slumbers heard the waters croon
With musical motion, like a village psalm
Heard when blue distance drowns the sober tune;
My wedded wife was in my visions deep,
A bitter stony face
That seemed to haunt me on from place to place,
And as I wandered in the dark of sleep,
Her fitful footsteps faltered on my track,
Through shadows where I heard the lost one weep,
And echoed at my back.

I started with a cry,
And strained towards the darkness eager-eyed;
A shudder at my side
Quickened my pulses, then a sobbing sigh.
My heart thronged hotly through the blood and brain
Till silence seemed a portion of its pain.
I stretched out hands and gazed along the night;
I caught the glimmer of a fluttering gown,
Which as I touched it rustled out of sight,
When something, with a face as deadly white
As dead men's faces floating fathoms down,
Turned, trembling from me in a cold affright,
The wedded woman with her eyes of light
Frozen to terror in the act to frown!

Then, as I gazed and tried in vain to speak,
From some far corner of the ship I heard
A cry of wonder and a smothered shriek,
At which the brooding silence shook and stirred.
There came a busy hum of voices, then
The whispered words and heavy tramp of men,
And a low murmuring as from underground;
And as the moon crept in upon the place
The lips were parted on the ghastly face
That looked a list'ning horror at the sound.
The wondering sleepers stirred with waking sighs,
With terror-stricken eyes
Gazed askingly around.
The woman shuddered from me with a cry,
Blanched with the stifling sense of some despair,
With a wild look that lifted up my hair,
And, in a wild impalpable terror, I
Rushed upward to the air.
Oh, what a horror shut my pulses there!

On the dim deck I stood, as pale as snow.
From the dark centre of the ship there came
A blackened mist of smoke, and down below
A flood of hissing flame,
That like a living thing rushed to and fro,
And grasped the crackling wood with murmurs dire.
"FIRE!"
Shrieked one, in mingled horror and surprise;
And higher yet and higher
The demon surged towards the moonlit skies,
With fiery arms and eyes,
Grasping the deck with sobs, and shrieks, and sighs.
FIRE! Men and women rose in wild affright
To glut their stifled senses with the sight.
Pale mothers with their babes, and men, and boys,
As pale as phantoms from the drowned dead,
While the calm master with his guiding voice
Led the pale seamen, as the waves were shed
Upon the demon's head!
Blind with our terror round the flames we stood,
In a pale cloud of smoke and hissing steam,
Like shapes in some dark dream,
With muttered prayers for good,

And faces icy pale;
 A newly risen wind
 Moaned mournfully behind,
 Dragged up the shuddering demon by the hair,
 Then crushed him backward to his smoky lair,
 And shrieked in shroud and sail.
 Higher, higher, higher, higher,
 Panting and shrieking, clomb the fiend of Fire;
 Until the radiance of the moon was drowned,
 And the red light with breath of furnace heat
 Now ghastlily illumed us head to feet,
 Now with a smoky blackness wrapt us round.
 Then ever and anon with smothered cries,
 With waving arms and blood-red eyes,
 The fiend fell fainting with a softer sound,
 And in a pause as still and calm as death
 We heard the ocean moan with quiet breath,
 Until the demon-shape was up again,
 Shrieking like one in pain,
 And the quick heart seemed throbbing in the brain.
 Fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!
 The waters struggled with its strength in vain!
 Fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!
 Cried men and women, going to and fro;
 But higher, higher, higher, higher, higher,
 Panting on cheeks still pale amid the glow,
 With clouds of flame that seemed to melt and grow—
 The raving fiend surged upward from his pyre
 At white heat down below.

Then, up and down the deck with shrieks and cries
 Ran women wringing hands—
 One, that sweet maid, whose eyes
 Mixed dust of gold with my heart's sinking sand—
 Some, leading little ones that sobbed in fright,
 And called them by tender piteous names;
 While men rushed here and there with faces white,
 And heaped the waves of ocean on the flames.
 But climbing higher, higher, higher,
 Panting in sobs and shrieks, and with a power
 Increasing with the minutes of the hour,
 The fiend of Fire
 Scattered his sparks above us in a shower.

I had forgot the woman in my fear,
 But now I saw her standing calmly near,
 Watching the dim red shadow of the light,
 Reflected up among the stars of night:
 The radiance fell like blood upon her face,
 And like a blood-red garment wrapt her frame,
 And in her silent horror I could trace
 The shadow of the sin I cannot name,
 The sin of that red threat
 Of death, whose mad remembrance haunts me yet,
 A bitter sorrow and a cruel aim.
 My limbs were struck to stone,
 A freezing ice was in my blood and bone,
 When on my terror struck a sudden cry
 To man the boats, and fly!

Her eye flashed back on mine, and ere she wist,
 I reached her side and took her by the wrist,
 And with my breath upon her eyes and hair
 I pointed, speechless, to the furnace-flare,
 The radiant cavern where
 Th' unconquerable demon shrieked and hissed;
 All then was silent, and she might have heard
 My aching heart (although I spake no word)
 Beat thick towards the lips I once had kissed.
 Her sin was palpable in that huge dread
 Which made her crouch before me,
 And she was silent as a corpse whose fled
 Soul might be moaning in the brightness o'er me;
 Yet gazing on her with a heart fall'n dead,
 I seemed to pity her for the hate she bore me.

And thus we stood together, while the Fire
 Seethed round about in jets of lurid light,
 And ever climbing higher, higher, higher,
 Ate at the heart of Night.

"Forward!" the Master cried:

The boats were tossing at the lost ship's side,
 Full of dark shapes of men and women frail,
 With utter fear grown dumb,
 And dread of something terrible to come,
 With the red light upon their faces pale.

I started from my trance in pain and wonder,
 And, dropping to a full frail boat, forgot
 The sinful woman whom I pitied not,
 What time a sound like groaning distant thunder
 Threatened to rend the burning ship asunder.

"Off!" cried the Master, and we swung away,
 Rising and falling with the waves of ocean,
 Surging from side to side with even motion,
 Amid a slender mist of salt sea-spray.

We pulled with willing heart and willing mind,
 While words of cheer passed on from lip to lip,
 And every eye looked backward on the ship
 Flaming along before a steady wind.

Then I again was 'ware

Of the pale woman, sitting by me there,
 And gazing, as before, with quiet eyes
 At the ship's shadow flaming in the skies,
 Blind to all other sorrow, hope, or care.

A burning beacon on the sighing sea,
 The ship swept on beneath the stars and moon,
 That quiet night of June;

And when the light itself was lost to me,
 And the sweet stars were seen again, like Love,
 I followed those despairing eyes with mine,
 And saw the moving shadow dusky shine
 Still in the mists of moonlight up above.

Then o'er the long sea-wave

A sudden murmur came,
 The shade died out in one bright jet of flame—
 The ship had fallen to its homeless grave.

But still my wedded wife was at my side,
 Gazing on heaven, pale and eager-eyed,
 Lost to the sense of hope no love could save.

I murmured in my heart:

"If Heaven shall spare my life, so I her shame:
 But she shall part for ever with my name,
 And we will dwell apart."

And, looking on her woe, I said again:

"The punishment is God's, and ours the pain;
 The sin is hers and mine, though hers the deed
 That choked our dreams of heaven while we slept;
 This tongue which made her love me in my need
 Shall never sting her bosom till it bleed—
 For I have sinned against her." And I wept.

The orange dawn broke in the east at last,
 And kindling into wider crimson shone
 On faces blanched with danger not yet passed,
 And two frail boats upon the sea alone;
 And scarce a word was spoken,
 But though our tongues were silent we were
 praying,

Each knew the prayer his neighbour's heart was
 saying,

And in the calm unbroken

Each sought another's glances as a token.

Then spake the Master words of hearty cheer,
 That Spanish ground, or else he erred, was near,
 And with a pause of joy,

We travellers, woman, man, and boy,
 Then prayed aloud with many a thankful tear.
 And thus the boats sailed swiftly on together,
 Straining with sail and oar

Towards the Spanish shore,
Asleep in sunny folds of summer weather.

Then came the quiet eve,
And stars stole out again like thoughts of home;
Rising and falling, wet with flying foam,
We almost ceased to grieve.
The silver twilight came like quiet rest,
And I was thinking of the buried wreck,
When Wife came creeping up against my breast,
And twined her long warm arms about my neck,
And laid her cheek to mine with love unblest.
And thrice I thrust her from me, but in vain;
She panted trembling to my arms again,
With kisses that seemed burning in my brain;
And so at last I yielded, and she clung
About me, breathing breath that scorched and stung;
My heart was hard and pitiless with pain.
Then as she watched me with her piteous eyes,
Robbed of her scorn and hate, and full of sighs,
While I was thinking of the marriage vow,
That still would chide the blackness on my brow,
"See!" cried a seaman—"comrade, see—she dies!"
I gazed upon her, as she trembled there
Upon my bosom, with a heart that bled;
Her toil-worn hand was smoothing back my hair,
And the old scorn seemed fled.
Then she, with cheek and hands grown cold as snow,
Crept closer to me, murmuring soft and low,
Half to herself, her breath on eyes and head,
In her new friendship looking very fair,
"Forgive me!" and "Forgive me!"—and I said,
"May God forgive thee, woman!" unaware.
Then one cried out aloud, that she was dead.

My tale is almost told.
Enough to know all touched the shore, worn out
With bitter fear and agonising doubt,
Bearing one dead—a woman, stiff and cold.
And when I laid her underneath the sod,
Close by the singing sea,
I half believed that I had loved her.—God
Forgive the wounded wife, and pardon me!
She was the sinner and the punished too;
And now that I am old and grey, I find
That she, and not the shallow maiden, drew
My footsteps closer unto humankind.
Perchance she perished, as she sinned, to win
Some gleams of better wisdom to my sight;
Perchance her love was greater than the sin
That threatened death that night!

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I COULD not hear the loud and repeated knockings which were made at my door, as at first waiters, and then the landlord himself, endeavoured to gain admittance. At length, a ladder was placed at the window, and a courageous individual, duly armed, appeared at my casement and summoned me to surrender. With what unspeakable relief did I learn that it was not to apprehend or arrest me that all these measures were taken; they were simply the promptings of a graceful benevolence, a sort of rumoured intimation having got about that, I had taken prussic acid, or was being done to death by charcoal. Imagine a prisoner in a condemned cell suddenly awakened, and hearing that the crowd around him consisted not of the ordinary, the sheriff, Mr. Calcraft and Co., but a deputation of respectable citizens come to offer the re-

presentation of their borough or a piece of plate, and then you can have a mild conception of the pleasant revulsion of my feelings. I thanked my public in a short but appropriate address. I assured them, although there was a popular prejudice about doing this sort of thing in November in England, that it was deemed quite unseasonable at other times, and that really in these days of domestic arsenic and conjugal strychnine, nothing but an unreasonable impatience would make a man self-destructive—suicide arguing that as man was really so utterly valueless it was worth nobody's while to get rid of him. My explanation over, I ordered breakfast.

"Why not dinner?" said the waiter. "It is close on four o'clock."

"No," said I; "the ladies will expect me at dinner."

"The ladies are near Constance by this, or else the roads are worse than we thought them."

"Near Constance! Do you mean to say they have gone?"

"Yes, sir, at daybreak; or, indeed, I might say before daybreak."

"Gone! actually gone?" was all that I could utter.

"They never went to bed last night, sir; the old lady was taken very ill after tea, and all the house running here and there for doctors and remedies, and the young lady, though she bore up so well, they tell me she fainted when she was alone in her own room. In fact, it was a piece of confusion and trouble until they started, and we may say, none of us had a moment's peace till we saw them off."

"And how came it that I was never called?"

"I believe, sir, but I'm not sure, the landlord tried to awake you. At all events, he has a note for you now, for I saw the old lady place it in his hand."

"Fetch it at once," said I; and when he left the room, I threw some water over my face, and tried to rally all my faculties to meet the occasion.

When the waiter reappeared with the note, I bade him leave it on the table; I could not venture to read it while he was in the room. At length he went away, and I opened it. These were the contents:

"SIR,—When a personage of your rank abuses the privilege of his station, it is supposed that he means to rebuke. Although innocent of any cause for your displeasure, I have preferred to withdraw myself from your notice than incur the chance of so severe a reprimand a second time.

"I am, sir, with unfeigned sorrow and humility, your most devoted follower and servant,

"MARTHA KEATS.

"To the — de —."

This was the whole of it; not a great deal as correspondence, but matter enough for much thought and much misery. After a long and painful review of my conduct, one startling fact

stood prominently forward, which was, that I had done something which, had it been the act of a royal prince, would yet have been unpardonable, but which, if known to emanate from one such as myself, would have been a downright outrage.

I went into the whole case, as a man who detects figures might have gone into a long and complicated account; and just as he would skip small sums, and pay little heed to fractions, I aimed at arriving at some grand solid balance for or against myself.

I felt, that if asked to produce my books, they might run this wise: Potts, on the credit side, a philanthropist, self-denying, generous, and trustful; one eager to do good, thinking no evil of his neighbour, hopeful of everybody, anxious to establish that brotherhood amongst men which, however varied the station, could and ought to subsist, and which needs but the connecting link of one sympathetic existence to establish. On the other side, Potts, I grieve to say, appeared that which Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was said to be.

When I had rallied a bit from the stunning effect of this disagreeable "total," I began to wish that I had somebody to argue the matter out with me. The way I would put my case would be thus: "Has not—from the time of Quintus Curtius down to the late Mr. Sadleir, of banking celebrity—the sacrifice of one man for the benefit of his fellows been recognised as the noblest exposition of heroism? Now, although it is much to give up life for the advantage of others, it is far more to surrender one's identity, to abandon that grand capital Ego! which gives a man his self-esteem and suggests his self-preservation. And who, I would ask, does this so thoroughly as the man who everlastingly palms himself upon the world for that which he is not? According to the greatest happiness principle, this man may be a real boon to humanity. He feeds this one with hope, the other with flattery; he bestows courage on the weak, confidence on the wavering. The rich man can give of his abundance, but it is out of his very poverty this poor fellow has to bestow all. Like the spider, he has to weave his web from his own vitals, and like the same spider he may be swept away by some pretentious affectation of propriety."

While I thus argued, the waiter came in to serve dinner. It looked all appetising and nice; but I could not touch a morsel. I was sick at heart; Kate Herbert's last look as she quitted the room was ever before me. Those dark grey eyes—which you stupid folk will go on calling blue—have a sort of reproachful power in them very remarkable. They don't flash out in anger like black eyes, or sparkle in fierceness like hazel; but they emit a sort of steady, fixed, concentrated light, that seems to imply that they have looked thoroughly into you, and come back very sad and very sorry for the inquiry. I thought of the happy days I had passed beside her; I recalled her low and gentle voice, her sweet half sad smile, and her playful laugh, and

I said, "Have I lost all these for ever, and how? What stupid folly possessed me last evening? How could I have been so idiotic as not to see that I was committing the rankest of all enormities? How should I, in my insignificance, dare to assail the barriers and defences which civilisation has established, and guards amongst its best prerogatives? Was this old buffoon, was this piece of tawdry fringe and spangles, a fitting company for that fair and gentle girl? How artistically false, too, was the position I had taken. Interweaving into my ideal life these coarse realities, was the same sort of outrage as shocks one in some of the Venetian churches, where a lovely Madonna, the work of a great hand, may be seen bedizen and disfigured with precious stones over her drapery. In this was I violating the whole poetry of my existence. These figures were as much out of keeping as would be a couple of Ostade's Boors in a grand Scripture piece by Domenichino.

"And yet, Potts," thought I, "they were *really* living creatures. They had hearts for joy and sorrow and hope and the rest of it. They were pilgrims travelling the self-same road as you were. They were not illusions, but flesh and blood folk, that would shiver when cold, and die of hunger if starved. Were they not then, as such, of more account than all your mere imaginings? would not the least of their daily miseries outweigh a whole bushel of fancied sorrow? and is it not a poor selfishness on your part, when you deem some airy conception of your brain of more account than that poor old man and that dark-eyed girl. Last of all, are they not, in all their ragged finery, more 'really true men' than you yourself, Potts, living in a maze of delusions? They only act when the sawdust is raked and the lamps are lighted; but you are 'en scène' from dawn to dark, and only lay down one motley to don another. Is not this wretched? Is it not ignoble? In all these changes of character, how much of the real man will be left behind? Will there be one morsel of honest flesh when all the lacquer of paint is washed off? And was it—oh, was it for this you first adventured out on the wide ocean of life?"

I passed the evening and a great part of the night in such self-accusings, and then I addressed myself to action. I bethought me of my future, and with whom and where and how it might be passed. The bag of money entrusted to me by the minister to pay the charges of the road was hanging where I had placed it—on the curtain-holder. I opened it, and found a hundred and forty gold Napoleons, and some ten or twelve pounds in silver. I next set to count over my own especial hoard; it was a fraction under a thousand francs. Forty pounds was truly a very small sum wherewith to confront a world to which I brought not any art, or trade, or means of livelihood; I say forty, because I had not the shadow of a pretext for touching the other sum, and I resolved at once to transmit it to the owner. Now, what could be done with so humble a capital? I had heard of a great

general who once pawned a valuable sword—a sword of honour it was—wherewith to buy a horse, and so mounted, he went forth over the Alps and conquered a kingdom. The story had no moral for me, for somehow I did not feel as though I were the stuff that conquers kingdoms, and yet there must surely be a vast number of men in life with about the same sort of faculties, merits, and demerits, as I have. There must be a numerous Potts family in every land, well-meaning, right-intentioned, worthless creatures, who, out of a supposed willingness to do anything, always end by doing nothing. Such people, it must be inferred, live upon what are called their wits, or, in other words, trade upon the daily accidents of life, and the use to which they can turn the traits of those they meet with.

I was resolved not to descend to this; no, I had determined to say adieu to all masquerading, and be simply Potts, the druggist's son, one who had once dreamed of great ambitions, but had taken the wrong road to them. I would from this hour be an honest, truth-speaking, simple-hearted creature. What the world might henceforth accord me of its sympathy should be tendered on honest grounds; nay, more, in the spirit of those devotees who inspire themselves with piety by privations, I resolved on a course of self-mortification, I would not rest till I had made my former self expiate all the vainglorious wantonness of the past, and pay in severe penance for every transgression I had committed. I began boldly with my reformation. I sat down and wrote thus:

"To Mr. Dycer, Stephen's-green, Dublin.

"The gentleman who took away a dun pony from your livery stables in the month of May last, and who, from certain circumstances, has not been able to restore the animal, sends herewith twenty pounds as his probable value. If Mr. D. conscientiously considers the sum insufficient, the sender will at some future time, he hopes, make good the difference."

Doubtless my esteemed reader will say, at this place, "The fellow couldn't do less; he need not vaunt himself on a common-place act of honesty, which, after all, might have been suggested by certain fears of future consequences. His indiscretion amounted to horse-stealing, and horse-stealing is a felony."

All true, every word of it, most upright of judges; I was simply doing what I ought, or rather what I ought long since to have done. But now, let me ask, is this, after all, the invariable course in life, and is there no merit in doing what one ought when every temptation points to the other direction? and lastly, is it nothing to do what a man ought, when the doing costs exactly the half of all he has in the world?

Now, if I were, instead of being Potts, a certain great writer that we all know and delight in, I would improve the occasion here by asking my reader, does he always himself do the right thing? I would say to him, perhaps with

all haste to anticipate his answer, Of course you do. You never pinch your children, or kick your wife out of bed; you are a model father and a churchwarden; but I am only a poor apothecary's son, brought up in precepts of thrift and the Dublin Pharmacopœia; and I own to you, when I placed the half of my twenty-pound crisp clean bank-note inside of that letter, I felt I was figuratively cutting myself in two. But I did it "like a man," if that be a proper phrase for an act which I thought god-like. And oh, take my word for it, when a sacrifice hasn't cost you a coach-load of regrets, and a shopful of hesitations about making it, it is of little worth. There's a wide difference between the gift of a sheep from an Australian farmer, or the present of a child's pet lamb, even though the sheep be twice the size of the lamb.

I gave myself no small praise for what I had done, much figurative patting on the back, and a vast deal of that very ambiguous consolation which beggars in Catholic countries bestow in change for alms, by assurances that it will be remembered to you in Purgatory.

"Well," thought I, "the occasion isn't very far off, for my Purgatory begins to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIX.

I was in a tourist locality, and easily provided myself with a light equipment for the road, resolved at once to take the footpath in life and "seek my fortune." I use these words simply as the expression of the utter uncertainty which prevailed as to whether I should go, and what do when I got there.

If there be few more joyous things in life than to start off on foot with three or four choice companions, to ramble through some fine country, rich in scenery, varied in character and interesting in story, there are few more lonely sensations than to set out by oneself, not very decided what way to take, and with very little money to take it.

One of the most grievous features of small means is, certainly, the almost exclusive occupation it gives the mind as to every, even the most trivial, incident that involves cost. Instead of dining on fish and fowl and fruit, you feel eating so many groschen and kreutzers. You are *not* drinking wine, your beverage is a solution of copper batzen in vinegar! When you poke the fire, every spark that flies up the chimney is a baiocco! You come at last to suspect that the sun won't warm you for nothing, and that the very breeze that cooled your brow is only waiting round the corner to ask "for something for himself."

When the rich man lives sparingly, the conscious power of the wealth he might employ if he pleased, sustains him. The poor fellow has no such consolation to fall back on; the closer his coat is examined, the more threadbare will it appear. If it were simply that he dressed humbly and fared coarsely, it might be borne well, but it is the hourly depreciation that poverty is exposed to, makes its true grievance. "An ill-looking"—this means, generally, ill-dressed—"an

ill-looking fellow had been seen about the premises at nightfall," says the police report. "A very suspicious character had asked for a bed; his wardrobe was in 'a spotted handkerchief.' The waiter remembers that a fellow, much travel-stained and weary, stopped at the door that evening and asked if there was any cheap house of entertainment in the village." Heaven help the poor wayfarer if any one has been robbed, any house broken into, any rick set fire to, while he passed through that locality. There is no need of a crowd of witnesses to convict him, since every bend in his hat, every tear in his coat, and every rent in his shoes, are evidence against him.

If I thought over these things in sorrow and humiliation, it was in a very proud spirit that I called to mind how, on that same morning, I deposited the bag with all the money in Messrs. Haber's bank, saw the contents duly counted over, replaced and sealed up, and then addressed to Her Majesty's Minister at Kalbbratenstadt, taking a receipt for the same. "This was only just common honesty," says the reader. Oh, if there is an absurd collocation of words, it is that! Common honesty! why, there is nothing in this world so perfectly, so totally uncommon! Never, I beseech you, undervalue the waiter who restores the ring you dropped in the coffee-room; nor hold him cheaply who gives back the umbrella you left in the cab. These seem such easy things to do, but they are not easy. Men are more or less Cornish wreckers in life, and very apt to regard the lost article as a treasure-trove. I have said all this to you, amiable reader, that you may know what it cost me, on that same morning, not to be a rogue, and not to enrich myself with the goods of another.

I underwent a very long and searching self-examination to ascertain why it was I had not appropriated that bag, an offence which, legally speaking, would only amount to a breach of trust. I said, "Is it that you had no need of the money, Potts? Did you feel that your own means were ample enough? Was it that your philosophy had made you regard gold as mere dross, and then think that the load was a burden? Or, taking higher ground, had you recalled the first teachings of your venerable parent, that good man and careful apothecary, who had given you your first perceptions of right and wrong?" I fear that I was obliged to say No, in turn, to each of these queries. I would have been very glad to be right, proud to have been a philosopher, overjoyed to feel myself swayed by moral motives, but I could not palm the imposition on my conscience, and had honestly to own that the real reason of my conduct was—I was in love! There was the whole of it!

There was an old sultan once so impressed with an ill notion of the sex, that whenever a tale of misfortune or disgrace reached him, his only inquiry as to the source of the evil was, Who was she? Now, my experiences of life have travelled in another direction, and whenever I read of some noble piece of heroism, or some daring act of self-devotion, I don't ask

whether he got the Bath or the Victoria Cross, if he were made a governor here, or a vice-governor there, but who was She that prompted this glorious deed? I'd like to know all about her: the colour of her eyes, her hair; was she slender or plump, was she fiery or gentle; was it an old attachment or an acute attack coming after a paroxysm at first sight?

If I were the great chief of some great public department where all my subordinates were obliged to give heavy security for their honesty, I would neither ask for bail bonds or sureties, but I'd say, "Have you got a wife, or a sweetheart? either will do. Let me look at her. If she be worthy an honest man's love, I am satisfied; mount your high stool and write away."

Oh, how I longed to stand aright in that dear girl's eyes, that she should see me worthy of her! Had she yielded to all my wayward notions and rambling opinions, giving way either in careless indolence or out of inability to dispute them, she had never made the deep impression on my heart. It was because she had bravely asserted her own independence, never conceding where unconvinced, never yielding where unvanquished, that I loved her. What a stupid reverie was that of mine when I fancied her one of those strong-minded, determined women—a thickly-shod, umbrella-carrying female, who can travel alone and pass her trunk through a 'custom-house. No, she was delicate, timid, and gentle; there was no over-confidence in her, nor the slightest pretension. Rule me? not a bit of it. Guide, direct, support, confirm, sustain me; elevate my sentiments, cheer me on my road in life, making all evil odious in my eyes, and the good to seem better!

I verily believe, with such a woman, an humble condition in life offers more chances of happiness than a state of wealth and splendour. If the best prizes of life are to be picked up around a man's fireside, moderate means, conducing as they do to a home life, would point more certainly to these than all the splendour of grand receptions. If I were, say, a village doctor, a schoolmaster; if I were able to eke out subsistence in some occupation, whose pursuit might place me sufficiently favourably in her eyes. I don't like grocery, for instance, or even "dry goods," but something—it's no fault of mine if the English language be cramped and limited, and that I must employ the odious word "genteel," but it conveys, in a fashion, all that I aim at.

I began to think how this was to be done. I might return to my own country, go back to Dublin, and become Potts and Son—at least son! A very horrid thought, and very hard to adopt.

I might take a German degree in physic, and become an English doctor, say, at Baden, Ems, Geneva, or some other resort of my countrymen on the Continent. I might give lectures, I scarcely well knew on what, still less to whom; or I could start as Professor Potts, and instruct foreigners in Shakespeare. There were at least "three courses" open to me; and to consider

them the better, I filled my pipe, and strolled off the high road into a shady copse of fine beech-trees, at the foot of one of which, and close to a clear little rivulet, I threw myself at full length, and thus, like Tityrus, enjoyed the leafy shade, making my meerschau do duty for the shepherd's reed.

I had not been long thus, when I heard the footsteps of some persons on the road, and shortly after, the sound discontinuing, I judged that they must have crossed into the sward beneath the wood. As I listened, I detected voices, and the next moment two figures emerged from the cover and stood before me: they were Vaterchen and Tintefleck.

"Sit down," said I, pointing to each in turn to take a place at either side of me. They had, it is true, been the cause of the great calamity of my life, but in no sense was the fault theirs, and I wished to show that I was generous and open-minded. Vaterchen acceded to my repeated invitation with a courteous humility, and seated himself at a little distance off; but Tintefleck threw herself on the grass, and with such a careless "abandon," that her hair escaped from the net that held it, and fell in great wavy masses across my feet.

"Ay," thought I, as I looked at the graceful outlines of her finely-shaped figure, "here is the Amaryllis come to complete the tableau; only I would wish fewer spangles, and a little more simplicity."

I saw that it was necessary to reassure Vaterchen as to my perfect sanity by some explanation as to my strange mode of travelling, and told him briefly, "that it was a caprice common enough with my countrymen to assume the knapsack, and take the road on foot; that we fancied in this wise we obtained a nearer view of life, and at least gained companionship with many from whom the accident of station might exclude us." I said this with an artful delicacy, meant to imply that I was pointing at a very great and valuable privilege of pedestrianism.

He smiled with a sad, a very sad expression on his features, and said, "But in what wise, highly honoured sir?"—he addressed me always as *Hoch Ge-ehrter Herr*—"could you promise to yourself advantage from such associations as these? I cannot believe you would condescend to know us simply to carry away in memory the little traits that must needs distinguish such lives as ours. I would not insult my respect for you by supposing that you come amongst us to note the absurd contrast between our real wretchedness and our mock gaiety; and yet what else is there to gain? What can the poor mountebank teach you beyond this?"

"Much," said I, with fervour, as I grasped his hand, and shook it heartily; "much, if you only gave me this one lesson that I now listen to, and I learn that a man's heart can beat as truthfully under motley as under the embroidered coat of a minister. The man who speaks as you do, can teach me much."

He gave a short but heavy sigh, and turned

away his head. He arose after a few minutes, and going gently across the grass, spread his handkerchief over the head and face of the girl, who had at once fallen into a deep sleep.

"Poor thing," muttered he, "it is well she can sleep! She has eaten nothing to-day!"

"But, surely," said I, "there is some village or some wayside inn near this——"

"Yes, there is the Bekstein, a little public about two miles further; but we didn't care to reach it before nightfall. It is so painful to pass many hours in a place and never call for anything; one is ill looked on, and uncomfortable from it; and as we have only what would pay for our supper and lodging, we thought we'd wear away the noon in the forest here, and arrive at the inn by close of day."

"Let me be your travelling companion for to-day," said I, "and let us push forward and have our dinner together. Yes, yes, there is far less of condescension in the offer than you suspect. I am neither great nor milder, I am one of a class like your own, Vaterchen, and what I do for you to-day some one else will as probably do for me to-morrow."

Say what I could, the old man would persist in believing that this was only another of those eccentricities for which Englishmen are famed; and though, with the tact of a native good breeding, he showed no persistence in opposition, I saw plainly enough that he was unconvinced by all my arguments.

While the girl slept, I asked him how he chanced upon the choice of his present mode of life, since there were many things in his tone and manner that struck me as strangely unlike what I should have ascribed to his order.

"It is a very short story," said he; "five minutes will tell it, otherwise I might scruple to impose on your patience. It was thus I became what you see me."

Short as the narrative was, I must keep it for another page.

BOXING-DAY.

MR. SKINNER STONE presents his respectful compliments to the Editor of All the Year Round, and begs to lay before him a statement of certain circumstances in connexion with the present season of the year which have come under his observation, together with the inferences which he has been enabled to deduce from the same.

The residence of your informant is at the end of a certain row of stuccoed houses in the postal district N.W. The house is not in a line with the other houses in Lumbago-terrace. It is situated at the eastern extremity of that stronghold of miasma, and projects from the other clammy and exudacious tenements.

Lumbago-terrace is a fair specimen of the architecture of Corinth, as adapted to the necessities of our age and habits. It is well known that the great glare and blaze of sunlight to which in this country we are perpetually subject, dazzles and scorches us during the major

portion of the year. The architect of Lumbago-terrace, therefore, "threw up" the great Corinthian façade in the centre of Lumbago-terrace, by which he succeeded in darkening the four centre houses of the row, letting into the drawing and dining rooms of the others the light of heaven. But he remedied this intolerable defect, by "throwing forward" a couple of massive corner buildings at each end of the terrace; themselves kept from the sun's glare by the centre pile, and immensely helping in their turn to overshadow the receding portions of the wings, and preserving them from the unendurable annoyance of the solar rays.

In one of the projecting extremities of the line of Lumbago-terrace, is situated the room in which your Informant ordinarily works at his History of Space. The window before which his desk is placed commands the whole extent of the terrace from end to end, and he is thus enabled to rake that row of houses completely, as from a tower of observation. It was on the morning after Christmas-day, then, that, seated at his desk before this window, his attention—which will sometimes wander to external things—was caught by certain phenomena, which he now proposes to describe.

A group, consisting of two tall men and a short one, all very seedy, enters the terrace at its western extremity, which is that farthest from the position occupied by your informant. The men, after loitering undecidedly for a short time in front of the last house (No. 20), separate; the two tall men advance to the house door, and knock a single knock, while the short man stands at the edge of the pavement, with his back to the others, and one foot projecting over the side of the kerbstone. He also chews a straw, and every now and then looks round furtively and uneasily, to see how his companions are getting on.

They are getting on particularly well, one would think. The door opens, and one of the men, taking a step forward, asserts a foot upon the mat, and speaks to the housemaid; the other man leans against the door-post; and the short man, on the kerbstone, examines the sky and the prospects of the weather, and tries to look as if he did not belong to the party. The door is now closed, and the man who stepped upon the mat, is shut in, while his mate remains upon the step, and in his turn becomes interested in the state of the weather; also in the condition of his nails; also in the paint upon the entrance pillars. Very suddenly, the door is again opened, and the man who had been enclosed drops out upon the steps, with an appearance of immense relief. Immediately upon this the short man gives up his fiction of not belonging to the party, and a secret conference takes place. This over, the party once more separate, and the two tall men ascend the steps of No. 19. Everything happens as before. No. 18 in like order. This routine is performed at every house. The only thing which is at all subject to change being the demeanour of the men when engaged in consultation; which sometimes leaves them

brisk and cheerful, but sometimes deeply and sulkily despondent.

If this first deputation was of a bewildering nature, what were the feelings of your informant when a second and a third group, each consisting of three seedy ones, appeared in Lumbago-terrace, and went through a series of performances precisely similar to those engaged in by the first comers. What! in every case three men; never more, never less; in every case two who did the work, and one who stood upon the kerbstone and ignored them while they did it? In every case a conference after each call? In every case that conference marked by great briskness or deep gloom and stagnation? In every case? No, not in every case—once, a clarinet, a trombone, and an ophicleide.

The deputation bearing these instruments threw a perfect blaze of light on the mystery. The waits! Christmas-boxes. These groups of diffident and embarrassed personages were composed of your regular dustmen, and your united scavengers, and your lamplighters embodied into a company (limited), and lastly, of your incorporated waits. The waits whom you hear at a distance as you come back from Christmas parties, and whom, gradually approaching as you walk home, you come upon suddenly under a lee-wall standing in such shelter as they can get, all looking different ways, with green baize instrument-wrappers over their arms, braying out their sad souls in bleak discordance.

Oh, the waits, the cruel waits, are they worst far off or near? They sink your soul down when they play under your window. They go into the next street and sink it lower. Matters are no better when they get into the next street but one; and, when they have reached the square round the corner, and the notes of the trombone at intervals alone are audible, it is a great question whether you are not worse off still; whether your woes are not more aggravated than ever.

The waits were outside, expectant of a Christmas-box. The ophicleide had placed his instrument across an angle of the area railings appertaining to this writer's abode while he beat his breast to warm it; the trombone was on the mat in the passage; and the clarinet, with that cheery tube under his arm, was playing that important kerbstone part which it has been mentioned was discharged in every case of a Christmas-box application by one member of the corps.

After sending out a shilling to the trombone in the passage—who diffused so much cold that it was worth the money in fuel to get him promptly out of the house—that your Informant began to speculate on the question whether the Christmas-box system does not, in some of its aspects, partake of the nature of a nuisance. He endeavoured to avoid the subject, but it pursued him, go where he would.

That night, and the next, and the next after, as the writer was returning home, he happened to observe a general tendency in certain seedy individuals to oscillate in their walk,

to regard passers-by with a fixed and vitreous gaze, to enter into long explanations not remarkable for clearness, to give a wide berth to drinking-fountains, and sometimes to do obeisance, even in the mud, before objects not ordinarily associated with worship, such as lamp-posts, gin-shop doors, coal plates, and the like. Your Informant observed, also, an affectionate disposition on the part of such of these persons as were husbands and fathers to lean caressingly on their wives, and even on children of tender years, teaching them thus a moral lesson of the necessity there might be for them to support their parents in the decline of life. He observed, too, that these husbands and fathers were prone in some instances to shed tears, in others to cheer with laughter and merry jests those who were accompanying them; whilst others were moved, in their desire to improve the training of their families, to such stern censure of their faults as would sometimes lead them to administer correction, with some violence, in the public streets. There were some individuals who maintained a dignified silence, and steadily refused to yield to the urgent entreaties of those who desired (most unaccountably) their return home. Some, too, when more specially urged by government authorities to advance one way or the other, would hold firmly to iron railings, or to corners of gateways, or would sit down upon damp pavements, rather than alter a determination once taken, or yield to importunity, in a case where the judgment was unconvinced.

Now, putting all the things together, and having it further forced upon his mind that in many instances the individuals whose singularities have just been developed were generally similar in appearance, costume, and all other respects to those whose conduct had attracted his attention in the morning in Lumbago-terrace, it did at last occur to your Informant—especially after recognising a gentleman who was beating his wife with a trombone as the artist who had called in behalf of the waits in the morning—it did occur to the writer at last, to ask himself whether, perchance, there was any connexion between the Christmas-boxes of the morning and the eccentric behaviour of their recipients in the evening; whether, again, that eccentric behaviour was in any degree attributable to a misuse of strong waters; and once more, whether the Christmas-box system altogether was or was not, in this respect, a nuisance?

Your Informant has no objection to voluntary "tips," but to mendicancy he has a great objection, and is inclined to think that gratuities should be gratuitously given, and not be extorted by importunity from unwilling donors. Christmas-time is a good season for liberality and judicious almsgiving, and were the money annually expended in this country in Christmas-boxes collected for some benevolent object, the sum would be of such magnitude as to provide the means of carrying out some great national work of philanthropy, and perhaps also it might happen that this

money, being diverted into other and worthier channels, the annual return of Christmas might be attended by a lessened display of drunkenness in our public streets.

THE FAMILY AT FENHOUSE.

I WAS to be a governess; but I could not obtain a situation. My poor mother had been insane for many years before her death; one of my brothers was deaf and dumb, another was deformed, while none of us showed either health or vigour. In a word, there was no escaping the fact that we had the seeds of some terrible disease sown thickly among us, and that, as a family, we were unhealthy and unsafe. I was the eldest and the strongest, both in mind and body, but that was not saying much. I was always what I am now, tall and gaunt, with the spasmodic affection which you see in my face, as nervous as I am now, and nearly as thin; short-sighted, which made my manners doubly awkward, and they would always have been awkward from my nervousness and ungainly figure; and with an unnaturally acute hearing, often followed by attacks of unconsciousness, which sometimes lasted many hours, and rendered me, for the time, dead to all outward life.

Unpromising as our family condition was, when my father died and left us destitute, it was absolutely necessary that those of us at all capable should get something to do, and that the rest should be cared for by charity. The last we found more easy to be accomplished than the first. Many kind hands were stretched forward to help the helpless of us, but few to strengthen the weak. However, after a time, they were all settled in some way or other, and were at least secured from starvation, while I, who had been considered the most hopeful, was still unprovided for, looking vainly for a situation either as governess or companion. Both were equally difficult to procure. On the one side my manners and appearance were against me, on the other, my family history. As I could not deny my inheritance of disease and insanity, mothers, naturally enough, would not trust me with their children, and I was not sufficiently attractive for a companion. People who can afford companions want something pliant, bright, animated, pleasant. No one would look at my unlovely face, or hear the harsh tones of my voice—I know how harsh they are—and pay me to be an ornament or pleasure to their lives. So, as I tell you, I was refused by every one, until I began to despair of success, and without blaming any, to understand that the world was too hard for me, and that I had no portion in it.

As my last venture, I answered an advertisement in the Times for a companion to a lady in delicate health, living in the country. My letter was replied to in a bold manly hand, and a meeting arranged. I was to go down that next day by train to a place about twenty miles from London, and find my way from a certain

railway station named, two miles across the country—conveyances not to be had—to a village called Fenhouse-green. A mile farther would bring me to Fenhouse itself, "the seat of Mr. and Mrs. Brand." The note was couched in a curiously sharp, peremptory style, and pompously worded. I remember, too, that it was written on a broad sheet of coarse letter paper, and sealed with what looked at first sight to be a large coat of arms, but which, when examined, proved to be only a make-believe. With my habit of making up histories out of every incident that came before me, I decided that the writer was a military man, wealthy and high born; and that, about to leave on foreign service, he wished to place his young and beautiful wife in careful hands so as to ensure her pleasant companionship during his absence. I made quite a romance out of that peremptory letter with its broad margin and imposing seal.

"They will never take me when they have seen me!" I sighed, as I settled myself in the third-class carriage which I shared with three soldiers' wives and a couple of Irish labourers, and I wished that I could have exchanged my fate and person with the meanest among them. Though they were poor, they were not under a curse, as I was; though man had not uplifted them, Fortune had not crushed them as she had crushed me. I was weeping bitterly behind my veil, overpowered with my own sadness and despair, and almost decided on not going farther to meet only with fresh disappointment, when the train stopped at my station, and I let myself drift down the tide of circumstance, and once more dared my chance.

Asking my way to Fenhouse-green, much to the astonishment, apparently, of the solitary station-master, I struck into a rugged by-road, which he said would take me there. The two miles' walk seemed as if it would never end. The road was lonely, and the country desolate, ugly, and monotonous; nothing but a broad ragged waste, without a tree or an autumn flower to break the dead dreariness of the scene. I did not meet a living creature until I came to an unwholesome-looking collection of cottages, covered with foul eruptions of fungi and mildew starting out like a leprosy upon the walls. Where the village-green should have been, was a swamp, matted with *confervæ*. It was a place to remember in one's dreams, from the neglect and desolation, the hopeless poverty and feverish squalor of all about.

If this was the village of which the writer had spoken so pompously as his property, and of which I had imagined all that was charming, and picturesque, it did not argue much for what had to come; and I began to feel that I had painted too brightly, and, perhaps, had ranked my chance too low. The place frightened me. I went through, glad to escape the stupid wonder of the pallid women and children who came crowding to the doors, as though a stranger were a rare and not too welcome sight among them. Indeed, some seemed to have a

kind of warning terror in their looks when they pointed in the direction of the House, as they called it; and one old witch, lifting her stick, cried, "Surely, surely, not there belike!" in a tone which froze my blood. However, it was too late now to recede; so, full of an indescribable terror, I went on my way, until I arrived at Fenhouse, where my future was to lie.

It was a lonely house, standing back from the road, completely shut in, in front, by a tangled shrubbery, while at the rear stretched a close dark wood with a trailing undergrowth of briars and thorns. The gate hung broken, supported by one hinge only; the garden was a mass of weeds and rubbish; the flower-beds overgrown with grass and nettles; and what had once been rose-trees and flowering shrubs, left to wither and die, stifled by bindweed and coarser growths. The house was of moderate size, two-storied, and roomy, but so neglected and uncared for, that it looked more bleakly desolate than anything I had ever seen before. My dream of the young and beautiful wife had vanished, and I felt as if about to be ushered into the presence of some fantastic horror or deadly crime. The wet leaves plashed beneath my feet, and sent up their clouds of autumn odour—the odour of death; unsightly insects and loathsome reptiles glided before me with a strange familiarity, which rendered them yet more loathly; not a bird twittered through the naked branches of the trees. The whole place had a wild, weird, haunted look; and, shivering with dread at I knew not what, I rang the rusty bell, hanging lonely out of the chipped and broken socket. The peal startled me, and brought out a small terrier, which came running round me, barking furiously and shrilly. The door was opened by a ragged, slipshod servant-girl, and I was shown into a poorly-furnished room, which seemed to be a kind of library; to judge at least by the open bookcase, thinly stocked with shabby books. The room was close and musty; the fire in the grate was heaped up carefully towards the middle, and the sides blocked in by bricks. It was a mean fire: a stingy, shabby fire.

After waiting for some time, a gentleman and lady came in. She was a pale, weak, hopeless-looking woman, very tall, fair, and slender, with a narrow forehead, lustreless light blue eyes with no eyelashes, scanty hair, straw-coloured ill-defined eyebrows, and very thin pale lips. She was slightly deformed, and carried her arms thrust far back from the elbow, the hands left to dangle nervelessly from the wrists. She stooped, and was dressed in a limp faded cotton gown, every way too scanty and too cold for the season. When she came in, her eyes were bent towards the soiled grey carpet, and she never raised them, or made the least kind of salutation, but sat down on a chair near the window, and began to unravel a strip of muslin. The gentleman was short and thick-set, very active and determined-looking, with dark hair turning now to grey, a thick but evenly-cut moustache, joining his bushy whiskers, the large

square heavy chin left bare; overhanging eyebrows, with small, restless, passionate eyes beneath: in his whole face and bearing an expression of temper amounting to ferocity.

He spoke to me peremptorily and haughtily; asked me my name, age, family condition, previous history, as if he had been examining me on oath, scarcely waiting for my answers, and all the while fixing me with those small angry eyes till I felt dazed and restless, as creatures under torture. Then he said, abruptly:

"You have a strange look—a scared look, I may call it. How have you come by it?"

"I am of a nervous temperament, sir," I answered, pulling at the ends of my gloves.

"Nothing else? Nothing hereditary?"

"Yes, sir," said I, as steadily as I could; "there is hereditary misfortune among us."

"Father or mother?"

"Mother."

"Ah!" said the man, rubbing his moustache, and looking at me with eyes all a-flame; "so much the nearer and more dangerous."

"I am not dangerous," I said, a little too humbly, perhaps; but that man was completely subduing me. "I am nervous, but I have no worse tendency."

He laughed.

"Perhaps not," he said, with a sneer that made my blood curdle; "no one ever has. Don't you know that all maniacs are philosophers, when they are not kings and queens? Shall I take you on trust, then, according to your own estimate of yourself, or discharge you at once, according to mine?"

"I think I may be trusted, sir," I answered, looking everywhere but into his face.

"What do you think, Mrs. Brand?" he said, turning to the pale woman unravelling her strip of muslin, and who had not, as I thought, looked at me once yet.

"She is ugly," said she, in a dull, monotonous voice; "I don't like ugly people."

Mr. Brand laughed again.

"Never mind that, Mrs. Brand; goodness don't go by looks, does it Miss—Miss what? Are you a name or a number?"

"Miss Erfurt."

"Oh yes! I forgot—Jane Erfurt—I remember now, and a queer name it is, too. Does it, Miss Jane Erfurt?"

"Not always, sir," I said, moving restlessly.

"Well, Mrs. Brand, what do you say?"

"She is ugly, and George will not like her," said the lady, in the same half-alive manner.

"Who the deuce cares!" shouted Mr. Brand, flaming with passion on the instant. "Let him like it or not, who cares for a stupid fool, or for what he thinks? That, for his liking!" snapping his fingers insolently.

The lady's face grew a shade paler; but, beyond a furtive, terrified glance at her husband, she took no notice of his words. He then turned abruptly to me, and told me that I was to hold myself engaged to perform the duties of companion to Mrs. Brand, and that I was to enter on those duties early next week.

"But without the lady's consent?" said I, too weak to resist, and too nervous to accept.

She put away her muslin and rose. "Mr. Brand is master here," she said; "do what he tells you: it saves trouble."

The week after I went to Fenhouse, as the companion of Mrs. Brand.

The first day's dinner was a strange affair. After we had seated ourselves, to what was a very scanty supply, there lounged in a youth of about seventeen: a heavy, full-blooded, lumpish being, with a face devoid of intelligence, but more animal than imbecile; not specially good tempered, but not vicious, a mere idle, eating and drinking clown, scarcely raised above the level of a dog or a horse, and without even their instinctive emotions. What an unwholesome, unnatural circle we made! I longed for a little healthy life among us, and turned with a feeling of envy and relief to the common-place servant-maid; who, if not intellectual, was at the least more in accord with pure ordinary life than we.

There was ill-blood between Mr. Brand and Master George, as the boy was called; and I soon understood why. His mother's only son by a former marriage, and heir of the neglected lands lying round Fenhouse, he stood in the way of his step-father, whose influence over his wife was supreme, and who, but for the boy, would have absolute possession of everything. He had married for money, and had been balked of half his prize. I used often to wonder that the two were not afraid to trust themselves in the hands of one so passionate and unscrupulous; but, though Mrs. Brand was undisguisedly afraid of her husband, and the boy was not too stupid to understand that he was hated, and why, neither seemed to look forward to evil days. I do not think that they had mind enough to look to the future in hope or dread. Mother and son loved each other, with the mute instinctive love of dumb animals—a love in which both would be helpless to save if bad times came. They were not much together, and they seldom spoke when they met; but they sat close to each other, always in the same place and on the same chairs, and Mrs. Brand unravelling her eternal slips of muslin, while her son gathered up the threads and thrust them into a canvas bag.

I had been there a fortnight, and I never saw either of them employed in anything else; and I never heard half a dozen words pass between them. It was a silent house at all times; and, more than this, it was a house full of hate. Save this dumb-animal kind of love between the two, not a ray of even kindly feeling existed among any of us. The servant was the mark for every one's ill-temper, while I stood out as a kind of pariah among them all, not even dignified by active dislike. I was shunned, and could not understand why I was there at all. The lady never spoke to me, not even to say good morning; she gave me no duties, but she forbade me no employment. I was free to do what I liked, provided I did not make my existence too manifest to her, and did not speak to her husband or Master George. If

by chance anything like a conversation began—for Mr. Brand had his talkative moods in a violent, angry kind of way—she used to order me out of the room, in just the same tone as she used to speak to the dog. If I remonstrated, as I did once, her only answer was, “You can go if you like; I did not hire you.”

One thing especially troubled me. It troubled me because, like all morbidly imaginative people, anything of a mystery terrified me more than an open danger; and this, of which I am going to speak, was a mystery. The boy took no notice of me at the first. He never spoke to me when he came into the room; he passed me in the fields as if he did not see me; indeed, he had always that manner to me—he did not see me—I did not exist for him. I was well content that this should be; but, after I had been there a short time, Mr. Brand began to make distinct mischief between us. From brutish indifference, Master George passed rapidly to brutish aggression. When he met me in the lanes and fields he made mouths at me, and once he flung stones and mud as I passed him; at table he would kick me silently, and whenever I caught his eye he made hideous grimaces, muttering in his broad, provincial accent, “Mad dog! mad dog! We hang mad dogs hereaway!” His insolence and brutality increased daily, and Mrs. Brand encouraged him. This was the mystery. Why should he wish this lad to hate me?

There was a plot underneath it all which I tormented myself to discover. Day and night the thought haunted me, till I felt growing crazed with dread and terror. I could not conceal my abhorrence of the youth—I was too nervous for that—nor hide the fear with which that wicked man inspired me. I was as helpless as the poor pale woman there, and as thoroughly the victim of a stronger fate.

One night Master George had been more than usually intolerable to me. He had struck me openly before both father and mother, had insulted my misfortunes, and spoken with brutal disrespect of my family. It was a wild winter's night, and the howling wind shook the windows and dashed the trailing ivy-leaves sharply against the panes: a fearful night, making all visions of freedom and escape impossible; a night which necessitated one to be content with one's own fireside, and forbade the idea of wandering farther. Yet it was something worse than death to me to be shut up in that mean room, with its squalid furniture and scanty fire, with such companions, and to feel that I could not escape from them—that they might ill-treat me, mock me, persecute me as they would, and I was bound to bear all without protection or means of escape. The stormy night had excited me, and I felt less than ever able to bear all the insolence and brutality heaped upon me. When Master George struck me again, and called me “mad dog,” something seemed to take possession of me. My timidity and nervousness vanished, and I felt as if swept away in a very tumult of passion. I do not know now what it was that I said or did, but I remem-

ber rising passionately from my place, and pouring out a torrent of bitterness and reproach. I was almost unconscious of what I was doing, for I was literally for the moment insane; but I remember the words, “You shall die! you shall die!” rising like a scream through the room. I have not the slightest recollection of how I left the parlour, nor how I got to my own chamber, but it was past midnight when I awoke from what must have been a kind of swoon, and found myself lying on the floor.

The wind was still raging, howling through the trees outside, tearing down branches, and scattering the dead leaves like flakes of frozen snow upon the ground. Every door and window shook throughout the old house, and the wild moaning in the chimneys came, startling, like the cries of tortured beings. Confused and giddy, I rose up out of my trance, stiff with cold and scarcely conscious. But as my brain grew clearer it grew also feverish, and I knew there was no rest for me to-night. My hearing began to be distressingly acute, and every painful thought and circumstance of my life rose up before me with the force and vividness of living scenes actually present to my senses. I paced my room for some time in a state of despair, wringing my hands and sobbing violently, but without tears. By degrees a little calmness came to me, and I determined to go down stairs for a book. I would get some quiet, calm, religious book, which would soothe me like a spiritual opiate, and take me out of the abyss of misery into which I had sunk. What friend, indeed, had I in the world, save the Great Father above us all?

As I opened the door I fancied I heard a stealthy step along the passage. I held my breath to listen, shading the candle with my hand. I was not deceived; there *was* a step passing furtively over the creaking boards in the direction of Master George's room. I shrank back into the doorway. Yet there was nothing to alarm me. A quiet footfall at midnight might be easily accounted for: why should it affect me with mistrust and dread? and why should I feel this overpowering impulse to go towards the sound? I scarcely knew what I expected to find; but something stronger than myself seemed to impel me to the discovery of something horrible; and placing the candle on the floor, I crept noiselessly along the passage, every nerve strung to its utmost tension.

Master George slept in a room at the end of the back-stairs gallery, which ran at right angles to the passage in which my room was situated. My door faced Mr. and Mrs. Brand's; Master George's faced the kitchen stairs, and was properly the servant's room, but she had been moved to a small closet near to me, Mr. Brand not approving of her holding so large a chamber for herself, neither willing to allow the boy anything of a better class. When I stood by my door I could see Mr. and Mrs. Brand's room; but it was only by going the whole length of the back-stairs gallery that I could get to Master George's. I could see now, however,

that his door was open, for a ray of light fell along the staircase wall, and I could hear his heavy snoring breath. And I heard another sound. I heard a man's step in the room; I heard the boards creak and the bed-clothes softly rustle; I heard an impatient kind of moan as of some one disturbed in his sleep, and then a heavy blow, a stifled groan, a man's deep-drawn breath, and the quick, sharp drip of something spilt upon the floor. Dumb from terror, I stood in the doorway of the boy's room. Pale, heavy, motionless on the bed lay the youth, his large limbs carelessly flung abroad in the unconscienceness of sleep, and his face as calm and quiet as if still dreaming. The sheets were wet with blood—red—the light of the candle glistening upon a small red stream that flowed over the side of the bed, on the floor beneath. At a little distance stood Mr. Brand, wiping a knife on a handkerchief. He turned, and our eyes met. He came up to me with an oath, caught me by the throat, and drew the knife across my hands. I remember no more until I awoke in the broad daylight, and found myself in the midst of a crowd gathered round my bed.

Curious eyes stared at me; harsh voices mocked me; rough hands were laid upon me; and I heard myself branded with the burning name of Murderess. Red tracks made by a woman's naked feet—made by *my feet*—led from the boy's room to mine; each track plainly printed on the bare uncarpeted floor—tracks of a woman's feet, and of none other. There was no explaining away these marks and signs of guilt. Who would believe me, a half-mad lonely stranger with such a family history as mine, and, according to popular belief, at any moment liable to make a murderous attack against any one offending? Had not this unhappy youth notoriously offended, and had I not, only that very evening, openly defied and threatened him? Escape was impossible. To all the evidence heaped up against me with such art and cunning, I had but an unsupported assertion, which would be set down as maniacal raving, and only deepen the case against me.

All day I lay there; all that weary sobbing winter's day; and when the night came they fastened me with cords, and left me once more alone. I was so well secured—bound hand and foot, and triply bound—that it was not thought needful to watch me; and they were all too much excited and overwrought to wish to remain through the night with a lunatic murderer, as I was called. So they went, and Mr. Brand locked the door, saying, as he turned away, "We must have no more such dangerous fits of madness, Miss Erfurt!" with a sneer on the word.

I was too hopeless and desolate to think of any plan of escape, feasible or not. The reaction had set in, and I was content to lie there in quiet, and to feel that I had done with life for

ever. It had not offered me so many joys that I should grieve to leave it, and for the shame—who cares for shame in the grave? No; I was content to have done with all that had weighed upon me so long and heavily. I had no one to mourn for me, no one to love me, with a broken heart and a sorrowed faith: I was alone—alone—and might well die out at once, and sleep tranquilly in my murdered grave. And I was not unhappy, thinking all these things. Perhaps my brain was slightly paralysed, so that I could not suffer. However it might be, it was a merciful moment of calm.

It was nearly three o'clock, when I heard a light hand upon the door. The key was turned softly in the lock, and, pale and terrible, like an avenging ghost, the poor bereaved mother glided into my room. She came up to my bed, and silently unfastened the cords. She said no comforting word, she gave me no kind look, no pitying human touch, but in a strange, weak, wan way, she unbound me limb by limb, until I was free.

"Go," she then said, below her breath, still not looking at me. "I do not love you, and *he* did not; but I know that you are innocent, and I do not want your blood on my head. My turn is to come next, but I do not mind, now he has gone. Go at once; that sleep will not last long. I made it come for you."

Without another word she turned from the room, leaving the door open. I got up as she bade me. Without energy, without hope, I quietly dressed myself, and left the house, going forth into the darkness and desolation, more because I had been bidden to do so, than to escape a greater peril. I wandered through the by-roads aimlessly, nervelessly; not shaping my course for any goal, but simply going forwards, to wherever chance might lead me. A poor woman gave me some milk, and I slept, I believe, once beneath a haystack. I remember lying down there, and finding myself again after many hours. In time—I cannot tell you how or when, nor how long I had been out in the fields, but it was evening, and the lamps were lighted—I was in London, reading a description of myself posted up against the walls. I saw myself described as a murderess and a maniac, and a reward offered for my apprehension; my dress, my manners, appearance, gait, voice, all were so minutely noted, as to render safety impossible. Seized with terror I fled: I fled like a wild being hunted and pursued, and I have never rested since.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 88.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PUMBLEHOOK'S premises in the High-street of the market town, were of a peppercorny and farinaceous character, as the premises of a corn-chandler and seedsman should be. It appeared to me that he must be a very happy man indeed, to have so many little drawers in his shop; and I wondered when I peeped into one or two on the lower tiers, and saw the tied-up brown paper packets inside, whether the flower-seeds and bulbs ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those jails, and bloom.

It was in the early morning after my arrival that I entertained this speculation. On the previous night, I had been sent straight to bed in an attic with a sloping roof, which was so low in the corner where the bedstead was, that I calculated the tiles as being within a foot of my eyebrows. In the same early morning, I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and corduroys. Mr. Pumblehook wore corduroys, and so did his shopman; and somehow, there was a general air and flavour about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavour about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pumblehook appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who appeared to transact his business by keeping his eye on the coachmaker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. The watchmaker, always poring over a little desk with a magnifying glass at his eye, and always inspected by a group in smock-frocks poring over him through the glass of his shop-window, seemed to be about the only person in the High-street whose trade engaged his attention.

Mr. Pumblehook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlour behind the shop, while the shopman took his mug of tea and hunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of peas in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblehook wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and

penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet—besides giving me as much crumb as possible in combination with as little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm water into my milk that it would have been more candid to have left the milk out altogether—his conversation consisted of nothing but arithmetic. On my politely bidding him Good morning, he said, pompously, "Seven times nine, boy!" And how should I be able to answer, dodged in that way, in a strange place, on an empty stomach! I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a morsel, he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast. "Seven?" "And four?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And two?" "And ten?" And so on. And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sup, before the next came; while he sat at his ease guessing nothing, and eating bacon and hot roll, in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormandising manner.

For such reasons, I was very glad when ten o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's; though I was not at all at my ease regarding the manner in which I should acquit myself under that lady's roof. Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up; of those that remained, all the lower were rustily barred. There was a court-yard in front, and that was barred; so, we had to wait, after ringing the bell, until some one should come to open it. While we waited at the gate, I peeped in (even then Mr. Pumblehook said, "And fourteen?" but I pretended not to hear him), and saw that at the side of the house there was a large brewery; no brewing was going on in it, and none seemed to have gone on for a long long time.

A window was raised, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied, "Pumblehook." The voice returned, "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the courtyard, with keys in her hand.

"This," said Mr. Pumblehook, "is Pip."

"This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud; "come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblehook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

"Oh!" she said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wished to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.

"Ah!" said the girl; "but you see she don't."

She said it so finally, and in such an undiscoverable way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest. But he eyed me severely—as if I had done anything to him!—and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behaviour here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!" I was not free from apprehension that he would come back to propound through the gate, "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the court-yard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little lane of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that lane stood open, and all the brewery beyond stood open, away to the high enclosing wall, and all was empty and disused. The cold wind seemed to blow colder there, than outside the gate; and it made a shrill noise in howling in and out at the open sides of the brewery, like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea.

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

"It looks like it, miss."

"Not that anybody means to try," she added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is, till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already, to drown the Manor House."

"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

"It has more than one, then, miss?"

"One more. Its other name was Satis; which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three—or all one to me—for enough."

"Enough House," said I; "that's a curious name, miss."

"Yes," she replied; "but it meant more than it said. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house, could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

Though she called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was of about my own age—or very little older. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed; and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

We went into the house by a side door—the great front entrance had two chains across it

outside—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

To this, she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon, if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly wax-work at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches

to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, wax-work and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come—to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am." (It made me think of the young man.)

"What do I touch?"

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play."

I think it will be conceded by my most disputatious reader, that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do anything in the wide world more difficult to be done under the circumstances.

"I sometimes have sick fancies," she went on, "and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play. There, there!" with an impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand; "play, play, play!"

For a moment, with the fear of my sister's working me before my eyes, I had a desperate idea of starting round the room in the assumed character of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart. But, I felt myself so unequal to the performance that I gave it up, and stood looking at Miss Havisham in what I suppose she took for a dogged manner, inasmuch as she said, when we had taken a good look at each other:

"Are you sullen and obstinate?"

"No, ma'am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can't play just now. If you complain of me I shall get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could; but it's so new here, and so strange, and so fine—and melancholy——" I stopped, fearing I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other.

Before she spoke again, she turned her eyes from me, and looked at the dress she wore, and at the dressing-table, and finally at herself in the looking-glass.

"So new to him," she muttered, "so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; so melancholy to both of us! Call Estella."

As she was still looking at the reflexion of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and kept quiet.

"Call Estella," she repeated, flashing a look at me. "You can do that. Call Estella. At the door."

To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage of an unknown house, bawling Estella to a scornful young lady neither visible nor responsive, and feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar out her name, was almost as bad as playing to order. But, she answered at last, and her light came along the long dark passage like a star.

Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close, and took up a jewel from the table, and tried its effect upon her fair young bosom and against her pretty brown hair. "Your own, one day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy."

"With this boy! Why, he is a common labouring-boy!"

I thought I overheard Miss Havisham answer—only it seemed so unlikely—"Well? You can break his heart."

"What do you play, boy?" asked Estella of myself, with the greatest disdain.

"Nothing but beggar my neighbour, miss."

"Beggar him," said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards.

It was then I began to understand that everything in the room had stopped, like the watch and the clock, a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly on the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards, I glanced at the dressing-table again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow, had never been worn. I glanced down at the foot from which the shoe was absent, and saw that the silk stocking on it, once white, now yellow, had been trodden ragged. Without this arrest of everything, this standing still of all the pale decayed objects, not even the withered bridal dress on the collapsed form could have looked so like grave-clothes, or the long veil so like a shroud.

So she sat, corpse-like, as we played at cards; the frillings and trimmings on her bridal dress looking like earthy paper. I knew nothing then, of the discoveries that are occasionally made of bodies buried in ancient times, which fall to powder in the moment of being distinctly seen; but, I have often thought since, that she must have looked as if the admission of the natural light of day would have struck her to dust.

"He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy!" said Estella with disdain, before our first game was out. "And what coarse hands he has. And what thick boots!"

I had never thought of being ashamed of my

hands before; but I began to consider them a very indifferent pair. Her contempt was so strong, that it became infectious, and I caught it.

She won the game, and I dealt. I misdealt, as was only natural, when I knew she was lying in wait for me to do wrong; and she denounced me for a stupid, clumsy labouring-boy.

"You say nothing of her," remarked Miss Havisham to me, as she looked on. "She says many hard things of you, but you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?"

"I don't like to say," I stammered.

"Tell me in my ear," said Miss Havisham, bending down.

"I think she is very proud," I replied, in a whisper.

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very pretty."

"Anything else?"

"I think she is very insulting." (She was looking at me then, with a look of supreme aversion.)

"Anything else?"

"I think I should like to go home."

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home now."

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham, aloud. "Play the game out."

Saving for the one weird smile at first, I should have felt almost sure that Miss Havisham's face could not smile. It had dropped into a watchful and brooding expression—most likely when all the things about her had become transfixed—and it looked as if nothing could ever lift it up again. Her chest had dropped, so that she stooped; and her voice had dropped, so that she spoke low, and with a dead lull upon her; altogether, she had the appearance of having dropped, body and soul, within and without, under the weight of a crushing blow.

I played the game to an end with Estella, and she begged me. She threw the cards down on the table when she had won them all, as if she despised them for having been won of me.

"When shall I have you here again?" said Miss Havisham. "Let me think."

I was beginning to remind her that to-day was Wednesday, when she checked me with her former impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand.

"There, there! I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again after six days. You hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and let him roam and look about him while he eats. Go, Pip."

I followed the candle down, as I had followed the candle up, and she stood it in the place where we had found it. Until she opened the side entrance, I had fancied, without thinking about it, that it must necessarily be night-time. The rush of the daylight quite confounded me, and made me feel as if I had been in the candle-light of the strange room many hours.

"You are to wait here, you boy," said Estella; and disappeared and closed the door.

I took the opportunity of being alone in the court-yard, to look at my coarse hands and my common boots. My opinion of those accessories was not favourable. They had never troubled me before, but they troubled me now, as vulgar appendages. I determined to ask Joe why he had ever taught me to call those picture-cards, Jacks, which ought to be called knaves. I wished Joe had been rather more genteelly brought up, and then I should have been so too.

She came back, with some bread and meat and a little mug of beer. She put the mug down on the stones of the yard, and gave me the bread and meat without looking at me, as insolently as if I were a dog in disgrace. I was so humiliated, hurt, spurned, offended, angry, sorry—I cannot hit upon the right name for the smart—God knows what its name was—that tears started to my eyes. The moment they sprang there, the girl looked at me with a quick delight in having been the cause of them. This gave me power to keep them back and to look at her: so, she gave a contemptuous toss—but with a sense, I thought, of having made too sure that I was so wounded—and left me.

But, when she was gone, I looked about me for a place to hide my face in, and got behind one of the gates in the brewery-lane, and leaned my sleeve against the wall there, and leaned my forehead on it and cried. As I cried, I kicked the wall, and took a hard twist at my hair; so bitter were my feelings, and so sharp was the smart without a name, that needed counteraction.

My sister's bringing up had made me sensitive. In the little world in which children have their existence whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice. It may be only small injustice that the child can be exposed to; but the child is small, and its world is small, and its rocking-horse stands as many hands high, according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter. Within myself, I had sustained, from my babyhood, a perpetual conflict with injustice. I had known, from the time when I could speak, that my sister, in her capricious and violent coercion, was unjust to me. I had cherished a profound conviction that her bringing me up by hand, gave her no right to bring me up by jerks. Through all my punishments, disgraces, fasts and vigils, and other penitential performances, I had nursed this assurance; and to my communing so much with it, in a solitary and unprotected way, I in great part refer the fact that I was morally timid and very sensitive.

I got rid of my injured feelings for the time, by kicking them into the brewery wall, and twisting them out of my hair, and then I smoothed my face with my sleeve, and came from behind the gate. The bread and meat were acceptable, and the beer was warming and tingling, and I was soon in spirits to look about me.

To be sure, it was a deserted place, down to the pigeon-house in the brewery-yard, which had been blown crooked on its pole by some high wind, and would have made the pigeons think themselves at sea, if there had been any pigeons there to be rocked by it. But, there were no pigeons in the dovecot, no horses in the stable, no pigs in the sty, no malt in the storehouse, no smells of grains and beer in the copper or the vat. All the uses and scents of the brewery might have evaporated with its last reek of smoke. In a by-yard, there was a wilderness of empty casks, which had a certain sour remembrance of better days lingering about them; but it was too sour to be accepted as a sample of the beer that was gone—and in this respect I remember those recluses as being like most others.

Behind the furthest end of the brewery, was a rank garden with an old wall: not so high but that I could struggle up and hold on long enough to look over it, and see that the rank garden was the garden of the house, and that it was overgrown with tangled weeds, but that there was a track upon the green and yellow paths, as if some one sometimes walked there, and that Estella was walking away from me even then. But she seemed to be everywhere. For, when I yielded to the temptation presented by the casks, and began to walk on them, I saw *her* walking on them at the end of the yard of casks. She had her back to me, and held her pretty brown hair spread out in her two hands, and never looked round, and passed out of my view directly. So, in the brewery itself—by which I mean the large paved lofty place in which they used to make the beer, and where the brewing utensils still were. When I first went into it, and, rather oppressed by its gloom, stood near the door looking about me, I saw her pass among the extinguished fires, and ascend some light iron stairs, and go out by a gallery high overhead, as if she were going out into the sky.

It was in this place, and at this moment, that a strange thing happened to my fancy. I thought it a strange thing then, and I thought it a stranger thing long afterwards. I turned my eyes—a little dimmed by looking up at the frosty light—towards a great wooden beam in a low nook of the building near me on my right hand, and I saw a figure hanging there by the neck. A figure all in yellow white, with but one shoe to the feet; and it hung so, that I could see that the faded trimmings of the dress were like earthly paper, and that the face was Miss Havisham's, with a movement going over the whole countenance as if she were trying to call to me. In the terror of seeing the figure, and in the terror of being certain that it had not been there a moment before, I at first ran from it, and then ran towards it. And my terror was greatest of all, when I found no figure there.

Nothing less than the frosty light of the cheerful sky, the sight of people passing beyond the bars of the court-yard gate, and the reviving influence of the rest of the bread and meat and beer, would have brought me round. Even with

those aids, I might not have come to myself as soon as I did, but that I saw Estella approaching with the keys, to let me out. She would have some fair reason for looking down upon me, I thought, if she saw me frightened; and she should have no fair reason.

She gave me a triumphant glance in passing me, as if she rejoiced that my hands were so coarse and my boots were so thick, and she opened the gate and stood holding it. I was passing out without looking at her, when she touched me with a taunting hand.

"Why don't you cry?"

"Because I don't want to."

"You do," said she. "You have been crying till you are half blind, and you are near crying again now."

She laughed contemptuously, pushed me out, and locked the gate upon me. I went straight to Mr. Pumblechook's, and was immensely relieved to find him not at home. So, leaving word with the shopman on what day I was wanted at Miss Havisham's again, I set off on the four-mile walk to our forge; pondering, as I went along, on all I had seen, and deeply revolving that I was a common labouring-boy; that my hands were coarse, that my boots were thick; that I had fallen into a despicable habit of calling knaves Jacks; that I was much more ignorant than I had considered myself last night, and generally that I was in a low-lived bad way.

BLACK WEATHER FROM THE SOUTH.

On the fourth of March, next year, office will be taken by a President of the United States who does not represent the feeling of the southern states on questions relating to slave labour. The new president is not an abolitionist. He knows that slavery is not a benefit to any state in which it exists as an established institution, but he thinks that such an institution once established is not to be instantly suppressed, without risk of producing consequences that all good men would avoid. His belief is that the south might, if it would, pass gradually out of its own bondage to the slave system, but he has expressed no desire to enforce any restriction upon the slave-holders; all that he is pledged to by his known opinions, always expressed with moderation, even when his words were weighted with but small political responsibility, is to exert his influence against any extension of the slave system, or encroachment of the southern on the privileges of the northern states. Yet, as the new president is not the man for whom they gave their votes, and as extension of the slave system is their desire, the slave states are said to be enraged at his election, and more than one of them, as Georgia and notably South Carolina, declare for secession from the Union. The cabinet of the existing president, in which the influences of the south are felt, has come to the opinion that a severance of the Union will not happen before the fourth of March; but that after that date, when its own term of office shall expire, will come the deluge.

It is no business of ours to speculate upon the matter, but these questions of state among the men of our own race beyond the sea, make us the more disposed to take A Journey into the Back Country with MR. OLMSTED. The evidence of a shrewd practical observer as to the condition of the south will help us materially. Mr. Olmsted, who had already described as a faithful eye-witness what he saw during rides through Texas and the southern states of the seaboard, has lately been exploring the back settlements of slavery, and records his experience in a new book which is just now of high interest. He rode as a single traveller, resting at the houses of overseers or slave-owners upon plantations in a land where there are wide spaces between town and town with but few inns or halting-places. The want of inns breeds (as it did in the old days of half-civilised Europe) a necessity for exercise of hospitality. But, the hospitality—the boasted hospitality of the south—is not, like that of the old world in its half-barbarous days, freely exchanged, but takes for all strangers the universal formula, after a supper, bed, and breakfast, of—

“What is to pay?”

“A dollar and a quarter will be about it, I reckon.”

Men habitually adding to their other vocations that of a rough-and-ready innkeeper, who makes a certain charge for very rough accommodation, have not much right to claim that they illustrate in their persons southern hospitality. As little right to make such a claim, have the few great planters resident on their estates, surrounded by their negroes, and cheered by little or no society of neighbours, when they invite guests from afar to their mansions to relieve them from the dreariness inseparable from their natural position.

In the valley of the Lower Mississippi, says Mr. Olmsted, the plantations are all large and well tilled, but the residences on them are usually small and mean. There are no “poor whites” to be seen, except on tramp across the district. In this polite region, there is no such thing as a school; everything is an institute; and this is the sort of advertisement by which parents may be invited to send daughters for instruction:

CALHOUN INSTITUTE—FOR YOUNG LADIES; MACON, NOXUBEE COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI.—W. R. POINDEXTER A.M., Principal and Proprietor.—The above school, formerly known as the “Macon Female Institute,” will be reopened on the first of October with an entirely new corps of teachers from Principal down. Having purchased the property at a public sale, and thus become *sole proprietor*, the Principal has determined to use all means he can now command, as well as he may realise for several years yet to come, in building, refitting, and procuring such appurtenances as shall enable him to contribute his full quota, as a professional man, to the progress of the great cause of “SOUTHERN EDUCATION.”

This is the region occupied by the branch of animal creatures called, by a fellow-traveller of Mr. Olmsted’s, “Swell-heads.”

“Swell-heads, I call them, nothing but swell-heads, and you can’t get a night’s lodging, sir.”

Refinement is less common among the newly-rich of Mississippi than in the seaboard slave states, where there are fewer wealthy families. The Mississippi properties are said to range in value from a hundred thousand to ten million dollars: the negroes upon any one plantation numbering from fifty to a hundred. When they outnumber a hundred, they are divided, and stock two or more plantations, commonly adjoining one another. Each slave hand tends about fifteen acres, ten of cotton and five of corn. The yield is a bale and a half to the acre on fresh land and in the bottom; afterwards less, as the case may be. But, the system is spend-thrift; there is no care to maintain the powers of the soil; and it is understood that “old land, after a while, isn’t worth bothering with.” The large planters live freely, and often have eaten through, not only their current means, but the worth of their crops for the next three or four years to come. Many of these wasteful men of wealth have begun life as overseers. Their sons drink, gamble, and, if they are not killed in fights, fall into poverty. Anything like an old family property is hardly to be seen.

The horseman approaches Natchez through occasional park-like woods, among wavy oaks, and over roads bordered like Herefordshire lanes. Within three miles of the town, the road is lined with villas in well-grown shrubberies, formed without taste and broken with paltry miniature terraces. As the population appears, boys drive along recklessly, or gallop screaming and swearing followed by a mulatto groom. Ladies sit well dressed in the open carriage that rolls by, with a gorgeous black coachman on the box and a belaced baby in the lap of a French bonne. In the excellent hotel, there are many young men, dressed after the manner of New York clerks on their days of gorgeousness, all “talking horse.” There is a neglected public garden on the Bluff, from which there is one of the finest views in the United States, but it is found possessed by pigs. Mr. Russell, writing of North America, says he had been led to believe that at Natchez you meet with “as refined society as in any other part of the United States,” but he found that “the chief frequenters of the best hotel were low, drunken fellows.” Mr. Olmsted found in the town, no reading-room, no recent newspaper except the local record of cotton and river news and steamboat puffs; no recent books or magazines of any sort at the booksellers’. The libraries of this important county capital contain but two thousand volumes in all, and although children come from the country districts and the lesser towns of Adams county to be taught in the Natchez “Institutes,” a town of eighteen or nineteen thousand inhabitants has only about one thousand in the schools. The next county behind that of which Natchez is capital, has a population of six thousand, and only a hundred and thirty-two children attending school. A town in the north, with nearly the same population as Natchez, has three times as many school-children, ten times as many books in its public

libraries, and nearly four times as many seats for church-goers. The keep of a negro in Natchez is reckoned at eight dollars a month; for, in or near town, extras are granted him. On the plantations a negro costs less, his usual weekly allowance being a peck of meal and three pounds of bacon.

After a thirty miles' ride out of Natchez, Mr. Olmsted called at a house and was denied lodging. It was two miles and a half to the next house. That was deserted. After several miles' more riding, when it was growing dark and gathering for rain, a house was found at which every request for shelter and plea of fatigue in horse and man was met by a surly No; there was not even concession of a few words of direction to another place of rest. Presently afterwards the road passed another house where there was a man fiddling in the gallery.

"Could you accommodate me here to-night, sir?" asked the weary traveller.

The man called through an open door to somebody within, "Wants to know if you can accommodate him?"

"With what?" grated a woman's voice from inside.

"With a bed, of course," said the fiddler; "what do you suppose? He! he! he!"

No further attention was vouchsafed. Darkness and rain came on. A negro boy was met, who said that it was two miles to the next house, but he did not reckon the traveller would get in there.

"How far, then, to the next house beyond that?"

"About four miles, sir, and I reckon you can get in there, master; I've heerd they did take in travellers."

But in the darkness the wayfarer lost his road and came across country, after a couple of hours' wandering, to a large negro settlement, where the overseer and his wife not only took him in, but gave up to him their own bedroom, garnished with pistols and other arms, rolls of negro-cloth, shoes and hats, handcuffs, a large medicine-chest, and several books on medicine, surgery, and farriery, with quack medicine placards stuck on the walls in place of pictures.

This was the chamber of the overseer of a first-rate plantation. On its highest ground there was to be seen next morning the handsome mansion of the owner, by whom it had not been occupied for several years. There were a hundred and thirty-five slaves big and little, with a nursery for sucklings: to which at that time twenty women, each expected to do only a half day's work, went, four times a day for half an hour each time, to nurse their babies.

The niggers here, said the overseer, did not very often run away, because they were almost sure to be caught. As soon as he saw that one was gone, he put the dogs on, and if rain had not just fallen they would soon find him. Riding over the ground with the friendly overseer, the tourist found thirty or forty ploughs moving together, and from thirty to forty hoers, chiefly

women, with a black driver walking about among them with a whip, which he often cracked at them, sometimes allowing the lash to fall lightly on their shoulders. He was constantly urging them also with his voice. Not one dared raise her eyes to look at the stranger.

Of the negroes' lives here, this was the outline given by their overseer. They eat "their snacks" in their cabins before coming out to work, and they come out as soon as it is daylight. At twelve, the dinner-carts come, and the hoe gang eats in the field, only stopping work long enough to eat it, but the plough gang has advantage in its share of the rest thought necessary for cattle, though denied to women. The mules have a two hours' rest and feed, during which the plough gang dine at leisure. All work till they can no longer see to work properly, and there is no more food or rest for anybody till the return at dusk into the cabins. This would give in the summer sixteen hours a day of plodding labour, broken only by one hurried interval of food and rest for the hoe gang, consisting chiefly of women. "I was accustomed," says Mr. Olmsted, "to rise early and ride late, resting during the heat of the day, while in the cotton district; but I always found the negroes in the field when I first looked out, and generally had to wait for the negroes to come from the field to have my horse fed when I stopped for the night." At half-past nine o'clock a horn is blown, and at ten the huts are visited, in order to make sure that no slave wastes his strength by taking pleasure in the place of sleep. Washing, patching, wood-hauling and cutting for the cooking fires, grinding of corn, and cultivation of the bit of soil on which each negro may grow greenstuff and keep poultry of his own, has to be done out of work hours; and on this plantation the whole of Saturday after eight in the morning, as well as Sunday, is given to the slave for work of his own, by which he may earn for himself little additions to his worldly means. Every family on the plantation gets also from the owner at Christmas, a barrel of molasses, with some coffee, tobacco, calico, and Sunday tricks.

"The man who owns this plantation," explained the overseer, "does more for his niggers than any other man I know."

This overseer had been in his place ten years, though the custom on plantations in these parts was to change overseers every year, on the principle that "the two years' service system is sure to spoil them." Some, remain four or five years; but the average time of an overseer's service on the same plantation does not exceed two years. Overseers' wages are from two to six hundred dollars; but "a real driving overseer," said an Alabama man, "would very often get a thousand. He heard of two thousand being paid one fellow. A real devil of an overseer would get almost any wages he'd ask; because, when it was told all round, that 'such a man had made so many bales to the hand,' everybody would be trying to get him." The credit of the overseer depends solely upon the quantity

of the cotton he can make up for the market. He is not concerned, during his short hiring, about the future efficiency of slaves, whom the system encourages him to overwork. It is a question of property that never will be raised against him, when he is able to boast of the famous quantity of cotton made per hand under his management.

It is only a question of property. A lad who had been out shooting, and brought nothing home, being asked by a negro where his pigeons were, said, "I have shot none, but I can shoot you." Raising his gun, therefore, he shot him dead. The local paper having narrated the incident, adds only this comment. "The negro was a valuable one; Mr. Mays had refused twelve thousand dollars for him." A barn having been burnt, the local paper records how "two negroes and three horses" perished in the flames.

Now, we will draw upon Mr. Olmsted's report, as that of an eye-witness, for some notion of the habitual relation between employer and employed in a slave state. He speaks of one of the largest estates of the Lower Mississippi, belonging to a gentleman whom he found a genial and delightful companion, educated, generous, and poetic in temperament. He dealt very liberally with his slave herd, according to the liberality of southern owners; but there was discipline to be kept up. An overseer found "that girl, Caroline, in bed. She had been delivered of a dead child six weeks before, and she shirked work, staying in bed and shivering, when there was, in the overseer's opinion, nothing the matter with her, except that she was sore with the whipping she had had, at some time between her confinement and that day." So, somebody was ordered to "go and tell Caroline she must get up and go to her work, or the overseer would come and start her."

"We have to be sharp with them," it was explained. "If we were not, every negro on the estate would be abed."

Girls here drove the plough, as well as worked at the hoe, always themselves followed by their driver, cracking his whip at them. And it was—"If you don't work faster—or, if you don't work better—or, if you don't remember what I tell you—I will have you flogged." Mr. Olmsted observed to one of the overseers that it must be very disagreeable to have to punish so much.

"Yes," he replied, "it would be to those who are not used to it; but it's my business, and I think nothing of it. Why, sir, I wouldn't mind killing a nigger more than I would a dog."

On the same estate an overseer, who rode in conversation with Mr. Olmsted and others, passing some brushwood, stopped his horse, crying,

"Hallo! who are you there?"

"Sam's Sall, sir."

"What are you skulking there for?"

She made an excuse, the truth of which might have been tested by a ride forward of two minutes; but the overseer had made up his mind. We quote from Mr. Olmsted.

"That won't do," said he; "get down on your knees."

The girl knelt on the ground; he got off his horse, and, holding him with his left hand, struck her thirty or forty blows across the shoulders with his tough, flexible, "raw-hide" whip. They were well laid on, as a boatswain would thrash a skulking sailor, or as some people flog a balking horse, but with no appearance of angry excitement on the part of the overseer. At every stroke the girl winced, and exclaimed, "Yes, sir!" or, "Ah, sir!" or, "Please, sir!" not groaning or screaming. At length he stopped, and said,

"Now tell me the truth."

The girl repeated the same story.

"You have not got enough yet," said he; "pull up your clothes—lie down."

The girl, without any hesitation, without a word or look of remonstrance or entreaty, drew closely all her garments under her shoulders, and lay down upon the ground, with her face towards the overseer, who continued to flog her with the raw-hide across her naked loins and thighs, with as much strength as before. She now shrank away from him, not rising, but writhing, grovelling, and screaming,

"Oh, don't, sir! oh, please stop, master! please, sir! please, sir! oh, that's enough, master! oh, Lord! oh, master, master! oh, God, master, do stop! oh, God, master! oh, God, master!"

A young gentleman of fifteen was with us; he had ridden in front, and now, turning on his horse, looked back with an expression only of impatience at the delay. The stranger from the north endeavoured to fly out of hearing of the blows and shrieks. "The screaming, yells, and whip-strokes had ceased," he says, "when I reached the top of the bank. Choking, sobbing, spasmodic groans only were heard." I rode on till my young companion met me, and immediately afterwards the overseer. He laughed as he joined us, and said,

"She meant to cheat me out of a day's work, and she has done it too."

Morality is not expected from slaves. Fidelity in marriage among negroes was an idea at which an overseer could but laugh heartily. Such notions of religion as the negro gets, do not increase his value to his master; "a religious negro," said one of the overseers, "generally makes trouble, and we are glad to get rid of him." In South Carolina—now so resentful of a President of the United States who is no friend to slave institutions that it talks of separating from the federation—a formal remonstrance, signed by more than three hundred and fifty of the leading citizens and planters, was presented to a Methodist clergyman, who had been chosen by the conference of that state as being a cautious and discreet person, to preach especially to slaves. He was pledged to use only verbal instructions, but, said the remonstrance, "Verbal instruction will increase the desire of the black population to learn. . . . Open the missionary sluice, and the current will swell in its gradual onward advance. We thus expect a *progressive system of improvement* will be

introduced, or will follow from the nature and force of circumstances, which, if not checked (though it may be shrouded in sophistry and disguise), will ultimately revolutionise our civil institutions."

But, what Mr. Olmsted's travels have especially demonstrated to him is, that the slave system does not pay in any true sense. It gives to a certain number of men, money not money's worth. A cultivated southerner will always wish to have his children educated where they shall be free from the demoralising association with slaves. But, only a few children can be so removed, and as the new generations rise, the old type of the southern gentleman becomes more and more rare. A gentleman of the south told Mr. Olmsted that he had once numbered among his friends two youths who were themselves intimate friends, till one of them, taking offence at foolish words, challenged the other. A large crowd assembled to be present at the duel. At the first interchange of rifle-shots, the challenged man fell, disabled by a ball in the thigh. The other, throwing down his rifle, walked towards him, knelt by his side, drew a bowie-knife, and deliberately butchered him. No bystander interfered. The murderer, who has since married, gained rather than lost social position by a murder of which the atrocity would have been felt anywhere but in a region of which the men had been trained under a most brutalising influence.

In the region of Mississippi — to which we have confined our notes of an exploration that has left none of the southern slave states unvisited or undescribed — great wealth is undoubtedly to be made by individual slave-owners. But, there are few or no prosperous families established, and few or no homes in a civilised sense of the word. The monotony of slave industry, the isolation within rings of debased men, degrades inevitably the white population. There are none of the varied interests and occupations that must always be associated with the general activity of commerce in its many forms. Neighbours who can be associates live far apart, and, when they meet, the life of the one has been the life of the other; there is no contact with fresh thought and differing experience to keep the mind in health. "From the banks of the Mississippi to the banks of James," says Mr. Olmsted, "I did not (that I remember) see, except perhaps in one or two towns, a thermometer, nor a book of Shakespeare, nor a pianoforte or a sheet of music, nor the light of a carcel or other good centre-table or reading-lamp, nor an engraving or a copy of any kind of a work of art of the slightest merit." Upon these fertile states of the south, from which commerce, science, and the arts are excluded, the hold of literature and religion will, if there shall come no change in the downward course of civilisation, at last cease to be.

Mr. Olmsted, who has observed with the eye of a practical farmer, dissents from the common opinion that slave labour is necessary for the production of cheap cotton. In his judgment,

cotton culture more resembles culture of corn than culture of tobacco. The production of corn per man or per acre, is far larger from the free labour of Ohio than from the slave labour of Virginia. Per acre, the corn crop of Ohio is thirty-six bushels; that of Virginia, just half as much. Had climate permitted cotton to be grown on both banks of the Ohio, Mr. Olmsted believes that free labour would have been as superior to slave labour in the cotton-field as in the corn-field.

The south is so far from being of this mind, that it wants with the maintenance of its system more and cheaper slaves, and sees for itself a gold mine in the reopening of the African slave trade. A Florida jury, which had lately the captain of a slaver in its hands, published a card pledging its members to work for the repeal of all checks upon slavery, and calling the prejudice against a slave traffic with Africa — "a sickly sentiment of pretended philanthropy." An edifying list might be made of the evils which it is in the eyes of persons interested in their maintenance "sickly sentiment" to speak the truth about!

If the south want a dense labouring population, and cannot reopen the African slave traffic, why may it not be content to avoid scattering the slaves already on the land, and endeavour to restrict rather than enlarge the area dependent upon "the peculiar institution"? Mr. Olmsted's feeling concerning slavery in the United States, is, that the interests of slave-holders and slaves could alike be served, while a basis would be obtained for safe and gradual abolition of the slave system, if a way were made for the working out, by slaves, of their own freedom through years of hearty toil: which would be so far voluntary as to grow into a habit, and which would prepare them for a vigorous and independent life as hired farm servants.

ON THE PARISH.

A CERTAIN story tells us how two gentlemen attended to hear a charity sermon, and while one was visibly affected by the preacher's eloquence, the other was totally unmoved.

"Beautiful discourse," said the impressionable listener; "so simple, and yet so full of spirit."

"Very likely," replied the listless member of the congregation, almost yawning. "I belong to another parish."

History has not handed down the name of the last speaker, nor has it told us anything about his position and occupation; but whatever he may have been, he was a parochial genius. Those few words contain the philosophy of a thousand vestries — the rule of action which guides, or ought to guide, their officers. That mysterious line, or boundary, which is "beaten" every year; which disappears behind factories; dives under houses and gardens; comes up again in thoroughfares; embraces churches, skittle-grounds, and theatres; the tracing of which few of us ever considered a necessary part of our

geographical knowledge; is the railing of a pen which encloses us as securely as sheep are secured in the market-place. To know it not, is to argue yourself unknown—a pariah beneath the notice of rate-collectors on the one hand, beyond the sympathies of “relieving officers” on the other. This mysterious line is the great regulator of vestry taxation, of workhouse charity, and of those laws which preside over “settlement and removal.” In some cases, it softly encloses a happy family of housekeepers, who have much to give, and no paupers worth speaking of, to maintain; in others, it binds tightly round a hard-working district, where the empty mouths are almost too numerous for those whose duty it is to fill them. This is one result of the changes and varieties in house-property, the system of rating, and a want of an equalisation of poor’s-rates.

We are all familiar enough with the strange and the remote; learned, to a fault, in distant boundaries of foreign states, the limits of disputed principalities, the quarrels of ministers at Vienna, or St. Petersburg. But how many of us ever looked into our Vestry Hall in the next street, or can tell the name of the man who “represents” us in that building? We shrink from the heavy demands that are made upon our purses by our local assemblies; we are surrounded, perhaps, by small nuisances, and sometimes suppose that the turnpike-man, the crossing-sweeper, the policeman, or the fire-engine-keeper, is the proper officer to remove them; we pay for vast underground tunnels, new roads, new lamps, and a hundred other things that may have no existence, as far as we know, except upon paper; and we seldom ask for information, because we laugh at a beadle, and despise an overseer. The beadle grows, however, surely and steadily, and so does the overseer. New districts spring up, and fall into their hands; while old districts expand until they become as large as all London a century ago. The money these despised officers command and deal with, would have astonished our imperial chancellors of the exchequer in our great-grandfathers’ days. The “local expenditure” of the United Kingdom, in the present year, for county, town, and parochial purposes, will be eighteen millions sterling; or within five millions sterling of the *whole expenditure, government and local*, of the thirty-two states of America, for the same period, with a greater population!*

If figures like these are not sufficient to arouse us from our sleep of parochial indifference, a number of parish newspapers are now printed and published, to teach us something about our local affairs. The oldest of these may have been born about eighteen hundred and fifty-three—the youngest, only the day before yesterday; and one or more may have “gone away, leaving no

address;” but, at present, to the number of about five-and-twenty, there they are. The abolition of the stamp and advertisement duty has brought them into life, and the abolition of the paper duty, when it comes in due time, will possibly swell their numbers and increase their size.

To those who remember what a leading French newspaper was, and what a leading American newspaper is, a *halfpenny* journal, like the Clerkenwell News, or the Islington Times, or the Islington Gazette, must appear a wonder of trading enterprise. In the first of these journals, nearly two thousand advertisements in a single impression, have appeared—a proof of the business activity of the district. The others show signs of vigorous health, and their general literary contents present little that can be cavilled at.

The work they set out to perform, and do perform, with more or less judgment, taste, and skill, is essentially parochial. Nothing occurring, within that boundary can be too small and insignificant to interest their readers; as nothing occurring outside it can be large enough to interest them. The City Press, the largest of the district penny papers, is a model in this respect. If we search its columns week after week, we shall find nothing that is not strictly within the shadow of St. Paul’s. It is so conducted that hundreds outside the limits of the City welcome it as the most complete record of City life; and a century hence its “files” will, perhaps, be found amongst the most valuable materials for history in the British Museum.

The City Press is a faithful representative of that large gathering of small parishes, districts, and liberties, included under the general title of the City of London. The turbulent parishes of Marylebone and St. Pancras including the smaller and distinct parish of Paddington, are looked after by the Marylebone Mercury, the St. Pancras Reporter, the St. Pancras News, the St. Pancras and Holborn Times, and Marylebone and Finsbury Advertiser, the Holborn Journal, and the Paddington News. The important parish of St. George’s, Hanover-square, with the smaller parish of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, and Westminster generally, may consider themselves watched by the West-End Examiner and the West Central News. Chelsea, Kensington, Bayswater, and their intermediate districts, are attended to by the Chelsea Chronicle, the West Middlesex Advertiser, the West London Observer, and the Bayswater Chronicle. Clerkenwell and Islington are happy in possessing the Clerkenwell News, before alluded to, and the Clerkenwell Journal, with the Islington Times and the Islington Gazette, while the distant district of Hackney, with all that it includes, is represented by the North-East London News. The Hendon, Hampstead, Highgate, Colney-Hatch, and Hornsey clans of the London highlands are regulated in print by the North Middlesex Weekly Express, a full-grown quadruple-leaved pennyworth, nearly as large as the Times. In the lowlands, the great parish of St. Leonard,

*	Population (1860).	Whole Expenditure.
United Kingdom . .	30,000,000	£94,000,000
United States . . .	31,000,000	22,884,000

Shoreditch, boasts of the Shoreditch Observer and the Shoreditch Advertiser; while the greater parish of Lambeth, and the wide-spreading district known popularly as "over the water," is provided with the South London Journal, the South London News, the South London Chronicle, the Clapham Gazette, and the South-Western District Times.

Of course, in organs giving full reports of every meeting in the parish, and every discussion in the vestry, there must, of necessity, be much that is "personal." Such journals have no right to alter the utterances of parochial speakers, to make a vulgar vestryman genteel, and a ridiculous vestryman dignified. What their readers demand from them are exact, word-for-word reports, and the public good is best forwarded when these demands are complied with. The vulgar and ridiculous vestrymen, and the small jobbing contractors, are more likely to bridle their tongues and curb their rapacity, when they know that every word they utter, and everything they do, will be brought before their constituents.

A reader of average discernment and industry may take up the advertisement sheet of a paper like the Clerkenwell News, and, by reading its contents, may obtain a fair idea of what life is in that district. A leading article may instruct or amuse him, a letter from a correspondent may tell him something about a local grievance; but a short pithy advertisement will give him facts, and give them to him in as few words as possible. There is seldom any of that stuff which is known as "English composition" in an ordinary trade advertisement; it is astonishing what a check is exercised upon exuberances of style when money has to be paid instead of received for what is written and printed.

Such a reader, on looking over the local papers of The Well (as it is familiarly called in the neighbourhood), will always find a thousand sacks of sawdust waiting his pleasure. Whatever may be the high and rising price of meat, of bread, of coals, coke, wood, and potatoes, it is some comfort to know that a quantity of material "fit for burning purposes" can always be had gratis for the trouble of fetching.

The same reader will also discover, what he may not have been aware of before, that he can have black eyes—the result of "accidents"—"eradicated in half an hour, without pain or injury." He will also see that credit is freely offered to him by strangers, and that he never need be without "bedding, furniture, boots, hats, and clothes," as long as he can prove himself to be "respectable." Cash loans he can have in all directions, from twelve shillings to two hundred pounds, "without delay," or "with no office fees," either at taverns, public offices, or private houses. If he wants to go into almost any conceivable business, it is ready to his hand; if he wants any conceivable kind of lodging, from a drawing-room to a back kitchen, it is open to receive him. If he has a fancy for bargains, he can purchase pawnbrokers' tickets for almost

any article; and if he can work at almost any mechanical trade, he is offered employment. If he wants a servant, a number of boys, lads, girls, young women, and "persons," press themselves upon his notice. If he wants a child's caul, a diving bell, a mangle, or a printing-press, all are offered to him upon the most reasonable terms. If he is not a graceful dancer, the defect can soon be remedied; for a dozen professors stand forward eager to teach. If he wants recreation, he has a choice of many "music halls," from the humble room over a tavern bar where the visitor is expected to contribute to the harmony of the evening, to the more ambitious building with the Corinthian portico, where the renowned Sam, Bill, Tom, Harry, and Dick Everybody are to be heard every evening at stated hours. If he lives in the neighbourhood, and is desirous of destroying bugs, a friend in need steps forward to "banish them for ever." "A lady, after trying, without success, numberless so-called remedies, has at length discovered a speedy and never-failing method of utterly destroying these insects," and she kindly offers to communicate it for twelve postage-stamps, "to defray expenses." If he is in search of "happiness"—and who is not?—he hears that "wandering husbands can be reclaimed, recreant lovers brought to their mistresses' feet, and happiness imparted to all—high, low, rich, and poor—by an invaluable remedy known to the advertiser. The everlasting twelve postage-stamps are still required, and without them the secret can never be discovered. Occasionally, he is addressed in a style of rude familiarity, and reproached for his scanty patronage, in some such terms as the following: " * * * returns his thanks to those who *did* support him in his unfortunate shop"—their name was not legion—"and having completed his schedule, has four oil-paintings, good subjects, after Morland, Constable, Cooper, &c., and one hundred and sixty books, all standard works, to dispose of for nine pounds, so as to make his passage through Portugal-street as easy as possible. The goods can be seen at his venerable father's, the working furrier." . . .

If the same patient and discerning reader were to wade through all the local newspapers of London in search of amusement, he would mostly find it in other parish organs than his own. We can always laugh at the follies of our neighbours. The following true report (I have altered the names) of a meeting at a "Board of Guardians" appears to me to put the authorities in a rather ridiculous position, because they are some one else's authorities, and not mine.

"Mr. Thornintheside got up and said he had been informed that one of the guardians had taken two lunatics to the asylum; surely, they must have been remarkably quiet!

"Mr. Willinghorse admitted that *he* was the guardian alluded to. He had fetched one lunatic from Camberwell, and had taken another to the asylum from the House. Another guardian had promised to accompany him, but as he did

not do so, he (Mr. W.) had taken a friend with him.

"Mr. Thornintheside would like to know what refreshments were charged for.

"Mr. Willinghorse had charged refreshments for himself only.

"Mr. Thornintheside would like to see the bill.

"Messrs Brutus and Cassius quite differed with Mr. Thornintheside, and thought that instead of censuring Mr. Willinghorse, a vote of thanks ought to be passed to him for doing the work of the overseers while they were engaged.

"Mr. Cromwell said Mr. Willinghorse went to look after his own freehold land at Camberwell.

"Mr. Brutus was surprised that Mr. Cromwell should impute any motive to a guardian who had kindly done that which very few people would like to do, for accompanying a lunatic could not be a very pleasant thing.

"After a few observations, the resolution that a vote of thanks be passed was put and carried by 4 to 2.

"BOILED TEA!"

"Mr. Thornintheside called attention to the fact that he had been informed the inmates were in the habit of having boiled tea. He should think it might be easily arranged so that tea could be made in messes for six or seven persons.

"Several guardians spoke to the incorrectness of the assertion. The tea was fit for any one to drink, and Mr. Thornintheside ought to give his author of such an erroneous assertion."

If all this discussion had taken place in my own, or my imaginary reader's parish, I have no doubt we should have both regarded Mr. Thornintheside as a very vigorous reformer.

In another case, the same reader will doubtless smile at the importance given to an annual parochial operation, called "beating the bounds." It has its descriptive account, in the style of "our own correspondent," accompanied by a list of the persons composing the procession:

Two Police Constables.

Lamplighters with Ladders.

Parish Engineer. Fire-Escape Conductor.

Beadle in Livery. Beadle in Livery.

Headborough and Constables.

The Master of the St. Solomon's Boys' School.

THE SCHOOLBOYS.

(Two and two.)

Boys from the Workhouse.

DISTRICT INSPECTOR OF POLICE.

Constable of the Vestry.

THE CHIEF SURVEYOR.

THE ASSISTANT-SURVEYOR.

THE INSPECTORS OF NUISANCES.

The Vestry-Clerk.

THE CLERGY.

(Two and two.)

THE SENIOR CHURCHWARDEN.

THE JUNIOR CHURCHWARDEN.

THE OVERSEERS.

(Two and two.)

Members of the Vestry.

(Two and two.)

Members of the Board of Guardians.

(Two and two.)

THE ST. SOLOMON'S RIFLE CORPS.

(In file: two deep.)

PARISHIONERS IN PROCESSION.

(Two and two.)

Police Constables.

These things may appear very small, but life is made up of small things. We are not all destined to shake the world; and, those who are so distinguished, are not always shaking it. There is a popular idea that every vestryman is an oratorical greengrocer, or a discontented tailor, with mean views, a loud voice, and an abusive tongue. Some vestrymen may be of this order, like some members of parliament; but, underlying this sort of scum (scum always floats to the top), there is often a solid substratum of sound sense and discretion. The faculty of ready utterance is generally possessed by small minds which have little in them to check volubility. It is the mere parochial orator who brings ridicule upon the good old system of local self-government; while those men who do credit to it, and who are the working bees amongst the buzzing drones of the parochial hive, are seldom heard. It is they who do the work: the others talk about doing it, but really obstruct it; and are, happily, the minority. The revenues of the larger London parishes amount to sums which many a full-blown Continental State looks upon with envy. Yet, on the whole, these are collected and dispensed with reasonable accuracy and judgment. The majorities in vestries must, therefore, consist of men of unsullied principles and active business accomplishments, who work hard and talk little; otherwise, parochial affairs could not be so well carried on as they are. It must always be remembered that the short-comings of local administrative bodies depend, not upon the noisy ungrammatical speech-makers, but upon those who elect them. Parish government is representative government, and the ratepayers pull the strings. They, above all others, should support the local paper; for the local paper adds to their ability not only to pull the strings well, but to keep the springs of their parochial puppets in good working order.

SNOW.

I WANDER forth this chill December dawn.

Frost and his tiny elves are out, I see,

As busy as the fairy world can be,

Clothing a world asleep with fleecy lawn;

'Mid the blue silence of the evening hours

They glimmered dusky down from skyeey bowers,

And feathly have they laboured all night long,

Cheering their labour with a half-heard rhyme—

Low as the burthen of a shepherd's song

When Echo moans it over hills of thyme.

There is a hush of music on the air—

The white-wing'd fairies faltering everywhere;

And here and there,
Made by a sudden mingling as they fall,
There comes a softer lullaby than all,
Swept in upon the universal prayer.
Mine eyes and heart are troubled with a motion
Of music like the moving waves of ocean,
When, out of hearing, o'er the harbour-bars
They sigh toward the moon and jasper stars.
The tiny squadrons waver down and thicken,
Gathering numbers as they fly,
Blinding the sky,
And nearing earth their thick-set ranks they quicken,
And swim in swarms to die!
The music comes and goes and comes again,
And flutters forward to a felt refrain,
Whereon it faints away in pauses holy,
Ere dropping to the Soul and rising slowly,
It trembles outward through the blood and brain.

But now, the clouds are winnowed away ;
The sky above is grey as glass, below
The feeble twilight of the dreamy day
Nets the long landskip hush'd beneath the snow.
The arrowy frosts sting keenly as I stray
Along the rutted lane or broad highway,
Past wind-swept hedges sighing sharp and clear,
Where half the sweetly changeeful English year
The scented summer loves to gleam and glow.
The new-lain snowy carpet, ankle-deep,
Crumbles beneath my footsteps as I pass,
Revealing scanty blades of frozen grass ;
On either side the chirping sparrows leap,
And here and there a robin, friendly now,
From naked bough to bough.
That snow-clad homestead in the river's arm
Is haunted with the noisy rooks that fly
Between its bending beeches and the sky,
And hailing fast for yonder fallow farm,
A solitary linnet plunges by.
Light-muffled winds arising high among
White hills deep brooding in their winter rest,
Bear from the eastern winter to the west
The muttered diapason of a song
Made by the thunder on a mountain's breast.

Judge not King Winter as the easy do,
Nor wrong him from a Christmas point of view.
Rush out and meet him in his native air,
Shaking the forests, locking up the flood,
Stand 'neath his throne of mountains bleak and bare,
Flanked by a round red sun, as I have stood :
When the dim nights grow long and frozen air
Takes burning motion down the tingling blood ;
When little viewless fingers night and day
Embroider stainless flowers of rare device
On cottage panes to mimic flowers of May,
And listening at the porch, I seem to hear
The hush'd heart of the dumb and dawning Year
Beating for summer under ribs of ice !

Nature is always lovely, ever kind,
An ever-new Messiah sad or sweet,
And changes as she gladdens—
Strange as the fitful changes of the Mind,
Which finds a girlond even at Sorrow's feet,
And makes an unborn pleasure when it saddens.
Not only Spring, with dew-bespangled hair,
And eyes that startle light from tears, is fair ;
Not only the voluptuous-bosom'd June,
Sitting embower'd 'mid roses and green leaves,
Nor Autumn sighing under stars and moon
'Mid her drain'd vintage and her slanted sheaves.
The gruff swift season of the snow and frost

Is part of the eternal Pentecost
When Beauty smiles or grieves.
Nature is always lovely, like the Soul ;
She, like that hope of heaven, laughs or broods,
And owns no blind control—
For she whose metaphor our life surrounds,
Is moulded of as many changeful moods
As harmony of sounds !

The sun is hanging in a purple globe,
Mid yellow mists that stir with silver breath ;
The little landskip slumbers, white as death,
Amid its naked fields and woody wolds,
Wearing the winter as a stainless robe,
Low trailing in a fall of fleecy folds.
By pasture-gates the mottled cattle swarm,
Thick'ning the misty air, with piteous eyes
Fixed ever on the tempest-breeding skies,
And watch the lingering traces of the storm.
A feeble sunbeam kisses and illumines
Yon whitened spire that hints a hidden town,
And flickering for a space it darkens down
Above the silence of forgotten tombs.

I gain the shoulder of a plantain now,
A fledgling's flutter from a small hill's brow.
I see the hamlet, half a mile below,
With dripping gables and with darkened panes,
And watch the urchins in the narrow lanes
Below the school-house, shouting in the snow.
The whitened coach comes swiftly round the road,
With horns to which a dozen hills reply,
And rattling onward with its laughing load,
Halts steaming at the little hostelry.
Hard by the lonely woodman pants and glows,
And wrapt in leather-stockings to the thigh,
Toils with an icicle beneath his nose.
In yonder field an idle shepherd blows
His frozen fingers into tingling flame ;
The gaunt old farmer as he canters by,
Reins in to greet the country clowns by name ;
That chesnut pony in the yellow fly
Draws the plump parson and his leaner dame.

I loiter down the road, and feel the ground
Like iron 'neath my heel ; the noisy air
Has fallen in a swoond.
Frost follows in its path without a sound,
And plies his nimble fingers everywhere,
Under my eyelids and beneath my hair.
Yon mountain dons once more its helm of cloud,
The air grows dark and dim as if in wonder ;
Once more the heaven is winnow'd, and the crowd
Of silken fairies flock with music under
A sky that flutters like a wind-swept shroud.

Through gloomy dimbles, clad with new-fall'n snow,
Back to my little cottage home I go.
But once again I roam by field and flood,
Stung into heat where hoar-frosts melt and bite,
What time the fog-wrapt sun drops red as blood,
And the white star is tingling into sight.

Down the cold darkness of the whistling dell,
Past rifts of frozen marl and trodden clay,
The little river that I love so well,
Moans in a torrent on its seaward way.
Why haste you, little river, so to-night,
From buried boulder-glens where winter raves ?
Have you some summer message, sweet and bright,
For Ocean, where she trails her long sea waves
Of green and shadowy purple splash'd with light ?
Art thou a messenger of Spring, between
The olden mountains-and their restless daughter ?

Hast tidings of a maiden, sweet of mien,
 With dewy bluebells in her kirtle green,
 Wedding, by some sweet magic Heaven has taught
 her,
 In one rich sleep the summer earth and water ?

The yellow moonlight steams on snowy mountains,
 While Dian in the misty brightness bathes ;
 I watch, with motions of the Soul's felt fountains,
 The woolly clouds a-swim in silver swathes.
 The stars take kindred with my eager blood,
 And in my heart of hearts a sweet sense grows,
 Still and imperfect as the yellow bud,
 Hush'd in the centre of a full-blown rose.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXX.

I GIVE the old man's story, as nearly as I can, the way he told it.

"There is a little village on the Lago di Guarda called Caprini. My family had lived there for some generations. We had a little wine-shop, and though not a very pretentious one, it was the best in the place, and much frequented by the inhabitants. My father was in considerable repute while he lived; he was twice named Syndic of Caprini, and I myself once held that dignity. You may not know, perhaps, that the office is one filled at the choice of the townsfolk, and not nominated by the government. Still the crown has its influence in the selection, and likes well to see one of its own partisans in power, and, when a popular candidate does succeed against their will, the government officials take good care to make his berth as uncomfortable as they can. These are small questions of politics to ask you to follow, but they were our great ones; and we were as ardent and excited and eager about the choice of our little local governor as though he wielded real power in a great state.

When I obtained the syndicate, my great ambition was to tread in the footsteps of my father, old Gustave Gamerra, who had left behind him a great name as the assertor of popular rights, and who had never bated the very least privilege that pertained to his native village. I did my best—not very discreetly, perhaps—for my own sake, but I held my head high against all imperial and royal officials, and I taught them to feel that there was at least one popular institution in the land that no exercise of tyranny could assail. I was over-zealous about all our rights. I raked up out of old archives traces of privileges that we once possessed and had never formally surrendered; I discovered concessions that had been made to us of which we had never reaped the profit; and I was, so to say, ever at war with the authorities, who were frank enough to say, that when my two years of office expired, they meant to give me some wholesome lessons about obedience.

"They were as good as their word. I had no sooner descended to a private station than I was made to feel all the severities of their dis-

pleasure. They took away my license to sell salt and tobacco, and thereby fully one half of my little income; they tried to withdraw my privilege to sell wine, but this came from the municipality, and they could not touch it. Upon information that they had suborned they twice visited my house to search for seditious papers, and, finally, they made me such a mark of their enmity that the timid of the townsfolk were afraid to be seen with me, and gradually dropped my acquaintance. This preyed upon me most of all. I was all my life of a social habit; I delighted to gather my friends around me, or to go and visit them, and to find myself, as I was growing old, growing friendless too, was a great blow.

"I was a widower, and had none but an only daughter."

When he had reached thus far, his voice failed him, and, after an effort or two, he could not continue, and turned away his head and buried it in his hands. Full ten minutes elapsed before he resumed, which he did with a hard, firm tone, as though resolved not to be conquered by his emotion.

"The cholera was dreadfully severe all through the Italian Tyrol; I swept from Venice to Milan, and never missed even the mountain villages, far away up the Alps. In our little hamlet we lost one hundred and eighteen souls, and my Gretchen was one of them.

"We had all grown to be very hard-hearted to each other; misfortune was at each man's door, and he had no heart to spare for a neighbour's grief; and yet such was the sorrow for her that they came, in all this suffering and desolation, to try and comfort and keep me up, and though it was a time when all such cares were forgotten, the young people went and laid fresh flowers over her grave every morning. Well, that was very kind of them, and made me weep heartily, and, in weeping, my heart softened, and I got to feel that God knew what was best for all of us, and that mayhap he had taken her away to spare her greater sorrow hereafter, and left me to learn that I should pray to go to her. She had only been in the earth eight days, and I was sitting alone in my solitary house, for I could not bear to open the shop, and began to think that I'd never have the courage to do so again, but would go away and try some other place and some other means of livelihood—it was while thinking thus, a sharp, loud knock came to the door, and I arose, rather angrily, to answer it.

"It was a sergeant of an infantry regiment, whose detachment was on march for Peschiera: there were troubles down there, and the government had to send off three regiments in all haste from Vienna to suppress them. The sergeant was a Bohemian, and his regiment the Kin-sky. He was a rough, coarse fellow, very full of his authority, despising all villagers, and holding Italians in especial contempt. He came to order me to prepare rations and room for six soldiers, who were to arrive that evening. I answered, boldly, that I would not. I had

served the office of syndie in the town, and was thus for ever exempt from the 'billet,' and I led him into my little sitting-room and showed him my 'brevet,' framed and glazed, over the chimney. He laughed heartily at my remonstrance, coolly turned the 'brevet' with its face to the wall, and said,

"If you don't want twelve of us instead of six, you'll keep your tongue quiet, and give us a stoop of your best wine."

"I did not wait to answer him, but seized my hat and hurried away to the Platz Commandant. He was an old enemy of mine, but I could not help it; his was the only authority I could appeal to, and he was bound to do me justice. When I reached the bureau, it was so crowded with soldiers and townsfolk, some seeking for billets, some insisting on their claim to be free, that I could not get past the door, and, after an hour's waiting, I was fain to give up the attempt, and turned back home again, determined to make my statement in writing, which, after all, might have been the most fitting."

"I found my doors wide open when I got there, and my shop crowded with soldiers, who, either seated on the counter or squatting on their knapsacks, had helped themselves freely to my wine, even to raising the top of an old cask, and drinking it in large cups from the barrel, which they handed liberally to their comrades as they passed.

"My heart was too full to care much for the loss, though the insult pressed me sorely, and, pushing my way through, I gained the inner room to find it crowded like the shop. All was in disorder and confusion. The old musket my father had carried for many a year, and which had hung over the chimney as an heirloom, lay smashed in fragments on the floor; some wanton fellow had run his bayonet through my 'brevet' as syndie, and hung it up in derision as a banner; and one, he was a corporal, had taken down the wreath of white roses that lay on Gretchen's coffin till it was laid in the earth, and placed it on his head. When I saw this, my senses left me; I gave a wild shriek, and dashed both my hands in his face. I tried to strangle him; I would have torn him with my teeth had they not dragged me off and dashed me on the ground, where they trampled on me and beat me, and then carried me away to prison.

"I was four days in prison before I was brought up to be examined. I did not know whether it had been four or forty, for my senses had left me and I was mad; perhaps it was the cold dark cell and the silence restored me, but I came out calm and collected. I remembered everything to the smallest incident.

"The soldiers were heard first; they agreed in everything, and their story had all the air of truth about it. They owned they had taken my wine, but said that the regiment was ready and willing to pay for it so soon as I came back, and that all the rest they had done were only the usual follies of troops on a march. I began by claiming my exemption as a syndie, but was

stopped at once by being told that my claim had never been submitted to the authorities, and that in my outrage on the imperial force I had forfeited all consideration on that score. My offence was easily proven. I did not deny it, and I was lectured for nigh an hour on the enormity of my crime, and then sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand zwanzigers to the emperor, and to receive four-and-twenty blows with the stick. 'It should have been eight-and-forty but for my age,' he said.

"On the same stool where I sat to hear my sentence was a circus man, waiting the Platz Commandant's leave to give some representations in the village. I knew him from his dress, but had never spoken to him nor he to me; just, however, as the commandant had delivered the words of my condemnation he turned to look at me; mayhap to see how I bore up under my misfortune. I saw his glance, and I did my best to sustain it. I wanted to bear myself manfully throughout, and not to let any one know that my heart was broken, which I felt it was. The struggle was, perhaps, more than I was able for, and, while the tears gushed out and ran down my cheeks, I burst out laughing, and laughed away fit after fit, making the most terrible faces all the while; so outrageously droll were my convulsions, that every one around laughed too, and there was the whole court screaming madly with the same impulse, and unable to control it.

"Take the fool away!" cried the commandant at last, 'and bring him to reason with a hazel rod.' And they carried me off, and I was flogged.

"It was about a week after I was down near Commachio. I don't know how I got there, but I was in rags and had no money, and the circus people came past and saw me. 'There's the old fellow that nearly killed us with his droll face,' said the chief. 'I'll give you two zwanzigers a day, my man, if you'll only give us a few grins like that every evening. Is it a bargain?'

"I laughed. I could not keep now from laughing at everything, and the bargain was made, and I was a clown from that hour. They taught me a few easy tricks to help me in my trade, but it is my face that they care for—none can see it unmoved."

He turned on me as he spoke with a fearful contortion of countenance, but, moved by his story, and full only of what I had been listening to, I turned away and shed tears.

"Yes," said he, meditatively, "many a happy heart is kindled at the fire that is consuming another. As for myself, both joy and sorrow are dead within me. I am without hope, and, stranger still, without fear."

"But you are not without benevolence," said I, as I looked towards the sleeping girl.

"She was so like Gretchen," said he; and he bent down his head and sobbed bitterly.

I would have asked him some questions about her if I dared, but I felt so rebuked by the sorrow of the old man, that my curiosity seemed almost unfeeling.

"She came amongst us a mere child," said he, "and speedily attached herself to me. I contrived to learn enough of her dialect to understand and talk to her, and at last she began to regard me as a father, and even called me such. It was a long long time before I could bear this. Every time I heard the word my grief would burst out afresh; but what won't time do? I have come to like it now."

"And is she good, and gentle, and affectionate?" asked I.

"She is far too good and true-hearted to be in such company as ours. Would that some rich person—it should be a lady—kind, and gentle, and compassionate, could see her and take her away from such associates, and this life of shame, ere it be too late. If I have a sorrow left me now, it is for her."

I was silent, for though the wish only seemed fair and natural enough on his part, I could not help thinking how improbable such an incident would prove.

"She would well repay it all," said he. "If ever there was a nature rich in great gifts, it is hers. She can learn whatever she will, and for a word of kindness she would hold her hand in the fire for you. Hush!" whispered he, "she is stirring. What is it, darling?" said he, creeping close to her, as she lay throwing her arms wildly open, but not removing the handkerchief from her face.

She muttered something hurriedly, and then burst into a laugh so joyous and so catching, it was impossible to refrain from joining in it.

She threw back the kerchief at once and started to her knees, gazing steadfastly, almost sternly, at me. I saw that the old man comprehended the inquiry of her glance, and as quickly whispered a few words in her ear. She listened till he had done, and then springing towards me, she caught my hand and kissed it.

I suspect he must have rebuked the ardour of her movement, for she hung her head despondingly, and turned away from us both.

"Now for the road once more," said Vaterchen, "for if we stay much longer here, we shall have the forest flies, which are always worse towards evening."

It was not without great difficulty I could prevent his carrying my knapsack for me, and even the girl herself would gladly have borne some of my load. At last, however, we set forth, Tintefleck lightening the way with a merry canzonette, that had the time of a quick step.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT a pleasant little dinner we had that day. It was laid out in a little summer-house of the inn garden. All overgrown with a fine old fig-tree, through whose leaves the summer wind played deliciously, while a tiny rivulet rippled close by, and served to cool our "Achten-thaler"—an amount of luxury that made Tintefleck quite wild with laughter.

"Is it cold enough?" she asked, archly, in her peasant-dialect, each time the old man laid down his glass.

As I came gradually to pick up the occasional meaning of her words—a process which her expressive pantomime greatly aided—I was struck by the marvellous acuteness of a mind so totally without culture, and I could not help asking Vaterchen why he had never attempted to instruct her.

"What can I do?" said he, despondently; "there are no books in the only language she knows, and the only language she will condescend to speak. She can understand Italian, and I have read stories for her, and sonnets too, out of Leopardi, but though she will listen in all eagerness till they are finished, no sooner over than she breaks out into some wild Calabrian song, and asks me is it not worth all the fine things I have been giving her, thrice told."

"Could you not teach her to write?"

"I tried that. I bought a slate, and I made a bargain with her, that she should have a scarlet knot for her hair when she could ask me for it in written words. Well, all seemed to go on prosperously for a time; we had got through half the alphabet very successfully, till we came to the letter H. This made her laugh immediately, it was so like a scaffold we had in the circus for certain exercises; and no sooner had I marked down the letter, than she snatched the pencil from me, and drew the figure of a man on each bar of the letter. From that hour forth, as though her wayward humour had been only imprisoned, she burst forth into every imaginable absurdity at our lessons. Every ridiculous event of our daily life she drew, and with a rapidity almost incredible. I was not very apt, as you may imagine, in acquiring the few accomplishments they thought to give me, and she caricatured me under all my difficulties."

"Si, si," broke she in at this; for, with a wonderful acuteness, she could trace something of a speaker's meaning, where every word was unknown to her. As she spoke she arose, and fled down the garden at top speed.

"Why has she gone? Is she displeased at your telling me all these things about her?" asked I.

"Scarcely that; she loves to be noticed. Nothing really seems to pain her so much as when she is passed over unremarked. When such an event would occur in the circus, I have seen her sob through her sleep all the night after. I half suspect now that she is piqued at the little notice you have bestowed upon her. All the better if it be so."

"But here she comes again."

With the same speed she now came back to us, holding her slate over her head, and showing that she rightly interpreted what the old man had said of her.

"Now for my turn!" said Vaterchen, with a smile. "She is never weary of drawing me in every absurd and impossible posture."

"What is it to be, Tintefleck?" asked he. "How am I to figure this time?"

She shook her head without replying, and, making a sign that she was not to be questioned or interrupted, she nestled down at the foot of the fig-tree, and began to draw.

The old man now drew near me, and proceeded to give me further details of her strange temper and ways. I could mark that throughout all he said a tone of intense anxiety and care prevailed, and that he felt her disposition was exactly that which exposed her to the greatest perils for her future. There was a young artist who used to follow her through all the South Tyrol, affecting to be madly in love with her, but of whose sincerity and honour Vaterchen professed to have great misgivings. He gave her lessons in drawing, and, what was less to be liked, he made several studies of herself. "The artless way," said the old man, "she would come and repeat to me all his raptures about her, was at first a sort of comfort to me. I felt reassured by her confidence, and also by the little impression his praises seemed to make, but I saw later on that I was mistaken. She grew each day more covetous of these flatteries, and it was no longer laughingly, but in earnest seriousness she would tell me that the 'For-narina' in some gallery had not such eyes as hers, and that some great statue that all the world admired was far inferior to her in shape. If I had dared to rebuke her vanity, or to ridicule her pretensions, all my influence would have been gone for ever. She would have left us, gone who knows whither, and been lost, so that I had nothing for it but to seem to credit all she said and yet hold the matter lightly, and I said beauty has no value except when associated with rank and station. If queens and princesses be handsome, they are more fitted to adorn this high estate, but for humble folk it is as great a mockery as these tinsel gems we wear in the circus.

"Max says not," said she to me one evening, after one of my usual lectures. 'Max says, there are queens would give their coronets to have my hair, ay, or even one of the dimples in my cheek.'

"Max is a villain," said I, before I could control my words.

"Max is a vero signor!" said she, haughtily, 'and not like one of us; and more, too, I'll go and tell him what you have called him.' She bounded away from me at this, and I saw her no more till nightfall.

"What has happened to you, poor child," said I, as I saw her lying on the floor of her room, her forehead bleeding, and her dress all dragged and torn. She would not speak to me for a long while, but by much entreating and caressing I won upon her to tell me what had befallen her. She had gone to the top of the 'Glucksberg' and thrown herself down. It was a fearful height, and only was she saved by being caught by the brambles and tangled foliage of the cliff; and all this for 'one harsh word of mine,' she said. But I knew better; the struggle was

deeper in her heart than she was aware of, and Max had gone suddenly away, and we saw no more of him."

"Did she grieve after him?"

"I scarcely can say she did. She fretted, but I think it was for her own loneliness and the want of that daily flattery she had grown so fond of. She became overbearing, and even insolent, too, with all her equals, and though for many a day she had been the spoiled child of the troop, many began to weary of her waywardness. I don't know how all this might have turned out, when, just as suddenly, she changed and became everything that she used to be."

When the old man had got thus far, the girl arose, and, without saying a word, laid the slate before us. Vaterchen, not very quick-sighted, could not at once understand the picture, but I caught it at once, and laughed immoderately. She had taken the scene where I had presented Vaterchen and herself to the ladies at the tea-table, and with an intense humour sketched all the varying emotions of the incident. The offended dignity of the old lady, the surprise and mortification of Miss Herbert, and my own unconscious pretension as I pointed to the "friends" who accompanied me, were drawn with the spirit of high caricature. Nor did she spare Vaterchen or herself; they were drawn, perhaps, with a more exaggerated satire than all the rest.

The old man no sooner comprehended the subject, than he drew his hand across it, and turned to her with words of anger and reproach. I meant, of course, to interfere in her behalf, but it was needless; she fled, laughing, into the garden, and before many minutes were over we heard her merry voice, with the tinkle of a guitar to assist it.

"There it is," said Vaterchen, moodily. "What are you to do with a temperament like that?"

That was a question I was in no wise prepared to answer. Tintefleck's temperament seemed to be the very converse of my own. I was over eager to plan out everything in life. *She* appeared to be just as impulsively bent on risking all. *My* head was always calculating eventualities; *hers*, it struck me, never worried itself about difficulties till in the midst of them. Now, Jean Paul tells us that when a man detects any exaggerated bias in his character, instead of endeavouring, by daily watching, to correct it, he will be far more successful if he ally himself with some one of a diametrically opposite humour. If he be rash, for instance, let him seek companionship with the sluggish. If his tendency bear to over-imagination, let him frequent the society of realists. Why, therefore, should not I and Tintefleck be mutually beneficial? Take the two different kinds of wood in a bow: one will supply resistance, the other flexibility. It was a pleasant notion, and I resolved to test it.

"Vaterchen," said I, "call me to-morrow, when you get ready for the road. I will keep you company as far as Constance."

"Ah, sir," said he, with a sigh, "you will be well weary of us before half the journey is over; but you shall be obeyed."

LADY SEAMER'S ESCAPE.

MISS DULCY DIGBY had, at last, won what she had been begging and praying for all the days of her life—that is to say, all the days of her life since she was wise enough to realise her mother's theory, that it is the first duty of a poor, well-born, highly-educated young lady to marry a man of good family, of good fortune, and of any other good which nature might have made incidental to the bargain.

Sir John Seamer had proposed to her, and she had accepted him.

It was in the drawing-room, after a state dinner party; and, when the momentous transaction was accomplished, the gentleman went over and talked to her mother. Duley stood leaning against the piano, turning over her music. Mr. George Milner approached her and spoke; she answered him confusedly, and with the tears in her eyes. Duley was not a lachrymose person, and what had occurred flashed upon him immediately.

Duley Digby and he had been great friends once upon a time (once upon a time was about four years ago), but George was even poorer then than now, and she was ambitious and did not use him well. He remembered the miserable pain she had made him suffer, and though he was radically cured of that wound, which had not even left a cicatrice, he had not forgiven her. He did not address her a second time, but turned away with a remorseful generosity. He had first loved and then hated her. When she would have amused her leisure with him again, he mortified her. Now he was indifferent; she had lost her power of fascinating him. If he had seen the man in the moon courting her he would not have cared.

The same cannot be said for Duley. George was a generous, sensible, affectionate, lovable man—if he only could have gratified her grand desire. More's the pity, George could not. He could only give her a genuine love and admiration, a share of his younger son's moderate allowance, and a venture in his Bank of Hope. Duley preferred certainties and securities, and she refused him at her peril—refused him with much misgiving and reluctance, and a pain, the permanence of which she had yet to learn. She had a certain tenderness for George which his persistence might have blown up into a flame of devotion; but her suitor lacked patience and humility, and withdrew altogether. So her chance was lost—her best chance, as I view it. And now, season after season had slipped away, until she was turned of four-and-twenty, until, possibly in the just fulfilment of her destiny, Sir John Seamer, whom she neither loved nor respected, was talking confidentially to mamma, and Duley was answering George Milner with the tears in her eyes. There was no plea for those

tears—she had got what she craved most. It beloved her to look triumphant and to feel triumphant, but somehow the mood would not come. Perhaps, in the moment of fruition, her heart was sorer than it had ever been since she refused George, and by-and-by found out that he had quite ceased to love her. As he turned away from her, she perceived that he had understood her dignified position, and that he despised her for having attained to it. But it was too late to care for that now—Sir John finished his brief colloquy with her mother, and returned to her side with the assured, jubilant air of an accepted lover. Then George was tempted to watch her. He saw her smooth her brow and summon reluctant smiles; but finding the pastime, after all, rather dismal, he took leave of his hostess and walked away home, smoking a cigar. All sentimental reminiscences of Duley disappeared with the vapour, and when he reached his chambers he was his own man again completely.

After the great event of the evening Mrs. Digby could not be sorry to see her guests depart; and, by eleven o'clock, the house in Curzon-street was cleared of them all—even of Sir John Seamer himself—and Duley was shut up with her mamma in that pretty retirement called the boudoir. With a softness quite unusual to her, Duley had stolen one arm round her mother's waist, and was resting her brow against her shoulder. The confession had been made, the successful daughter had been kissed and blessed abundantly, yet still Duley kept that firm yet caressing hold upon her mother, as if she had yet more to say. Presently it came.

"Mamma, I do not want it to be talked about until quite the time; I am not proud of it, you know."

"My love, half the world will envy you."

"Let them! But remember, mamma, I will not hear it talked about. You are not even to tell Lady Milner."

"But, sweetest, it must be known. Sir John will speak of it himself. Lady Milner is one of the oldest friends of his family."

"I told him to say nothing, and he promised me he would not—not, at least, until we got down home again, and then I shall not care. There is nobody at Avenham to make a fuss and worry."

"You look at it in a very strange light, Duley. There is nothing to be ashamed of in Sir John, or in being mistress of Netherloup—such a beautiful romantic place! I am sure it will be one of the proudest days of my life when I give you to him."

Duley shuddered from head to foot. "I was sure you would wish it," said she, faintly.

"My dearest, I have always your good at heart. But come, you are feverish and excited; I shall see you into bed to-night myself, and to-morrow all will look gay and promising."

So Mrs. Digby led her daughter to her room, and performed for her tender motherly offices such as she had never put her hand to since poor Duley was ill of the scarlet fever, and would let no one else touch her. She under-

stood, in part, the girl's sudden revulsion of feeling; but she knew that it would wear off, and believed that it had better not be expressed. When Duley's head was on her pillow she received her maternal benedictions, and left her. As Duley was quite alone, and no spy peered into her chamber, we have no actual evidence that she passed half the night in miserable tears; but this is very probable, for she was unfit to appear at breakfast the next morning, and for two days nobody calling at the house saw her, not even Sir John Seamer.

When she reappeared, it was to find that her urgent plea for secrecy had not been respected, and to receive the congratulations of friends, envious, surprised, curious, and compassionate, with a serenity which struck nobody with so much wonder as it struck herself. Any little unreality which she had tried to retain about her fate was completely dissipated, and she saw her future very distinctly before her: Lady Seamer of Netherloup, wife of Sir John Seamer, the wealthiest landowner in the county, a man passionately fond of her, likely to surround her with every luxury and indulgence her heart could desire, mentally and morally her inferior, but not evil-spoken of by his class, though not much looked up to either; a position many young women would have embraced with triumphant delight—which had often, in fact, been secretly coveted by herself. That was, when it was seen through the illusion of distance and improbability; nearer at hand, its colours were far more sombre than attractive.

She knew a good deal about Sir John Seamer, and she knew all the particulars of his disastrous family history, which people spoke low about when they spoke at all. Netherloup Hall was but three miles from Avenham, where she had been brought up by her mother, and in a country neighbourhood, gossip, especially romantic gossip, is the current coin of domestic society. Duley liked to hear her nurse tell of the curse of the Seamers, who had driven the nuns from Netherloup centuries ago, and got wrongful possession of their estates, which had never brought them luck, but only murder, disgrace in battle, early death at home, or a drivelling old age; and then the chronicler would prove her words by asking, with awful solemnity, who lives in the high-walled garden on the edge of the park, where nobody ever passed by from year's end to year's end?—who but Sir Reginald Seamer, who had been Bedlam-mad since his marriage almost—nay, some folks said before it? His one son had been cashiered from the army for cowardice, and was living obscurely somewhere abroad, and his grandson reigned with his frigid mother in the old hall alone. All this was happening when Duley Digby was a girl, and she heard whispers of it, as children do; and when John came to Avenham to play with her brothers, she used to watch him timidly from a distance with a suspicious fear, lest the curse of his people might also have fallen on him, and that he might suddenly spring at her and strangle her.

But all this nonsense faded from her mind as she grew up to womanhood. The high-walled garden lost its wretched prisoner, and a sumptuous tablet to his memory appeared on the chancel wall of Netherloup Church; then the disgraced son died in a drunken gambling-house brawl at Homburg, and John became Sir John, a young man of importance in his county by reason of his large landed property, if for nothing else. He was about three-and-twenty then, and not ill-looking—far from it. He had a frame of vast muscular power, and a broad fair face, rather vacuously good natured in its ordinary expression, but with certain indications, nevertheless, that he did, now and then, give himself over to the demon, and suffer himself to be carried away by paroxysms of brutal rage. The servants, when he was a boy, used to give awful accounts of him, but as he grew up open-handed and generous to a proverb, they forgave him rough words, and contented themselves with shaking their heads when alluding to him, and saying he was "every bit a Netherloup Seamer."

Sir John was just out of mourning for his mother when he made his proposal to Duley Digby. He had always liked her, but the late Lady Seamer detested Mrs. Digby as a scheming woman on the look-out to entrap an unwary heir for her handsome, clever, portionless daughter, and she had too much influence over her son's mind while she lived for him to dream of acting in opposition to her expressed desires. But when she was gone, Sir John, being thrown entirely on his own resources, naturally sought the society of those with whom he was on the friendliest footing. He disliked forms and ceremonies, he disliked, in fact, whatever gave him trouble, and finding a ready welcome whenever he presented himself at Avenham, he soon became a daily visitor there. Mrs. Digby flattered him, and if Duley did not flatter him too, she did something very much akin to it, in never discouraging him. She had every opportunity of seeing and knowing what his natural disposition was, and when she accepted his proposal, we must believe that she did so with her eyes open, and laid her accounts of what she might have to do and endure against the obvious advantages of a rich match.

Mrs. Digby carried her daughter down to Avenham as soon as her engagement had gained sufficient notoriety to make it binding. Until Duley had been repeatedly congratulated, and had as repeatedly acquiesced in her approaching elevation, her mother had a lurking distrust that she might suddenly give way to her feelings of fear and repulsion and break with Sir John; but George Milner did not cross her path any more: he had gone to do some mountaineering. There was a fuss of friends, and a fuss of ordering finery, and there were presents and a hundred things besides, to distract her attention, and about the middle of September, the proudest day of Mrs. Digby's life, arrived, and at Avenham Church, in the face of a crowded and respectable congregation and a small army of friends, she gave her daughter to Sir John Seamer of Ne-

therloup, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, until death should them part.

There is something very solemn about a marriage, whether of love, of convenience, or of ambition—this came, I suppose, under the last head—but none of the young bridesmaids, when they looked at Dulcy's white face and desperate expression, saw anything to covet in the position she had won. George Milner was not present, he was still in Switzerland, but his mother, as one of the oldest friends of the family, was there in great pomp and splendour. The old lady said to more persons than one during the course of the day, that, ill as Dulcy had used her George, she was really sorry for her; but if a girl would marry for money rather than love, she deserved to look and feel wretched at least on her wedding-day.

Mrs. Digby remained at Avenham triumphant, while Sir John and his new wife went to Paris, and overran Italy; in short, performed the grand foreign bridal tour in the most orthodox way. In March they returned to England, and came down straight to Netherloup Hall. Then began the series of calls of ceremony, and there were a hundred and one opinions as to how Lady Seamer looked, and a thousand and one speculations as to whether or no she was happy. But her mother was serene and satisfied, and confidently communicated to all her intimates that Sir John made the very best husband in the world; and people agreed to believe that Dulcy Digby's bargain had turned out better than might have been expected. When the London season arrived, Lady Seamer of Netherloup was generally allowed to be the flower of it, and George Milner, regarding her with wonder and admiration, said to himself what a consummate actress she was, and questioned whether the organisation of the female sex was really provided with a heart, or only with a muscle of a plastic and a non-sensitive nature, which could adapt itself to every fate as readily as hers had done.

Lady Seamer had pride—she had also discretion, and she had that faculty, more peculiarly developed amongst women, of concealing what she would have been ashamed to make public, and of enduring in silence, and with a certain dignity, the private pangs which she could not get rid of. Sir John was sufficiently courteous to her in company, and he could not be exactly said to use her roughly at home; but his docility and affection as a husband did not fulfil the professions of his courting days. Like most weak persons, he was suspicious, and suspicion developed in him a cunning watchfulness which soon discovered the signs of his wife's indifference to himself, and exaggerated them into a preference for somebody else.

He did not proclaim his doubts in so many words, but he put them into prompt action. It had been arranged that when the London season in town closed they should go abroad for a few months, and Lady Seamer had already settled points of meeting with other wandering friends, when Sir John one night suddenly informed her

that on the morrow she must prepare to go down to Netherloup; he was tired of London, and he was not in the humour for travelling.

Lady Seamer ventured to ask why? He told her that it was his will, and that was enough. She acquiesced with a beautiful meekness, and it must have been a terrible fear that had brought Dulcy Digby to that point of submission, but she said afterwards, in confidence to her mother, "I dare not oppose him; it would be more than my life is worth ever to say him nay; when he is in one of his passions he is capable of killing me, and I believe he would be no more responsible for it than a savage animal. O mother! the days and nights of horrible, sickening terrors I went through last winter I can never tell you! I have wished myself dead many and many a time."

This was what she had exchanged the chance of love and happiness with George Milner for! She had fine houses, and fine equipages, costly jewels, and many friends; but a husband whom she could only compare to a savage animal, and with whom she existed in terror of her life. Fear had rendered her very tractable; observing persons noticed how she deferred to Sir John's wishes, consulted his opinions, and watched his eye if it might be possible for her to forestal a desire before it was expressed; and thoughtful persons said she was much to be pitied, and her mother was much to be blamed, and they hoped no harm would come of it, but that really they should not at all like to be in Lady Seamer's place, even for twice the pomp and splendour for which she had sacrificed herself.

During the third week in June, Sir John and Lady Seamer went down thus unexpectedly to Netherloup; Mrs. Digby, at the same time, returning to her house at Avenham. It was a country neighbourhood, where the gentry had, for the most part, only moderate means, and therefore lived at home nearly all the year round. The arrival of the Seamers at Netherloup was, therefore, a gratification, and while the summer lasted, they were made the object and excuse for strawberry-parties, and pic-nics, and water-parties without end. Lady Seamer thankfully encouraged these moderate dissipation as varying the monotony of her life, and keeping Sir John in good humour; the last depending now on a continuous effort which it was most wearisome and irksome for her to have to make alone. People began to whisper that Lady Seamer led a life far from enviable with "that surly brute" her husband, and when George Milner came home again in October, his mother had twenty ugly stories to tell him of what was said to be going on at Netherloup.

But it was no concern of George's any more; Dulcy had chosen her own lot and must abide by it. He was a barrister, and, perhaps, the wrongs of miserable wives were no secret to him; he was very sorry, of course, but he had nothing more to say. Dulcy's brothers were angry with their mother for having encouraged the match, but

obviously that could do no good; and, as for a separation (which was suggested), there was no absolute cruelty to allege, even if Dulcy would have come forward to claim protection, which she would not; in fact, when questioned by any one except her mother, she systematically and obstinately denied that she had any ground of complaint against Sir John; but the servants' tongues were free to wag, and they wagged to a very different tune.

During the shooting season, Netherloup was filled with constant relays of guests; and, when the shooting season was over and the hunting begun, Sir John, who was an ardent sportsman, being busy, had less time to annoy his wife, which was fortunate; for, during the month of December, Lady Seamer gave birth to a son and heir, concerning whom there were all the ordinary rejoicings.

The winter months passed away to the middle of March without any outbreak from Sir John of more than average ferocity; but, about that time George Milner came down into the country on a visit to his mother, in company with whom he called at Netherloup. Sir John was out; but the visitors saw Lady Seamer looking handsomer than ever, in gay spirits, and with as few signs as possible of being an ill-used wife. Lady Milner said it was all put on. She had seen Dulcy frantically miserable; but it was quite right of her to keep a veil over her wretchedness with the world in general; it did not mend matters to make them the gossip of the country-side.

For three weeks past there had been dry weather and a parching east wind, which was blowing keenly over the hills as Lady Milner and her son drove away from Netherloup. George looked back at the fine old mansion perched above the Nethercliff; below which roared and boiled the Loup, bounding from ridge to ridge of the rock, all white with foam and spray. Seen from the road, the house appeared in some parts almost to overhang the precipice, but there was in reality a terrace of some twenty feet in width between the walls and the cliff above the Loup; a very agile and sure-footed man could even descend to the bed of the torrent by clinging to the bushes and springing to projecting ledges on the face of the rock, but it was a very hazardous feat, and not one that was often attempted. The situation was picturesque in the highest degree, with its mingling of wood and water, grey cliff and green turf; but, whether it was worth having at the price Dulcy had paid for it, George could not determine. That night, when Mrs. Digby was about to retire to bed, less at ease in her mind now than she used to be on those maxims of worldly wisdom in which she had trained her daughter, she put aside the curtain from the window to look out, as her custom was, towards Netherloup. It was full moon, and the bare outline of the hills was distinct, even the Netherloup hills, three miles away; and with a sigh, still tempered by a lurking hope that matters would grow more harmonious

there by-and-by, she dropped the drapery and betook herself to her slumbers.

In the dead of the night she was awakened by a cry below her window, "Mamma, mamma!" and then the house-bell rang as if pulled by a terrified tremulous hand, and the agonised voice rose again, "Mamma, mamma!" Mrs. Digby thought for a moment that she was the victim of a horrible nightmare, but the ringing continued, and she heard a scurry of feet, and by the time she had got out upon the landing, the door was being hastily opened below, and her old servant, who had lived with her ever since her own marriage, exclaimed, in accents of awe and amazement,

"Lord ha' mercy upon us, Miss Dulcy! but you must be stark staring mad to ha' run across the country a night like this, and nothing on but your night-clothes, and the blessed bairn, too! Goodness grant you ha' not both gotten your deaths!" And trembling as if she had the palsy, Mrs. Digby tottered down the stairs, and received in her arms the form of her daughter, who hugged her vehemently, exclaiming,

"Oh, mamma, we are safe, we are safe!" in hysterical sobs of terror and thankfulness.

By this time all the household was assembled, and the women, in sympathetic sorrow, got the poor young mother and her child into a warm room and bathed her bleeding feet. The old nurse and Mrs. Digby listened to her spasmodic complaints and exclamations, and tried to quiet her as well as they could. Dreadful shivers ran through and through her frame, and sometimes her words were so wild that they thought she was seized with sudden frenzy; but they were true enough.

"He swore he would kill me," was one of these revelations; "he has said so often before; but to-night I know he meant he would, and I waited until the house was still, and then I thought I would get away; but he had fastened my door on the outside, and there was only the window, and while I was listening and thinking, I heard a crackling in the corridor, and the smoke began to curl in at the crevices, and there was a smell of fire. So I took up baby and put a blanket over him; the window opens easily, and I got down by the great old ivy bushes on the tower. Oh, mother! and I got down by the Loup and over the water."

"Eh, Lady Seamer, but that was a long step, but the angels helped you, surely!" cried her nurse. And where Lady Seamer escaped down the cliff and over the Loup, is called "Lady Seamer's Long Step" to this day.

That night Netherloup was burnt to the ground, and Sir John Seamer, whose mad act it was, never from that time, though he lived to be an old man, was safe to go at large any more. His wife remained at Avenham with her mother, greatly changed in character and temper by that terrible night's escape from a terrible death. Her child did not grow up, and the estates passed, on Sir John's death, to a distant branch of the Seamers, whom misfortune did not persecute with such deadly tenacity. They rebuilt the

house, and one of the chief points of attraction to visitors is still to examine Lady Seamer's Long Step, and to marvel how she got down it. Some persons declare it to have been impossible; but tradition stands fast amongst the country people, who have added to it a feature of the supernatural, that "an angel, all in white, helped her."

MY LEARNED FRIENDS.

TOWARDS the gloomy shadows of four o'clock, at which season the unemployed legal mind is subject to fall into melancholy, and become a prey to morbid fancies—feeling a longing to turn the familiar blue-bag into a sack, and end its sorrows after the fashionable Turkish manner—at these moments, I sit on those hard, ungrateful back benches, practising the law among my learned friends.

My learned friends are sitting in what may be called skirmishing parties, up and down, above and below me, on all sides, practising their profession. Let me convey my meaning of this phrase fully. One learned friend is busy with a sharp-bladed penknife neatly carving a memorial of himself—his initial letters, in fact—upon the bark of some fair tree—the edge of his desk, in fact—so that his charmer, coming that way at even (a most improbable circumstance), shall start at the well-known emblems, and be glad. He has laid his face to the ledge for the better purchase of his instrument, and warms briskly to his work. Another learned friend is gleaming items of daily intelligence from a Morning Paper; but, in a surreptitious conspirator-like fashion, having the print spread out below his knees, and his head bowed down painfully, as though crushed by some terrible blow. When my learned friend has to turn over or to unfold his double sheet, the neighbours are alarmed by slow and sustained crackling sounds, as of an unseen conflagration, and his guilty looks and starts are sufficient to advise the world of the mysterious, and it must be said ingenuous, operation that is going forward. A third learned friend is picking out with much nicety, various lamina of ham-sandwich from a japanned tin volume, labelled on the back "History of England." A fourth learned friend is lecturing to a small circle on the Patent Reservoir Penholder, and is illustrating its extraordinary powers, in a series of diagrams, projected over the surface of the desk in an easy flowing hand. And my last learned friend is apparently staring, generally with an expression of hopeless vacancy nearly allied to mental alienation, with his hands before him; an inoffensive and almost becoming attitude, and which is yet unaccountably dwelt on in the language of reproach. There is a deal of work got through in the shape of trimming and nice finishing of nails; very many pencils are cut to points perhaps too fine for good practical uses, but admirable as illustrations of amateur skill; and the question as to the comparative densities of lead

and steel is set at rest for ever through the medium of ink-bottles and many-bladed penknife cutlery. These are the little idiosyncrasies of my learned friends, and the ways in which they grow learned.

True. I see yonder another learned friend—a friend who is only learned since yesterday, and is no friend, and whom I have never seen before—taking notes busily, and for the bare life, in an indelible book, and with an ever-pointed pencil. By the snowy speckleness of his wig, the fresh unrusted aspect of his gown, I know him to be a novice, "called" last week, and overflowing with a noble enthusiasm. Poor child! My learned friends and I interchange pitying glances as we see our virgin brother nervously diligent, and taking down, with a painful accuracy as to the page, that choice extract from the Fifth Exchequer Reports, New Series, page five hundred, in which M'Cud, Baron Dodo, has summed up, in a masterly judgment, the entire law as to contingent remainders. We, too, have been brides in the law, and have sat blushing in our nuptial wreath of snowy horsehair; we, too, have purchased metallic-pointed pencils and clean note-books, and have spent enthusiastic honeymoons taking down Fifth Exchequer and Baron Dodo.

I am a learned friend myself; and I bear upon me the trappings and the suits of the profession. I often catch myself looking down on the unmeaning folds of the canonicals with a melancholy repugnance. Once, when a legal virgin, I regarded them with a fond pride. My snowy horsehair, my shining bombazine, and my bands, are to me as is the fillet, and the web tunic, and the tight flesh-coloured hose to the street tumbler. O miserable foolery!

People have asked for me occasionally—let there be no mistake, I say distinctly on no professional business—and have been told that I am "robing," or engaged in "the robing-room." What a magnificent ring in the words! and yet the hollow mockery sickens me. The pots and brushes and paraphernalia of the legal green-room jar upon me at every turn. I protest against the heartless mummery, the taking off coats, the hanging up of hats symmetrically, the visiting of that special pigeon-hole where is the marriage garment segregated carefully and set apart, and all the other preparations for the tumbling. The tin epaulette box, which is, as it were, the long home of my real head of horsehair—which, too, is emblazoned in golden characters with my style and titles, I have not the least veneration for: no more than for the painted coffee-cans seen in the shops, which it so resembles. But when a ministering familiar tenders to me two cambric clergyman's bands—it is to the material of that fine fabric, not to the clerical, that I allude—which I laboriously, and with infinite pains, adjust under the shirt-collar, then I look on my degradation as complete. And when a second familiar comes flying with the horsehair decoration, fresh from the coffee-bin, and fits it on with a tug of nicety, carefully guarding from injury the two unmeaning tails that hang behind, and

with a comprehensible glance in the glass—for, there are glasses wherein we survey ourselves thus beautified—I go forth, a complete and perfected mummer, ready to “go on” in the pantomime.

My bag—I had almost forgotten that element in the universal harmony. I should be incomplete without that comic bauble. I may as well have it, as the cap and bells and the rest of the furniture. But mine is a lean and shrunken thing; I have not the heart to distend it artificially with old reports, and dictionaries, and ancient Times newspapers, and the pleadings in the matter of Grimshaws Minors, disposed of five years back. I have no spirit to throw myself into my part, or beat up the halls and passages overburdened with that load of mendacity. Let me worship Mumbo-Jumbo in my own melancholy but genuine and realistic way. I have tried to carry out the sham, and have filled my blue wallet with a loose and lying miscellany; but I could not carry it with the requisite effrontery, and looked guilty under my burden. Eyes followed my load with suspicion. I broke down under the unworthy deceit, and suffered my indigo-coloured receptacle to become lean and atrophied again. At times, I bear it over my shoulder with the strings down in front, and liken myself to the children of Israel, who deal in the waifs and strays of apparel. My little bag is a dwindled weakly thing—a six months’ infant. It will never get its strength, I fear, or fill out and grow robust; but will always be the same puny, wasted, little Dombey of a thing. When Bluster, Q.C., has been sent for, and is “coming in” with noise, his silken gown and decorations flapping and rustling like the cordage of a ship—when that eminent but heated advocate struggles past the knees of his brethren to his place—with what a sad respect do I look on that overgrown monster he carries with him; that red (he is a Q.C.) receptacle, packed and stored unto bursting—distended preternaturally, and swelling out all over, in huge wens and fearful lumps. That is no pantomime bag. That is no artificial redundancy. Desponding seniors from afar off regard the monster wistfully as it stands up comically of its own momentum, and are distracted with a legal envy. A couple of those wens or swellings would be nutriment for months; to Bluster, Q.C., they are no more than a sandwich. Admiring eyes follow Bluster, Q.C., as he opens out its mouth and proceeds to burrow among its entrails: bringing up with every dive, great paper cubes, clean and beautiful to look at; speckless legal fine linen, as it were, got up in the solicitors’ laundry, glistening with starch. It is a sweet process, that disembowelling of the bag of Bluster, Q.C. No hurry—a judicious delving in the bag. Bale after bale drawn forth, surveyed nicely, and arranged neatly beside him.

Sorrowfully, I come back to wigs. That fungus growth has for me an irresistible fascination; I am sitting in a mead, flowered over thickly with those light downy growths which children pluck and blow away. In the

name of the prophet, wigs! In each of these voluted ornaments I read a text, which may be expanded into a melancholy but profitable sermon. I devote a portion of my evening hours, when the fog is thickening and the shades are getting down, to the “improving,” morally speaking, of each individual gear. The virgin brilliancy of the new wig, dazzling, spick and span, without so much as a curl or even a hair astray. I am given to understand that the artist whose ingenious fingers construct this gear holds that there is not a more beautiful object in the world than a new wig symmetrically set on!

What a touching eloquence in these decorations—what phases of antiquity! That yellowish hay-coloured wig, mouldy-looking, frayed, limp, ragged, mangy, belongs to a learned friend—a “younger” learned friend—that is to say, a junior. The most wretched, desolate spectacle. As is his wig, so is my learned friend—mouldy, limp, frayed, and ragged. Eyes have grown sunken, crow’s-feet have gathered, cheeks have withered and fallen in, teeth have dropped away, all under that draggled hay-coloured thing of my sexagenarian junior. He and his wig have sat together, and will sit together unto the end; and he will tell us that the law is slow—very slow. It is not worth while purchasing a new wig now, so he thinks he may as well wait for that day when he shall cast his draggled wig and his old rusted gown, and rise up a glorified senior, and be called within the bar.

At times, given up to this settled melancholy, the system will react, and hearken for a moment to those well-meaning but ignorant advisers, who bid you stick to it, and wait and hope, and it will come in time, and who never knew a young man who had perseverance that didn’t get on; and there was Boggs, Q.C., who went fifteen circuits without ever holding a brief; and Wyndebag, the serjeant; and Stentor, the Nisi Prius advocate, who had been there eight or ten years without a fee; I say, cheered by this encouragement, I begin to take a more lively view of my prospects, when I am flung back again into a suicidal gloom and depression by a joke from judicial Olympus, and obsequiously responsive merriment from the benches of the profession. Oh, those melancholy quips! That mourning-coach hilarity! I resent the familiarity and the servile cackinnations of my learned friends, when my learned and perhaps cloudy friend, who is now “pressing” the court with his ravelled and obscure argument, and hints complacently that “it may be my infirmity, my luds, in the way of putting the matter to your ludships;” and when Woodcock, C.J., turning to his brethren, rolls out, “Possibly, sir, there may be an infirmity in your case;” or when Shallow (Justice), twinkling with the humour of the thing, says, “I thought, Mr. Rebutter, that the days of special demurrer were gone by;” or when Blowers (Baron), brimming over with the conceit for minutes before, gets in, with a smile, “You must take your client to Chancery next, Mr. Wordy;” I say the subser-

vient titter, which spreads in concentric and enlarging rings over the smooth surface of the back benches on these humorous pebbles being dropped into it, only makes me feel utterly wretched and degraded.

But I can burst with dismal laughter, and swell the melancholy haw-haw, when I read those mediæval legends, set out in a kind of legal saga unfolded in the "gesta," told gravely and with circumstance, concerning the rise of young barristerial men into heroes and chiefs. I am confident that judicious critical analysis will resolve these early narratives into lays or mythic odes chanted by professional bards at the suppers of the heroes. Doe, the son of Thirstout, will take the harp, and sing the praises of his chief, now weary with the toils of the day, and filled with wine. His bow and spear, the familiar bag, lies near him, shrunken and esurient. There is desolation in the dwelling of Morna the plaintiff, for he hath demurred, and set him aside with costs, and he now lieth low in his halls. He will take the harp then, and sing to his chieftain's glory. I say we know the elements of the legend, reproducing themselves with loathsome iteration. The young chief has sat and sat on the back benches of his tribe in the old blind faith of his tribe—of incubating himself at last into brilliant and substantial practice. The young chief puts on his war paint daily, goes down to the great wigwam in horsehair casque, cristatus, and incubates patiently. Years go by, and nothing comes. Suddenly, the legend goes on to tell, an aged chief, with many scalps in his bag, is taken with a fit, breaks a limb on the pavement of the hall, and his duty falls to the young chief. Then, it all comes out in a torrent, the world is electrified, and the young chief is glorified for evermore.

Some tender trusting hearts—sweet-sucking infant barristers—do positively cling to the belief, that engrossing familiars are ever on the watch for smart Precocious, and would willingly snap him up—nay, that there is competition among the familiars for his forward and deserving talent. And that they have their eye especially on youths with extraordinary sitting powers. Let me be not the man to disturb this sweet dream, and so let the poor souls sit and sit and wait their promised attorney.

It is beautiful to see my learned friends and leaders, when compromise is imminent, lavishing upon each other a cloud of forensic endearments and legal caresses. Then does Badger, Q.C., plunge over suddenly and adhere, as it were, to his learned friend Boggs on the other side, placing his arm about him in affectionate sympathy, hugging him as though he were rather nearer and dearer than a blood relation. The trumpets had sounded for a parley, when Badger, Q.C., had said, "If your ludship 'ud 'low me—'k'ner with my learned friend, I think—ludship—case fur settlement!" and when Boggs, too, had added in sad tones, as though deprecating

the curse of law generally, that "indeed, my lud, it would be most advisable that this disastrous course of litigation should not be further persevered in!" And then wiggled heads of my learned friends being laid together, and my young learned friend without the bar who is junior counsel in the matter having contributed his head from behind, and the whole becoming a kind of interlaced mass and legal Laocoon with furred tops, jerking up and down with the spasmodic motion of what are called dampers in a pianoforte, the elements for a consultation are complete. Presently, the forensic Agapemone becomes dissolved, and Badger, Q.C., is on his feet telling his ludship that this unhappy litigation will not go further, that his learned friends have agreed to take a verdict by consent, and that each party are to "abide" their own costs. Woodcock, C.J., then pronounces gravely that if there ever was a case for a settlement it is the present, shuts up his note-book with a click, and thinks he will go down quietly and dine at Richmond. How he would have leant on Badger's client, and shut him up, and crushed him, and finally charged dead against him, had he, Badger, dared, after that amatory consultation and waste of time, to proceed with his case!

I see no reason—summing up, as it were, the whole case—why a patent should not be issued for a new theatre to be called the Theatre Royal, Westminster, where comedy, tragedy, light farce, and, above all, pantomime, may be acted all the year round. It's a pity that the excellent loose elements, which it is well known are dispersed up and down the law, should not be at once and forthwith incorporated. Perhaps, from a reasonable regard to vested interests, such a step would not be tolerated; for, no one can doubt but that there would result a dangerous rivalry, and but too successful competition. We have an admirable stage; plain but suitable scenery, a green-room, and property-man below; complete dresses, appointments, and decorations, and above all charge nothing at the doors. In the library we have the most amusing pieces already written, and, should we open by next Christmas, can promise a most diverting comico-tragico-farlico-melodramatico pantomime, called Harlequin John Doe; or, the Adventures of Fi-fa, and the Beautiful Princess Whiteacre. We would have dazzling "acts" in plenty, and the last scene should be a superb "set piece," a glorified sun revolving in the centre, and the statute of frauds rising slowly from the sea.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 89.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN I reached home, my sister was very curious to know all about Miss Havisham's, and asked a number of questions. And I soon found myself getting heavily bumped from behind in the nape of the neck and the small of the back, and having my face ignominiously shoved against the kitchen wall, because I did not answer those questions at sufficient length.

If a dread of not being understood be hidden in the breasts of other young people to anything like the extent to which it used to be hidden in mine—which I consider probable, as I have no particular reason to suspect myself of having been a monstrosity—it is the key to many reservations. I felt convinced that if I described Miss Havisham's as my eyes had seen it, I should not be understood. Not only that, but I felt convinced that Miss Havisham too would not be understood; and although she was perfectly incomprehensible to me, I entertained an impression that there would be something coarse and treacherous in my dragging her as she really was (to say nothing of Miss Estella) before the contemplation of Mrs. Joe. Consequently, I said as little as I could, and had my face shoved against the kitchen wall.

The worst of it was that that bullying old Pumblechook, preyed upon by a devouring curiosity to be informed of all I had seen and heard, came gaping over in his chaise-cart at tea time, to have the details divulged to him. And the mere sight of the torment, with his fishy eyes and mouth open, his sandy hair inquisitively on end and his waistcoat heaving with windy arithmetic, made me vicious in my reticence.

"Well, boy," Uncle Pumblechook began, as soon as he was seated in the chair of honour by the fire. "How did you get on up town?"

I answered "Pretty well, sir," and my sister shook her fist at me.

"Pretty well?" Mr. Pumblechook repeated. "Pretty well is no answer. Tell us what you mean by pretty well, boy?"

Whitewash on the forehead hardens the brain into a state of obstinacy perhaps. Anyhow, with whitewash from the wall on my forehead, my obstinacy was adamantine. I reflected for

some time, and then answered as if I had discovered a new idea, "I mean pretty well."

My sister with an exclamation of impatience was going to fly at me—I had no shadow of defence, for Joe was busy in the forge—when Mr. Pumblechook interposed with "No! Don't lose your temper. Leave this lad to me, ma'am; leave this lad to me." Mr. Pumblechook then turned me towards him, as if he were going to cut my hair, and said:

"First (to get our thoughts in order): Forty-three pence?"

I calculated the consequences of replying "Four Hundred Pound," and, finding them against me, went as near the answer as I could—which was somewhere about eightpence off. Mr. Pumblechook then put me through my pence-table from "twelve pence make one shilling," up to "forty pence make three and four pence," and then triumphantly demanded, as if he had done for me, "Now! How much is forty-three pence?" To which I replied, after a long interval of reflection, "I don't know." And I was so aggravated that I almost doubt if I did know.

Mr. Pumblechook worked his head like a screw to screw it out of me, and said, "Is forty-three pence seven and sixpence three fardens, for instance?"

"Yes!" said I. And although my sister instantly boxed my ears, it was highly gratifying to me to see that the answer spoilt his joke, and brought him to a dead stop.

"Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?" Mr. Pumblechook began again when he had recovered; folding his arms tight on his chest and applying the screw.

"Very tall and dark," I told him.

"Is she, uncle?" asked my sister.

Mr. Pumblechook winked assent; from which I at once inferred that he had never seen Miss Havisham, for she was nothing of the kind.

"Good!" said Mr. Pumblechook, conceitedly. ("This is the way to have him! We are beginning to hold our own, I think, Mum?")

"I am sure, uncle," returned Mrs. Joe, "I wish you had him always: you know so well how to deal with him."

"Now, boy! What was she a doing of, when you went in to-day?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"She was sitting," I answered, "in a black velvet coach."

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one

another—as they well might—and both repeated, “In a black velvet coach?”

“Yes,” said I. “And Miss Estella—that’s her niece, I think—handed her in cake and wine at the coach-window, on a gold plate. And we all had cake and wine on gold plates. And I got up behind the coach to eat mine, because she told me to.”

“Was anybody else there?” asked Mr. Pumblechook.

“Four dogs,” said I.

“Large or small?”

“Immense,” said I. “And they fought for veal cutlets out of a silver basket.”

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another again, in utter amazement. I was perfectly frantic—a reckless witness under the torture—and would have told them anything.

“Where *was* this coach, in the name of gracious?” asked my sister.

“In Miss Havisham’s room.” They stared again. “But there weren’t any horses to it.” I added this saving clause, in the moment of rejecting four richly caparisoned coursers which I had had wild thoughts of harnessing.

“Can this be possible, uncle?” asked Mrs. Joe. “What can the boy mean?”

“I’ll tell you, Mum,” said Mr. Pumblechook. “My opinion is, it’s a sedan-chair. She’s flighty, you know—very flighty—quite flighty enough to pass her days in a sedan-chair.”

“Did you ever see her in it, uncle?” asked Mrs. Joe.

“How could I?” he returned, forced to the admission, “when I never see her in my life? Never clapped eyes upon her!”

“Goodness, uncle! And yet you have spoken to her?”

“Why, don’t you know,” said Mr. Pumblechook, testily, “that when I have been there, I have been took up to the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoke to me that way. Don’t say you don’t know *that*, Mum. Howsoever, the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?”

“We played with flags,” I said. (I beg to observe that I think of myself with amazement, when I recal the lies I told on this occasion.)

“Flags!” echoed my sister.

“Yes,” said I. “Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach-window. And then we all waved our swords and hurrahed.”

“Swords!” repeated my sister. “Where did you get swords from?”

“Out of a cupboard,” said I. “And I saw pistols in it—and jam—and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles.”

“That’s true, Mum,” said Mr. Pumblechook, with a grave nod. “That’s the state of the case, for that much I’ve seen myself.” And then they both stared at me, and I with an obtrusive show of artlessness on my countenance, stared at them, and plaited the right leg of my trousers with my right hand.

If they had asked me any more questions I should undoubtedly have betrayed myself, for I was even then on the point of mentioning that there was a balloon in the yard, and should have hazarded the statement but for my invention being divided between that phenomenon and a bear in the brewery. They were so much occupied, however, in discussing the marvels I had already presented for their consideration, that I escaped. The subject still held them when Joe came in from his work to have a cup of tea. To whom my sister, more for the relief of her own mind than for the gratification of his, related my pretended experiences.

Now, when I saw Joe open his blue eyes and roll them all round the kitchen in helpless amazement, I was overtaken by penitence; but only as regarded him—not in the least as regarded the other two. Towards Joe, and Joe only, I considered myself a young monster, while they sat debating what results would come to me from Miss Havisham’s acquaintance and favour. They had no doubt that Miss Havisham would “do something” for me; their doubts related to the form that something would take. My sister stood out for “property.” Mr. Pumblechook was in favour of a handsome premium for binding me apprentice to some genteel trade—say, the corn and seed trade for instance. Joe fell into the deepest disgrace with both, for offering the bright suggestion that I might only be presented with one of the dogs who had fought for the veal-cutlets. “If a fool’s head can’t express better opinions than that,” said my sister, “and you have got any work to do, you had better go and do it.” So he went.

After Mr. Pumblechook had driven off, and when my sister was washing up, I stole into the forge to Joe, and remained by him until he had done for the night. Then I said, “Before the fire goes quite out, Joe, I should like to tell you something.”

“Should you, Pip?” said Joe, drawing his shoeing-stool near the forge. “Then tell us. What is it, Pip?”

“Joe,” said I, taking hold of his rolled-up shirt sleeve, and twisting it between my finger and thumb, “you remember all that about Miss Havisham’s?”

“Remember?” said Joe. “I believe you! Wonderful!”

“It’s a terrible thing, Joe; it ain’t true.”

“What are you telling of, Pip?” cried Joe, falling back in the greatest amazement. “You don’t mean to say it’s —”

“Yes I do; it’s lies, Joe.”

“But not all of it? Why sure you don’t mean to say, Pip, that there was no black velvet co—eh?” For, I stood shaking my head. “But at least there was dogs, Pip. Come, Pip,” said Joe, persuasively, “if there war’n’t no veal-cutlets, at least there was dogs?”

“No, Joe.”

“A dog?” said Joe. “A puppy? Come?”

“No, Joe, there was nothing at all of the kind.”

As I fixed my eyes hopelessly on Joe, Joe

contemplated me in dismay. "Pip, old chap! this won't do, old fellow! I say! Where do you expect to go to?"

"It's terrible, Joe; an't it?"

"Terrible?" cried Joe. "Awful! What possessed you?"

"I don't know what possessed me, Joe," I replied, letting his shirt sleeve go, and sitting down in the ashes at his feet, hanging my head; "but I wish you hadn't taught me to call Knaves at cards, Jacks; and I wish my boots weren't so thick nor my hands so coarse."

And then I told Joe that I felt very miserable, and that I hadn't been able to explain myself to Mrs. Joe and Pumblechook, who were so rude to me, and that there had been a beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's who was dreadfully proud, and that she had said I was common, and that I knew I was common, and that I wished I was not common, and that the lies had come of it somehow, though I didn't know how.

This was a case of metaphysics, at least as difficult for Joe to deal with, as for me. But Joe took the case altogether out of the region of metaphysics, and by that means vanquished it.

"There's one thing you may be sure of, Pip," said Joe, after some rumination, "namely, that lies is lies. Howsoever they come, they didn't ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same. Don't you tell no more of 'em, Pip. That ain't the way to get out of being common, old chap. And as to being common, I don't make it out at all clear. You are uncommon in some things. You're uncommon small. Likewise you're a uncommon scholar."

"No, I am ignorant and backward, Joe.

"Why, see what a letter you wrote last night. Wrote in print even! I've seen letters—Ah! and from gentlefolks!—that I'll swear weren't wrote in print," said Joe.

"I have learnt next to nothing, Joe. You think much of me. It's only that."

"Well, Pip," said Joe, "be it so or be it son't, you must be a common scholar afore you can be a uncommon one, I should hope! The king upon his throne, with his crown upon his ed, can't sit and write his acts of Parliament in print, without having begun, when he were a unpromoted Prince, with the alphabet—Ah!" added Joe, with a shake of the head that was full of meaning, "and begun at A too, and worked his way to Z. And I know what that is to do, though I can't say I've exactly done it."

There was some hope in this piece of wisdom, and it rather encouraged me.

"Whether common ones as to callings and earnings," pursued Joe, reflectively, "mightn't be the better of continuing for to keep company with common ones, instead of going out to play with uncommon ones—which reminds me to hope that there were a flag perhaps?"

"No, Joe."

"(I'm sorry there weren't a flag, Pip.) Whether that might be or mightn't be, is a thing as can't be looked into now, without putting your

sister on the Rampage; and that's a thing not to be thought of as being done intentional. Look here, Pip, at what is said to you by a true friend. Which this to you the true friend say. If you can't get to be uncommon through going straight, you'll never do it through going crooked. So don't tell no more on 'em, Pip, and live well and die happy."

"You are not angry with me, Joe?"

"No, old chap. But bearing in mind that them were which I meantersay of a stunning and outdacious sort—alluding to them which bordered on weal-outlets and dog-fighting—a sincere well-wisher would advise, Pip, their being dropped into your meditations when you go up-stairs to bed. That's all, old chap, and don't never do it no more."

When I got up to my little room and said my prayers, I did not forget Joe's recommendation, and yet my young mind was in that disturbed and unthankful state, that I thought long after I laid me down, how common Estella would consider Joe, a mere blacksmith: how thick his boots, and how coarse his hands. I thought how Joe and my sister were then sitting in the kitchen, and how I had come up to bed from the kitchen, and how Miss Havisham and Estella never sat in a kitchen, but were far above the level of such common doings. I fell asleep recalling what I "used to do" when I was at Miss Havisham's; as though I had been there weeks or months, instead of hours, and as though it were quite an old subject of remembrance, instead of one that had arisen only that day.

That was a memorable day to me, for it made great changes in me. But, it is the same with any life. Imagine one selected day struck out of it, and think how different its course would have been. Pause you who read this, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day.

CHAPTER X.

THE felicitous idea occurred to me a morning or two later when I woke, that the best step I could take towards making myself uncommon was to get out of Biddy everything she knew. In pursuance of this luminous conception I mentioned to Biddy when I went to Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's at night, that I had a particular reason for wishing to get on in life, and that I should feel very much obliged to her if she would impart all her learning to me. Biddy, who was the most obliging of girls, immediately said she would, and indeed began to carry out her promise within five minutes.

The Educational scheme or Course established by Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt may be resolved into the following synopsis. The pupils ate apples and put straws up one another's backs, until Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt collected her energies, and made an indiscriminate totter at them with a birch-rod. After receiving the charge with every mark of derision, the pupils formed in

line and buzzingly passed a ragged book from hand to hand. The book had an alphabet in it, some figures and tables, and a little spelling—that is to say, it had had once. As soon as this volume began to circulate, Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt fell into a state of coma; arising either from sleep or a rheumatic paroxysm. The pupils then entered among themselves upon a competitive examination on the subject of Boots, with the view of ascertaining who could tread the hardest upon whose toes. This mental exercise lasted until Biddy made a rush at them and distributed three defaced Bibles (shaped as if they had been unskilfully cut off the chump-end of something), more illegibly printed at the best than any curiosities of literature I have since met with, speckled all over with ironmould, and having various specimens of the insect world smashed between their leaves. This part of the Course was usually lightened by several single combats between Biddy and refractory students. When the fights were over, Biddy gave out the number of a page, and then we all read aloud what we could—or what we couldn't—in a frightful chorus; Biddy leading with a high shrill monotonous voice, and none of us having the least notion of, or reverence for, what we were reading about. When this horrible din had lasted a certain time, it mechanically awoke Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, who staggered at a boy fortuitously and pulled his ears. This was understood to terminate the Course for the evening, and we emerged into the air with shrieks of intellectual victory. It is fair to remark that there was no prohibition against any pupil's entertaining himself with a slate or even with the ink (when there was any), but that it was not easy to pursue that branch of study in the winter season, on account of the little general shop in which the classes were holden—and which was also Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's sitting-room and bed-chamber—being but faintly illuminated through the agency of one low-spirited dip-candle and no snuffers.

It appeared to me that it would take time, to become uncommon under these circumstances: nevertheless, I resolved to try it, and that very evening Biddy entered on our special agreement, by imparting some information from her little catalogue of Prices, under the head of moist sugar, and lending me, to copy at home, a large old English D which she had imitated from the heading of some newspaper, and which I supposed, until she told me what it was, to be a design for a buckle.

Of course there was a public-house in the village, and of course Joe liked sometimes to smoke his pipe there. I had received strict orders from my sister to call for him at the Three Jolly Bargemen, that evening, on my way from school, and bring him home at my peril. To the Three Jolly Bargemen, therefore, I directed my steps.

There was a bar at the Jolly Bargemen, with some alarmingly long chalk scores in it on the wall at the side of the door, which seemed to me

to be never paid off. They had been there ever since I could remember, and had grown more than I had. But there was a quantity of chalk about our country, and perhaps the people neglected no opportunity of turning it to account.

It being Saturday night, I found the landlord looking rather grimly at these records, but as my business was with Joe and not with him, I merely wished him good evening, and passed into the common room at the end of the passage, where there was a bright large kitchen fire, and where Joe was smoking his pipe in company with Mr. Wopsle and a stranger. Joe greeted me as usual with "Halloa, Pip, old chap!" and the moment he said that, the stranger turned his head and looked at me.

He was a secret-looking man whom I had never seen before. His head was all on one side, and one of his eyes was half shut up, as if he were taking aim at something with an invisible gun. He had a pipe in his mouth, and he took it out, and, after slowly blowing all his smoke away and looking hard at me all the time, nodded. So, I nodded, and then he nodded again, and made room on the settle beside him that I might sit down there.

But, as I was used to sit beside Joe whenever I entered that place of resort, I said "No, thank you, sir," and fell into the space Joe made for me on the opposite settle. The strange man, after glancing at Joe, and seeing that his attention was otherwise engaged, nodded to me again when I had taken my seat, and then rubbed his leg—in a very odd way, as it struck me.

"You was saying," said the strange man, turning to Joe, "that you was a blacksmith."

"Yes. I said it, you know," said Joe.

"What'll you drink, Mr. —? You didn't mention your name, by-the-by."

Joe mentioned it now, and the strange man called him by it. "What'll you drink, Mr. Gargery? At my expense? To top up with?"

"Well," said Joe, "to tell you the truth, I ain't much in the habit of drinking at anybody's expense but my own."

"Habit? No," returned the stranger, "but once and away, and on a Saturday night too. Come! Put a name to it, Mr. Gargery."

"I wouldn't wish to be stiff company," said Joe. "Rum."

"Rum," repeated the stranger. "And will the other gentleman originate a sentiment?"

"Rum," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Three Rums!" cried the stranger, calling to the landlord. "Glasses round!"

"This other gentleman," observed Joe, by way of introducing Mr. Wopsle, "is a gentleman that you would like to hear give it out. Our clerk at church."

"Aha!" said the stranger, quickly, and cocking his eye at me. "The lonely church, right out on the marshes, with the graves round it!"

"That's it," said Joe.

The stranger, with a comfortable kind of grunt over his pipe, put his legs up on the

settle that he had to himself. He wore a flapping broad-brimmed traveller's hat, and under it a handkerchief tied over his head in the manner of a cap: so that he showed no hair. As he looked at the fire, I thought I saw a cunning expression, followed by a half laugh, come into his face.

"I am not acquainted with this country, gentlemen, but it seems a solitary country towards the river."

"Most marshes is solitary," said Joe.

"No doubt, no doubt. Do you find any gipsies, now, or tramps, or vagrants of any sort out there?"

"No," said Joe; "none but a runaway convict now and then. And we don't find *them*, easy. Eh, Mr. Wopsle?"

Mr. Wopsle, with a majestic remembrance of old discomfiture, assented; but not warmly.

"Seems you have been out after such?" asked the stranger.

"Once," returned Joe. "Not that we wanted to take them, you understand; we went out as lookers-on; me, and Mr. Wopsle, and Pip. Didn't us, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

The stranger looked at me again—still cocking his eye, as if he were expressly taking aim at me with his invisible gun—and said, "He's a likely young parcel of bones that. What is it you call him?"

"Pip," said Joe.

"Christened Pip?"

"No, not christened Pip."

"Surname Pip?"

"No," said Joe, "it's a kind of a family name what he gave himself when a infant, and is called by."

"Son of yours?"

"Well," said Joe, meditatively—not, of course, that it could be in any wise necessary to consider about it, but because it was the way at the Jolly Bargemen to seem to consider deeply about everything that was discussed over pipes; "well—no. No, he ain't."

"Nevvy?" said the strange man.

"Well," said Joe, with the same appearance of profound cogitation, "he is not—no, not to deceive you he is *not*—my nevvy."

"What the Blue Blazes is he?" asked the stranger. Which appeared to me to be an inquiry of unnecessary strength.

Mr. Wopsle struck in upon that; as one who knew all about relationships, having professional occasion to bear in mind what female relations a man might not marry; and expounded the ties between me and Joe. Having his hand in, Mr. Wopsle finished off with a most terrifically snarling passage from Richard the Third, and seemed to think he had done quite enough to account for it when he added "—as the poet says."

And here I may remark that when Mr. Wopsle referred to me, he considered it a necessary part of such reference to rumple my hair and poke it into my eyes. I cannot conceive why everybody of his standing who visited

at our house should always have put me through the same inflammatory process under similar circumstances. Yet I do not call to mind that I was ever in my earlier youth the subject of remark in our social family circle, but some large-handed person took some such opthalmic steps to patronise me.

All this while the strange man looked at nobody but me, and looked at me as if he were determined to have a shot at me at last, and bring me down. But he said nothing after offering his Blue Blazes observation until the glasses of rum-and-water were brought; and then he made his shot, and a most extraordinary one it was.

It was not a verbal remark, but a proceeding in dumb-show, and was pointedly addressed to me. He stirred his rum-and-water pointedly at me, and he tasted his rum-and-water pointedly at me. And he stirred it and he tasted it: not with a spoon that was brought to him, but *with a file*.

He did this so that nobody but I saw the file; and when he had done it he wiped the file and put it in a breast-pocket. I knew it to be Joe's file, and I knew that he knew my convict the moment I saw the instrument. I sat gazing at him, spell-bound. But he now reclined on his settle, taking very little notice of me, and talking principally about turnips.

There was a delicious sense of cleaning-up and making a quiet pause before going on in life afresh, in our village on Saturday nights, which stimulated Joe to dare to stay out half an hour longer on Saturdays than at other times. The half-hour and the rum-and-water running out together, Joe got up to go, and took me by the hand.

"Stop half a moment, Mr. Gargery," said the strange man. "I think I've got a bright new shilling somewhere in my pocket, and if I have the boy shall have it."

He looked it out from a handful of small change, folded it in some crumpled paper, and gave it to me. "Yours!" said he. "Mind! Your own."

I thanked him, staring at him far beyond the bounds of good manners, and holding tight to Joe. He gave Joe good-night, and he gave Mr. Wopsle good-night (who went out with us), and he gave me only a look with his aiming eye—no, not a look, for he shut it up, but wonders may be done with an eye by hiding it.

On the way home, if I had been in a humour for talking, the talk must have been all on my side, for Mr. Wopsle parted from us at the door of the Jolly Bargemen, and Joe went all the way home with his mouth wide open, to rinse the rum out with as much air as possible. But I was in a manner stupified by this turning up of my old misdeed and old acquaintance, and could think of nothing else.

My sister was not in a very bad temper when we presented ourselves in the kitchen, and Joe was encouraged by that unusual circumstance to tell her about the bright shilling. "A bad un, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Joe, triumphantly,

"or he wouldn't have given it to the boy! Let's look at it."

I took it out of the paper, and it proved to be a good one. "But what's this?" said Mrs. Joe, throwing down the shilling and catching up the paper. "Two One-Pound notes?"

Nothing less than two fat sweltering one-pound notes that seemed to have been on terms of the warmest intimacy with all the cattle markets in the county. Joe caught up his hat again, and ran with them to the Jolly Bargemen to restore them to their owner. While he was gone, I sat down on my usual stool and looked vacantly at my sister: feeling pretty sure that the man would not be there.

Presently, Joe came back, saying that the man was gone, but that he, Joe, had left word at the Three Jolly Bargemen concerning the notes. Then my sister sealed them up in a piece of paper, and put them under some dried rose-leaves in an ornamental teapot on the top of a press in the state parlour. There, they remained, a nightmare to me, many and many a night and day.

I had sadly broken sleep when I got to bed, through thinking of the strange man taking aim at me with his invisible gun, and of the guiltily coarse and common thing it was, to be on secret terms of conspiracy with convicts—a feature in my low career that I had previously forgotten. I was haunted by the file too. A dread possessed me that when I least expected it, the file would reappear. I coaxed myself to sleep by thinking of Miss Havisham's, next Wednesday; and in my sleep I saw the file coming at me out of a door without seeing who held it, and I screamed myself awake.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

"THEY that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters," says the Psalmist, "these men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

Three-fifths of the earth are covered deeply with water, the depths varying from a few fathoms to six or seven miles, or even more. According to some recent calculations made by observing the rate of motion of the tide wave (which varies with the depth), the average is about fifteen thousand feet in the Atlantic, and twenty thousand feet in the Pacific. This vast body of water is almost everywhere, and in all circumstances, similar in the nature of its contents. It possesses, also, a less variable temperature than the air or earth; for the natural heat of the sea rarely or never exceeds 87° Fahrenheit in the hottest part of the tropics, and it is not often below the freezing point even in very high latitudes. Its colour, ascertained in some marine caves, where all the light that enters has passed through water and is reflected from a white bottom, is of the purest azure blue, proving that it transmits light, thus coloured, absorbing an excess of the other tints. When clear and exposed to strong light, it is transparent to a marvellous extent. At twenty-five fathoms (one hundred and fifty

feet) corals can frequently be seen at the bottom very distinctly, and the form of objects of various kinds has been recognised at more than double that depth in the West Indian seas. Submarine landscapes are thus not unknown, and have been described with glowing enthusiasm by various travellers.

When the great ocean is disturbed it forms surface waves, which are sometimes of great magnitude. In a gale, such waves have been more than once measured, and it is found that their extreme height from the top to the deepest depression of large storm waves, has been nearly fifty feet; their length being from four to six hundred yards, and their rate of motion through the water about half a mile a minute. Such waves, breaking over an obstacle of any kind, or mingling strangely with the clouded atmosphere raging above, are the wildest, grandest, and most terrible phenomena of nature. When they approach land, they break up into much smaller bodies of water, but these are often lifted by shoals and obstructed by rocks till they are thrown up in masses of many tons to a height of more than a hundred feet. The tidal wave is another phenomenon of water motion of a somewhat different kind, producing an alternate rise and fall of the water over all parts of the ocean every twelve hours.

In addition to the true waves there are also many definite streams or currents of water conveying large portions of the sea from one latitude to another, modifying the temperature of the adjacent land, and producing a mixture of the waters at the surface or at some depth which cannot but be extremely conducive to the general benefit of all living beings. Storm tides, or those waves which occasionally rush without any pause along narrow and confined seas or up funnel-shaped inlets, have occasionally proved disastrous to a fearful extent. Thus it is recorded that upwards of one hundred thousand persons perished in the year 1232, and again in 1242, in this way, numerous complete villages and towns being washed away by a wave advancing from the North Sea over the low lands of Holland. Between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the ordinary spring tide often rises to a height of a hundred feet, sweeping away the cattle feeding on the shore.

Fearful storms and hurricanes, recently called cyclones, torment the waters of the ocean, lashing them into foam, and tearing over the surface in wild spiral curves which nothing can resist. The events of the last eighteen months have, unfortunately, rendered these storms but too familiar on all our shores; but they have also induced observations and investigations as to their proximate causes and prognostications, which bid fair to enable us some day to evade their worst consequences.

Vast blocks of ice, deeply buried in the water, float for thousands of miles through the ocean, after being detached, loaded with mud and stones, from Arctic and Antarctic land. Rocks from Greenland are thus brought into the middle of the Atlantic, and these become mixed with

other rocks brought down by other drifts from very distant localities. Floating masses of ice greatly influence the climates both of Europe and America, and while in some respects the grandest are occasionally the most destructive monsters of the deep.

The inhabitants of the sea are varied and multiplied to an extent often little appreciated. All classes of animals there find representatives, and some are almost or entirely confined to water as the element in which they live and breathe. Of the mammals, or sucking animals, —the quadrupeds of every-day life—there are numerous examples, not less remarkable for their vast proportions than for their usefulness to man. The whales of all kinds haunt the open ocean, some of them being the largest animals in creation. The common whalebone whale, sixty feet long, and whose head alone measures twenty feet in length, weighs not less than seventy tons when in condition. This animal is unable to take within its capacious jaws any substance except the most minute and soft animal matter, and feeds on food apparently quite inadequate to sustain such gigantic life. Other whales are still larger and yet more strangely proportioned, and are supplied with different food, generally, however, cuttle-fish and other small animals. All kinds are capable of extremely rapid motion through the water, and, strange as they may seem, are admirably adapted to the element they inhabit. The pursuit of the whale, for the sake of its oil, is one of the most exciting of all fisheries, and is not unfrequently accompanied by great danger to those concerned. It is, however, a trade carried on by a large number of hardy navigators both European and American, and the search after new whale grounds has resulted occasionally in important geographical discoveries.

Other large and cumbersome animals, suckling their young and provided with at least the rudiments of arms and legs, though externally fish-like, are often met with in high latitudes, and occasionally characterise even tropical seas. Some of these, such as the seal and walrus, are quite distinct from the whales, while others approach the latter far more nearly in their structure. The dugong and the manatee are of this kind, and from their occasional habit of swimming with their calf-like heads out of the water, they have given rise to a large class of fables of fabulous animals of which the mermaid and perhaps the great sea-serpent may serve as illustrations. The larger seals, as well as these sea-cows (as the manatee is called), yield much valuable oil, and are killed off very rapidly for this purpose. More than three millions of seals are reported to have been taken on one group of islands in Behring Sea in the fifty years terminating in 1833, while nearly three-quarters of a million of seal-skins were wilfully destroyed by the Russian Fur Company in 1803 for the purpose of preventing a glut in the market. The walrus is a fiercer animal than the seal, and not unfrequently attacks its human enemies, but it generally falls. The white or polar bear

and the sea otter may also be regarded as marine animals, since they live almost entirely on or under the ice, where they obtain their food, rarely approaching land.

The birds that belong to the sea are very curious, and their numbers beyond all calculation. "Every naked rock or surf-beaten cliff that rises over the immeasurable deserts of ocean, is the refuge of myriads of sea-birds; every coast from the poles to the equator is covered with their legions, and far from the land their swarms hover over the solitudes of the deep."

The penguins are, perhaps, of all others the birds that most widely depart from the ordinary type of their class. Their wings are adapted exclusively for motion in water, and they swim with such rapidity and perseverance, with the head alone out of water, that they frequently overtake fishes in fair pursuit. They live in the sea, and have been met with a thousand miles from the nearest known land. The larger birds of this kind sometimes weigh as much as eighty pounds, and in their stomachs have been found ten pounds' weight of pebbles and large stones, swallowed, no doubt, to assist the gizzard to pound up the food submitted to its action.

The frigate-bird, the petrel, and the albatross, seem to range through the air over the whole extent of ocean from coast to coast of the Atlantic and Pacific. The pelican also, and the cormorant, are far more nearly dependent on water than land, and strictly belong to our present subject. They are all birds of powerful and rapid flight, feeding on fishes, and rarely seen far inland, though often stretching to great distances across wide expanses of sea. Thanks to them we have those accumulated masses of guano which help to fertilise our lands. Some idea of the extent of these masses may be obtained when it is stated that, on the island of Iquique alone, upwards of six millions of cubic feet of guano have been removed within the last thirty years, while in the year 1854, not less than half a million of tons were exported from the Chincha Islands.

Although there is no reliable evidence of the existence in the ocean of a gigantic reptile resembling a serpent, there are undeniable sea-snakes, poisonous, but of no large dimensions. Lizards also, three or four feet long, and inoffensive, are met with in the Pacific, and turtles of large size are common throughout the warmer seas, being occasionally drifted into cool latitudes. Green turtles from the West Indies, nearly half a ton in weight, and six feet long, have even been taken on our own shores. These animals live entirely at sea, only visiting warm shoals for the purpose of laying their eggs, which are hatched in the sun.

Reptiles were not always rare animals in the ocean, for we have in many rocks throughout Europe, abundant evidence of the former presence of gigantic marine animals of this class, rivalling in size and exceeding in voracity the largest existing inhabitants of the deep.

We are apt to look upon fishes as the only fit tenants of the water, and doubtless they are in

some respects the most characteristic of all, the strangest in form, and the most distinctly adapted to such a medium. Although, indeed, we find marine quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles, these involve exceptional modifications of the structure of animals which usually breathe air and move on land or through the atmosphere, while, on the other hand, it is a rare exception to find fishes capable of existing for more than a short time out of water; notwithstanding the flying-fish and the Pegasus that haunt the air, the perch that climbs trees, the frog-fish that can crawl about a room, the hassar that travels a whole night from one pool to another, or the goby that burrows deeply into clay.

Fishes breathe by means of the air contained in water, and are suffocated if their gills or breathing apparatus become dry. They move not only by fins and tail-contrivances of the nature of flexible oars well adapted to beat the water, but also by means of the wonderful flexibility of their bodies, which glide and slip through the water with perfect ease. Living in a medium of nearly the same specific gravity as themselves, they have scarcely any weight to support, and float at any depth without effort. Some, indeed, are usually limited to certain depths, but this seems rather for the sake of food than for any other reason.

They progress with a rapidity impossible to other animals whose density is so much greater than the medium they move through, as to require constant muscular effort to advance at all; and, thus we find that when a ship is sailing or steaming at its swiftest speed, fishes will quietly, and without apparent effort, swim round and round the ship as if she were at rest, and continue to accompany her from day to day for hundreds of miles. No words can do justice to the bright colours, the quaint and droll or ugly forms, or the singular appendages, of fishes.

The Ray of warm seas, with its broad flat angular body, twelve or fifteen feet wide, terminated by a tail five feet long armed with a sharp arrow point conveying poison to the wound it makes, is as unsightly and disagreeable an animal as can well be imagined, while the little sea-horse of the Mediterranean is in the highest degree picturesque, resembling the mediæval figures of a flying dragon. The globe-fish and porcupine-fish are bladders stuck all over with spines; the sun-fish resembles the head and shoulders of a larger animal cut off shortly and abruptly by some accident; the sea-wolf attains a length of six or eight feet, and has a formidable apparatus of teeth, compared with which even the alligator or the shark seems powerless; the sword-fish and saw-fish are provided with weapons capable of piercing and being completely buried in the keel of a ship; and a curious fish called the angler, or sea-devil, catches its food by means of a natural line, consisting of two slender appendages to the head, slightly flattened and broadened at the extremity, which, by their colour, attract the unwary prey while the owner is buried in mud or sand.

The sea is highly important as a never-failing

source of food to the human race; but few facts in the history of our race are more extraordinary than the prejudice which permits enormous quantities of this valuable food to be wasted and neglected where it is most plentiful. The lower classes in Ireland would, in many cases, rather starve than eat the fish with which their shores abound; and elsewhere the feeling with regard to particular kinds of fish is often so strong that no motive or hard necessity is sufficient to induce a hungry population to try the experiment of converting them into food.

But there are (as we all know) some kinds generally accepted, and of these the consumption is almost inconceivable. In shoals miles in length, and so thickly congregated that there is no room for a boat, the common herring rushes annually to the north-western coast of Europe, filling all the locks, fiords, and inlets from Norway to Normandy. More than half a million fish have been taken in one night by a single boat. Upwards of two hundred millions of fish have been exported in one year from one port in Sweden, and about four hundred sloops are employed in the herring trade at Yarmouth, three of which alone, belonging to the same proprietor, landed, in the year 1857, nearly four millions of fishes. Nor is the herring the only animal thus abundantly supplied; instances are on record of twenty-five millions of pilchards having been taken on shore in one port in a single day. Even of cod, a much larger fish, the quantity taken each season cannot average less than two hundred and fifty millions; and other fish, as the mackerel, the salmon, and the tunny, rank among the principal food at certain seasons of the year, of large populations of several European countries.

Nature has amply provided for this vast consumption and destruction of full grown fishes. The cod annually produces more than nine millions of eggs, and the sturgeon more than seven millions; while flat fish, mackerels, and herrings, all multiply by millions to maintain their kinds against their numerous enemies. There is no fear of the supply of fish failing out of the ocean, but almost all kinds, especially those which come in large multitudes at fixed seasons, are subject to occasional and apparently capricious wanderings. The varieties of temperature during different seasons, may, in some measure, account for this, but not entirely; and the open water habits of the animals require more study than has hitherto been devoted to them to enable us to determine many points in their natural history.

Fishes are chiefly obtained from near shore or in shallow water, but there is no reason to doubt that they occasionally occupy considerable depths. The crustaceans also—the crabs and lobsters, the shrimps and prawns and cray-fish—are met with either exclusively in the neighbourhood of land or in some of those great masses of seaweed that float in open water in the mid-Atlantic. Crustaceans are very curious animals. Commencing life with a head preposterously large in proportion to its size, the young crab emerges from the egg with a long forked tail but no body, and

occupies its time in turning head over heels till it casts its first covering and alters its proportions. The true and recognisable crab does not, however, even then appear: this singular form being at last elaborated after a series of changes and transformations which can only be likened to those of a pantomime. Of the crabs, some occupy their own mansions, which they leave periodically as their substance increases and requires larger accommodation: while others, not constructing houses for themselves, occupy shells which they seize for the occasion, and which would seem suitable enough if one may judge from the tenacity with which the tenant retains possession.

The lobster, the prawn, and the shrimp, are less varied in their habits. They all change their shells from time to time as they grow too large for them, and, during the period of change, conceal themselves in holes and mud.

The little complicated shells which, under the name of barnacles, adhere to ships' bottoms, or which, under the title of balanus, are found on every rock and on many shells by the sea-side, are also crustaceans. Many others exist, adding to the list of marine animals, and each is important in its own sphere.

Of annelids or worms, a few are strictly marine, and among these are some that are the most curious and most highly-coloured as well as the most puzzling of the creatures inhabiting salt water. The sea-mouse is one of them; the serpula, its tufted head projecting from a stony tube, is another; some, again, assume, for defence, particles of sand, shell, or stone: while others are able to pierce stone, and eat into almost any substance they come in contact with.

Of all annelids, none is, at the present time, more interesting than the unknown inhabitant of a little tube recently brought up from the sea bottom, beneath some two miles of water. At this vast depth, are living animals to be found, and among them are representatives of those who penetrate all organic substances in search of food. Let our telegraph companies tremble and endeavour to take precautions in time; for their wires, buried at the bottom of the sea, are pursued in mid-ocean by relentless foes bent on destruction.

Soft animals, often defended by shells, abound in the ocean, and form an important class of its inhabitants. The cuttle-fish is the emperor of such molluscs, and is represented in all seas by some worthy cousin. The cuttle-fish, or squid, of our own shores, ranges under various representative forms both in the Atlantic and Pacific, but there is one variety covered and protected by a chambered shell, the nautilus, which is confined to the southern seas. Few animals inhabiting the ocean are better adapted for attack or defence than these. They are often of large size; they have powerful jaws and beaks; very long arms, on which are suckers of a peculiar kind, holding fast to any object they touch, and many of them have a provision of dark

fluid which they eject into the water when they desire to obscure it, either to escape from enemies, or conceal themselves from their prey. Amongst the most unsightly, these animals are also the most highly organised and the most powerful of their class, and though only used locally, they are well adapted for human food. They are the last representatives of a group formerly much more important in the seas than they now are. The Ammonites fossil shells, familiar enough to most collectors, are the remains of extinct genera very closely allied to the nautilus, and they seem, at former times, to have played a very active part in the ocean.

Innumerable multitudes of naked soft animals, extremely varied in size and shape, brilliant in colour and of very peculiar habits, all belonging to the class mollusca, inhabit the ocean at various depths, and form a large part of the food of many important tribes of fishes. Nothing can be conceived more delicate and beautiful than some of them, no limit can be expressed in figures to their numbers, and they show a series of transitions from animals totally undefended, to others, such as the oyster, closely protected in a solid stone construction. The shells with which these creatures are fortified, are again as strangely varied and as singular as any productions of nature. Look at the spider shell, the cone, the cowry, the winkle-trap, the top-shell, the harp-shell, the Venus-shell, the clam, and a thousand others; watch them as the animal comes out from its coat of mail or puts forth its feelers in search of news and food. Examine the oyster in search of the pearl, follow the indication of the ship-worm or stone-piercer from the bored surface of the wood or stone, dredge for the shell containing the imperial purple dye, and endeavour to learn something of the rich treasures of the sea in this wonderful department. Be assured that the treasury is not easily exhausted. It will last your time and mine, and yield abundance of wealth "so long as the moon endureth."

There are some very curious shells found of late years in almost all seas, and distinguished from the ordinary kinds as much by a peculiar texture of the shell itself, as by an arrangement of the gills in the animal. The Terebratula is one of these, and it, like the cuttle-fish, is as interesting in reference to former time as to present existences. Terebratuliform shells and nautilus-like shells, in fact, are among the earliest records of creation in the various rocks containing fossils, and their remains are especially abundant in the oldest rocks. Modern species are found in our own seas generally at some depth.

Very minute compound animals, at one time regarded as polyps, but now referred to mollusca, are sufficiently common among the seaweeds on all shores, and float in open water, being not unfrequently phosphorescent. They glide sometimes through the sea in long chains of united animals, and they are exceedingly remarkable as illustrations of a method of suc-

cession not otherwise observable. A Salpa, as one of them is called, bears a marked resemblance to its parent or offspring two generations off, but never bears any resemblance to its own immediate parent or young. This singular and puzzling but well ascertained condition, extends to many animals, chiefly of low organisation.

Star-fishes, sea-urchins, and such-like creatures, are essentially marine. They owe their name to their divergent rays, covered often with spines and suckers, and they are exceedingly remarkable for their habits as well as their form. Such animals have lived during all time, and present many curious varieties of structure. Some are provided with stony plates fitting together and forming a defence; in ancient times these stony creatures were wonderfully varied and very common. The lily-stars, as some of them are called, are now nearly extinct.

There is a kind of snake-like star-fish very widely extended, and not very uncommon in our own seas, in which the long rays diverge from a compact centre, and twine themselves round any object with which they come in contact. Can the reader imagine the astonishment and delight of Dr. Wallick, the naturalist on board H.M.S. Bulldog, recently employed in sounding the ocean from Greenland to Labrador, when he saw clinging on "like grim death" to the lower extremity of a line that was being drawn up from an Atlantic depth of some fifteen hundred fathoms, an Ophiocoma, or brittle-star of this kind, living still after the removal of the enormous pressure of water under which it had hitherto existed, and retaining the arms which in ordinary cases it throws off with singular facility when alarmed!

This, and a number of companion specimens brought up at the same time with the mud from the bottom, were of no microscopic size, each of the arms being between two and three inches long.

Thus, it is certain that these vast depths are not untenanted, and that the presumed impossibility of animals living without light and air at depths so enormous that the mere pressure of the water is equivalent to upwards of two tons on every square inch of surface, is another of those assumptions that we are all too ready to make, and another proof that what is quite contrary to our experience and utterly opposed to any analogies we can draw, may still exist and belong to the usual order of nature. Many of these little star-fishes having been brought home, they remain to be their own witnesses, and they differ so little in appearance from some common kinds, that an ordinary observer would pass them by, little aware of the fact of their having lived under circumstances, to us so utterly inconceivable.

A singular class of marine animals have recently attracted much attention, and are now to be met with in most drawing-rooms. Some of these, indeed (the *Acalephæ*, or sea-nettles), inhabit the open ocean, and, being of large size, are not imprisoned in our marine vivaria; but

others (true polyps) are among the chief ornaments of those interesting contrivances. The *Medusæ*, or jelly-fish, are sometimes two or three feet across, or even more, and when removed from the water, look like huge masses of nearly transparent mucus which, if left alone, soon evaporates, hardly leaving behind a few grains of solid matter. Others are far smaller and exquisitely beautiful; others again sting like nettles; and many of them are concerned in producing that marvellously beautiful phosphorescence of the sea, which occasionally ranges for vast distances. These animals serve to feed the whales as well as to light up the ocean, and in their young state they form exquisite little groups of individuals of the most fantastic shapes, formerly supposed to be polyps.

The sea anemones and polyps generally consist of a cylindrical cavity opening above in a wide mouth, round which are arranged numerous feelers which the animal extends in search of food. Some of them secrete no hard stony matter, but others form those constructions known in all seas to a greater or less extent, and recognised as corals. Their variety is endless, and the mass of solid matter thus accumulated almost beyond belief. Separated incessantly from sea-water, which reabsorbs it again as readily from every limestone rock with which it comes in contact, the mass of calcareous matter enclosed by these singular animals is constantly receiving additions, and, being little subject to change, remains from one generation to another accumulating into masses which form a sensible proportion of the earth's superficial crust. Since, however, the animals constructing the large masses of coral which form islands in the Pacific Ocean can only continue their labours within moderate limits of depth, it would follow that the mass of limestone is only a superficial plate, were it not that in many cases the districts thus built upon are, for some reason, constantly descending below the level of the sea, while some other tracts of land and sea-bottom are known to rise and swell slowly upwards. The descending land, when occupied by the coral animal, is constantly supplied with additions near the surface, and thus forms a vast perpendicular wall to the depth of hundreds of fathoms.

The beautiful red coral of the Mediterranean, fished up from moderate depths every year, is not of this kind. Like the other branching varieties, it does not form compact masses.

There yet remains one, and that not an unimportant group of animals, that may fitly take rank as contributing to the wonders of the sea—the constructors of minute, many-chambered shells. Such animals are mere lumps of jelly, capable of extending themselves in all directions, and capable also of forming shelly coverings singularly elegant and complicated, but so small that their shape can only be recognised under a powerful microscope. Multitudes of individuals, however, combine to produce even a single shell, and thus the individual

animals are almost infinitesimal. Will it be believed that such animals are spread over thousands of square miles of ocean, that they occur both at the surface and at depths the most considerable that have yet been reached, and that their remains compose ninety per cent. of the mud that forms the sea-bottom at those depths? The stomachs of the brittle-stars brought up in mid-Atlantic in a living state through nearly two miles of water, were found to contain half-digested food of this kind; and although it may never be possible to obtain the creatures themselves alive from such depths, the fact of their living there is now clearly proved. That they have long inhabited those cold silent recesses, is also evident, since the whole bottom of the Atlantic seems strewed thickly with a fine mud entirely made up of their remains, associated only with a few transported stones and a rare sprinkling of sponge spicules and flinty cases of the simplest vegetable cells.

It remains only to treat of these sponges and of the vegetation belonging to the sea. The sponges are very widely spread, and each consists of a curious network clothed with soft gelatinous matter. At frequent intervals are open spaces through which water is made to pass, and in this way food is brought. It is not a little curious to watch these lowest forms of life, in the water, where their brilliant colours are as remarkable as the shapelessness of the masses they present. Such opportunities are now not rare, as the animals can be kept in vivaria prepared for the drawing-room.

Not so easily can the wealth of marine vegetation be observed. From the crimson spots on the otherwise unsullied snow of the Arctic seas to the vast serpent-like seaweeds eight hundred feet long floating in the open ocean, there is a never-ending variety of plants abounding with points of interest, appealing to the eye for admiration and wonder, but requiring the skill and experience of the accomplished naturalist to explain and understand. Some of the most important of these seaweeds float permanently on the surface of the water, growing there and limited to certain latitudes quite as completely as the marine animals; but others are from time to time detached from the rocks to which they are usually attached, and drift away to new and distant lands. With them, proceed whole colonies of fishes, crustaceans, molluscs, annelids, and other animals, which are thus often conveyed in the most unexpected manner from one point to another. So extensive are the floating masses, that the small ships that first crossed the Atlantic to America were seriously impeded by them, and even now they sometimes interfere with the paddle-wheel or the screw of the ocean steamer. It is chiefly in the vortex, or central part of the great Gulf stream, that these accumulations take place, and there they seem to be permanent.

Elsewhere the vegetation of the sea is chiefly seen near land; and is there as remarkable for variety and beauty as the "flora" of the adjacent land itself.

While these larger and more highly organised vegetable forms are widely spread and easily recognised, there is not unfrequently to be recognised a dull filmy appearance—or brown stain—on the water, which being examined is found to consist of inconceivably small groups of cells which multiply with a marvellous rapidity, and of which each one obtains from sea water minute particles of flint, which are deposited in plates covered with lines and marked with the most elegant patterns. While the cells themselves, being simple vegetable productions, decay almost as rapidly as they form, the atoms of flint within which each is enclosed, are permanent, and sink down in time to the bottom of the sea. To such an extent do these multiply, that in the South Pacific Ocean there is one heap which covers a space four hundred miles long and one hundred and twenty miles broad: the thickness being great and rapidly increasing. Elsewhere similar rapid accumulations are being made by means apparently not less inadequate.

FOREST VOICES.

I HEARD a murmuring song
Breathed o'er my spirit as the day grew dim,
I heard the forest voices wild and strong
Chant forth their autumn hymn.

I heard it when at night
All nature else was wrapt in solemn calm,
And then my heart-strings quivered, as they might
Beneath a funeral psalm.

The summer months are past,
With all their fragrance, and their flowery sheen,
Their gorgeous colours—all too fair to last,—
And our bright robe of green.

Beneath our pleasant shade
What crowds of happy forms roamed light and gay,
But now the leaves, which then cool shadows made,
Have passed like them away.

The autumn came, and spread
A gold and purple covering o'er our leaves,
Rich as those evening beams that, softly shed,
The western sky receives.

The stormy changeful breath
Of autumn winds rushed past with hollow sweep,
And all those tender leaves in hurried death
'Neath our bare branches sleep.

And now, so sad and lone,
When the red sun sinks down the glowing west,
Through the cold night for those dead leaves we moan,
And sob ourselves to rest.

Alas! no sheltering roof
Receives them; like the sheaves of yellow grain,
The wind that often whirls them high aloof
Brings them to earth again.

All mingled, there they lie,
Those heaps of skeleton-like leaves, below;
But winter has prepared for all that die
A shroud and tomb of snow.

Thus thrilled the mournful strain
With varying cadence, till the stars grew dim,
And the grey dawn released my soul again
From that sad-sighing hymn.

THE GREY WOMAN.

IN THREE PORTIONS. PORTION THE FIRST.

THERE is a mill by the Neckar-side, to which many people resort for coffee, according to the fashion which is almost national in Germany. There is nothing particularly attractive in the situation of this mill; it is on the Mannheim (the flat and unromantic) side of Heidelberg. The river turns the mill-wheel with a plenteous gushing sound; the out-buildings and the dwelling-house of the miller form a well-kept dusty quadrangle. Again, further from the river, there is a garden full of willows, and arbours, and flower-beds, not well kept, but very profuse in flowers and luxuriant creepers, knotting and looping the arbours together. In each of these arbours is a stationary table of white painted wood, and light movable chairs of the same colour and material.

I went to drink coffee there with some friends in 184—. The stately old miller came out to greet us, as some of the party were known to him of old. He was of a grand build of a man, and his loud musical voice, with its tone friendly and familiar, his rolling laugh of welcome, went well with the keen bright eye, the fine cloth of his coat, and the general look of substance about the place. Poultry of all kinds abounded in the mill-yard, where there were ample means of livelihood for them strewed on the ground; but not content with this, the miller took out handfuls of corn from the sacks, and threw liberally to the cocks and hens that ran almost under his feet in their eagerness. And all the time he was doing this, as it were habitually, he was talking to us, and ever and anon calling to his daughter and the serving-maids, to bid them hasten the coffee we had ordered. He followed us to an arbour, and saw us served to his satisfaction with the best of everything we could ask for; and then left us to go round to the different arbours and see that each party was properly attended to; and, as he went, this great, prosperous, happy-looking man whistled softly one of the most plaintive airs I ever heard.

"His family have held this mill ever since the old Palatinate days; or rather, I should say, have possessed the ground ever since then, for two successive mills of theirs have been burnt down by the French. If you want to see Scherer in a passion, just talk to him of the possibility of a French invasion."

But at this moment, still whistling that mournful air, we saw the miller going down the steps that led from the somewhat raised garden into the mill-yard; and so I seemed to have lost my chance of putting him in a passion.

We had nearly finished our coffee, and our "kucken," and our cinnamon cake, when heavy splashes fell on our thick leafy covering; quicker and quicker they came, coming through

the tender leaves as if they were tearing them asunder; all the people in the garden were hurrying under shelter, or seeking for their carriages standing outside. Up the steps the miller came hastening, with a crimson umbrella, fit to cover every one left in the garden, and followed by his daughter, and one or two maidens, each bearing an umbrella.

"Come into the house—come in, I say. It is a summer-storm, and will flood the place for an hour or two, till the river carries it away. Here, here."

And we followed him back into his own house. We went into the kitchen first. Such an array of bright copper and tin vessels I never saw; and all the wooden things were as thoroughly scoured. The red tile floor was spotless when we went in, but in two minutes it was all over slop and dirt with the tread of many feet; for the kitchen was filled, and still the worthy miller kept bringing in more people under his great crimson umbrella. He even called the dogs in, and made them lie down under the tables.

His daughter said something to him in German, and he shook his head merrily at her. Everybody laughed.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"She told him to bring the ducks in next; but indeed if more people come we shall be suffocated. What with the thundery weather, and the stove, and all these steaming clothes, I really think we must ask leave to pass on. Perhaps we might go in and see Frau Scherer."

My friend asked the daughter of the house for permission to go into an inner chamber and see her mother. It was granted, and we went into a sort of salon, overlooking the Neckar; very small, very bright, and very close. The floor was slippery with polish; long narrow pieces of looking-glass against the walls reflected the perpetual motion of the river opposite; a white porcelain stove, with some old-fashioned ornaments of brass about it; a sofa, covered with Utrecht velvet, a table before it, and a piece of worsted-worked carpet under it; a vase of artificial flowers; and, lastly, an alcove with a bed in it, on which lay the paralysed wife of the good miller, knitting busily, formed the furniture. I spoke as if this was all that was to be seen in the room; but, sitting quietly, while my friend kept up a brisk conversation in a language which I but half understood, my eye was caught by a picture in a dark corner of the room, and I got up to examine it more nearly.

It was that of a young girl of extreme beauty; evidently of middle rank. There was a sensitive refinement in her face, as if she almost shrank from the gaze which, of necessity, the painter must have fixed upon her. It was not over-well painted, but I felt that it must have been a good likeness, from this strong impress of peculiar character which I have tried to describe. From the dress, I should guess it to have been painted in the latter half of the last century. And I afterwards heard that I was right.

There was a little pause in the conversation.

"Will you ask Frau Scherer who this is?"

My friend repeated my question, and received a long reply in German. Then she turned round and translated it to me.

"It is the likeness of a great-aunt of her husband's." (My friend was standing by me, and looking at the picture with sympathetic curiosity.) "See! here is the name on the open page of this Bible, 'Anna Scherer, 1778.' Frau Scherer says there is a tradition in the family that this pretty girl, with her complexion of lilies and roses, lost her colour so entirely through fright, that she was known by the name of the Grey Woman. She speaks as if this Anna Scherer lived in some state of life-long terror. But she does not know details; refers me to her husband for them. She thinks he has some papers which were written by the original of that picture for her daughter, who died in this very house not long after our friend there was married. We can ask Herr Scherer for the whole story if you like."

"Oh yes, pray do!" said I. And, as our host came in at this moment to ask how we were faring, and to tell us that he had sent to Heidelberg for carriages to convey us home, seeing no chance of the heavy rain abating, my friend, after thanking him, passed on to my request.

"Ah!" said he, his face changing, "the aunt Anna had a sad history. It was all owing to one of those hellish Frenchmen; and her daughter suffered for it—the cousin Ursula, as we all called her when I was a child. To be sure the good cousin Ursula was his child as well. The sins of the fathers are visited on their children. The lady would like to know all about it, would she? Well, there are papers—a kind of apology the aunt Anna wrote for putting an end to her daughter's engagement—or rather facts which she revealed, that prevented cousin Ursula from marrying the man she loved; and so she would never have any other good fellow, else I have heard say my father would have been thankful to have made her his wife." All this time he was rummaging in the drawer of an old-fashioned bureau, and now he turned round, with a bundle of yellow MSS. in his hand, which he gave to my friend, saying, "Take it home, take it home, and if you care to make out our crabbed German writing, you may keep it as long as you like, and read it at your leisure. Only I must have it back again when you have done with it, that's all."

And so we became possessed of the manuscript of the following letter, which it was our employment, during many a long evening that ensuing winter, to translate, and in some parts to abbreviate. The letter began with some reference to the pain which she had already inflicted upon her daughter by some unexplained opposition to a project of marriage; but I doubt if, without the clue with which the good miller had furnished us, we could have made out even this much from the passionate, broken sentences that made us fancy that some scene between the mother and daughter—and possibly a third

person—had occurred just before the mother had begun to write.

"Thou dost not love thy child, mother! Thou dost not care if her heart is broken!" Ah, God! and these words of my heart-beloved Ursula ring in my ears as if the sound of them would fill them when I lie a-dying. And her poor tear-stained face comes between me and everything else. Child! hearts do not break; life is very tough as well as very terrible. But I will not decide for thee. I will tell thee all; and thou shalt bear the burden of choice. I may be wrong; I have little wit left, and never had much, I think; but an instinct serves me in place of judgment, and that instinct tells me that thou and thy Henri must never be married. Yet I may be in error. I would fain make my child happy. Lay this paper before the good priest Schriesheim; if, after reading it, thou hast doubts which make thee uncertain. Only I will tell thee all now, on condition that no spoken word ever passes between us on the subject. It would kill me to be questioned. I should have to see all present again.

My father held, as thou knowest, the mill on the Neckar, where thy new-found uncle, Scherer, now lives. Thou rememberest the surprise with which we were received there last vintage twelvemonth. How thy uncle disbelieved me when I said that I was his sister Anna, whom he had long believed to be dead, and how I had to lead thee underneath the picture, painted of me long ago, and point out, feature by feature, the likeness between it and thee; and how, as I spoke, I recalled first to my own mind, and then by speech to his, the details of the time when it was painted; the merry words that passed between us then, a happy boy and girl; the position of the articles of furniture in the room; our father's habits; the cherry-tree, now cut down, that shaded the window of my bedroom, through which my brother was wont to squeeze himself, in order to spring on to the topmost bough that would bear his weight; and thence would pass me back his cap laden with fruit to where I sat on the window-sill, too sick with fright for him to care much for eating the cherries.

And at length Fritz gave way, and believed me to be his sister Anna, even as though I were risen from the dead. And thou rememberest how he fetched in his wife, and told her that I was not dead, but was come back to the old home once more, changed as I was. And she would scarce believe him, and scanned me with a cold, distrustful eye, till at length—for I knew her of old as Babette Müller—I said that I was well-to-do, and needed not to seek out friends for what they had to give. And then she asked—not me, but her husband—why I had kept silent so long, leading all—father, brother, every one that loved me in my own dear home—to esteem me dead. And then thine uncle (thou rememberest?) said he cared not to know more than I cared to tell; that I was his Anna, found again, to be a blessing to him in his old age, as

I had been in his boyhood. I thanked him in my heart for his trust; for were the need for telling all less than it seems to me now I could not speak of my past life. But she, who was my sister-in-law still, held back her welcome, and, for want of that, I did not go to live in Heidelberg as I had planned beforehand, in order to be near my brother Fritz, but contented myself with his promise to be a father to my Ursula when I should die and leave this weary world.

That Babette Müller was, as I may say, the cause of all my life's suffering. She was a baker's daughter in Heidelberg—a great beauty, as people said, and, indeed, as I could see for myself. I, too—thou sawest my picture—was reckoned a beauty, and I believe I was so. Babette Müller looked upon me as a rival. She liked to be admired, and had no one much to love her. I had several people to love me—thy grandfather Fritz, the old servant Kätchen, Karl, the head apprentice at the mill—and I feared admiration and notice, and the being stared at as the “Schöne Müllerin,” whenever I went to make my purchases in Heidelberg.

Those were happy, peaceful days. I had Kätchen to help me in the housework, and whatever we did pleased my brave old father, who was always gentle and indulgent towards us women, though he was stern enough with the apprentices in the mill. Karl, the oldest of these, was his favourite; and I can see now that my father wished him to marry me, and that Karl himself was desirous to do so. But Karl was rough-spoken, and passionate—not with me, but with the others—and I shrank from him in a way which, I fear, gave him pain. And then came thy uncle Fritz's marriage; and Babette was brought to the mill to be its mistress. Not that I cared much for giving up my post, for, in spite of my father's great kindness, I always feared that I did not manage well for so large a family (with the men, and a girl under Kätchen, we sat down eleven each night to supper). But when Babette began to find fault with Kätchen, I was unhappy at the blame that fell on faithful servants; and by-and-by I began to see that Babette was egging on Karl to make more open love to me, and, as she once said, to get done with it, and take me off to a home of my own. My father was growing old, and did not perceive all my daily discomfort. The more Karl advanced, the more I disliked him. He was good in the main, but I had no notion of being married, and could not bear any one who talked to me about it.

Things were in this way when I had an invitation to go to Carlsruhe to visit a schoolfellow, of whom I had been very fond. Babette was all for my going; I don't think I wanted to leave home, and yet I had been very fond of Sophie Rupprecht. But I was always shy among strangers. Somehow the affair was settled for me, but not until both Fritz and my father had made inquiries as to the character and position of the Rupprechts. They learned that the father had held some kind of inferior position about the Grand-Duke's court, and was now dead,

leaving a widow, a noble lady, and two daughters, the elder of whom was Sophie, my friend. Madame Rupprecht was not rich, but more than respectable—genteel. When this was ascertained, my father made no opposition to my going; Babette forwarded it by all the means in her power, and even my dear Fritz had his word to say in its favour. Only Kätchen was against it—Kätchen and Karl. The opposition of Karl did more to send me to Carlsruhe than anything. For I could have objected to go; but when he took upon himself to ask what was the good of going a-gadding, visiting strangers of whom no one knew anything, I yielded to circumstances—to the pulling of Sophie and the pushing of Babette. I was silently vexed, I remember, at Babette's inspection of my clothes; at the way in which she settled that this gown was too old-fashioned, or that too common, to go with me on my visit to a noble lady; and at the way in which she took upon herself to spend the money my father had given me to buy what was requisite for the occasion. And yet I blamed myself, for every one else thought her so kind for doing all this; and she herself meant kindly, too.

At last I quitted the mill by the Neckar-side. It was a long day's journey, and Fritz went with me to Carlsruhe. The Rupprechts lived on the third floor of a house a little behind one of the principal streets, in a cramped-up court, to which we gained admittance through a doorway in the street. I remember how pinched their rooms looked after the large space we had at the mill, and yet they had an air of grandeur about them which was new to me, and which gave me pleasure, faded as some of it was. Madame Rupprecht was too formal a lady for me; I was never at my ease with her; but Sophie was all that I had recollected her at school: kind, affectionate, and only rather too ready with her expressions of admiration and regard. The little sister kept out of our way; and that was all we needed, in the first enthusiastic renewal of our early friendship. The one great object of Madame Rupprecht's life was to retain her position in society; and as her means were much diminished since her husband's death, there was not much comfort, though there was a great deal of show, in their way of living; just the opposite of what it was at my father's house. I believe that my coming was not too much desired by Madame Rupprecht, as I brought with me another mouth to be fed; but Sophie had spent a year or more in entreating for permission to invite me, and her mother, having once consented, was too well bred not to give me a stately welcome.

The life in Carlsruhe was very different from what it was at home. The hours were later, the coffee was weaker in the morning, the pottage was weaker, the boiled beef less relieved by other diet, the dresses finer, the evening engagements constant. I did not find these visits pleasant. We might not knit, which would have relieved the tedium a little; but we sat in a circle, talking together, only interrupted

occasionally by a gentleman, who, breaking out of the knot of men who stood near the door talking eagerly together, stole across the room on tiptoe, his hat under his arm, and, bringing his feet together in the position we called the first at the dancing-school, made a low bow to the lady he was going to address. The first time I saw these manners I could not help smiling; but Madame Rupprecht saw me, and spoke to me next morning rather severely, telling me that, of course, in my country breeding I could have seen nothing of court manners, or French fashions, but that that was no reason for my laughing at them. Of course I tried never to smile again in company. This visit to Carlsruhe took place in '89, just when every one was full of the events taking place at Paris; and yet at Carlsruhe French fashions were more talked of than French politics. Madame Rupprecht, especially, thought a great deal of all French people. And this again was quite different to us at home. Fritz could hardly bear the name of a Frenchman; and it had nearly been an obstacle to my visit to Sophie that her mother preferred being called Madame to her proper title of Frau.

One night I was sitting next to Sophie, and longing for the time when we might have supper and go home, so as to be able to speak together, a thing forbidden by Madame Rupprecht's rules of etiquette, which strictly prohibited any but the most necessary conversation passing between members of the same family when in society. I was sitting, I say, scarcely keeping back my inclination to yawn, when two gentlemen came in, one of whom was evidently a stranger to the whole party, from the formal manner in which the host led him up, and presented him to the hostess. I thought I had never seen any one so handsome or so elegant. His hair was powdered, of course, but one could see from his complexion that it was fair in its natural state. His features were as delicate as a girl's, and set off by two little "mouches," as we called patches in those days, one at the left corner of his mouth, the other prolonging, as it were, the right eye. His dress was blue and silver. I was so lost in admiration of this beautiful young man, that I was as much surprised as if the angel Gabriel had spoken to me, when the lady of the house brought him forward to present him to me. She called him Monsieur de la Tourelle, and he began to speak to me in French; but though I understood him perfectly, I dared not trust myself to reply to him in that language. Then he tried German, speaking it with a kind of soft lisp that I thought charming. But, before the end of the evening, I became a little tired of the affected softness and effeminacy of his manners, and the exaggerated compliments he paid me, which had the effect of making all the company turn round and look at me. Madame Rupprecht was, however, pleased with the precise thing that displeased me. She liked either Sophie or me to create a sensation; of course she would have preferred that it should have been her daughter, but her daughter's friend was next

best. As we went away I heard Madame Rupprecht and Monsieur de la Tourelle reciprocating civil speeches with might and main, from which I found out that the French gentleman was coming to call on us the next day. I do not know whether I was more glad or frightened, for I had been kept upon stilts of good manners all the evening. But still I was flattered when Madame Rupprecht spoke as if she had invited him, because he had shown pleasure in my society, and even more gratified by Sophie's ungrudging delight at the evident interest I had excited in so fine and agreeable a gentleman. Yet, with all this, they had hard work to keep me from running out of the salon the next day, when we heard his voice inquiring at the gate on the stairs for Madame Rupprecht. They had made me put on my Sunday gown, and they themselves were dressed as for a reception.

When he was gone away, Madame Rupprecht congratulated me on the conquest I had made; for, indeed, he had scarcely spoken to any one else, beyond what mere civility required, and had almost invited himself to come in the evening to bring some new song, which was all the fashion in Paris, he said. Madame Rupprecht had been out all morning, as she told me, to glean information about Monsieur de la Tourelle. He was a propriétaire, had a small château on the Vosges mountains; he owned land there, but had a large income from some sources quite independent of this property. Altogether, he was a good match, as she emphatically observed. She never seemed to think that I could refuse him after this account of his wealth, nor do I believe she would have allowed Sophie a choice, even had he been as old and ugly as he was young and handsome. I do not quite know—so many events have come to pass since then, and blurred the clearness of my recollections—if I loved him or not. He was very much devoted to me; he almost frightened me by the excess of his demonstrations of love. And he was very charming to everybody around me, who all spoke of him as the most fascinating of men, and of me as the most fortunate of girls. And yet I never felt quite at my ease with him. I was always relieved when his visits were over, although I missed his presence when he did not come. He prolonged his visit to the friend with whom he was staying at Carlsruhe, on purpose to woo me. He loaded me with presents, which I was unwilling to take, only Madame Rupprecht seemed to consider me an affected prude if I refused them. Many of these presents consisted of articles of valuable old jewellery, evidently belonging to his family, by accepting these I doubled the ties which were formed around me by circumstances even more than by my own consent. In those days we did not write letters to absent friends as frequently as is done now, and I had been unwilling to name him in the few letters that I wrote home. At length, however, I learned from Madame Rupprecht that she had written to my father to announce the splendid conquest I had made, and to request his presence at my betrothal. I

started with astonishment. I had not realised that affairs had gone so far as this. But when she asked me, in a stern, offended manner, what I had meant by my conduct if I did not intend to marry Monsieur de la Tourelle—I had received his visits, his presents, all his various advances without showing any unwillingness or repugnance—(and it was all true; I had shown no repugnance, though I did not wish to be married to him,—at least, not so soon)—what could I do but hang my head, and silently consent to the rapid enunciation of the only course which now remained for me if I would not be esteemed a heartless coquette all the rest of my days?

There was some difficulty, which I afterwards learnt that my sister-in-law had obviated, about my betrothal taking place from home. My father, and Fritz especially, were for having me return to the mill, and there be betrothed, and from thence be married. But the Rupprechts and Monsieur de la Tourelle were equally urgent on the other side; and Babette was unwilling to have the trouble of the commotion at the mill; and also, I think, a little disliked the idea of the contrast of my grander marriage with her own.

So my father and Fritz came over to the betrothal. They were to stay at an inn in Carlsruhe for a fortnight, at the end of which time the marriage was to take place. Monsieur de la Tourelle told me he had business at home, which would oblige him to be absent during the interval between the two events; and I was very glad of it, for I did not think that he valued my father and my brother as I could have wished him to do. He was very polite to them; put on all the soft, grand manner, which he had rather dropped with me; and complimented us all round, beginning with my father and Madame Rupprecht, and ending with little Alwina. But he a little scoffed at the old-fashioned church ceremonies which my father insisted on; and I fancy Fritz must have taken some of his compliments as satire, for I saw certain signs of manner by which I knew that my future husband, for all his civil words, had irritated and annoyed my brother. But all the money arrangements were liberal in the extreme, and more than satisfied, almost surprised, my father. Even Fritz lifted up his eyebrows and whistled. I alone did not care about anything. I was bewitched,—in a dream,—a kind of despair. I had got into a net through my own timidity and weakness, and I did not see how to get out of it. I clung to my own home-people that fortnight as I had never done before. Their voices, their ways were all so pleasant and familiar to me, after the constraint in which I had been living. I might speak and do as I liked without being corrected by Madame Rupprecht, or reproved in a delicate, complimentary way by Monsieur de la Tourelle. One day I said to my father that I did not want to be married, that I would rather go back to the dear old mill; but he seemed to feel this speech of mine as a dereliction of duty as great as if I had committed perjury; as if, after the ceremony of betrothal, no one had any right over me but my future

husband. And yet he asked me some solemn questions; but my answers were not such as to do me any good.

"Dost thou know any fault or crime in this man that should prevent God's blessing from resting on thy marriage with him? Dost thou feel aversion or repugnance to him in any way?"

And to all this, what could I say? I could only stammer out that I did not think I loved him enough; and my poor old father saw in this reluctance only the fancy of a silly girl who did not know her own mind, but who had now gone too far to recede.

So we were married, in the Court chapel, a privilege which Madame Rupprecht had used no end of efforts to obtain for us, and which she must have thought was to secure us all possible happiness, both at the time and in recollection afterwards.

We were married; and after two days spent in festivity at Carlsruhe, among all our new fashionable friends there, I bade good-by for ever to my dear old father. I had begged my husband to take me by way of Heidelberg to his old castle in the Vosges; but I found an amount of determination, under that effeminate appearance and manner, for which I was not prepared, and he refused my first request so decidedly that I dared not urge it. "Henceforth, Anna," said he, "you will move in a different sphere of life; and though it is possible that you may have the power of showing favour to your relations from time to time, yet much or familiar intercourse will be undesirable, and is what I cannot allow." I felt almost afraid, after this formal speech, of asking my father and Fritz to come and see me; but, when the agony of bidding them farewell overcame all my prudence, I did beg them to pay me a visit ere long. But they shook their heads, and spoke of business at home, of different kinds of life, of my being a Frenchwoman now. Only my father broke out at last with a blessing, and said, "If my child is unhappy—which God forbid—let her remember that her father's house is ever open to her." I was on the point of crying out, "Oh! take me back then now, my father!—oh, my father!" when I felt, rather than saw, my husband present near me. He looked on with a slightly contemptuous air, and taking my hand in his, he led me weeping away, saying that short farewells were always the best when they were inevitable.

It took us two days to reach his château in the Vosges, for the roads were bad and the way difficult to ascertain. Nothing could be more devoted than he was all the time of the journey. It seemed as if he were trying in every way to make up for the separation which every hour made me feel the more complete between my present and my former life. I seemed as if I were only now waking up to a full sense of what marriage was, and I dare say I was not a cheerful companion on the tedious journey. At length jealousy of my regret for my father and brother got the better of M. de la Tourelle, and he became so much displeased with me that I

thought my heart would break with the sense of desolation. So it was, in no cheerful frame of mind that we approached Les Rochers, and I thought that perhaps it was because I was so unhappy that the place looked so dreary. On one side, the château looked like a raw new building, hastily run up for some immediate purpose, without any growth of trees or underwood near it, only the remains of the stone used for building, not yet cleared away from the immediate neighbourhood, although weeds and lichens had been suffered to grow near and over the heaps of rubbish; on the other, were the great rocks from which the place took its name, and rising close against them, as if almost a natural formation, was the old castle, whose building dated many centuries back.

It was not large nor grand, but it was strong and picturesque, and I used to wish that we lived in it rather than in the smart half-furnished apartment in the new edifice, which had been hastily got ready for my reception. Incongruous as the two parts were, they were joined into a whole by means of intricate passages and unexpected doors, the exact positions of which I never fully understood. M. de la Tourelle led me to a suite of rooms set apart for me, and formally installed me in them, as in a domain of which I was sovereign. He apologised for the hasty preparation which was all he had been able to make for me, but promised, before I asked, or even thought of complaining, that they should be made as luxurious as heart could wish before many weeks had elapsed. But when, in the gloom of an autumnal evening, I caught my own face and figure reflected in all the mirrors, which showed only a mysterious background in the dim light of the many candles which failed to illuminate the great proportions of the half-furnished salon, I clung to M. de la Tourelle, and begged to be taken to the rooms he had occupied before his marriage, he seemed angry with me, although he affected to laugh, and so decidedly put aside the notion of my having any other rooms but these, that I trembled in silence at the fantastic figures and shapes which my imagination called up as peopling the background of those gloomy mirrors. There was my boudoir, a little less dreary—my bedroom, with its grand and tarnished furniture, which I commonly made into my sitting-room, locking up the various doors which led into the boudoir, the salon, the passage—all but one, through which M. de la Tourelle always entered from his own apartments in the older part of the castle. But this preference of mine for occupying my bedroom annoyed M. de la Tourelle, I am sure, though he did not care to express his displeasure. He would always allure me back into the salon, which I disliked more and more from its complete separation from the rest of the building by the long passage into which all the doors of my apartment opened. This passage was closed by heavy doors and portières, through which I could not hear a sound from the other parts of the house, and, of course, the servants could not

hear any movement or cry of mine unless expressly summoned. To a girl brought up as I had been in a household where every individual lived all day in the sight of every other member of the family, never wanted either cheerful words or the sense of silent companionship, this grand isolation of mine was very formidable; and the more so, because M. de la Tourelle, as landed proprietor, sportsman, and what not, was generally out of doors the greater part of every day, and sometimes for two or three days at a time. I had no pride to keep me from associating with the domestics; it would have been natural to me in many ways to have sought them out for a word of sympathy in those dreary days when I was left so entirely to myself, had they been like our kindly German servants. But I disliked them, one and all; I could not tell why. Some were civil, but there was a familiarity in their civility which repelled me; others were rude, and treated me more as if I were an intruder than their master's chosen wife; and yet of the two sets I liked these last the best.

The principal male servant belonged to this latter class. I was very much afraid of him, he had such an air of suspicious surliness about him in all he did for me; and yet M. de la Tourelle spoke of him as most valuable and faithful. Indeed, it sometimes struck me that Lefebvre ruled his master in some things; and this I could not make out. For, while M. de la Tourelle behaved towards me as if I were some precious toy or idol, to be cherished, and fostered, and petted, and indulged, I soon found out how little I, or, apparently, any one else, could bend the terrible will of the man who had on first acquaintance appeared to me too effeminate and languid to exert his will in the slightest particular. I had learnt to know his face better now; and to see that some vehement depth of feeling, the cause of which I could not fathom, made his grey eye glitter with pale light, and his lips contract, and his delicate cheek whiten on certain occasions. But all had been so open and above board at home, that I had no experience to help me to unravel any mysteries among those who lived under the same roof. I understood that I had made what Madame Rupprecht and her set would have called a great marriage, because I lived in a château with many servants, bound ostensibly to obey me as a mistress. I understood that M. de la Tourelle was fond enough of me in his way—proud of my beauty, I dare say (for he often enough spoke about it to me)—but he was also jealous, and suspicious, and uninfluenced by my wishes, unless they tallied with his own. I felt at this time as if I could have been fond of him too, if he would have let me: but I was timid from my childhood, and before long my dread of his displeasure (coming down like thunder into the midst of his love, for such slight causes as a hesitation in reply, a wrong word, or a sigh for my father), conquered my humorous inclination to love one who was so handsome, so accomplished, so in-

dulgent and devoted. But if I could not please him when indeed I loved him, you may imagine how often I did wrong when I was so much afraid of him as to quietly avoid his company for fear of his outbursts of passion. One thing I remember noticing, that the more M. de la Tourelle was displeased with me, the more Lefebvre seemed to chuckle; and when I was restored to favour, sometimes on as sudden an impulse as that which occasioned my disgrace, Lefebvre would look askance at me with his cold, malicious eyes, and once or twice at such times he spoke most disrespectfully to M. de la Tourelle.

I have almost forgotten to say that, in the early days of my life at Les Rochers, M. de la Tourelle, in contemptuous indulgent pity at my weakness in disliking the dreary grandeur of the salon, wrote up to the milliner in Paris from whom my corbeille de mariage had come, to desire her to look out for me a maid of middle age, experienced in the toilette, and with so much refinement that she might on occasion serve as companion to me.

MR. HULLAH'S CLASSES.

A LADDER with the Latin motto "Per scalam ascendimus," mounting by the scale (or ladder), stood over the fireplaces of St. Martin's Hall, lately destroyed by fire. The master of that hall was Mr. John Hullah, the most effectual musical reformer whose good influence has been felt by the people of England in our day, or in any day before it. His energetic hand has held the ladder by which other men have mounted; but it has been to him no ladder of fortune. Even before he was burnt out by fire the other day, he was burnt out by zeal.

In a Kentish village numbering hardly more than five hundred inhabitants, thanks to Mr. Hullah's scales, the children, the young men and women, even several of the old men who work on farms, have become singers. This Christmas, and every Christmas and Easter for some years past, they have performed an oratorio of Handel or some other great master; they cherish their church music, and they live together with their minds awakened to such sense of harmony, that for years past not one of them has been punished for, or accused of, offence against the law. The vicar and his parish are as one family together. At one of their mid-winter oratorios a young woman did not come in till after the music had begun. Her house had been snowed up, but her father, a farmer, had been getting his labourers together, and they had all cleared a way for her, that she might go and take her part in the sublime strain.

At the bottom of all this, what do we find but Mr. Hullah's music books? Some of them found their way by chance to Pitcairn's Island, where men have learnt from them to make the desert blossom with their songs. Year after year Mr. Hullah has taught classes upon classes. His disciples have taught in the provinces with steady zeal, of which we shall best show the force and the effect by an example.

Twenty years ago, there was no popular taste in this country for anything but dance music, comic songs, and sentimental ballads of the weakest texture. Nobody then believed England to be what everybody now sees it is—a musical nation. English opera then was a tradition more than half suspected to be, like other traditions, fiction. Now, the two largest theatres in London vie with each other in producing it, and we have discovered that our nation begets, not only singers and good judges of song, but musicians and composers who in the new atmosphere of national appreciation will know how to hold up their heads in presence of the foreigner.

It seemed to Mr. Hullah in those bygone days that a diffused knowledge of the elements of music would be a great gain to his country. He was first struck by the deficiency, not in observation of the lower, but of the middle and upper classes. When polite folks came together they bored one another with bad solo singing, and concerted music was almost impossible, because there were few vocalists who could really read music at all.

About the end of eighteen thirty-nine, Mr. Hullah, having become acquainted with Dr. Mainzer's system in Paris, again went thither; for he had heard of M. Wilhem, and he found him carrying out his system of teaching on a very extensive scale, having direct government sanction and support so far as regarded his schools for the poor, whether children or adults.

Twenty years ago, Mr. Hullah proposed to the Committee of Council on Education, of which Dr. Kay was then secretary, to open singing-schools for schoolmasters on Wilhem's system in London; and these singing classes soon grew into classes for all kinds of persons; but their growth was impeded by want of a place of meeting, ample, convenient, and not too costly. Saint Martin's Hall, of which the first stone was laid by Lord Carlisle in June, 'forty-seven, was built; but, alas! Saint Martin's Hall, in the phrase of the money-getter, "did not pay." It is difficult to estimate the value of the work done in it for the elevation and refinement of the people. The effort to maintain it had drained all the resources of its founder, and its maintenance began to seem impossible when the recent fire brought the whole case to a final issue. Yet, during the past twenty years one hundred and ninety-five classes of adults, of both sexes, averaging seventy persons in each class, have been taught, by Mr. Hullah himself, and by a loyal body of assistants, of whom the foremost were Mr. May and Mr. Monk, and two other gentlemen presently to be mentioned by name. The sale of musical publications has been enormous, and among these, each set of large sheets represents a class somewhere—a single book often the study of a teacher; parents have learnt that they might teach their children. Brothers and sisters have taught one another. The men in the lighthouse on the North Foreland, having got hold of one of Mr. Hullah's manuals, worked through the exercises together, helping and correcting one another as they best might. Others

had used, and are now using, the book. That is a part only of what the sale of one copy represented.

Mr. Hullah's earnestness and skill were soon appreciated. At the outset of his career he was appointed professor of vocal music at King's College, where he still, as professor, teaches church singing to students of the theological department. In 'forty-four, a class of about fifty was formed for a daily lesson, on Mr. Hullah's system, at Trinity College, Cambridge. Its members were heads of colleges, tutors, and masters of arts. The ladies of the same families had their own class in the hour following. In four or five months these students sang glees, madrigals, part songs, anthems, and motets of rather more than ordinary difficulty. The lessons were resumed after the long vacation, and at the end of the year several private choral performances were given at Trinity Lodge. A class for the undergraduates had been at work also; and there were classes for townspeople of divers grades. Mr. Banister, who represented Mr. Hullah in this leavening of Cambridge with a sense of music, taught also in London a class of the wives, sisters, and daughters of mechanics, who, attending themselves, several hundred strong, to be taught by Mr. Hullah, begged that a class might be formed also for their women-folk. The result was a class of seventy, to which the women came half an hour before time to secure good places, anxiously coming their last lesson while they waited, and at which they made progress with a speed only to be accounted for by those who could picture the home evenings in which the husband and father joined with his own household in song, and when comparing the fruits of their lessons they all helped each other.

A more striking illustration of the diffused influence of Mr. Hullah's enthusiasm, is to be found in the result of the labours of Mr. Constantine among the mountains of Cumberland and amidst the whirr of the machinery of northern England, among a people famous in these days for their good choral singing. When, in 'forty-two, Mr. Constantine began working Mr. Hullah's system, under the direction of Mr. Crowe, at Liverpool, he taught first a mixed class of ladies and gentlemen in the National Schoolroom at Birkenhead, and gradually undertook the following round as his week's work. We begin it in the middle: Wednesday, the first business, was to get to Ulverston, twenty-two miles distant; the way being across the sands of Morecombe Bay. This journey, in winter time, had to be made often in the dark, because the low tide and the morning sun would not always keep in harmony together. The winter fogs, too, are, in Morecombe Bay, not very welcome to a lonely rider travelling on horseback, and obliged to rely on his horse's knowledge of the track. Class-day in quiet Ulverston was always a gala-day. The singing-master's horse was sure to be well looked after. For Ulverston, the town farthest north in Lancashire, stands on a tongue of land where there

was nothing to enliven its work, but the market day, till the musician came. The four thousand inhabitants yielded three singing classes. One contained about fifty ladies and gentlemen, another forty children, and the other was a general class of a hundred. The excellent organist kept up the work, and has conducted an Ulverston musical society from that time, we believe, to this. People came from miles away to be taught in these classes. A cart-load of poor children used to be sent by a kind lady from Bardsea. A hale old clergyman walked, in all weathers, nine miles into Ulverston and nine miles home again, to qualify himself for teaching, upon Mr. Hullah's system, his school-children and parishioners, that so he might elevate not only the music in his church, but also the happiness, and even the morals of his district. He was rewarded with a success beyond his expectations. On Thursday the lecturer went on to Ambleside, a ride of twenty-one miles, to a place that is, in winter, very quiet, with its five or six hundred inhabitants sorely in need of wholesome entertainment. Here, where there used to be the most horribly nasal and inharmonious imitation of church music, there is now sung by the people a plain musical service, irreproachable in taste. On Friday the round was from Ambleside, fourteen miles on, to Kendal, where there were four pretty good classes, but these did not live to a second course. Sixteen miles on, next day, Saturday, brought the teacher to Casterton schools. Having taught there, a ride of seventeen miles to Preston was followed by a railway journey to Lancaster and back, to meet classes there. Sunday was spent at Preston. A ten-mile-ride, on Monday, to Blackburn, carried the music-master to three classes, the last a very large one, chiefly composed of factory hands. On Tuesday the Lancaster classes were revisited, by way of Preston, and so the week's round ran for one of Mr. Hullah's propagandists, in the winter of the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-three. The elementary classes led to the forming of an advanced class, for the practice of Part Music in Preston, Lancaster, Ulverston, and Ambleside. The largest classes, however, were those at Penrith. The same teacher afterwards taught in other towns both in the North and West of England. At the present time sixty or seventy students leave every year the Home and Colonial Schools, and twice as many are in training. The national training schools—St. Mark's, Chelsea; Battersea College; Whitelands—each yield about fifty teachers every year, teachers who have had some musical training. At very many schools—indeed, in all parts of the country—the good work is going on. In Mr. Hullah's personal teaching the interest has been so strong, that some members of his first upper school, formed twenty years ago, have abided by the classes until their recent dispersion. One energetic pupil walked twelve miles to a railway station, thirty miles distant from London, on his class nights, and was punctual in attendance. The head of a private school at Tunbridge attended a course,

travelling to town for every lesson, and repeating what he had learnt to his own pupils after his return.

It has been found that the number of people who are supposed to have "no ears" is wonderfully small; that, while only a few may have true genius for music, all can learn its grammar, and by patience with attention learn to bear their part not disagreeably in madrigals and psalms. Thanks to these singing schools the national ear has improved, and the national taste has been raised. Witness the enormous multiplication of concerts in which the choral performers are amateurs; witness the vast increase in the demand for musical publications and in the sale of musical instruments, especially of pianofortes and harmoniums; witness the great improvement in church music, and the admission even of chants into dissenting chapels. Wherever there is a large town it is now possible to form a chorus at a minute's notice, and it will be a chorus of singers, who are most at home in the best music, and enjoy its performance for the music's sake, far more than anybody can enjoy the act of listening.

A charming illustration of the benefit conferred upon society by Mr. Hullah's labours, we find in the working of St. Mark's School, Windsor, reared, and in a great measure sustained, by the beneficent energy of an Eton master, the Rev. Stephen Hawtrej. This school, which admits boys so far above the lowest rank that they can pay sixpence a week for their schooling, is one of the best of its kind in the country. The basis of its discipline is a full acceptance of the relation of love and confidence between teacher and taught. To make the resemblance to a family life greater, masters and boys breakfast together at one board when they meet, each boy bringing his bread and butter and having cocoa given to him.

Mr. Hawtrej, preaching in the chapel at Dedworth, was annoyed by the bad psalmody. While considering what was to be done, he took up in the publisher's shop a copy of Mr. Hullah's Manual, then newly published under the direction of the Privy Council. He saw that it met his want, went to work at it himself together with his clerk, attended the first choral meeting of the classes in Exeter Hall, and then obtained leave to teach music from notes to those of the Windsor national schoolboys who showed a disposition to learn. In that way a little choir was formed that went to sing at Dedworth on a Sunday. There was an afternoon and evening service, and between the service singing boys and minister had tea together. The minister, being a wise, kindly, simple-hearted man, affectionate feelings were thus stirred. When difficulty about lessons at the national school made a separate place necessary if the music-school was to be continued, the boys themselves eagerly found a cottage, and the school then formed was not a school for music only. Taken by their kind patron on board a man-of-war, the St. Mark's boys by their manner and behaviour so pleased the warm-hearted captain, that he invited them to come and spend a week

on board "for the good of the ship." A picked band of them really went, therefore, on board the *Pembroke*, and were hospitably entertained by Captain Chaslewood. Among the entertainment they themselves afforded to the crew was a complete performance upon Christmas-eve of the *Messiah*; Mr. Hawtrej himself reverently explaining to the men before each part, the meaning of the music. The scene was so affecting, that the captain broke down in his thanks to Mr. Hawtrej, with "May God bless you, sir! May God bless you!" And afterwards, one of the common seamen, after long standing in thought beside his hammock before turning in, was heard to mutter, "Well, I say so, too, what the captain said, 'God bless him!'" But let us not forget, as the kind guide of those boys has not forgotten to record, that it was Mr. Hullah who had put the song into those children's mouths, whence it might sink into the hearts of sturdy men. And with what measure he weighed shall it not be now meted to him again? Is the last issue of his labour to be bankruptcy? Or, shall we help our helper, that he may again be helpful to us as of old?

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEXT morning, just as day was breaking, we set out on foot on our road to Constance. There was a pinkish-grey streak of light on the horizon, sure sign of a fine day, and the bright stars twinkled still in the clear half-sombre sky, and all was calm and noiseless—nothing to be heard but the tramp of our own feet on the hard causeway.

With the cowardly caution of one who feels the water with his foot before he springs in to swim, I was glad that I made my first experiences of companionship with these humble friends while it was yet dark and none could see us. The old leaven of snobbery was unsubdued in my heart, and, as I turned to look at poor old Vaterchen and then at the tinsel finery of Catinka, I bethought me of the little consideration the world extends to such as these and their belongings. "Vagabonds all!" would say some rich banker, as he rolled by in his massive travelling-carriage, creaking with imperials and jingling with bells; "Vagabonds all!" would mutter the Jew pedlar as he looked down from the banquettes of the diligence. How slight is the sympathy of the realist for the poor creature whose life-labour is to please. How prone to regard him as useless, or, even worse, forgetting, the while, how a wiser than he has made many things in this beautiful world of ours that they should merely minister to enjoyment, gladden the eye and the ear, and make our pilgrimage less weary. Where would be the crimson jay? where the scarlet bustard? where the gorgeous peacock, with the nosegay on his tail? where the rose, and the honeysuckle, and the purple foxglove, mingling with the wild thorns in our hedgerows, if the universe were of *their* creation, and this great globe

but one big workshop? You never insist that the daisy and the daffodil should be pot-herbs; and why are there not to be wild flowers in humanity as in the fields? Is it not a great pride to you who live under a bell-glass, nurtured and cared for, and with your name attached to a cleft-stick at your side,—is it not a great pride to know that you are not like one of us poor dog-roses? Be satisfied, then, with that glory; we only ask to live! Shame on me for that “only!” As if there could be anything more delightful than life. Life, with all its capacities for love, and friendship, and heroism, and self-devotion, for generous actions and noble aspirations! Life to feel life, to know that we are in a sphere specially constructed for the exercise of our senses and the play of our faculties, free to choose the road we would take, and with a glorious reward if our choice be the right one!

“Vagabonds!” Yes,” thought I, “there was once on a time such a vagabond, and he strolled along from village to village making of his flute a livelihood; a poor performer, too, he tells us he was, but he could touch the hearts of these simple villagers with his tones as he could move the hearts of thousands more learned than they with his marvellous pathos, and this vagabond was called Oliver Goldsmith.” I have no words to say the ecstasy this thought gave me. Many a proud traveller doubtless swept past the poor wayfarer as he went, dusty and footsore, and who was, nevertheless, journeying onward to a great immortality; to be a name remembered with blessings by generations when the haughty man that scorned him was forgotten for ever. “And so now,” thought I, “some splendid Russian or some Saxon Croesus will crash by and not be conscious that the thin and weary-looking youth, with the girl’s bundle on his stick and the red umbrella under his arm, that this is Potts! Ay, sir, you fancy that to be threadbare and footsore is to be vulgar-minded and ignoble, and you never so much as suspect that the heart inside that poor plaid waistcoat is throbbing with ambitions high as a Kaiser’s, and that the brain within that battered Jim Crow is the realm of thoughts profound as Bacon’s and high-soaring as Milton’s.”

If I make my reader a sharer in these musings of mine, it is because they occupied me for some miles of the way. Vaterchen was not talkative, and loved to smoke on uninterruptedly. I fancy that, in his way, he was as great a dreamer as myself. Catinka would have talked incessantly if any one had listened, or could understand her. As it was, she recited legends and sang songs for herself, as happy as ever a blackbird was to listen to his own melody; and though I paid no especial attention to her music, still did the sounds float through all my thoughts, bathing them with a soothing flood; just as the air we breathe is often loaded with a sweet and perfumed breath, that steals into our blood ere we know it. On the whole, we journeyed along very pleasantly, and what between the fresh morning air, the

brisk exercise, and the novelty of the situation, I felt in a train of spirits that made me delighted with everything. “This, after all,” thought I, “is more like the original plan I sketched out for myself. This is the true mode to see life and the world. The student of Nature never begins his studies with the more complicated organisations; he sets out with what is simplest in structure, and least intricate in function; he begins with the extreme link of the chain: so, too, I start with the investigation of those whose lives of petty cares and small ambitions must render them easy of appreciation. This poor Mollusca Vaterchen, for instance—to see is to know him; and the girl, how absurd to connect such a guileless child of nature as that with those stereotyped notions of feminine craft and subtlety!” I then went on to imagine some future biographer of mine engaged on this portion of my life, puzzled for materials, puzzled, still more, to catch the clue to my meaning in it. “At this time,” will he say, “Potts, by one of those strange caprices which often were the mainspring of his actions, resolved to lead a gipsy life. His ardent love of nature, his heartfelt enjoyment of scenery, and, more than even these, a certain breadth and generosity of character, disposed him to sympathise with those who have few to pity and fewer to succour them. With these wild children of the roadside he lived for months, joyfully sharing the burdens they carried, and taking his part in their privations. It was here he first met Catinka.” I stopped at this sentence, and slowly repeated to myself, “‘It was here he first met Catinka!’ What will he have next to record?” thought I. “Is Potts now to claim sympathy as the victim of a passion that regarded not station, nor class, nor fortune; that despised the cold conventionalities of a selfish world, and asked only a heart for a heart? Is he to be remembered as the faithful believer in his own theory—Love, above all? Are we to hear of him clasping rapturously to his bosom the poor forlorn girl?” So intensely were my feelings engaged in my speculations, that, at this critical pass, I threw my arms around Catinka’s neck, and kissed her. A rebuke, not very cruel, not in the least angry or peevish, brought me quickly to myself, and as Vaterchen was fortunately in front and saw nothing of what passed, I speedily made my peace. I do not know how it happened, but in that same peace-making I had passed my arm round her waist and there it remained—an army of occupation after the treaty was signed—and we went along, side by side, very amicably—very happily.

We are often told that a small competence—the just enough to live on—is the bane of all enterprise; that men thus placed are removed from the stimulus of necessity, and yet not lifted into the higher atmosphere of ambitions. Exactly in the same way do I believe that equality is the grave of love. The passion thrives on difficulty, and requires sacrifice. You must bid defiance to mankind in your choice, or you are a mere fortune-hunter. Show the world

the blushing peasant girl you have made your wife, and say, "Yes, I have had courage to do this." Or else strive for a princess—a Russian princess. Better, far better, however, the humble-hearted child of nature and the fields, the simple, trusting, confiding girl, who regarding her lover as a sort of demi-god, would, while she clung to him—

"You press me so hard!" murmured Catinka, half rebukingly, but with a sort of pouting expression that became her marvellously.

"I was thinking of something that interested me, dearest," said I; but I'm not sure that I made my meaning very clear to her, and yet there was a roguish look in her black eye that puzzled me greatly. I began to like her, or, if you prefer the phrase, to fall in love with her. I knew it—I felt it just the way that a man who has once had the ague never mistakes when he is going to have a return of the fever. In the same way, exactly did I recognise all the premonitory symptoms; the giddiness, the shivering, increased action of the heart—Halt, Potts! and reflect a bit; are you describing love, or a tertian?

How will the biographer conduct himself here? Whether will he have to say, "Potts resisted manfully this fatal attachment: had he yielded to the seductions of this early passion, it is more than probable we should never have seen him this, that, and t'other, nor would the world have been enriched with—Heaven knows what;" or shall he record, "Potts loved her, loved her as only such a nature as his ever loves? He felt keenly all that, in a mere worldly point of view, he must sacrifice; but it was exactly in that love and that sacrifice was born the poet, the wondrous child of song, who has given us the most glorious lyrics of our language. He had the manliness to share his fortune with this poor girl. 'It was,' he tells us himself, in one of those little touching passages in his diary, which place him immeasurably above the mock sentimentality of Jean-Jacques—it was on the road to Constance, of a bright and breezy summer morning, that I told her of my love. We were walking along, our arms around each other, as might two happy, guileless children. I was very young in what is called the world, but I had a boundless confidence in myself; my theory was, 'If I be strengthened by the deep devotion of one loving heart, I have no fears of failure.' Beautiful words, and worthy of all memory! And then he goes on: 'I drew her gently over to a grassy bench on the roadside, and taking my purse from my pocket, poured out before her its humble contents, in all something less than twenty sovereigns, but to her eyes a very Pactolus of wealth.'"

"What if I were to try this experiment?" thought I; "what if I were, so to say, to anticipate my own biography?" The notion pleased me much. There was something novel in it, too. It was making the experiment in the "corpore vile" of accident, to see what might come of it.

"Come here, Catinka," said I, pointing to a

moss-covered rock at the roadside, with a little well at its base—"come here, and let me have a drink of this nice clear water."

She assented with a smile and a nod, detaching at the same time a little cup from the flask which she wore at her side, in vivandière fashion. "And we'll fill my flask, too," said she, showing that it was empty. With a sort of childish glee she now knelt beside the stream, and washed the cup. What is it, I wonder, that gives the charm to running water, and imparts a sort of glad feeling to its contemplation? Is it that its ceaseless flow suggests that "for ever" which contrasts so powerfully with all short-lived pleasures? I cannot tell, but I was still musing over the difficulty, when, having twice offered me the cup without my noticing it, she at last raised it to my lips. And I drank—oh, what a draught it was! so clear, so cold, so pure; and all the time my eyes were resting on hers, looking, as it were, into another well, the deepest and most unfathomable of all.

"Sit down here beside me on this stone, Catinka, and help me to count these pieces of money; they have got so mingled together that I scarcely know what is left me." She seemed delighted with the project, and sat down at once, and I, throwing myself at her feet, poured the contents of my purse into her lap.

"Madonna mia!" was all she could utter, as she beheld the gold. Aladdin in the cave never felt a more overwhelming rapture than did she at sight of these immense riches. "But where did it come from?" cried she, wildly. "Have you got mines of gold and silver? Have you got gems, too—rubies and pearls? Oh, say if there be pearls; I love them so! And are you really a great prince, the son of a king; and are you wandering the world this way to seek adventures, or in search, mayhap, of that lovely princess you are in love with?" With wildest impetuosity she asked these and a hundred other questions, for it was only now and then that I could trace her meaning, which expressive pantomime did much to explain.

I tried to convince her that what she deemed a treasure was a mere pittance, which a week or two would exhaust; that I was no prince, nor had I a kingly father; "and last of all," said I, "I am not in pursuit of a princess. But I'll tell you what I am in search of, Catinka: one trusting, faithful, loving heart; one that will so unite itself to mine, as to have no joys, or sorrows, or cares, but mine; one content to go wherever I go, live however I live, and no matter what my faults may be, or how meanly others think of me, will ever regard me with eyes of love and devotion."

I had held her hand while I uttered this, gazing up into her eyes with ecstasy, for I saw how their liquid depth appeared to move as though about to overflow, when at last she spoke, and said,

"And there are no pearls!"

"Poor child!" thought I, "she cannot understand one word I have been saying. Listen to me, Catinka," said I, with a slow utterance.

"Would you give me your heart for all this treasure?"

"Si, si!" cried she, eagerly.

"And love me always—for ever?"

"Si," said she, again; but I fancied with less of energy than before.

"And when it was spent and gone, and nothing remaining of it, what would you do?"

"Send you to gather more, mio caro," said she, pressing my hand to her lips, as though in earnest of the blandishments she would bestow upon me.

Now, I cannot affect to say that all this was very reassuring. This poor simple child of the mountains showed a spirit as sordid and as calculating as though she were baptised in May-Fair. It was a terrible shock to me to see this; a dire overthrow to a very fine edifice that I was just putting the roof on! "Would Kate Herbert have made me such a speech?" thought I. "Would she have declared herself so venal and so worldly?—and why not? May it not be, perhaps, simply, that a mere question of good breeding, the usages of a polite world, might have made all the difference, and that she would have felt what poor Catinka felt and owned to. If this were true, the advantages were all on the side of sincerity. With honesty as the basis, what may not one build up of character? Where there is candour there are at least no disappointments. This poor simple child, untutored in the wiles of a scheming world, where all is false, unreal, and deceptive, has the courage to say that her heart can be bought. She is ready in her innocence, too, to sell it, just as the Indians sell a great territory for a few glass beads or bright buttons. And why should not I make the acquisition in the very spirit of a new settler? It was I discovered this lone island of the sea; it was I first landed on this unknown shore; why not claim a sovereignty so cheaply established." I put the question arithmetically before me: Given, a young girl, totally new to life and its seductions, deeply impressed with the value of wealth, to find the measure of venality in a well brought-up young lady, educated at Clapham, and finished at Boulogne-sur-Mer. I expressed it thus: $D = y = T + x$, or an unknown quantity.

"What strange marks are you drawing there?" cried she, as I made these figures on the slate.

"A caprice," said I, in some confusion.

"No," said she; "I know better. It was a charm. Tell truth—it was a charm."

"A charm, dearest; but for what?"

"I know," said she, shaking her head and laughing, with a sort of wicked drollery.

"You know! Impossible, child."

"Yes," she said, with great gravity, while she swept her hand across the slate and erased all the figures. "Yes, I know, and I'll not permit it."

"But what, in Heaven's name, is trotting through your head, Catinka? You have not the vaguest idea of what those signs meant."

"Yes," she said, even more solemnly than before. "I know it all. You mean to steal away my heart in spite of me, and you are going to do it with a charm."

"And what success shall I have, Catinka?"

"Oh, do not ask me," said she, in a tone of touching misery. "I feel it very very sore here." And she pressed her hand to her side. "Ah me," sighed she, "if there were only pearls!"

The ecstasy her first few words gave me was terribly routed by this vile conclusion, and I started up abruptly, and, in an angry voice, said, "Let us go on; Vaterchen will fear we are lost."

"And all this gold; what shall I do with it?" cried she.

"What you will. Throw it into the well if you like," said I, angrily; for in good sooth I was out of temper with her, and myself, and all mankind.

"Nay," said she, mildly, "it is yours; but I will carry it for you if it weary you."

I might have felt rebuked by the submissive gentleness of her words; indeed, I know not how it was that they did not so move me, and I walked on in front of her, heedless of her entreaties that I should wait till she came up beside me.

When she did join me, she wanted to talk immensely. She had all manner of questions to ask about where my treasure came from; how often I went back there to replenish it; was I quite sure that it could never, never be exhausted, and such-like. But I was in no gracious mood for such inquiries, and telling her that I wished to follow my own thoughts without interruption, I walked along in silence.

I cannot tell the weight I felt at my heart. I am not speaking figuratively. No; it was exactly as though a great mass of heavy metal filled my chest, forced out my ribs, and pressed down my diaphragm; and though I held my hands to my sides with all my force, the pressure still remained.

"What a bitter mockery it is," thought I, "if the only false thing in all the world should be the human heart! There are diamonds that will resist fire, gold that will stand the crucible; but the moment you come to man and his affections, all is hollow and illusory!"

Why do we give the name worldliness to traits of selfish advancement and sordid gain, when a young creature like this, estranged from all the commerce of mankind, who knows nothing of that bargain-and-barter system which we call civilisation, reared and nurtured like a young fawn in her native woods, should, as though by a very instinct of corruption, have a heart as venal as any hackneyed beauty of three London seasons?

Let no man tell me now, that it is our vicious system of female training, our false social organisation, our spurious morality, laxity of family ties, and the rest of it. I am firmly persuaded that a young squaw of the Choctaws has as many anxieties about her "parti" as any belle of Belgravia, even though the settlements be only paid in sharks' teeth and human toupees.

And what an absurdity is our whole code on this subject! A man is actually expected to court, solicit, and even worship the object that

he is after all called upon to pay for. You do not smirk at the salmon in your fishmonger's window, or ogle the lamb at your butcher's; you go in boldly and say, "How much the pound?" If you sighed outside for a week, you'd get it never the cheaper. Why not then make an honest market of what is so saleable? What a saving of time to know that the splendid creature yonder, with the queenly air, can only be had at ten thousand a year, but that the spicy article with the black ringlets will go for two! Instead of all the heart-burnings and blank disappointments we see now, we should have a practical, contented generation; and in the same spirit that a man of moderate fortune turns away from the seductions of turtle and white-bait, while he orders home his mutton chop, he would avert his gaze from beauty, and fix his affections on the dumpy woman that can be "got a bargain."

Why did not the poet say, Venality, thy name is Woman? It would suit the prosody about as well, and the purpose better. The Turks are our masters in all this; they are centuries—whole centuries in advance of us. How I wish some Babbage would make a calculation of the hours, weeks, years, centuries of time, are lost in what is called love-making. Time, we are told, is money, and here, at once, is the fund to pay off our national debt. Take the "time that's lost in wooing" by a nation, say of twenty-eight or thirty millions, and at the cheapest rate of labour—take the prison rate if you like—and see if I be not right. Let the population who now heave sighs, pound oyster-shells, let those who pick quarrels, pick oakum, and we need no income-tax!

"I'll not sing any more," broke in Catinka. "I don't think you have been listening to me." "Listening to you!" said I, contemptuously; "certainly not. When I want a siren, I take a pit ticket and go to the Opera; seven-and-sixpence is the price of Circe, and dear at the money." With this rude rebuff I waved her off, and walked along once more alone.

At a sudden bend of the road we found Vaterchen seated under a tree waiting for us, and evidently not a little uneasy at our long absence.

"What is this?" said he, angrily, to Catinka. "Why have you remained so long behind?"

"We sat down to rest at a well," said she, "and then he took out a great bag of money to count, and there was so much in it, so many pieces of bright gold, that one could not help turning them over and over, and gazing at them."

"And worshipping them too, girl!" cried he, indignantly, while he turned on me a look of sorrow and reproach. I returned his stare haughtily, and he arose and drew me to one side.

"Am I, then, once more mistaken in my judgment of men? Have *you*, too, duped me?" said he, in a voice that shook with agitation. "Was it for this you offered us the solace of your companionship? Was it for this you con-

descended to journey with us, and deigned to be our host and entertainer?"

The appeal came at an evil moment: a vile, contemptible scepticism was at work within me. The rasp and the file of Doubt were eating away at my heart, and I deemed "all men liars."

"And is it to me—Potts—you address such words as these, you consummate old humbug? What is there about me that denotes dupe or fool?"

The old man shook his head, and made a gesture to imply he had not understood me; and now I remembered that I had uttered this rude speech in English and not in German. With the memory of this fact came also the consciousness of its cruel meaning. What if I should have wronged him? What if the poor old fellow be honest and upright? What if he be really striving to keep this girl in the path of virtue? I came close to him, and fixed my eyes steadfastly on his face. He looked at me fearlessly, as an honest man might look. He never tried to turn away, nor did he make the slightest effort to evade me. He seemed to understand all the import of my scrutiny, for he said at last,

"Well, are you satisfied?"

"I am, Vaterchen," said I, "fully satisfied. Let us be friends." And I took his hand and shook it heartily.

"You think me honest?" asked he.

"I do think so."

"And I am not more honest than she is. No," said he, resolutely, "Tintefleck is true-hearted."

"What of *me*?" cried she, coming up and leaning her arm on the old man's shoulder—"what of *me*?"

"I have said that you are honest, and would not deceive!"

"Not *you*, Vaterchen—not *you*," said she, kissing him. And then, as she turned away, she gave me a look so full of meaning, and so strange withal, that if I were to speak for an hour I could not explain it. It seemed to mean sorrow and reproach and wounded pride, with a dash of pity, and, above all and everything, defiance: ay, that was its chief character, and I believe I winced under it.

"Let us step out briskly," said Vaterchen. "Constance is a good eleven miles off yet."

"He looks tired already," said she, with a glance at me.

"I? I'm as fresh as when I started," said I. And I made an effort to appear brisk and lively, which only ended in making them laugh heartily.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 90.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XI.

AT the appointed time I returned to Miss Havisham's, and my hesitating ring at the gate brought out Estella. She locked it after admitting me, as she had done before, and again preceded me into the dark passage where her candle stood. She took no notice of me until she had the candle in her hand, when she looked over her shoulder, superciliously saying, "You are to come this way to-day," and took me to quite another part of the house.

The passage was a long one and seemed to pervade the whole square basement of the Manor House. We traversed but one side of the square, however, and at the end of it she stopped, and put her candle down and opened a door. Here, the daylight reappeared, and I found myself in a small paved court-yard, the opposite side of which was formed by a detached dwelling-house, that looked as if it had once belonged to the manager or head clerk of the extinct brewery. There was a clock in the outer wall of this house. Like the clock in Miss Havisham's room and like Miss Havisham's watch, it had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

We went in at the door, which stood open, and into a gloomy room with a low ceiling, on the ground floor at the back. There was some company in the room, and Estella said to me as she joined it, "You are to go and stand there, boy, till you are wanted." "There," being the window, I crossed to it, and stood "there," in a very uncomfortable state of mind, looking out.

It opened to the ground, and looked into a most miserable corner of the neglected garden, upon a rank ruin of cabbage-stalks, and one box-tree that had been clipped round long ago, like a pudding, and had a new growth at the top of it, out of shape and of a different colour, as if that part of the pudding had stuck to the saucepan and got burnt. This was my homely thought, as I contemplated the box-tree. There had been some light snow over-night, and it lay nowhere else to my knowledge; but, it had not quite melted from the cold shadow of this bit of garden, and the wind caught it up in little eddies and threw it at the window, as if it pelted me for coming there.

I divined that my coming had stopped conversation in the room, and that its other occupants were looking at me. I could see nothing of the room except the shining of the fire in the window-glass, but I stiffened in all my joints with the consciousness that I was under close inspection.

There were three ladies in the room and one gentleman. Before I had been standing at the window five minutes, they somehow conveyed to me that they were all toadies and humbugs, but that each of them pretended not to know that the others were toadies and humbugs: because the admission that he or she did know it, would have made him or her out to be a toady and humbug.

They all had a listless and dreary air of waiting somebody's pleasure, and the most talkative of the ladies had to speak quite rigidly to repress a yawn. This lady, whose name was Camilla, very much reminded me of my sister, with the difference that she was older and (as I found when I caught sight of her) of a blunter cast of features. Indeed, when I knew her better I began to think it was a Mercy she had any features at all, so very blank and high was the dead wall of her face.

"Poor dear soul!" said this lady, with an abruptness of manner quite my sister's. "Nobody's enemy but his own!"

"It would be much more commendable to be somebody else's enemy," said the gentleman; "far more natural."

"Cousin John," observed another lady, "we are to love our neighbour."

"Sarah Pocket," returned Cousin John, "if a man is not his own neighbour, who is?"

Miss Pocket laughed, and Camilla laughed and said (checking a yawn), "The idea!" But I thought they seemed to think it rather a good idea too. The other lady who had not spoken yet, said gravely and emphatically, "Very true!"

"Poor soul!" Camilla presently went on (I knew they had all been looking at me in the mean time), "he is so very strange! Would any one believe that when Tom's wife died, he actually could not be induced to see the importance of the children's having the deepest of trimmings to their mourning? 'Good Lord!' says he, 'Camilla, what can it signify so long as the poor bereaved little things are in black?' So like Matthew! The idea!"

"Good points in him; good points in him,"

said Cousin John; "Heaven forbid I should deny good points in him; but he never had, and he never will have, any sense of the proprieties."

"You know I was obliged," said Camilla, "I was obliged to be firm. I said, 'It will not do for the credit of the family.' I told him that, without deep trimmings, the family was disgraced. I cried about it from breakfast till dinner. I injured my digestion. And at last he flung out in his violent way, and said with a D, 'Then do as you like.' Thank Goodness it will always be a consolation to me to know that I instantly went out in a pouring rain and bought the things."

"He paid for them, did he not?" asked Estella.

"It's not the question, my dear child, who paid for them," returned Camilla, "I bought them. And I shall often think of that with peace, when I wake up in the night."

The ringing of a distant bell, combined with the echoing of some cry or call along the passage by which I had come, interrupted the conversation and caused Estella to say to me, "Now, boy!" On my turning round, they all looked at me with the utmost contempt, and, as I went out, I heard Sarah Pocket say, "Well I am sure! What next!" and Camilla add, with indignation, "Was there ever such a fancy! The *i-de-a*!"

As we were going with our candle along the dark passage, Estella stopped all of a sudden, and facing round said in her taunting manner with her face quite close to mine:

"Well?"

"Well, miss?" I answered, almost falling over her and checking myself.

She stood looking at me, and, of course, I stood looking at her.

"Am I pretty?"

"Yes; I think you are very pretty."

"Am I insulting?"

"Not so much so as you were last time," said I.

"Not so much so?"

"No."

She fired when she asked the last question, and she slapped my face with such force as she had, when I answered it.

"Now?" said she. "You little coarse monster, what do you think of me now?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Because you are going to tell, up-stairs. Is that it?"

"No," said I, "that's not it."

"Why don't you cry again, you little wretch?"

"Because I'll never cry for you again," said I. Which was, I suppose, as false a declaration as ever was made; for I was inwardly crying for her then, and I know what I know of the pain she cost me afterwards.

We went on our way up-stairs after this episode; and, as we were going up, we met a gentleman groping his way down.

"Who have we here?" asked the gentleman, stopping and looking at me.

"A boy," said Estella.

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head and a correspondingly large hand. He took my chin in his large hand and turned up my face to have a look at me by the light of the candle. He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy black eyebrows that wouldn't lie down but stood up bristling. His eyes were set very deep in his head, and were disagreeably sharp and suspicious. He had a large watch-chain, and strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them. He was nothing to me, and I could have had no foresight then, that he ever would be anything to me, but it happened that I had this opportunity of observing him well.

"Boy of the neighbourhood? Hey?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"How do *you* come here?"

"Miss Havisham sent for me, sir," I explained.

"Well! Behave yourself. I have a pretty large experience of boys, and you're a bad set of fellows. Now mind!" said he, biting the side of his great forefinger as he frowned at me, "you behave yourself!"

With those words, he released me—which I was glad of, for his hand smelt of scented soap—and went his way down stairs. I wondered whether he could be a doctor; but no, I thought; he couldn't be a doctor, or he would have a quieter and more persuasive manner. There was not much time to consider the subject, for we were soon in Miss Havisham's room, where she and everything else were just as I had left them. Estella left me standing near the door, and I stood there until Miss Havisham cast her eyes upon me from the dressing-table.

"So!" she said, without being startled or surprised; "the days have worn away, have they?"

"Yes, ma'am. To-day is——"

"There, there, there!" with the impatient movement of her fingers. "I don't want to know. Are you ready to play?"

I was obliged to answer in some confusion, "I don't think I am, ma'am."

"Not at cards again?" she demanded, with a searching look.

"Yes, ma'am; I could do that, if I was wanted."

"Since this house strikes you old and grave, boy," said Miss Havisham, impatiently, "and you are unwilling to play, are you willing to work?"

I could answer this inquiry with a better heart than I had been able to find for the other question, and I said I was quite willing.

"Then go into that opposite room," said she, pointing at the door behind me with her withered hand, "and wait there till I come."

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. From that room too, the daylight was completely excluded, and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. A fire had been lately kindled in the damp old-

fashioned grate, and it was more disposed to go out than to burn up, and the reluctant smoke which hung in the room seemed colder than the clearer air—like our own marsh mist. Certain wintry branches of candles on the high chimney-piece faintly lighted the chamber: or it would be more expressive to say, faintly troubled its darkness. It was spacious, and I dare say had once been handsome, but every discernible thing in it was covered with dust and mould, and dropping to pieces. The most prominent object was a long table with a table-cloth spread on it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together. An epergne or centre-piece of some kind was in the middle of this cloth; it was so heavily overhung with cobwebs that its form was quite undistinguishable, and, as I looked along the yellow expanse out of which I remember its seeming to grow like a black fungus, I saw speckled-legged spiders with blotchy bodies running home to it, and running out from it, as if some circumstance of the greatest public importance had just transpired in the spider community.

I heard the mice too, rattling behind the panels, as if the same occurrence were important to their interests. But, the black-beetles took no notice of the agitation, and groped about the hearth in a ponderous elderly way, as if they were short-sighted and hard of hearing, and not on terms with one another.

These crawling things had fascinated my attention and I was watching them from a distance, when Miss Havisham laid a hand upon my shoulder. In her other hand she had a crutch-headed stick on which she leaned, and she looked like the Witch of the place.

"This," said she, pointing to the long table with her stick, "is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here."

With some vague misgiving that she might get upon the table then and there and die at once, the complete realisation of the ghastly waxwork at the Fair, I shrank under her touch.

"What do you think that is?" she asked me, again pointing with her stick; "that, where those cobwebs are?"

"I can't guess what it is, ma'am."

"It's a great cake. A bride-cake. Mine!"

She looked all round the room in a glaring manner, and then said, leaning on me while her hand twitched my shoulder, "Come, come, come! Walk me, walk me!"

I made out from this, that the work I had to do, was to walk Miss Havisham round and round the room. Accordingly, I started at once, and she leaned upon my shoulder, and we went away at a pace that might have been an imitation (founded on my first impulse under that roof) of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart.

She was not physically strong, and after a little time she said "Slower!" Still, we went at an impatient fitful speed, and as we went, she twitched the hand upon my shoulder, and worked her mouth, and led me to believe

that we were going fast because her thoughts went fast. After a while she said, "Call Estella!" so I went out on the landing and roared that name as I had done on the previous occasion. When her light appeared, I returned to Miss Havisham, and we started away again round and round the room.

If only Estella had come to be a spectator of our proceedings, I should have felt sufficiently discontented; but, as she brought with her the three ladies and the gentleman whom I had seen below, I didn't know what to do. In my politeness, I would have stopped; but, Miss Havisham twitched my shoulder, and we posted on—with a shamefaced consciousness on my part that they would think it was all my doing.

"Dear Miss Havisham," said Miss Sarah Pocket. "How well you look!"

"I do not," returned Miss Havisham. "I am yellow skin and bone."

Camilla brightened when Miss Pocket met with this rebuff; and she murmured, as she plaintively contemplated Miss Havisham, "Poor dear soul! Certainly not to be expected to look well, poor thing. The idea!"

"And how are *you*?" said Miss Havisham to Camilla. As we were close to Camilla then, I would have stopped as a matter of course, only Miss Havisham wouldn't stop. We swept on, and I felt that I was highly obnoxious to Camilla.

"Thank you, Miss Havisham," she returned, "I am as well as can be expected."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked Miss Havisham, with exceeding sharpness.

"Nothing worth mentioning," replied Camilla. "I don't wish to make a display of my feelings, but I have habitually thought of you more in the night than I am quite equal to."

"Then don't think of me," retorted Miss Havisham.

"Very easily said!" remarked Camilla, amiably repressing a sob, while a hitch came into her upper lip, and her tears overflowed. "Raymond is a witness what ginger and sal volatile I am obliged to take in the night. Raymond is a witness what nervous jerkings I have in my legs. Chokings and nervous jerkings, however, are nothing new to me when I think with anxiety of those I love. If I could be less affectionate and sensitive, I should have a better digestion and an iron set of nerves. I am sure I wish it could be so. But as to not thinking of you in the night—The idea!" Here, a burst of tears.

The Raymond referred to, I understood to be the gentleman present, and him I understood to be Mr. Camilla. He came to the rescue at this point, and said in a consolatory and complimentary voice, "Camilla, my dear, it is well known that your family feelings are gradually undermining you to the extent of making one of your legs shorter than the other."

"I am not aware," observed the grave lady whose voice I had heard but once, "that to think of any person is to make a great claim upon that person, my dear."

Miss Sarah Pocket, whom I now saw to be a

little dry brown corrugated old woman, with a small face that might have been made of walnut-shells, and a large mouth like a cat's without the whiskers, supported this position by saying "No, indeed, my dear. Hem!"

"Thinking is easy enough," said the grave lady.

"What is easier, you know?" assented Miss Sarah Pocket.

"Oh yes, yes!" cried Camilla, whose fermenting feelings appeared to rise from her legs to her bosom. "It's all very true! It's a weakness to be so affectionate, but I can't help it. No doubt my health would be much better if it was otherwise, still I wouldn't change my disposition if I could. It's the cause of much suffering, but it's a consolation to know I possess it, when I wake up in the night." Here another burst of feeling.

Miss Havisham and I had never stopped all this time, but kept going round and round the room: now, brushing against the skirts of the visitors, and now giving them the whole length of the dismal chamber.

"There's Matthew!" said Camilla. "Never mixing with my natural ties, never coming here to see how Miss Havisham is! I have taken to the sofa with my staylace cut, and have lain there hours, insensible, with my head over the side, and my hair all down, and my feet I don't know where——"

"Much higher than your head, my love," said Mr. Camilla.)

"I have gone off into that state, hours and hours, on account of Matthew's strange and inexplicable conduct, and nobody has thanked me."

"Really I must say I should think not!" interposed the grave lady.

"You see, my dear," added Miss Sarah Pocket (a blandly vicious personage), "the question to put to yourself is, who did you expect to thank you, my love?"

"Without expecting any thanks, or anything of the sort," resumed Camilla, "I have remained in that state, hours and hours, and Raymond is a witness of the extent to which I have choked, and what the total inefficacy of ginger has been, and I have been heard at the pianoforte-tuner's across the street, where the poor mistaken children have even supposed it to be pigeons cooing at a distance—and now to be told——" Here Camilla put her hand to her throat, and began to be quite chemical as to the formation of new combinations there.

When this same Matthew was mentioned, Miss Havisham stopped me and herself, and stood looking at the speaker. This change had a great influence in bringing Camilla's chemistry to a sudden end.

"Matthew will come and see me at last," said Miss Havisham, sternly, "when I am laid on that table. That will be his place—there," striking the table with her stick, "at my head! And yours will be there! And your husband's there! And Sarah Pocket's there! And Georgiana's there! Now you all know where to take your stations when you come to feast upon me. And now go!"

At the mention of each name, she had struck the table with her stick in a new place. She now said, "Walk me, walk me!" and we went on again.

"I suppose there's nothing to be done," exclaimed Camilla, "but comply and depart. It's something to have seen the object of one's love and duty, for even so short a time. I shall think of it with a melancholy satisfaction when I wake up in the night. I wish Matthew could have that comfort, but he sets it at defiance. I am determined not to make a display of my feelings, but it's very hard to be told one wants to feast on one's relations—as if one was a Giant—and to be told to go. The bare idea!"

Mr. Camilla interposing, as Mrs. Camilla laid her hand upon her heaving bosom, that lady assumed an unnatural fortitude of manner which I supposed to be expressive of an intention to drop and choke when out of view, and kissing her hand to Miss Havisham, was escorted forth. Sarah Pocket and Georgiana contended who should remain last; but, Sarah was too knowing to be outdone, and ambled round Georgiana with that artful slipperiness, that the latter was obliged to take precedence. Sarah Pocket the made her separate effect of departing with "Bless you, Miss Havisham dear!" and with a smile of forgiving pity on her walnut-shell countenance for the weaknesses of the rest.

While Estella was away lighting them down, Miss Havisham still walked with her hand on my shoulder, but more and more slowly. At last she stopped before the fire, and said, after muttering and looking at it some seconds:

"This is my birthday, Pip."

I was going to wish her many happy returns, when she lifted her stick.

"I don't suffer it to be spoken of. I don't suffer those who were here just now, or any one, to speak of it. They come here on the day, but they dare not refer to it."

Of course I made no further effort to refer to it.

"On this day of the year, long before you were born, this heap of decay," stabbing with her crutched stick at the pile of cobwebs on the table but not touching it, "was brought here. It and I have worn away together. The mice have gnawed at it, and sharper teeth than teeth of mice have gnawed at me."

She held the head of her stick against her heart as she stood looking at the table; she in her once white dress, all yellow and withered; the once white cloth all yellow and withered; everything around, in a state to crumble under a touch.

"When the ruin is complete," said she, with a ghastly look, "and when they lay me dead in my bride's dress on the bride's table—which shall be done, and which will be the finished curse upon him—so much the better if it is on this day!"

She stood looking at the table as if she stood looking at her own figure lying there. I remained quiet. Estella returned, and she too remained quiet. It seemed to me that we continued thus for a long time. In the heavy air of the room,

and the heavy darkness that brooded in its remoter corners, I even had an alarming fancy that Estella and I would presently begin to decay.

At length, not coming out of her distraught state by degrees, but in an instant, Miss Havisham said, "Let me see you two play cards; why have you not begun?" With that, we returned to her room, and sat down as before; I was beggared, as before; and again, as before, Miss Havisham watched us all the time, directed my attention to Estella's beauty, and made me notice it the more by trying her jewels on Estella's breast and hair.

Estella, for her part, likewise treated me as before; except that she did not condescend to speak. When we had played some half-dozen games, a day was appointed for my return, and I was taken down into the yard to be fed in the former dog-like manner. There, too, I was again left to wander about as I liked.

It is not much to the purpose whether a gate in that garden wall which I had scrambled up to peep over on the last occasion was, on that last occasion, open or shut. Enough that I saw no gate then, and that I saw one now. As it stood open, and as I knew that Estella had let the visitors out—for, she had returned with the keys in her hand—I strolled into the garden and strolled all over it. It was quite a wilderness, and there were old melon-frames and cucumber-frames in it, which seemed in their decline to have produced a spontaneous growth of weak attempts at pieces of old hats and boots, with now and then a weedy offshoot into the likeness of a battered saucepan.

When I had exhausted the garden, and a greenhouse with nothing in it but a fallen-down grape-vine and some bottles, I found myself in the dismal corner upon which I had looked out of window. Never questioning for a moment that the house was now empty, I looked in at another window, and found myself, to my great surprise, exchanging a broad stare with a pale young gentleman with red eyelids and light hair.

This pale young gentleman quickly disappeared, and reappeared beside me. He had been at his books when I had found myself staring at him, and I now saw that he was inky.

"Halloa!" said he, "young fellow!"

Halloa being a general observation which I have usually observed to be best answered by itself, I said "Halloa!" politely omitting young fellow.

"Who let you in?" said he.

"Miss Estella."

"Who gave you leave to prowl about?"

"Miss Estella."

"Come and fight," said the pale young gentleman.

What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since: but, what else could I do? His manner was so final, and I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had gone many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too.

There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands against one another, daintily flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach.

The bull-like proceeding last mentioned, besides that it was unquestionably to be regarded in the light of a liberty, was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meat. I therefore hit out at him and was going to hit out again, when he said, "Aha! Would you?" and began dancing backwards and forwards in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

"Laws of the game!" said he. Here, he skipped from his left leg on to his right. "Regular rules!" Here, he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here, he dodged backwards and forwards, and did all sorts of things while I looked helplessly at him.

I was secretly afraid of him when I saw him so dexterous; but, I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore, I followed him without a word, to a retired nook of the garden formed by the junction of two walls and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying Yes, he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment, and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. "Available for both," he said, placing these against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, business-like, and bloodthirsty.

Although he did not look very healthy—having pimples on his face, and a breaking out at his mouth—these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged him to be about my own age, but he was much taller, and he had a way of spinning himself about that was full of appearance. For the rest, he was a young gentleman in a grey suit (when not denuded for battle), with his elbows, knees, wrists, and heels, considerably in advance of the rest of him as to development.

My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety and eyeing my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been so surprised in my life, as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw him lying on his back looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly fore-shortened.

But, he was on his feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

His spirit inspired me with great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but, he would be up again in a moment, spong-

ing himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and then came at me with an air and a show that made me believe he really was going to do for me at last. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him; but, he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall. Even after that crisis in our affairs, he got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was; but finally went on his knees to his sponge and threw it up: at the same time panting out, "That means you have won."

He seemed so brave and innocent, that although I had not proposed the contest I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory. Indeed, I go so far as to hope that I regarded myself while dressing as a species of savage young wolf, or other wild beast. However, I got dressed, darkly wiping my sanguinary face at intervals, and I said, "Can I help you?" and he said "No thankee," and I said "Good afternoon," and he said "Same to you."

When I got into the court-yard, I found Estella waiting with the keys. But, she neither asked me where I had been, nor why I had kept her waiting; and there was a bright flush upon her face, as though something had happened to delight her. Instead of going straight to the gate, too, she stepped back into the passage, and beckoned me.

"Come here! You may kiss me, if you like."

I kissed her cheek as she turned it to me. I think I would have gone through a great deal to kiss her cheek. But, I felt that the kiss was given to the coarse common boy as a piece of money might have been, and that it was worth nothing.

What with the birthday visitors, and what with the cards, and what with the fight, my stay had lasted so long, that when I neared home the light on the spit of sand off the point on the marshes was gleaming against a black night-sky, and Joe's furnace was flinging a path of fire across the road.

POLICEMEN IN PRUSSIA.

Not long since I read—in company with other readers of the arch-journal—that tale of the inoffensive British subject who had the misfortune to be travelling with his wife and family on a Prussian railway at the same moment as an ill-omened Prussian doctor. The inoffensive British subject had actually in his pocket a sheet of tissue-paper, or letter of introduction, in which a distinguished personage at home had kindly asked, in general terms, "every one whom it might concern," to take particular care of the person described in the document, as "a British subject travelling on the Continent," and pay him every attention. Fortified with this paper, the British subject had presented it to various parties, whom it did concern, and who had good-naturedly painted little pictures

of split eagles, and crowns, and inscriptions in lamp-black over it, sprinkling it profusely with sand and general dirt. So far the inoffensive British subject was complementarily treated. But on that unlucky morning, when his seat was taken by the medical practitioner, he himself was dragged away by ruffians in uniform, cast for a week into gaol, and was finally, together with his nation, reviled in foul language by a law officer of the Prussian crown. As I read this gross outrage, a little historiette of personal treatment in my own individual case, at the hands of these gentry, came into my mind.

I am at Calais, where the action of the little piece commences, newly descended from an effete, shattered diligence—last of its tribe—which has jingled over from Boulogne. I have been assisted to the ground by some perilous steps, not unlike a series of hall-door scrapers, and am at once adhered to by a species of human barnacle, or mussel, what seems to be a stud-groom, but is, professionally, a commissioner, and who never leaves me for a second as long as I reside in the town. A gentleman of easy address, and speaking the English tongue with perfect fluency, not to be put back by assurances that his services are not required, by stern request to desist from dogging my steps, and it is with a fiendish joy, when the hour of departure arrives, that I tell him that he shall not have a doit—that he has been forewarned—that he was a nuisance, a pest, a plague. He smiles, and shrugs, and smiles, and is very sorry, but it cannot be helped. He has meant well; and is so seducing, finally, that he goes his way rejoicing, with an ample guerdon.

Then we plunge into the night—the midnight—and with an eternal burr, and huge winnowing machine whirling ceaselessly in the ear, and periodical shiver, and heavy blinking eyes, and uneasy, and inconvenient limbs exploring restlessly, and heads swathed in caps, we make the night express journey through Brussels. In the flash of broad daylight, feeling very cold and creepish, find a new green country, well wooded, swelling in easy hills and valleys, skimming by us; with a perceptible thickening in the clouds of tobacco; with eight little green men winding horns of chase, cheerfully, to one another, from distant extremities of the "convoy"; in short, with a general Prussian flavour over everything.

With a change, too, in company, the sleepy nodding heads, the human pendulums that swung all night long from side to side, and the ten restless legs that searched accommodation all the night long, having vanished utterly, and there were, instead, fresh clean faces, faces that had washed and had been at the steaming breakfast-table, not wholly unconscious of buttered rolls and coffee according to milk, and such delicacies, that looked on new newspapers, and yellow little pirates of English books; English faces, in short—Mr. Blandman, and his two daughters, Miss Blonde and Miss Brunette. These ladies, fresh as daisies, and their father the most placid eye-glassed grey-whiskered and benevolent of

human men, who spent his days, I was positive, in preparing little surprises in the shape of jewellery, dresses, and general decoration, for his two "girls."

Miss Blonde does crochet work, busily; Miss Brunette reads her little yellow pirate; Mr. Blandman pursues the Times newspaper—no older than yesterday week—with much zest and steadiness. He looks hungrily at my journal of that denomination, which was full of youth and freshness, and artfully makes use of it as a lever to an introduction.

In a quarter of an hour the crochet needle is doing its work in a languid halting insufficient manner, and the little yellow pirate rests half closed upon its owner's knee; while a gentleman opposite is relating, with much animation of gesture, passages drawn from his experiences of travel. It is discovered presently that there was a Miss Jenkinwaters of St. John's Wood, whose acquaintance is common both to the gentleman and the young ladies; and the little common memories, domestic incidents of the most trivial nature, that we contrived to hang upon Miss Jenkinwaters of St. John's Wood, seem to me now, to be perfectly surprising; yet then, I was very grateful to Miss Jenkinwaters of St. John's Wood, in that far-off country. "You must come and see us," Mr. Blandman said, warming to me gradually, "at our country place. Stop with us some time. We fill our house at Christmas; have theatricals, charades, hunting, dancing—a regular festival, in short. You *must* come to us and—Halloo! what are we stopping here for?"

The convoy had stopped short in a narrow gorge, with high sloping banks, but without platform or station, beyond a wretched kind of hutch, or sentry-box; and, on looking out of the window I could see all the doors open, and a band of the spiked green men crawling up the steps of the carriages. We seemed to be a steam diligence stopped and rifled in a lonely pass of the Abruzzi by bandits. I put this little conceit in a lively manner to my companions, and they were much diverted. It was discovered, however, that we were at that moment upon an imaginary line, called the Frontier—the point where the edge of Belgium joins that of Prussia—and that the green men with the spiked helmets were the officials of this latter odious country, violently forcing passengers to halt, to stand and deliver passports. In about another half-hour we should roll into the city of the wells—Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle—where it had been already arranged that we were to dine together at the sign of The Great King.

Our own door was presently flung open, and the odious fireman's helmet was discovered about the level of the floor, lifting itself slowly. A voice, issuing from under the hairy eaves of sandy moustaches, said, "Vos basseborts, mes-sieurs!" and waited, obstructing light and air, while Miss Brunette opened with a click a little morocco leather travelling warehouse, artfully disposed in chambers and compartments and pigeon-holes and pockets and general snug ac-

commodation, and took out a neatly-bound pocket-book. The spiked fireman gruffly unfolded the rustling sheet, and joined it to his general heap: clutched my document, too, and disappeared.

"Yes," said Mr. Blandman, in his soft manner, "you must come to us in the country. Plenty of good shooting and hunting. We shall amuse you some way. Let me see—to-day is the twenty-sixth—could you come—"

Again a spiked fireman; but a spiked fireman ultor; an avenger—a chastising fireman—with mischief in his dull eye. He pointed to me with his finger; he held my passport in his hand.

"Vo' bassebort," he said, tapping the document; "bas en règle. Vaut dézendre."

"What do you mean?" I said, impatiently; "it is perfectly in rule. Observe the capon, or bird of your country, duly daubed in the regulation lamp-black by the authorised official—the 'Polizei-Director,' I think he is fancifully termed."

"Vaut dézendre," said the odious fireman, rustling his papers menacingly; "you must speak with the Herr Director."

I turned to my companions with a smile and light laugh, which must have sounded hollowly, for I felt a presentiment of evil; I saw a spectral bird, a ghostly raven, perched upon the fireman's helmet.

"I shall set it right in a moment," I said; "it is only some of the red tape of these precious officials!"

But as I looked, it seemed to me that a sort of constraint had come over their faces: they did not appear to see it in the playful light in which I put it.

"A most awkward circumstance," said Mr. Blandman, dryly.

"Very unpleasant, indeed," said Miss Blonde, doubtfully.

Miss Brunette said nothing, but was busy searching a chamber in the little travelling warehouse.

"Thank Heaven!" I said, desperately, appealing to that *habeas corpus* corner which is in the breast of every Englishman—"thank Heaven, in our free country we have none of this tyranny, this degrading inquisitorial—"

Mr. Blandman coughed.

"It may be very necessary," he said.

"Vaut dézendre!" the infuriated fireman struck in from the door.

With a presentiment that all was over—the banquet at the Grand Monarch, the Christmas festivity, the theatricals, the huntings, the shootings, down at that old ancestral residence—was it called Blandman Manor?—I bowed my head meekly, and followed the green official up to the hutch or sentry-box, where a large miller in a white linen coat and spectacles was busy spreading his lamp-blacks and bisected capons over whole sheaves of rustling papers.

"This is the Herr Director," says the green fireman.

Herr Director glared at me a moment, then pounced on an open broad sheet which had been

laid apart on a shelf, and throwing back his miller's coat, became judicial. The traveller was, as it were, upon his trial, standing in the dock.

"Vot' passeport?" says the miller inquisitor.

I said, "Yes."

"Êtes s'jet 'tannique?"

There was no use denying that I was a British subject, for he had gleaned the fact from the document before him. I said I *was* s'jet 'tannique. At this moment I heard the loud bassoon, that is to say, the winding horns of the little guards. I made a distracted plunge backward, but was stayed by the fireman and his helmet obstructing the doorway.

"And this is your passeport?" continued the miller policeman.

As was before stated, it was idle to think of repudiating the document.

"Well, then," said the inquisitor, gathering himself up to pass sentence, "you being 'jet 'tannique, and this being your passeport—"

"Montez, montez, messieurs!" from outside, from the little green men.

"Monsieur, I implore you, let me go; the train is about to depart."

"Your passeport," continued procurator fiscal, giving judgment from his hutch, "is not in rule. You must return by the next convoy to Brussels, and procure another."

The spiked fireman, tapping me on the shoulder, withdrew me from the hutch. There was a cheerful "tra-la" from unresponsive horns, and the train began to move. I rushed forward desperately; for I had seen the faces of Miss Blonde and Miss Brunette gliding by, and they saw me, in the depths of my humiliation, tapped on the arm by spiked fireman, and detained ingloriously as his prisoner.

I was frantic. I threatened the Herr Director with our minister, and the Times, alluding to the well-known journal. He became polite, strange to say; showed me that mine was a French consular passport, not a British one; that another could be easily procured at Brussels (I laughed scornfully), and that all would yet go well.

I had to pace that often-anathematised apology for a platform under strict fireman surveillance for nearly three hours. Then a return train came up—a slow one—and it was near midnight before I was set down again in Brussels: a miserable broken spirit, panting for vengeance.

I waited on "our minister" betimes, about as early as was *inconvenient*, and told him the simple story of my wrongs. I found him a cold, dry, baked, juiceless man. I obtained the usual redress, and the customary show of sympathy. If the passport was not "in rule," why, it ought to have been. He regretted much it was out of his power, &c. If I wished, he could embody the substance of my case in a statement for the information of the home government, who, he was sure, &c. I quitted this functionary in disgust; and, by an early train was again flying into Prussia. Towards evening the train was once more stopped by green brigands crawling up the sides, and again rifled of its papers. By dusk,

guttural tongues were shouting, "Aachen! Aachen!" and I was presently scouring the streets in the peculiar vehicle of the place, making for the Grand Monarch. I should find them at tea—come upon them with surprise. Miss Brunette would give a sort of suppressed little cry of delight, and Mr. Blandman, putting forth his hand, would wring me cordially, and give me a British welcome. I should like them to be a little dull at the moment; a little tired, anxious for change, when I suddenly appear at the door.

They were gone—gone since this morning; the Grand Monarch would not tell me whither—somewhere out upon the wide world, with the name of their dwelling-place unspoken. I became a prey to black despair, and remained there five weeks, drinking the waters. I bought a Bohemian glass goblet, and quaffed sulphurous draughts, to the confusion of all Prussians. I went to the weekly balls of the place, and scoffed openly at the two officials—sole garrison of the place—who danced and glissaded like dancing-masters, doing all the steps, and who wore the ridiculous old exploded British undress uniform of thirty years back, scales and all. There was another creature in scales, too, obtrusive in his attentions to fashionable English ladies, but who proved on inquiry to be an arch-policeman with an eye-glass, whom you could see any morning up in his squalid office, where droves of submissive rustics who wished to travel a few miles, sat, and petitioned for license, and were bullied according to form. Yet I was glad I tarried in the city of sulphur, for I saw yet another of their little tyrannies. As I sat one morning, partaking of breakfast, and spelling the dreary print, yet amusing from its dreariness, entitled the *Cölnische Zeitung*—there drew near to me once more the green man of the spiked helm. He boded me no good I was sure. He had no business with me, he said, gruffly, "but with *that*."

"With what?"

"That there—the *Zeitung*!"

"Pardon, I have not done with it."

In the name of the king! he demanded the *Zeitung*. He had come to seize that journal. He took with him the wretched print, and was going round the town to seize every other copy. There had been a harmless article on some election then pending, which was displeasing to the government.

THE WATCHER.

THE streets are smothered in the snow,
The chill-eyed stars are cleaving keen
The frozen air, and, sailing slow,
The white moon stares across the scene.

She waits beside the fading fire,
The gasping taper flickers low,
And drooping down, and rising higher,
Her shadow wavers to and fro.

No foot disturbs the sleeping floor,
No motion save the wintry breath
That, stealing through the crannied door,
Creeps coldly as a thought of death.

It chills her with its airy stream,
O cold, O careless midnight blast!
It wakes her as her fevered dream
Hath skimmed the sweetness of the past.

She stirs not yet. The night has drawn
Its silent stream of stars away,
And now the infant streaks of dawn
Begin to prophesy the day.

She stirs not yet. Within her eye
The half-crushed tear-drop lingers still;
She stirs not, and the smothered sigh
Breaks wave-like on the rock of will.

O heart that will unheeding prove,
O heart that must unheeded break,
How strong the hope, how deep the love,
That burn for faithless folly's sake!

THE GREY WOMAN.

IN THREE PORTIONS. PORTION THE SECOND.

A NORMAN woman, Amante by name, was sent to Les Rochers by the Paris milliner, to become my maid. She was tall and handsome, though upwards of forty, and somewhat gaunt. But, on first seeing her, I liked her; she was neither rude nor familiar in her manners, and had a pleasant look of straightforwardness about her that I had missed in all the inhabitants of the château, and had foolishly set down in my own mind as a national want. Amante was directed by M. de la Tourelle to sit in my boudoir, and to be always within call. He also gave her many instructions as to her duties in matters which, perhaps, strictly belonged to my department of management. But I was young and inexperienced, and thankful to be spared any responsibility.

I dare say it was true what M. de la Tourelle said—before many weeks had elapsed—that, for a great lady, a lady of a castle, I became sadly too familiar with my Norman waiting-maid. But you know that by birth we were not very far apart in rank: Amante was the daughter of a Norman farmer, I of a German miller; and, besides, that my life was so lonely! It almost seemed as if I could not please my husband. He had written for some one capable of being my companion at times, and now he was jealous of my free regard for her—angry because I could sometimes laugh at her original tunes and amusing proverbs, while when with him I was too much frightened to smile.

From time to time families from a distance of some leagues drove through the bad roads in their heavy carriages to pay us a visit, and there was an occasional talk of our going to Paris when public affairs should be a little more settled. These little events and plans were the only variations in my life for the first twelve months, if I except the alternations in M. de la Tourelle's temper, his unreasonable anger, and his passionate fondness.

Perhaps one of the reasons that made me take pleasure and comfort in Amante's society was, that whereas I was afraid of everybody (I do not think I was half as much afraid of

things as of persons), Amante feared no one. She would quietly beard Lefebvre, and he respected her all the more for it; she had a knack of putting questions to M. de la Tourelle, which respectfully informed him that she had detected the weak point, but forbore to press him too closely upon it out of deference to his position as her master. And with all her shrewdness to others, she had quite tender ways with me; all the more so at this time because she knew, what I had not yet ventured to tell M. de la Tourelle, that by-and-by I might become a mother, that wonderful object of mysterious interest to single women, who no longer hope to enjoy such blessedness themselves.

It was once more autumn; late in October. But I was reconciled to my habitation; the walls of the new part of the building no longer looked bare and desolate; the débris had been so far cleared away by M. de la Tourelle's desire as to make me a little flower-garden, in which I tried to cultivate those plants that I remembered as growing at home. Amante and I had moved the furniture in the rooms, and adjusted it to our liking; my husband had ordered many an article from time to time that he thought would give me pleasure, and I was becoming tame to my apparent imprisonment in a certain part of the great building, the whole of which I had never yet explored. It was October, as I say, once more. The days were lovely, though short in duration, and M. de la Tourelle had occasion, so he said, to go to that distant estate the superintendence of which so frequently took him away from home. He took Lefebvre with him, and possibly some more of the lacqueys; he often did. And my spirits rose a little at the thought of his absence; and then the new sensation that he was the father of my unborn babe came over me, and I tried to invest him with this fresh character. I tried to believe that it was his passionate love for me that made him so jealous and tyrannical, imposing, as he did, restrictions on my very intercourse with my dear father, from whom I was so entirely separated, as far as personal intercourse was concerned.

I had, it is true, let myself go into a sorrowful review of all the troubles which lay hidden beneath the seeming luxury of my life. I knew that no one cared for me except my husband and Amante; for it was clear enough to see that I, as his wife, and also as a parvenue, was not popular among the few neighbours who surrounded us; and as for the servants, the women were all hard and impudent-looking, treating me with a semblance of respect that had more of mockery than reality in it, while the men had a lurking kind of fierceness about them, sometimes displayed even to M. de la Tourelle, who on his part, it must be confessed, was often severe even to cruelty in his management of them. My husband loved me, I said to myself, but I said it almost in the form of a question. His love was shown fitfully, and more in ways calculated to please himself than to please me. I felt that for no wish of mine would he deviate

one tittle from any predetermined course of action. I had learnt the inflexibility of those thin, delicate lips; I knew how anger would turn his fair complexion to deadly white, and bring the cruel light into his pale blue eyes. The love I bore to any one seemed to be a reason for his hating them, and so I went on pitying myself one long dreary afternoon during that absence of his of which I have spoken, only sometimes remembering to check myself in my murmurings by thinking of the new unseen link between us, and then crying afresh to think how wicked I was. Oh, how well I remember that long October evening! Amante came in from time to time, talking away to cheer me—talking about dress and Paris, and I hardly know what, but from time to time looking at me keenly with her friendly dark eyes, and with serious interest, too, though all her words were about frivolity. At length she heaped the fire with wood, drew the heavy silken curtains close; for I had been anxious hitherto to keep them open so that I might see the pale moon mounting the skies, as I used to see her—the same moon—rise from behind the Kaiser Stuhl at Heidelberg; but the sight made me cry, so Amante shut it out. She dictated to me as a nurse does to a child.

"Now, madame must have the little kitten to keep her company," she said, "while I go and ask Marthon for a cup of coffee." I remember that speech, and the way it roused me, for I did not like Amante to think I wanted amusing by a kitten. It might be my petulance, but this speech—such as she might have made to a child—annoyed me, and I said that I had reason for my lowliness of spirits—meaning that they were not of so imaginary a nature that I could be diverted from them by the gambols of a kitten. So, though I did not choose to tell her all, I told her a part; and as I spoke, I began to suspect that the good creature knew much of what I withheld, and that the little speech about the kitten was more thoughtfully kind than it had seemed at first. I said that it was so long since I had heard from my father; that he was an old man, and so many things might happen—I might never see him again—and I so seldom heard from him or my brother; it was a more complete and total separation than I had ever anticipated when I married, and something of my home and of my life previous to my marriage I told the good Amante; for I had not been brought up as a great lady, and the sympathy of any human being was precious to me.

Amante listened with interest, and in return told me some of the events and sorrows of her own life. Then, remembering her purpose, she set out in search of the coffee, which ought to have been brought to me an hour before; but in my husband's absence my wishes were but seldom attended to, and I never dared to give orders.

Presently she returned, bringing the coffee and a great large cake.

"See!" said she, setting it down. "Look

at my plunder. Madame must eat. Those who eat always laugh. And, besides, I have a little news that will please madame." Then she told me that, lying on a table in the great kitchen, was a bundle of letters, come by the courier from Strasburg that very afternoon; then, fresh from her conversation with me, she had hastily untied the string that bound them, but had only just traced out one that she thought was from Germany, when a servant-man came in, and with the start he gave her she dropped the letters, which he picked up, swearing at her for having untied and disarranged them. She told him that she believed there was a letter there for her mistress; but he only swore the more, saying that if there was it was no business of hers, or of his either, for that he had the strictest orders always to take all letters that arrived during his master's absence into the private sitting-room of the latter—a room into which I had never entered, although it opened out of my husband's dressing-room.

I asked Amante if she had not conquered and brought me this letter. No, indeed, she replied, it was almost as much as her life was worth to live among such a set of servants; it was only a month ago that Jacques had stabbed Valentin for some jesting talk. Had I never missed Valentin—that handsome young lad who carried up the wood into my salon? Poor fellow! he lies dead and cold now, and they said in the village he had put an end to himself, but those of the household knew better. Oh! I need not be afraid; Jacques was gone, no one knew where; but with such people it was not safe to upbraid or insist. Monsieur would be at home the next day, and it would not be long to wait.

But I felt as if I could not exist till the next day without the letter. It might be to say that my father was ill, dying—he might cry for his daughter from his death-bed! In short, there was no end to the thoughts and fancies that haunted me. It was of no use for Amante to say that after all she might be mistaken—that she did not read writing well—that she had but a glimpse of the address; I let my coffee cool, my food all became distasteful, and I wrung my hands with impatience to get at the letter, and have some news of my dear ones at home. All the time, Amante kept her imperturbable good temper, first reasoning, then scolding. At last she said, as if wearied out, that if I would consent to make a good supper, she would see what could be done as to our going to Monsieur's room in search of the letter, after the servants were all gone to bed. We agreed to go together when all was still, and look over the letters; there could be no harm in that; and yet, somehow, we were such cowards we dared not do it openly and in the face of the household.

Presently my supper came up—partridges, bread, fruits, and cream. How well I remember that supper! We put the untouched cake away in a sort of buffet, and poured the cold coffee out of the window, in order that the ser-

vants might not take offence at the apparent fancifulness of sending down for food I could not eat. I was so anxious for all to be in bed, that I told the footman who served that he need not wait to take away the plates and dishes, but might go to bed. Long after I thought the house was quiet, Amante, in her caution, made me wait. It was past eleven before we set out, with cat-like steps and veiled light, along the passages, to go to my husband's room and steal my own letter, if it was indeed there; a fact about which Amante had become very uncertain in the progress of our discussion.

To make you understand my story, I must now try to explain to you the plan of the château. It had been at one time a fortified place of some strength, perched on the summit of a rock, which projected from the side of the mountain. But additions had been made to the old building (which must have borne a strong resemblance to the castles overhanging the Rhine), and these new buildings were placed so as to command a magnificent view, being on the steepest side of the rock, from which the mountain fell away, as it were, leaving the great plain of France in full survey. The ground-plan was something of the shape of three sides of an oblong; my apartments in the modern edifice occupied the narrow end, and had this grand prospect. The front of the castle was old, and ran parallel to the road far below. In this were contained the offices and public rooms of various descriptions, into which I never penetrated. The back wing (considering the new building, in which my apartments were, as the centre) consisted of many rooms, of a dark and gloomy character, as the mountain-side shut out much of the sun, and heavy pine woods came down within a few yards of the windows. Yet on this side—on a projecting plateau of the rock—my husband had formed the flower-garden of which I have spoken; for he was a great cultivator of flowers in his leisure moments.

Now my bedroom was the corner room of the new buildings on the part next to the mountain. Hence I could have let myself down into the flower-garden by my hands on the window-sill on one side, without danger of hurting myself; while the windows at right angles with these looked sheer down a descent of a hundred feet at least. Going still farther along this wing, you came to the old building; in fact, these two fragments of the ancient castle had formerly been attached by some such connecting apartments as my husband had rebuilt. These rooms belonged to M. de la Tourelle. His bedroom opened into mine, his dressing-room lay beyond; and that was pretty nearly all I knew, for the servants, as well as he himself, had a knack of turning me back, under some pretence, if ever they found me walking about alone, as I was inclined to do, when first I came, from a sort of curiosity, to see the whole of the place of which I found myself mistress. M. de la Tourelle never encouraged me to go out alone, either in a carriage or for a walk, saying always

that the roads were unsafe in those disturbed times; indeed, I have sometimes fancied since that the flower-garden, to which the only access from the castle was through his rooms, was designed in order to give me exercise and employment under his own eye.

But to return to that night. I knew, as I have said, that M. de la Tourelle's private room opened out of his dressing-room, and this out of his bedroom, which again opened into mine, the corner-room. But there were other doors into all these rooms, and these doors led into a long gallery, lighted by windows, looking into the inner court. I do not remember our consulting much about it; we went through my room into my husband's apartment through the dressing-room, but the door of communication into his study was locked, so there was nothing for it but to turn back and go by the gallery to the other door. I recollect noticing one or two things in these rooms, then seen by me for the first time. I remember the sweet perfume that hung in the air, the scent bottles of silver that decked his toilet-table, and the whole apparatus for bathing and dressing, more luxurious even than those which he had provided for me. But the room itself was less splendid in its proportions than mine. In truth, the new buildings ended at the entrance to my husband's dressing-room. There were deep window recesses in walls eight or nine feet thick, and even the partitions between the chambers were three feet deep; but over all these doors or windows there fell thick, heavy draperies, so that I should think no one could have heard in one room what passed in another. We went back into my room, and out into the gallery. We had to shade our candle, from a fear that possessed us, I don't know why, lest some of the servants in the opposite wing might trace our progress towards the part of the castle unused by any one except my husband. Somehow, I had always the feeling that all the domestics, except Amante, were spies upon me, and that I was trammelled in a web of observation and unspoken limitation extending over all my actions.

There was a light in the upper room; we paused, and Amante would have again retreated, but I was chafing under the delays. What was the harm of my seeking my father's unopened letter to me in my husband's study? I, generally the coward, now blamed Amante for her unusual timidity. But the truth was, she had far more reason for suspicion as to the proceedings of that terrible household than I had ever known of. I urged her on, I pressed on myself; we came to the door, locked, but with the key in it; we turned it, we entered; the letters lay on the table, their white oblongs catching the light in an instant, and revealing themselves to my eager eyes, hungering after the words of love from my peaceful distant home. But just as I pressed forward to examine the letters, the candle which Amante held, caught in some draught, went out, and we were in darkness. Amante proposed that we should carry the letters back to my salon, collecting them as

well as we could in the dark, and returning all but the expected one for me; but I begged her to return to my room, where I kept tinder and flint, and to strike a fresh light; and so she went, and I remained alone in the room, of which I could only just distinguish the size, and the principal articles of furniture: a large table, with a deep overhanging cloth, in the middle, *escritoirs* and other heavy articles against the walls; all this I could see as I stood there, my hand on the table close by the letters, my face towards the window, which, both from the darkness of the wood growing high up the mountain-side and the faint light of the declining moon, seemed only like an oblong of paler purpler black than the shadowy room. How much I remembered from my one instantaneous glance before the candle went out, how much I saw as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I do not know, but even now, in my dreams, comes up that room of horror, distinct in its profound shadow. Amante could hardly have been gone a minute before I felt an additional gloom before the window, and heard soft movements outside—soft, but resolute, and continued until the end was accomplished, and the window raised.

In mortal terror of people forcing an entrance at such an hour, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt of their purpose, I would have turned to fly when first I heard the noise, only that I feared by any quick motion to catch their attention, as I also ran the danger of doing by opening the door, which was all but closed, and to whose handlings I was unaccustomed. Again, quick as lightning, I bethought me of the hiding-place between the locked door to my husband's dressing-room and the portière which covered it; but I gave that up, I felt as if I could not reach it without screaming or fainting. So I sank down softly, and crept under the table, hidden, as I hoped, by the great deep table-cover, with its heavy fringe. I had not recovered my swooning senses fully, and was trying to reassure myself as to my being in a place of comparative safety, for, above all things, I dreaded the betrayal of fainting, and struggled hard for such courage as I might attain by deadening myself to the danger I was in by inflicting intense pain on myself. You have often asked me the reason of that mark on my hand; it was where, in my agony, I bit out a piece of flesh with my relentless teeth, thankful for the pain, which helped to numb my terror. I say, I was but just concealed when I heard the window lifted, and one after another stepped over the sill, and stood by me so close that I could have touched their feet. Then they laughed and whispered; my brain swam so that I could not tell the meaning of their words, but I heard my husband's laughter among the rest—low, hissing, and scornful—as he kicked something heavy that they had dragged in over the floor, and which lay near me; so near, that my husband's kick, in touching it, touched me too. I don't know why—I can't tell how—but some feeling, and not

curiosity, prompted me to put out my hand, ever so softly, ever so little, and feel in the darkness for what lay spurned beside me. I stole my groping palm upon the clenched and chilly hand of a corpse!

Strange to say, this roused me to instant vividness of thought. Till this moment I had almost forgotten Amante; now I planned with feverish rapidity how I could give her a warning not to return; or rather, I should say, I tried to plan, for all my projects were utterly futile, as I might have seen from the first. I could only hope she would hear the voices of those who were now busy in trying to kindle a light, swearing awful oaths at the mislaid articles which would have enabled them to strike fire. I heard her step outside coming nearer and nearer; I saw from my hiding-place the line of light beneath the door more and more distinctly; close to it her footstep paused; the men inside—at the time I thought they had been only two, but I found out afterwards there were three—paused in their endeavours, and were quite still, as breathless as myself, I suppose. Then she slowly pushed the door open with gentle motion, to save her flickering candle from being again extinguished. For a moment all was still. Then I heard my husband say, as he advanced towards her (he wore riding-boots, the shape of which I knew well, as I could see them in the light),

"Amante, may I ask what brings you here into my private room?"

He stood between her and the dead body of a man, from which ghastly heap I shrank away as it almost touched me, so close were we all together. I could not tell whether she saw it or not; I could give her no warning, nor make any dumb utterance of signs to bid her what to say—if, indeed, I knew myself what would be best for her to say.

Her voice was quite changed when she spoke; quite hoarse, and very low; yet it was steady enough as she said, what was the truth, that she had come to look for a letter which she believed had arrived for me from Germany. Good, brave Amante! Not a word about me. M. de la Tourelle answered with a grim blasphemy and a fearful threat. He would have no one prying into his premises; madame should have her letters, if there were any, when he chose to give them to her, if, indeed, he thought it well to give them to her at all. As for Amante, this was her first warning, but it was also her last; and, taking the candle out of her hand, he turned her out of the room, his companions discreetly making a screen, so as to throw the corpse into deep shadow. I heard the key turn in the door after her—if I had ever had any thought of escape it was gone now. I only hoped that whatever was to befall me might soon be over, for the tension of nerve was growing more than I could bear. The instant she could be supposed to be out of hearing, two voices began speaking in the most angry terms to my husband, upbraiding him for not having detained her, gagged her—nay, one was for killing her, saying he had seen her eye fall on the

face of the dead man, whom he now kicked in his passion. Though the form of their speech was as if they were speaking to equals, yet in their tone there was something of fear. I am sure my husband was their superior, or captain, or somewhat. He replied to them almost as if he were scoffing at them, saying it was such an expenditure of labour having to do with fools; that, ten to one, the woman was only telling the simple truth, and that she was frightened enough by discovering her master in his room to be thankful to escape and return to her mistress, to whom he could easily explain on the morrow how he happened to return in the dead of night. But his companions fell to cursing me, and saying that since M. de la Tourelle had been married he was fit for nothing but to dress himself fine and scent himself with perfume; that, as for me, they could have got him twenty girls prettier, and with far more spirit in them. He quietly answered that I suited him, and that was enough. All this time they were doing something—I could not see what—to the corpse; sometimes they were too busy rifling the dead body, I believe, to talk; again they let it fall with a heavy, resistless thud, and took to quarrelling. They taunted my husband with angry vehemence, enraged at his scoffing and scornful replies, his mocking laughter. Yes, holding up his poor dead victim, the better to strip him of whatever he wore that was valuable, I heard my husband laugh just as he had done when exchanging repartees in the little salon of the Rupprechts at Carlsruhe. I hated and dreaded him from that moment. At length, as if to make an end of the subject, he said, with cool determination in his voice,

"Now, my good friends, what is the use of all this talking, when you know in your hearts that, if I suspected my wife of knowing more than I chose of my affairs, she would not outlive the day? Remember Victorine. Because she merely joked about my affairs in an imprudent manner, and rejected my advice to keep a prudent tongue—to see what she liked, but ask nothing and say nothing—she has gone a long journey—longer than to Paris."

"But this one is different to her; we knew all that Madame Victorine knew, she was such a chatterbox; but this one may find out a vast deal, and never breathe a word about it, she is so sly. Some fine day we may have the country raised, and the gendarmes down upon us from Strasburg, and all owing to your pretty doll, with her cunning ways of coming over you."

I think this roused M. de la Tourelle a little from his contemptuous indifference, for he ground an oath through his teeth, and said, "Feel! this dagger is sharp, Henri. If my wife breathes a word, and I am such a fool as not to have stopped her mouth effectually before she can bring down gendarmes upon us, just let that good steel find its way to my heart. Let her guess but one tittle, let her have but one slight suspicion that I am not a 'grand propriétaire,' much less imagine that I am a chief of chauffeurs,

and she follows Victorine on the long journey beyond Paris that very day."

"She'll outwit you yet; or I never judged women well. Those still silent ones are the devil. She'll be off during some of your absences, having picked out some secret that will break us all on the wheel."

"Bah!" said his voice; and then in a minute he added, "Let her go if she will. But, where she goes, I will follow; so don't cry before you're hurt."

By this time, they had nearly stripped the body; and the conversation turned on what they should do with it. I learnt that the dead man was the *Sieur de Poissy*, a neighbouring gentleman, whom I had often heard of as hunting with my husband. I had never seen him, but they spoke as if he had come upon them while they were robbing some Cologne merchant, torturing him after the cruel practice of the *chauffeurs*, by roasting the feet of their victims in order to compel them to reveal any hidden circumstances connected with their wealth, of which the *chauffeurs* afterwards made use; and this *Sieur de Poissy* coming down upon them, and recognising M. de la Tourelle, they had killed him, and brought him hither after nightfall. I heard him, whom I called my husband, laugh his little light laugh as he spoke of the way in which the dead body had been strapped before one of the riders, in such a way that it appeared to any passer-by as if, in truth, the murderer were tenderly supporting some sick person. He repeated some mocking reply of double meaning, which he himself had given to some one who made inquiry. He enjoyed the play upon words, softly applauding his own wit. And all the time the poor helpless outstretched arms of the dead lay close to his dainty boot! Then another stooped (my heart stopped beating), and picked up a letter lying on the ground—a letter that had dropped out of M. de Poissy's pocket—a letter from his wife, full of tender words of endearment and pretty babblings of love. This was read aloud, with coarse ribald comments on every sentence, each trying to outdo the previous speaker. When they came to some pretty words about a sweet Maurice, their little child away with its mother on some visit, they laughed at M. de la Tourelle, and told him that he would be hearing such woman's drivelling some day. Up to that moment, I think, I had only feared him, but his unnatural, half-ferocious reply made me hate even more than I dreaded him. But now they grew weary of their savage merriment; the jewels and watch had been appraised, the money and papers examined; and apparently there was some necessity for the body being interred quietly and before daybreak. They had not dared to leave him where he was slain for fear lest people should come and recognise him, and raise the hue and cry upon them. For they all along spoke as if it was their constant endeavour to keep the immediate neighbourhood of *Les Rochers* in the most orderly and tranquil condition, so as never to give cause for visits from the gendarmes. They disputed a little as

to whether they should make their way into the castle larder through the gallery, and satisfy their hunger before the hasty interment, or afterwards. I listened with eager feverish interest as soon as this meaning of their speeches reached my hot and troubled brain, for at the time the words they uttered seemed only to stamp themselves with terrible force on my memory, so that I could hardly keep from repeating them aloud like a dull, miserable, unconscious echo; but my brain was numb to the sense of what they said, unless I myself were named, and then, I suppose, some instinct of self-preservation stirred within me, and quickened my sense. And how I strained my ears, and nerved my hands and limbs, beginning to twitch with convulsive movements, which I feared might betray me! I gathered every word they spoke, not knowing which proposal to wish for, but feeling that whatever was finally decided upon, my only chance of escape was drawing near. I once feared lest my husband should go to his bedroom before I had had that one chance, in which case he would most likely have perceived my absence. He said that his hands were soiled (I shuddered, for it might be with life-blood), and he would go and cleanse them; but some bitter jest turned his purpose, and he left the room with the other two—left it by the gallery door. Left me alone in the dark with the stiffening corpse!

Now, now was my time, if ever; and yet I could not move. It was not my cramped and stiffened joints that crippled me, it was the sensation of that dead man's close presence. I almost fancied—I almost fancy still—I heard the arm nearest to me move; lift itself up, as if once more imploring, and fall in dead despair. At that fancy—if fancy it were—I screamed aloud in mad terror, and the sound of my own strange voice broke the spell. I drew myself to the side of the table farthest from the corpse, with as much slow caution as if I really could have feared the clutch of that poor dead arm, powerless for evermore. I softly raised myself up, and stood sick and trembling holding by the table, too dizzy to know what to do next. I nearly fainted, when a low voice spoke—when Amante, from the outside of the door, whispered, "Madame!" The faithful creature had been on the watch, had heard my scream, and having seen the three ruffians troop along the gallery down the stairs, and across the court to the offices in the other wing of the castle, she had stolen to the door of the room in which I was. The sound of her voice gave me strength; I walked straight towards it, as one benighted on a dreary moor, suddenly perceiving the small steady light which tells of human dwellings, takes heart, and steers straight onward. Where I was, where that voice was, I knew not; but go to it I must, or die. The door once opened—I know not by which of us—I fell upon her neck, grasping her tight, till my hands ached with the tension of their hold. Yet she never uttered a word. Only she took me up in her vigorous arms and bore me to my room, and laid me on

my bed. I do not know more; as soon as I was placed there I lost sense; I came to myself with a horrible dread lest my husband was by me, with a belief that he was in the room, in hiding, waiting to hear my first words, watching for the least sign of the terrible knowledge I possessed to murder me. I dared not breathe quicker, I measured and timed each heavy inspiration; I did not speak, nor move, nor even open my eyes, for long after I was in my full, my miserable senses. I heard some one treading softly about the room, as if with a purpose, not as if for curiosity, or merely to beguile the time; some one passed in and out of the salon; and I still lay quiet, feeling as if death were inevitable, but wishing that the agony of death were past. Again faintness stole over me, but just as I was sinking into the horrible feeling of nothingness I heard Amante's voice close to me, saying,

"Drink this, madame, and let us begone. All is ready."

I let her put her arm under my head and raise me, and pour something down my throat. All the time she kept talking in a quiet measured voice, unlike her own, so dry and authoritative; she told me that a suit of her clothes lay ready for me, that she herself was as much disguised as the circumstances permitted her to be, that what provisions I had left from my supper were stowed away in her pockets, and so she went on, dwelling on little details of the most common-place description, but never alluding for an instant to the fearful cause why flight was necessary. I made no inquiry as to how she knew, or what she knew. I never asked her either then or afterwards, I could not bear it—we kept our dreadful secret close. But I suppose she must have been in the dressing-room adjoining, and heard all.

In fact, I dared not speak even to her, as if there were anything beyond the most common event in life in our preparing thus to leave the house of blood by stealth in the dead of night. She gave me directions—short condensed directions, without reasons—just as you do to a child; and like a child I obeyed her. She went often to the door and listened; and often, too, she went to the window, and looked anxiously out. For me, I saw nothing but her, and I dared not let my eyes wander from her for a minute; and I heard nothing in the deep midnight silence but her soft movements, and the heavy beating of my own heart. At last she took my hand, and led me in the dark, through the salon, once more into the terrible gallery, where across the black darkness the windows admitted pale sheeted ghosts of light upon the floor. Clinging to her I went; unquestioning—for she was human sympathy to me after the isolation of my unspeakable terror. On we went, turning to the left instead of to the right, past my suite of sitting-rooms where the gilding was red with blood, into that unknown wing of the castle that fronted the main road lying parallel far below. She guided me along the basement passages to which we had now descended, until

we came to a little open door, through which the air blew chill and cold, bringing for the first time a sensation of life to me. The door led into a kind of cellar, through which we groped our way to an opening like a window, but which, instead of being glazed, was only fenced with iron bars, two of which were loose, as Amante evidently knew, for she took them out with the ease of one who had performed the action often before, and then helped me to follow her out into the free open air.

We stole round the end of the building, and on turning the corner—she first—I felt her hold of me tighten for an instant, and the next step I too heard distant voices, and the blows of a spade upon the heavy soil, for the night was very warm and still.

We had not spoken a word; we did not speak now. Touch was safer and as expressive. She turned down towards the high road; I followed. I did not know the path; we stumbled again and again, and I was much bruised; so doubtless was she; but bodily pain did me good. At last we were on the plainer path of the high road.

I had such faith in her that I did not venture to speak, even when she paused, as wondering to which hand she should turn. But now, for the first time, she spoke:

"Which way did you come when he brought you here first?"

I pointed, I could not speak.

We turned in the opposite direction; still going along the high road. In about an hour, we struck up to the mountain-side, scrambling far up before we even dared to rest; far up and away again before day had fully dawned. Then we looked about for some place of rest and concealment: and now we dared to speak in whispers. Amante told me that she had locked the door of communication between his bedroom and mine, and, as in a dream, I was aware that she had also locked and brought away the key of the door between the latter and the salon.

"He will have been too busy this night to think much about you—he will suppose you are asleep—I shall be the first to be missed—but they will only just now be discovering our loss."

I remember those last words of hers made me pray to go on—I felt as if we were losing precious time in thinking either of rest or concealment; but she hardly replied to me, so busy was she in seeking out some hiding-place. At length, giving it up in despair, we proceeded onwards a little way; the mountain-side sloped downwards rapidly, and in the full morning light we saw ourselves in a narrow valley, made by a stream which forced its way along it. About a mile lower down there rose the pale blue smoke of a village, a mill-wheel was lashing up the water close at hand, though out of sight. Keeping under the cover of every sheltering tree or bush, we worked our way down past the mill, down to a one-arched bridge, which doubtless formed part of the road between the village and the mill.

"This will do," said she; and we crept under the space, and climbing a little way up the rough stone-work, we seated ourselves on a projecting ledge, and crouched in the deep damp shadow. Amante sat a little above me, and made me lay my head on her lap. Then she fed me and took some food herself; and opening out her great dark cloak, she covered up every light-coloured speck about us; and thus we sat, shivering and shuddering, yet feeling a kind of rest through it all, simply from the fact that motion was no longer imperative, and that during the daylight our only chance of safety was to be still. But the damp shadow in which we were sitting was blighting, from the circumstance of the sunlight never penetrating there; and I dreaded lest, before night and the time for exertion again came on, I should feel illness creeping all over me. To add to our discomfort it had rained the whole day long, and the stream, fed by a thousand little mountain brooklets, began to swell into a torrent, rushing over the stones with a perpetual and dizzying noise.

Every now and then I was awakened from the painful doze into which I continually fell, by a sound of horses' feet over our head: sometimes lumbering heavily as if dragging a burden, sometimes rattling and galloping, and with the sharper cry of men's voices coming cutting through the roar of the waters. At length day fell. We had to drop into the stream, which came above our knees as we waded to the bank. There we stood, stiff and shivering. Even Amante's courage seemed to fail.

"We must pass this night in shelter, somehow," said she. For indeed the rain was coming down pitilessly. I said nothing. I thought that surely the end must be death in some shape; and I only hoped that to death might not be added the terror of the cruelty of men. In a minute or so she had resolved on her course of action. We went up the stream to the mill. The familiar sounds, the scent of the wheat, the flour whitening the walls—all reminded me of home, and it seemed to me as if I must struggle out of this nightmare and waken, and find myself once more a happy girl by the Neckar side. They were long in unbarring the door at which Amante had knocked; at length an old feeble voice inquired who was there, and what was sought? Amante answered shelter from the storm for two women; but the old woman replied, with suspicious hesitation, that she was sure it was a man who was asking for shelter, and that she could not let us in. But at length she satisfied herself, and unbarr'd the heavy door, and admitted us. She was not an unkindly woman, but her thoughts all travelled in one circle, and that was, that her master, the miller, had told her on no account to let any man into the place during his absence, and that she did not know if he would not think two women as bad; and yet that as we were not men, no one could say she had disobeyed him, for it was a shame to let a dog be out such a night as this. Amante, with ready wit, told her to let no one know that we had taken shelter there that night, and that then her master could

not blame her; and while she was thus enjoining secrecy as the wisest course, with a view to far other people than the miller, she was hastily helping me to take off my wet clothes, and spreading them, as well as the brown mantle that had covered us both, before the great stove which warmed the room with the effectual heat that the old woman's failing vitality required. All this time the poor creature was discussing with herself as to whether she had disobeyed orders, in a kind of garrulous way that made me fear much for her capability of retaining anything secret if she was questioned. By-and-by she wandered away to an unnecessary revelation of her master's whereabouts: gone to help in the search for his landlord, the *Sieur de Poissy*, who lived at the *château* just above, and who had not returned from his chase the day before; so the *intendant* imagined he might have met with some accident, and had summoned the neighbours to beat the forest and the hill-side. She told us much besides, giving us to understand that she would fain meet with a place as housekeeper where there were more servants and less to do, as her life here was very lonely and dull, especially since her master's son had gone away—gone to the wars. She then took her supper, which was evidently apportioned out to her with a sparing hand, as, even if the idea had come into her head, she had not enough to offer us any. Fortunately warmth was all that we required, and that, thanks to *Amaute's* cares, was returning to our chilled bodies. After supper the old woman grew drowsy, but she seemed uncomfortable at the idea of going to sleep and leaving us still in the house. Indeed, she gave us pretty broad hints as to the propriety of our going once more out into the bleak and stormy night; but we begged to be allowed to stay under shelter of some kind, and at last a bright idea came over her, and she bade us mount by a ladder to a kind of loft, which went half over the lofty mill-kitchen on which we were sitting; we obeyed her—what else could we do?—and found ourselves in a spacious floor, without any safeguard or wall, boarding, or railing, to keep us from falling over into the kitchen in case we went too near the edge. It was, in fact, the store-room or garret for the household. There was bedding piled up, boxes and chests, mill sacks, the winter store of apples and nuts, bundles of old clothes, broken furniture, and many other things. No sooner were we up there than the old woman dragged the ladder by which we had ascended away with a chuckle, as if she was now secure that we could do no mischief, and sat herself down again once more, to doze and await her master's return. We pulled out some bedding, and gladly laid ourselves down in our dried clothes and in some warmth, hoping to have the sleep we so much needed to refresh us and prepare us for the next day. But I could not sleep, and I was aware from her breathing that *Amaute* was equally wakeful. We could both see through the crevices between the boards that formed the flooring into the kitchen below, very partially lighted by the

common lamp that hung against the wall near the stove on the opposite side to that on which we were.

AMERICAN SLEEPING CARS.

I BATHE in the golden air of an American-Indian summer. The maple-trees glow above my head like huge nosegays lighting the stainless blue air. Autumn has painted their kindling leaves from her most lavish palette. They burn away round me in every possible crescendo shade of crimson, carmine, pink, and puce, from dead black and fiery orange, with here and there among them a sprinkle of pure pale green leaves, as yet unalchemised by that wonderful magician—autumn.

I am a passenger in the "Lightning Express" train, say from Nashville to Memphis, on the Mississippi, that great brown-grandpapa of the American rivers. The line is a good safe line, but not an "air line," as our American brothers call those of their railways that run across level prairies, without curves, bays, gradients, or windings, as in Indiana and Wisconsin, for example.

The cars are not, as in England, so many stage-coaches glued together. They are, it is true, of the same Russian sledge-body model as ours, but they are larger and longer than two of our omnibuses joined, and contain some forty or fifty people each: so, for the student of faces, there is endless amusement, and for the sociable, much opportunity for society.

The Americans being republicans, and acknowledging no social distinctions, charge the same price for all their carriages, and all their carriages are first class. The seats holding two persons each are ranged in rows, down either side of the carriage, with a path for the conductor, ticket collector, and itinerant salesman, down the middle. These seats all face the same way, except a stray bench or two round the glass-door, which is not at the side as with us, but at either end. The benches are like free seats in a church, with low backs, sometimes of padded velvet, and, on the poorer lines, of fine carpet or leather. The floors are always carpeted or matted, and the windows have generally Venetian blinds, and shutters for the night, or for the severe cold weather. There is always at one end of each carriage a large stone filter with a tin mug attached, for general use in the burning thirsty summers. On most lines, especially in the south, there is a negro or negress—a boy or girl—who comes round every half hour or so and offers a glass of water from a huge cool gurgling jug.

And I must go on, for I cannot describe the sleeping cars till I have first sketched the ordinary day car, and its points of difference from ours. The conductor, who wears no uniform but a cap with a band labelled "conductor"—for the Americans consider uniforms badges of inferiority—works perpetually in and out through the doors at either end that lead from

one carriage to another. This perpetual slamming of the fore-door and the aft-door is a special irritation, particularly when one wants to get to sleep and is actually wrestling with Morpheus for his blessing. He appears spectrally at every station to examine the tickets of the new comers, and to give them in exchange a check with a list of stations and distances on the back, which, in its turn, will be delivered up at the respective termini. This conductor, when not chatting with an acquaintance, or imparting information to inquisitive strangers like myself, is walking from carriage to carriage, watching the breaksmen, or maintaining the general police of the line.

The breaksmen, sometimes far south, a great laughing robust negro, who grinds at the brake as if he were winding up a giant's watch, stands outside the compartment door, on a small balcony or platform which joins the two carriages. On this platform, on its high or lower steps, men go out to smoke, or meditatively expectorate, as they watch the half-cleared forests through which we tear and scream, scaring the wild turkeys and frightening the great Kentucky mules in the wooden railed-in meadows. Yet this "coign of vantage" is not the smoker's special stand and perch. No, there is always a smoking car to every train, just as there is a ladies' car, where no smoking is allowed.

The smoking car is about as big as a Kensington omnibus, with seats running all round, and a table in the middle, on which the news-boy generally spreads his ephemeral store of intellectual sophistry: his *Superfine Reviews*, his *Daily Avalanches*, and his *Arkansas "Tobacco Plants."* This is, indeed, the den of the railroad stationer, from whence he emerges to deliver his "five cent" oracles.

And here a not irrelevant word on the railroad petty traders, of whom the flying stationer is now the acknowledged chief. No want can arise in the traveller's mind that there is not some one in an American railway train ready to administer to. Every town you pass, pelts you with its daily papers. If you stop for ten minutes at a central station, a lean expounding sort of quack missionary, standing erect at the door, informs the whole carriageful that "the dead-shot worm candy" is now selling at twenty-five cents the packet; that "Vestris's bloom," the finest cosmetic in the known world, is to be had for half a dollar the quarter of a pound, and dirt cheap at the money; or that "Knickerbocker's corn exterminator" makes life's path easy, at a dime the ounce packet. Presently, you fall asleep, and awake covered with a heavy snow of handbills about Harper's excellent reprints, and Peterson's vulgar and unscrupulous robberies from English authors. Anon, shouts a huge fellow with enormous apples, two cents each, peaches in their season, hickory nuts, "pecans," or maple sugar cakes. To them succeed sellers of ivory combs, parched corn, packets of mixed sweetmeats. If the weather be cold, and glazings of frost lie chill on the crimsoned maple

leaves in the woods, the breaksmen enters and lights the stove that stands in a little circle kept apart about the centre of the carriage.

I do not, of course, touch on the sanitary arrangements of the carriages, which are excellent, or on the refreshment cars, because the latter are but of recent introduction; but I must remark on the truly admirable system by which the conductor, or even the passengers, can, in cases of fire or murderous assault or other necessity, at once communicate with the engine-driver, and instantly stop the train. It consists of a cord, running in loops along the roof of every carriage, separating, where separation is necessary, by hooks and swivels, and attached at one end to a bell or dial on the engine.

Having now, I trust, given a sketch of the ordinary American railroad car, sufficient to enable the reader to understand its general arrangement, I proceed to the more especial subject of my chapter—the American sleeping car—an admirable contrivance, peculiar to the New World.

Let me leave the Tennessee Railway, on which the opening of the chapter found me gliding towards the Mississippi, and bear my memory back to the line that runs from Albany to Buffalo, and which took me, awestruck even in anticipation, to the "big thunder water," Niagara.

Landing from the Hudson river steamer, I find myself, on a certain day after at a certain town with an Indian name—Schenectady—bound for Canada. It is about nine o'clock when I reach the station and go to secure a sleeping car for the night and to check my baggage.

The words "checking my baggage" remind me to make a few remarks on one of the best institutions in all America, and one which it will be to our infinite loss if we do not very soon universally adopt. I am going, say from Utica to Toledo (what a collocation of incongruous names), and I have three parcels—first, my portmanteau, black, with red diamonds—second, my blue hat-box—third, my wife, to quote an old and honoured joke of my excellent grandfather's. Do I direct them carefully on parchment? No! I arrive at the station and get my ticket, followed by a muscular negro, Cuffy by name, who carries my baggage. He then follows me to the luggage-van, and cries out:

"Massa George, gib 'un a check for Toledo for this jebbleman."

Massa George looks up from a chaos of luggage and answers to him:

"How many?"

"Two, and all going through."

"Two checks for Toledo—right!"

As he speaks, Massa Jack, the under conductor, selects four brass tickets with leather loops attached to them, which hang with some hundreds of others from his arms, and looping two on my luggage, hands me the two duplicates.

"2359"—"2617" are the figures on my tickets, and on producing them at Toledo to-morrow, or to-morrow six months, my black

portmanteau and blue hat-box will be handed to me. I shall find them, I know, as sure as there are slaves in America, with the brass labels, twins to mine, upon them. I shall call out to the porter or baggage-master, "2359—2617," and out will roll, as in a pantomime trick, my black and red portmanteau and my blue hat-box.

Presently, before the train starts, to return to the routine of the system, I shall hear Cuffy roar out: "Toledo, 2359—2617," and to him answering, will respond Sambo inside the luggage van portal: "Toledo, 2359—2617—right!" and at the same moment down go the numbers in the little note-book of the luggage man of Utica, who stands by the van near a blazing red lamp, that turns his face to currant-jelly, and whose business it is to check all luggage passing from Utica anywhere. You may go, in this restless country, nine hundred miles at a stretch, may change trains five times, may pass three nights on the road, yet never be troubled to look after your luggage once—nay, not even to bestow a random nervous thought upon it; guard safely 2359—2617, at Toledo or where not, and as sure as three and three make what is called six, the product will be 2617 and 2359. But I am going—say from Albany—at the head of the Hudson to Buffalo, near Lake Ontario. The conductor seeing me walk about the platform, and eye the several carriages, says to me with sagacious forethought, "Sleeping car, mister? Going through, stranger?"

I reply "Yes," and follow the quiet sallow lean man into the last carriage, which is lettered in large red letters, on a sunflower yellow ground, "ALBANY AND BUFFALO SLEEPING CAR." I go in, and find the ordinary railway carriage; the usual filter, and the usual stove are there; and the seats, two-and-two, are arranged in the old quiet procession, turning their backs on each other glumly, after their kind. I ask how much extra I must pay for a bed.

"Single-high, twenty-five cents.; yes, sir," says the officer on duty. "Double-low, half a dollar; yes, sir."

I order a single-high (without at all knowing what I mean), and as I pay my twenty-five cents, the bell on the engine begins to get restless, and the steam horses snort and champ and struggle. Ten other persons enter, and order beds and pay for them, with more or less of expectation, regret, and wrangling.

More bell, more steam, smothering us all with white—a wrench, a drag, a jolt back half angry, as if the engine were sulky and restive, and we are off. The signal-posts stride by us, the timber-yards fly by, and we are in the open country, with its zig-zag snake fences, and Indian corn patches and piles of orange pumpkins. Now ladies come in from other carriages, for the restless or seeking traveller can walk all through an American train. We are seated in twos and twos, some at nuts, some at books, some flirting, some musing, some chatting, some discussing "the irrepressible squabble," many chewing, or cutting plugs of tobacco from long

wedges, produced from their waistcoat-pockets. The candy boys have been round three times, the negro with the water-can twice, the lad with the book basket once. One hour from Albany, we are at Hoffman's; twenty minutes more, at Amsterdam; fifty minutes more, and we have reached Spraker's—pure Dutch names all, as though old Hudson christened them. Now, as we are between Little Falls and Herkimer, the officer of the sleeping cars enters, and calls out: "Now then, misters, if you please, get up from your seats, and allow me to make up the beds."

Two by two we rise, and with neat trimness and quick hand the nimble Yankee turns over every other seat, so as to reverse the back, and make two seats, one facing the other. Nimbly he shuts the windows and pulls up the shutters, leaving for ventilation the slip of perforated zinc open at the top of each. Smartly he strips up the cushions, and unfastens from beneath each seat a light cane-bottomed frame, there secreted. In a moment, opening certain ratchet holes in the wall of the carriage, he has slid these in at a suitable height above, and covered each with cushions and sleeping rug.

I go outside on the balcony, to be out of the way, and when I come back the whole place is transformed. No longer an aisle of double seats, like a section of a proprietary chapel put on wheels, but the cabin of a small steamer, snug for sleeping, with curtained berths and closed portholes.

O dexterous genius of Zenas Wallace and Ezra Jones, conductors of the New York Central Railway! The lights of the candle lamps are dimmed or withdrawn; a hushed stillness pervades the chamber of sleep; no sound breaks it but the clump of falling boots, and the button-slapping sound of coats flung upon benches. Further on, within a second enclosure, I hear voices of women and children. A fat German haberdasher, from Cincinnati, is unrobing himself for sleep. He takes off his "undress" as if he were performing a religious ceremony, and, indeed, sleep is a rehearsal of death, and seems rather a solemn thing, however we look at it.

The bottom berths are singularly comfortable. There is room to wander and explore, to roll and turn, and the curtains hush all sound, and keep off all inquisitive rays from Zenas's and Ezra's portable lamps. There is, indeed, twice the room I had in the Atlantic steamer that brought me over, for, in that berth, I could not sit up at night without bumping my head against No. 46's bed planks, and could not turn without pulling all the scant clothes off me. As for a heavy sea, why then there was no keeping in bed at all without being lashed in.

Now I mount my berth; for sleep is sympathetic, and when every one else goes to sleep, I must too. There are two berths to choose from: both wicker trays, ledged in, cushioned, and rugged: one about half a foot higher than the other. I choose the top one, as being nearer the zinc ventilator.

Several have turned in, and are now snorting approval of themselves, and of sleep as an institution generally. Others, like young crows balancing on the spring boughs, swing their Yankee legs, lean and yellow, from the wicker trays, and peel off their stockings, or struggle to get rid of their boots. A Mississippi man, in a faded green dress-coat and gilt buttons, undoes the blue ribbon that fancifully and romantically fastens his coat in front. A thin commercial traveller for a Philadelphia tobacco house, next him, is telling a story of American recklessness.

"After the late dreadful shipwreck of the Lady Elgin, on Lake Michigan, a terrible catastrophe in which I myself narrowly escaped being a sufferer, two survivors—one floating on a hencoop, the other on a cabin-door—washed up together for a moment. The wind roared its cruel requiem; the waves beat and raved. Did one wretched man cry, 'God save us!' and 'Amen!' the other? No.

"Says Colonel Junius Chitterden to Augustus Erastus Corning:

" 'A Roman punch would not be a bad thing now, mister?'

"Says Augustus Erastus Corning to Colonel Junius:

" 'No, darn me! but I'd rather have a mint julep.'

"And then a great sea came and washed them angry apart. The colonel perished. Augustus Erastus was saved to partake of more mint juleps."

Laughing at this rather ghastly bit of fun, I clambered to my perch. The tray was narrow and high. It was like lying on one's back on the narrow plank thrown across a torrent. If I turned my back to the carriage wall, the motion bumped me off my bed altogether; if I turned my face to the wall, I felt a horrible sensation of being likely to roll down backwards, to be three minutes afterwards picked up in detached portions.

I lay on my back, and so settled the question; but then the motion! The American railroads are cheaply made and hastily constructed. They have often, on even great roads, but one line of rails, and that one line of rails is anything but even. Some years ago, the railroads in Virginia were so wretched that negroes were employed to run before the engine at certain risky places and nail down the "snake heads," as the loose jags of the sprung rails were called. Sleeping! It was like sleeping on a runaway horse.

Then the stoppages, the clashing of the bell on the engine at "Chittenanga," "Manlius," "Canton," "Jordan," "Canaserago," and all the other places with Indian, classical, or scriptural names. Then, if I peered through the zinc ventilator into the outer darkness, a flying scud of sparks from the engine-funnel did not serve to divest my mind of all chances of being burnt. Then, there were blazes of pine-torches as we neared a station, fresh bell clamour and jumbling sounds of baggage, slamming doors, and itinerant conductors.

Erastus and Zenas, you talk of our English trains exceeding yours in speed! Why we are flying now, not gliding or rushing—among pine-trees and Indian corn patches, past glimmering white plank houses—jolting to and fro—swaying with high pressure, and the driver, I'll be sworn, sitting on the safety-valve, stimulated by juleps, spitting at the darkness, and roaring out,

"We're bound to run all night,

We're bound to run all day;

I bet my money on the bob-tailed mare,

Who will bet on the grey!"

And to him, red in the firelight, I know the gigantic negro stoker replies, with a ferocious scrap of an anti-Abraham-Lincoln-election song,

"O out in old Kentucky,

And in South further down,

When the people take a fancy

That a rogue must leave the town,

O they ride him on a rail,

And it *isn't* very often

He comes back to tell the tale,

After riding on a rail!

After riding on a rail!"

Ever since I first saw New York gleaming white across the bay, I had heard the Irish newsboy every morning in Broadway, shouting of nothing but railway disasters, smashes and splinterings and burnings and runnings into. A dreadful accident down in "Illonoy" had particularly struck me as a warning; for there, while the shattered bodies were still being drawn from under the piles of shivered carriages, the driver on being expostulated with, had replied: "I suppose this ain't the first railway accident by long chalks!"

Upon which the indignant passengers were with difficulty prevented from lynching the wretch; but he fled into the woods, and there for a time escaped pursuit.

But, two other railway journeys pressed more peculiarly on my mind; one was that of eight or ten weeks ago, from Canandaigua to Antrim. It was there a gentleman from Baltimore, fresh from Chicago, told me of a railway accident he had himself been witness to, only two days before I met him. The 2:40 (night) train from Toledo to Chicago, in which he rode, was upset near Pocahtasby two logs that had evidently been wilfully laid across the rails. On inquiry at the next station, it was discovered that a farmer who had had, a week before, two stray calves killed near the same place, had been heard at a liquor store to say he would 'pay them out for his calves.' This was enough for the excited passengers, vexed at the detention, and enraged at the malice that had exposed them to danger of death. A posse of them instantly sallied out, beleaguered the farmer's house, seized him after some resistance, put a rope round his neck, dragged him to the nearest tree, and would have then and there lynched him, had not two or three of the passengers rescued him, revolver in hand, and given him up to the nearest magistrate.

The second, was that long journey through the pine country of Carolina, where the sand

was so white and glaring, and the pines so grave and green. I had heard before, from old travellers, how fond cattle were of sunning on the unfenced American railroads, and I remembered how one early circumnavigator, shortly after Anson, describes the engineer and stoker amusing themselves all day in pelting the stray cows with billets from the wood-van. I was assured that the cow-catcher sometimes caught them up, but oftener got entangled with their broken legs, and so upset the train.

Unpleasant, therefore, it was, every twenty minutes, from Savannah to Charleston, to hear the droning whistle give notice of another cow, to feel the train slacken, almost stop—then a mile of fiercer and more staccato whistling—all ending in seeing a stolid yet worried cow striding along off the line into the woods, crashing through wild vines and butternuts, maple bushes and sassafras, and blundering over a fallen tree, and there quietly brandishing a wisp of a tail.

All these and similar thoughts entered my mind, as I lay on my back on that wicker shelf of "the American sleeping car," and in vain offered up prayers to the great black King Morpheus of the mandragora crown and ebony sceptre. No, swig-swig goes the car, rush, jolt, and now I begin to believe the old story of the stoker and engineer playing at cards all night, and now and then leaping the train over a "bad place," crying "Go ahead; let her rip!"

At last, a precarious and fragile sleep crusts me over, but, compared with real sleep it is but as the skim of ice on a water-jug compared with the thick-ribbed buttresses of an Arctic winter. It is like workhouse food; it keeps life together, but not amply or luxuriously. So, blessed daylight reluctantly and sullenly returns. One by one we wake up, yawn, and stretch ourselves. There is something suspicious in the haste with which we all flop out of bed, and no really comfortable bed was ever left with such coarse ingratitude. Presently, to us enter Zenas and Ezra, not to mention a fresh passenger from Corfu, regardless of the somewhat effete atmosphere of our carriage, and proceed to readjust the seats.

Beds, in a few minutes, will be invisible. Slide out those wicker trays—strip off the rugs and cushions—furl back those curtains—ratchet up to the roof those supporters—push in those underpinning bolts—click, jolt, they are chair seats once more. And now, through the open windows comes a draught of pure air, that freshens our frouzy and dishevelled crew.

Now, repair we to the washing-room, and the one dirty brush fastened to the wall by a chain, giving the whole place the appearance of the cell of a dead barber. We wash with scanty rinsings of water, always tilted up at one corner of the basin, as if we were in the desert and water was scarce on "t'other side of Jordan." I don't feel as if I had washed, or as if I had been asleep, but that is of no consequence: I feel tired, flabby, dusty, grimy, and low.

Let me, however, before I get to the breakfast station, still half a mile off, remember to mention that the second time I took a railway sleep-

ing car I really did sleep, and the third time I slept well. So much for habit; and, indeed, to commercial men, and men bound on swift unpostponable journeys, these sleeping cars are a great comfort and convenience: though in Canada (with a different tempered people) they have been tried and failed.

But now the great bell on the engine, clashes and swings; the deep-toned whistle, more like a bassoon than the ear-piercing screamer we use, sounds in angry gasps; we are near Buffalo, and breakfast.

We slacken and stop; and out we pour in hungry swarms. The five gongs of five opposition breakfast places, bang and thunder for our custom; five niggers at once cry:

"This way please, jebblemen, for de breakfast! Half-dollar a ed!"

In a minute I am seated with some thirty other hungry souls, stowing away white piles of hominy, pink shavings of corned beef, and bowls of stewed oysters. What time, a negro boy waves a plume brush of wild turkey feathers over my head, to keep off the greedy American flies, who are all republicans to a fly.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RESPECTABLE reader, there is no use in asking you if you have ever been in the Hotel of the "Balance," at Constance. Of course you have not. It is neither recorded in the book of John, nor otherwise known to fame. It is an obscure hostel, only visited by the very humblest wayfarers, and such poor offshoots of wretchedness as are fain to sleep on a truckle-bed and sup meably. Vaterchen, however, spoke of it in generous terms. There was a certain oniony soup he had tasted there years ago whose flavour had not yet left his memory. He had seen, besides, the most delicious schweine fleisch hanging down from the kitchen rafters, and it had been revealed to him in a dream that a solvent traveller might have rashers on demand.

Poor fellow! I had not the vaguest idea of the eloquence he possessed till he came to talk on these matters. From modest and distrustful, he grew assured and confident; his hesitation of speech was replaced by a fluent utterance and a rich vocabulary; and he repeatedly declared that though the exterior was unprepossessing, and the service generally homely, there were substantial comforts obtainable which far surpassed the resources of more pretentious houses. "You are served on pewter, it is true," said he; "but pewter is a rare material to impart relish to a savoury mess." Though we should dine in the kitchen, he gave me to understand that even in this there were advantages, and that the polite guest of the salon never knew what it was to taste that rich odour of the "roast," or that fragrant incense that steamed up from the luscious stew, and which were to cookery what bouquet was to wine.

"I will not say that, honoured sir," con-

tinued he, "to you, in the mixed company which frequent such humble hearths there would be matter of interest or amusement; but, to a man like myself, these chance companionships are delightful. Here all are stragglers, all adventurers. Not a man that deposits his pack in the corner and draws in his chair to the circle but is a wanderer and a pilgrim of one sort or other." He drew me an amusing picture of one of these groups, wherein, even without telling his story, each gave such insight into his life and travels as to present a sort of drama.

Whether it was that my companion had drawn too freely on his imagination, or that we had fallen on an unfortunate moment, I cannot say, but though we found the company at the Balance numerous and varied, there was none of the sociality I looked for, still less of that generous warmth and good greeting which he assured me was the courtesy of such places. The men were chiefly carriers, with their mule-teams and heavy waggons, bound for the Bavarian Tyrol. There was a sprinkling of Jew pedlars, on their way to the Vorarlberg; a deserter from the Austrian army, trying to get back to Hesse Cassel; and an Italian image carrier, with a green parrot and a well-filled purse, going back to finish his days at Lucca.

Now none of these were elements of a very exalted or exclusive rank; they were each and all of them taken from the very base of the social pyramid; and yet, would it be believed that they regarded our entrance amongst them as an act of rare impudence!

A more polished company might have been satisfied with averted heads or cold looks; these were less equivocal. One called out to the landlord to know if he expected any gipsies; another, affecting to treat us as solicitors for their patronage, said he had no "batzen" to bestow on buffoonery; a third suggested we should get up our theatricals under the cart-shed outside, and beat the drum when we were ready; and the deserter, a poor weak-looking, mangy wretch, with a ragged fatigue-jacket and broken boots, put his arm round Catinka's waist, to draw her on his knee, for the which she dealt him such a slap on the face as fairly sent him on the floor, in which ignoble position Vaterchen kicked him again and again. In an instant all were upon us. Carters, pedlars, and image man assailed us furiously. I suppose I beat somebody; I know that several beat *me*. The impression left upon me when all was over was of a sort of human kaleidoscope, where the people turned every way without ceasing. Now we seemed all on our feet, now on our heads, now on the floor, now in the air, Vaterchen flying about like a demon, while Tintefleck stood in a corner, with a gleaming stiletto in her hand, saying something in Calabrian, which sounded like an invitation to come and be killed.

The police came at last; and after a noisy scene of accusation and denial, the weight of evidence went against us, and we were marched off to

prison, poor old Vaterchen crying like a child for all the disgrace and misery he had brought on his benefactor; and while he kissed my hand, swearing that a whole life's devotion would not be enough to recompense me for what he had been the means of inflicting on me: Catinka took it more easily, her chief regret apparently being that nobody came near enough to give her a chance with her knife, which she assured us she wielded with a notable skill, and could, with a jerk, send flying through a door, like a javelin, at full six paces' distance; nor, indeed, was it without considerable persuasion she could be induced to restore it to its sheath, which truth obliges me to own was inside her garter. Our prison, an old tower adjoining the lake, had been once the dungeon of John Huss, and the torture chamber, as it was still called, continued to be used for mild transgressors, such as we were. A small bribe induced the gaoler's wife to take poor Tintefleck for the night into her own quarters, and Vaterchen and I were sole possessors of the gloomy old hall, which opened by a balcony, railed like a sort of cage, over the lake.

If the torture chamber had been denuded of its flesh pincers and thumbscrews, and the other ingenious devices of human cruelty, I am bound to own that its traditions as a place of suffering had not died out, as the fleas left nothing to be desired on the score of misery. Whether it was that they had been pinched by a long fast, or that we were more tender, cutaneously, than the aborigines, I know not, but I can safely aver that I never passed such a night, and sincerely trust that I may never pass such another. Though the air from the lake was cold and chilly, we preferred to crouch on the balcony to remaining within the walls, but even here our persecutors followed us.

Vaterchen slept through it all; an occasional convulsive jerk would show, at times, when one of the enemy had chanced upon some nervous fibre; but on the whole he bore up like one used to such martyrdom, and able to brave it. As for me, when morning broke, I looked like a strong case of confluent small-pox, with the addition that my heavy eyelids nearly closed over my eyes, and my lips swelled out like a Kaffir's. How that young mixx Catinka laughed at me. All the old man's signs, warnings, menaces, were in vain; she screamed aloud with laughter, and never ceased, even as we were led into the tribunal and before the dread presence of the judge.

The judgment-seat was not imposing. It was a long, low, ill-lighted chamber, with a sort of raised counter at one end, behind which sat three elderly men, dressed like master sweeps—that is, of the old days of climbing-boys. The prisoners were confined in a thing like a fold, and there leaned against one end of the same pen as ourselves a square-built, thick-set man of about eight-and-forty, or fifty, dressed in a suit of coarse drab, and who, notwithstanding an immense red beard and moustache, a clear blue eye and broad brow proclaimed to be English. He was being in-

terrogated as we entered, but from his total ignorance of German the examination was not proceeding very glibly.

"You're an Englishman, ain't you?" cried he, as I came in. "You can speak High Dutch, perhaps?"

"I can speak German well enough to be intelligible, sir."

"All right," said he, in the same free-and-easy tone. "Will you explain to those old beggars there that they're making fools of themselves. Here's how it is. My passport was made out for two; for Thomas Harpar, that's me, and Sam Rigges. Now, because Sam Rigges ain't here, they tell me I can't be suffered to proceed. Ain't that stupid? Did you ever here the like of that for downright absurdity before?"

"But where is he?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you, because you're a countryman, but I don't like blackening an Englishman to one of those confounded foreigners. Rigges has run."

"What do you mean by 'run'?"

"I mean, cut his stick; gone clean away; and what's worse, too, carried off a stout bag of dollars with him that we had for our journey."

"Whither were you going?"

"That's neither here nor there, and don't concern you in any respect. What you've to do is, explain to the old cove yonder—the fellow in the middle is the worst of them—tell him it's all right, that I'm Harpar, and that the other ain't here; or look here, I'll tell you what's better, do you be Rigges, and it's all right."

I demurred flatly to this suggestion, but undertook to plead his cause on its true merits.

"And who are you, sir, that presume to play the advocate here?" said the judge, haughtily. "I fancied that you stood there to answer a charge against yourself."

"That matter may be very speedily disposed of, sir," said I, as proudly; "and you will be very fortunate if you succeed as readily in explaining your own illegal arrest of me to the higher court of your country."

With the eloquence which we are told essentially belongs to truth, I narrated how I had witnessed, as a mere passing traveller, the outrageous insult offered to these poor wanderers as they entered the inn. With the warm enthusiasm of one inspired by a good cause, I painted the whole incidents with really scarcely a touch of embellishment, reserving the only decorative portion to a description of myself, whom I mentioned as an agent of the British government, especially employed on a peculiar service, the confirmation of which I proudly established by my passport setting forth that I was a certain "Ponto, Chargé des Dépêches."

Now, if there be one feature of continental life fixed and immutable, it is this, that wherever the German language be spoken, the reverence for a government functionary is supreme. If you can only show on documentary evidence that you are grandson of the man who made the broom

that swept out a government office, it is enough. You are from that hour regarded as one of the younger children of Bureaucracy. You are under the protection of the state, and though you be but the smallest rivet in the machinery, there is no saying what mischief might not ensue if you were either lost or mislaid.

I saw in an instant the dread impression I had created, and I said, in a voice of careless insolence, "Go on, I beg of you; send me back to prison; chain me; perhaps you would like to torture me? The government I represent is especially slow in vindicating the rights of its injured officials. It has a European reputation for long-suffering, patience, and forbearance. Yes, Englishmen can be impaled, burned, flayed alive, disembowelled. By all means, avail yourselves of your bland privileges; have me led out instantly to the scaffold, unless you prefer to have me broken on the wheel!"

"Will nobody stop him!" cried the president, almost choking with wrath.

"Stop me; I suspect not, sir. It is upon these declarations of mine, made thus openly, that my country will found that demand for reparation which will one day cost you so dearly. Lead on, I am ready for the block." And as I said this, I untied my cravat, and appeared to prepare for the headsman.

"If he will not cease, the court shall be dissolved," called out the judge.

"Never, sir. Never, so long as I live, shall I surrender the glorious privilege of that freedom by which I assert my birthright as a Briton."

"Well, you are as impudent a chap as ever I listened to," muttered my countryman at my side.

"The prisoners are dismissed, the court is adjourned," said the president, rising; and amidst a very disorderly crowd, not certainly enthusiastic in our favour, we were all hurried into the street.

"Come along down here," said Mr. Harpar. "I'm in a very tidy sort of place they call the Golden Pig. Come along, and bring the vagabonds, and let's have breakfast together."

I was hurt at the speech, but as my companions could not understand its coarseness, I accepted the invitation, and we followed him.

"Well, I ain't seen *your* like for many a day," said Harpar, as we went along. "If you'd have said the half of that to one of our 'Beaks,' I think I know where you'd be. But you seem to understand the fellows well. Mayhap you have lived much abroad?"

"A great deal. I am a sort of citizen of the world," said I, with a jaunty easiness.

"For a citizen of the world you appear to have strange tastes in your companionship. How did you come to foregather with these creatures?"

I tried the timeworn cant about seeing life in all its gradations—exploring the cabin as well as visiting the palace, and so on; but there was a rugged sort of incredulity in his manner that checked me, and I could not muster the glib readiness which usually stood by me on such occasions.

"You're not a man of fortune," said he, dryly,

as I finished; "one sees that plainly enough. You're a fellow that should be earning his bread somehow; and the question is—Is this the kind of life you ought to be leading? What humbug it is to talk about knowing the world, and such-like. The thing is, to know a trade, to understand some art, to be able to produce something, to manufacture something, to convert something to a useful purpose. When you've done, that the knowledge of men will come later on, never be afraid of that. It's a school that we never miss one single day of our lives. But here we are; this is the Pig. Now, what will you have for breakfast? Ask the vagabonds, too, and tell them there's a wide choice here; they have everything you can mention in this little inn."

An excellent breakfast was soon spread out before us, and though my humble companions did it the most ample justice, I sat there, thoughtful and almost sad. The words of that stranger rang in my ears like a reproach and a warning. I knew how truly he had said that I was not a man of fortune, and it grieved me sorely to think how easily he saw it. In my heart of hearts I knew it was the delusion I loved best. To appear to the world at large, an eccentric man of good means, free to do what he liked and go where he would, was the highest enjoyment I had ever prepared for myself: and yet here was a coarse, common-place sort of man—at least his manners were unpolished and his tone underbred—and he saw through it all at once.

I took the first opportunity to slip away unobserved from the company, and retired to the little garden of the inn, to commune with myself and be alone. But ere I had been many minutes there, Harpar joined me. He came up smoking his cigar, with the lounging, lazy air of a man at perfect leisure, and, consequently, quite free to be as disagreeable as he pleased.

"You went off without eating your breakfast," said he, bluntly. "I saw how it was. You didn't like *my* freedom with you. You fancied that I ought to have taken all that nonsense of yours about your rank and your way of life for gospel; or, at least, that I ought to have pretended to do so. That ain't my way. I hate humbug."

It was not very easy to reply good humouredly to such a speech as this. Indeed, I saw no particular reason to treat this man's freedom with any indulgence, and drawing myself haughtily up, I prepared a very dry but caustic rejoinder.

"When I have learned two points," said I, "on which you can inform me, I may be better able to answer what you have said. The first is: By what possible right do you take to task a person that you never met in your life till now? and, secondly, What benefit on earth could it be to me to impose upon a man from whom I neither want nor expect anything?"

"Easily met, both," said he, quickly. "I'm a practical sort of fellow, who never wastes time on useless materials; that's for your first proposition. Number two: you're a dreamer, and you hate being awakened."

"Well, sir," said I, stiffly, "to a gentleman so remarkable for perspicuity, and who reads character at sight, ordinary intercourse must be wearisome. Will you excuse me if I take my leave of you here?"

"Of course, make no ceremony about it; go or stay, just as you like. I never cross any man's humour."

I muttered something that sounded like a dissent to that doctrine, and he quickly added, "I mean, further than speaking my mind, that's all; nothing more. If you had been a man of fair means, and for a frolic thought it might be good fun to consort for a few days with rapsallions of a travelling circus, all one could say was, it wasn't very good taste; but being evidently a fellow of another stamp, a young man who ought to be in his father's shop or his uncle's counting-house, following some honest craft or calling—for *you*, I say, it was downright ruin."

"Indeed!" said I, with an accent of intense scorn.

"Yes," continued he, seriously, "downright ruin. There's a poison in the lazy, good-for-nothing life of these devils, that never leaves a man's blood. I've a notion that it wouldn't hurt a man's nature so much were he to consort with housebreakers; there's at least something real about these fellows."

"You talk, doubtless, with knowledge, sir," said I, glad to say something that might offend him.

"I do," said he, seriously, and not taking the smallest account of the impertinent allusion. "I know that if a man hasn't a fixed calling, but is always turning his hand to this, that, and t'other, he will very soon cease to have any character whatsoever; he'll just become as shifty in his nature as in his business. I've seen scores of fellows wrecked on that rock, and I hadn't looked at you twice till I saw you were one of them."

"I must say, sir," said I, summoning to my aid what I felt to be a most cutting sarcasm of manner—"I must say, sir, that, considering how short has been the acquaintance which has subsisted between us, it would be extremely difficult for me to show how gratefully I feel the interest you have taken in me."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," said he, thoughtfully.

"May I ask, then, how?"

"Are you sure, first of all, that you wish to show this gratitude you speak of?"

"Oh, sir, can you possibly doubt it?"

"I don't want to doubt it, I want to profit by it."

I made a bland bow that might mean anything, but did not speak.

"Here's the way of it," said he, boldly. "Riggs has run off with all my loose cash, and though there's money waiting for me at certain places, I shall find it very difficult to reach them. I have come down here on foot from Wildbad, and I can make my way, in the same fashion, to

Marseilles or Genoa; but then comes the difficulty, and I shall need about ten pounds to get to Malta. Could you lend me ten pounds?"

"Really, sir," said I, coolly, I am amazed at the innocence with which you can make such a demand on the man whom you have, only a few minutes back, so acutely depicted as an adventurer."

"It was for that very reason I thought of applying to you. Had you been a young fellow of a certain fortune, you'd have naturally been a stranger to the accidents which now and then leave men penniless in out-of-the-way places, and it's just as likely that the first thought in your head would be, 'Oh, he's a swindler. Why hasn't he his letters of credit or his circular notes?' But, being exactly what I take you for, the chances are you'll say: 'What has befallen him to-day may chance to me to-morrow. Who can tell the day and the hour some mishap may not overtake him? and so I'll just help him through it.'"

"And that was your calculation?"

"That was my calculation."

"How sorry I feel to wound the marvellous gift you seem to possess of interpreting character. I am really shocked to think that for this time, at least, your acuteness is at fault."

"Which means that you'll not do it?"

I smiled a benign assent.

He looked at me for a minute or more with a sort of blank incredulity, and then, crossing his arms on his breast, moved slowly down the walk without speaking.

I cannot say how I detested this man; he had offended me in the very sorest part of all my nature; he had wounded the nicest susceptibility I possessed; of the pleasant fancies wherewith I loved to clothe myself he would not leave me enough to cover my nakedness; and yet, now that I had resented his cool impertinence, I hated myself far more than I hated him. Dignity and sarcasm, forsooth! What a fine opportunity to display them, truly! The man might be rude and underbred; he *was* rude and underbred; and was that any justification for *my* conduct towards him? Why had I not had the candour to say, "Here's all I possess in the world; you see yourself that I cannot lend you ten pounds." How I wished I had said that, and how I wished, even more ardently still, that I had never met him, never interchanged speech with him!

"And why is it that I am offended with him—simply because he has discovered that I am Potts?" Now, these reflections were all the more bitter, since it was only twenty-four hours before that I had resolved to throw off delusion either of myself or others; that I would take my place in the ranks, and fight out my battle of life, a mere soldier. For this it was that I made companionship with Vaterchen, walking the high road with that poor old man of motley, and

actually speculating—in a sort of artistic way—whether I should not make love to Tintefleck! And if I were sincere in all this, how should I feel wounded by the honest candour of that plain-spoken fellow? He wanted a favour at my hands, he owned this; and yet, instead of approaching me with flattery, he at once assails the very stronghold of my self-esteem, and says, "No humbug, Potts; at least, none with *me*!" He opens acquaintance with me on that masonic principle by which the brotherhood of Poverty is maintained throughout all lands and all peoples, and whose great maxim is, "He who lends to the poor man, borrows from the ragged man."

"I'll go after him at once," said I, aloud. "I'll have more talk with him. I'm much mistaken if there's not good stuff in that rugged nature."

When I re-entered the little inn, I found Vaterchen fast asleep; he had finished off every flask on the table, and lay breathing stentoriously, and giving a long-drawn whistle in his snore, that smacked almost of apoplexy. Tintefleck was singing to her guitar before a select audience of the inn servants, and Harpar was gone!

I gave the girl a glance of rebuke and displeasure. I aroused the old man with a kick, and imperiously demanded my bill.

"The bill has been paid by the other stranger," said the landlord; "he has settled everything, and left a 'trenkgeld' for the servants, so that you have nothing to pay."

I could have almost cried with spite as I heard these words. It would have been a rare solace to my feelings if I could have put that man down for a rogue, and then been able to say to myself how cleverly I had escaped the snares of a swindler. But to know now that he was not only honest but liberal, and to think, besides, that I had been his guest—eaten of his salt—it was more than I well could endure.

"Which way did he take?" asked I.

"Round the head of the lake for Lindau. I told him that the steamer would take him there to-morrow for a trifle, but he would not wait."

"Ah me!" sighed Vaterchen, but half awake, and with one eye still closed, "and we are going to St. Gallen."

"Who said so?" cried I, imperiously. "We are going to Lindau; at least, if I be the person who gives orders here. Follow!" And as I spoke, I marched proudly on, while a slipshod, shuffling noise of feet, and a low, half-smothered sob, told me that they were coming after me.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 91.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XII.

My mind grew very uneasy on the subject of the pale young gentleman. The more I thought of the fight, and recalled the pale young gentleman on his back in various stages of puffy and incrimsoned countenance, the more certain it appeared that something would be done to me. I felt that the pale young gentleman's blood was on my head, and that the Law would avenge it. Without having any definite idea of the penalties I had incurred, it was clear to me that village boys could not go stalking about the country, ravaging the houses of gentlefolks and pitching into the studious youth of England, without laying themselves open to severe punishment. For some days, I even kept close at home, and looked out at the kitchen door with the greatest caution and trepidation before going on an errand, lest the officers of the County Jail should pounce upon me. The pale young gentleman's nose had stained my trousers, and I tried to wash out that evidence of my guilt in the dead of night. I had cut my knuckles against the pale young gentleman's teeth, and I twisted my imagination into a thousand tangles, as I devised incredible ways of accounting for that damnable circumstance when I should be haled before the Judges.

When the day came round for my return to the scene of the deed of violence, my terrors reached their height. Whether myrmidons of Justice, specially sent down from London, would be lying in ambush behind the gate? Whether Miss Havisham, preferring to take personal vengeance for an outrage done to her house, might rise in those grave-clothes of hers, draw a pistol, and shoot me dead? Whether suborned boys—a numerous band of mercenaries—might be engaged to fall upon me in the brewery, and cuff me until I was no more? It was high testimony to my confidence in the spirit of the pale young gentleman, that I never imagined *him* accessory to these retaliations; they always came into my mind as the acts of injudicious relatives of his, goaded on by the state of his visage and an indignant sympathy with the family features.

However, go to Miss Havisham's I must, and go I did. And behold! nothing came of the

late struggle. It was not alluded to in any way, and no pale young gentleman was to be discovered on the premises. I found the same gate open, and I explored the garden, and even looked in at the windows of the detached house; but, my view was suddenly stopped by the closed shutters within, and all was lifeless. Only in the corner where the combat had taken place, could I detect any evidence of the young gentleman's existence. There were traces of his gore in that spot, and I covered them with garden-mould from the eye of man.

On the broad landing between Miss Havisham's own room and that other room in which the long table was laid out, I saw a garden-chair—a light chair on wheels, that you pushed from behind. It had been placed there since my last visit, and I entered, that same day, on a regular occupation of pushing Miss Havisham in this chair (when she was tired of walking with her hand upon my shoulder) round her own room, and across the landing, and round the other room. Over and over and over again, we would make these journeys, and sometimes they would last as long as three hours at a stretch. I insensibly fall into a general mention of these journeys as numerous, because it was at once settled that I should return every alternate day at noon for these purposes, and because I am now going to sum up a period of at least eight or ten months.

As we began to be more used to one another, Miss Havisham talked more to me, and asked me such questions as what had I learnt and what was I going to be? I told her I was going to be apprenticed to Joe, I believed; and I enlarged upon my knowing nothing and wanting to know everything, in the hope that she might offer some help towards that desirable end. But, she did not; on the contrary, she seemed to prefer my being ignorant. Neither did she ever give me any money—or anything but my daily dinner—nor ever stipulate that I should be paid for my services.

Estella was always about, and always let me in and out, but never told me I might kiss her again. Sometimes, she would coldly tolerate me; sometimes, she would condescend to me; sometimes, she would be quite familiar with me; sometimes, she would tell me energetically that she hated me. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, or when we were alone, "Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?" And

when I said yes (for indeed she did), would seem to enjoy it greedily in secret. Also, when we played at cards Miss Havisham would look on, with a miserly relish of Estella's moods, whatever they were. And sometimes, when her moods were so many and so contradictory of one another that I was puzzled what to say or do, Miss Havisham would embrace her with lavish fondness, murmuring something in her ear that sounded like "Break their hearts my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!"

There was a song Joe used to hum fragments of at the forge, of which the burden was Old Clem. This was not a very ceremonious way of rendering homage to a patron saint; but, I believe Old Clem stood in that relation towards smiths. It was a song that imitated the measure of beating upon iron, and was a mere lyrical excuse for the introduction of Old Clem's respected name. Thus, you were to hammer boys round—Old Clem! With a thump and a sound—Old Clem! Beat it out, beat it out—Old Clem! With a clink for the stout—Old Clem! Blow the fire, blow the fire—Old Clem! Roaring dryer, soaring higher—Old Clem! One day soon after the appearance of the chair, Miss Havisham suddenly saying to me, with the impatient movement of her fingers, "There, there, there! Sing!" I was surprised into crooning this ditty as I pushed her over the floor. It happened so to catch her fancy, that she took it up in a low brooding voice as if she were singing in her sleep. After that, it became customary with us to have it as we moved about, and Estella would often join in; though the whole strain was so subdued, even when there were three of us, that it made less noise in the grim old house than the lightest breath of wind.

What could I become with these surroundings? How could my character fail to be influenced by them? Is it to be wondered at if my thoughts were dazed, as my eyes were, when I came out into the natural light from the misty yellow rooms?

Perhaps, I might have told Joe about the pale young gentleman, if I had not previously been betrayed into those enormous inventions to which I have confessed. Under the circumstances, I felt that Joe could hardly fail to discern in the pale young gentleman, an appropriate passenger to be put into the black velvet coach; therefore, I said nothing of him. Besides: that shrinking from having Miss Havisham and Estella discussed, which had come upon me in the beginning, grew much more potent as time went on. I reposed complete confidence in no one but Biddy; but, I told poor Biddy everything. Why it came natural to me to do so, and why Biddy had a deep concern in everything I told her, I did not know then, though I think I know now.

Meanwhile, councils went on in the kitchen at home, fraught with almost insupportable aggravation to my exasperated spirit. That ass, Pumblechook, used often to come over of a night for the purpose of discussing my prospects with my sister; and I really do believe (to this hour with less penitence than I ought

to feel), that if these hands could have taken a linchpin out of his chaise-cart, they would have done it. The miserable man was a man of that confined stolidity of mind, that he could not discuss my prospects without having me before him—as it were, to operate upon—and he would drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was quiet in a corner, and, putting me before the fire as if I were going to be cooked, would begin by saying, "Now, mum, here is this boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be for ever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, mum, with respects to this boy!" And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way—which from my earliest remembrance, as already hinted, I have in my soul denied the right of any fellow-creature to do—and would hold me before him by the sleeve: a spectacle of imbecility only to be equalled by himself.

Then, he and my sister would pair off in such nonsensical speculations about Miss Havisham, and about what she would do with me and for me, that I used to want—quite painfully—to burst into spiteful tears, fly at Pumblechook, and pummel him all over. In these dialogues, my sister spoke of me as if she were morally wrenching one of my teeth out at every reference; while Pumblechook himself, self-constituted my patron, would sit supervising me with a depreciatory eye, like the architect of my fortunes who thought himself engaged on a very unremunerative job.

In these discussions, Joe bore no part. But, he was often talked at, while they were in progress, by reason of Mrs. Joe's perceiving that he was not favourable to my being taken from the forge. I was fully old enough now, to be apprenticed to Joe; and when Joe sat with the poker on his knees thoughtfully raking out the ashes between the lower bars, my sister would so distinctly construe that innocent action into opposition on his part, that she would dive at him, take the poker out of his hands, shake him, and put it away. There was a most irritating end to every one of these debates. All in a moment, with nothing to lead up to it, my sister would stop herself in a yawn, and catching sight of me as it were incidentally, would swoop upon me, with "Come! There's enough of you! You *get along to bed; you've given trouble enough for one night, I hope!" As if I had besought them as a favour to bother my life out.

We went on in this way for a long time, and it seemed likely that we should continue to go on in this way for a long time, when, one day Miss Havisham stopped short as she and I were walking, she leaning on my shoulder; and said with some displeasure:

"You are growing tall, Pip!"

I thought it best to hint, through the medium of a meditative look, that this might be occasioned by circumstances over which I had no control.

She said no more at the time; but, she presently stopped and looked at me again; and presently again; and after that, looked frowning and moody. On the next day of my attendance

when our usual exercise was over, and I had landed her at her dressing-table, she stayed me with a movement of her impatient fingers:

"Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours."

"Joe Gargery, ma'am."

"Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"You had better be apprenticed at once. Would Gargery come here with you, and bring your indentures, do you think?"

I signified that I had no doubt he would take it as an honour to be asked.

"Then let him come."

"At any particular time, Miss Havisham?"

"There, there! I know nothing about times. Let him come soon, and come alone with you."

When I got home at night, and delivered this message for Joe, my sister "went on the Rampage," in a more alarming degree than at any previous period. She asked me and Joe whether we supposed she was door-mats under our feet, and how we dared to use her so, and what company we graciously thought she *was* fit for? When she had exhausted a torrent of such inquiries, she threw a candlestick at Joe, burst into a loud sobbing, got out the dustpan—which was always a very bad sign—put on her coarse apron, and began cleaning up to a terrible extent. Not satisfied with a dry cleaning, she took to a pail and scrubbing-brush, and cleaned us out of house and home, so that we stood shivering in the back yard. It was ten o'clock at night before we ventured to creep in again, and then she asked Joe why he hadn't married a Negress Slave at once? Joe offered no answer, poor fellow, but stood feeling his whisker and looking dejectedly at me, as if he thought it really might have been a better speculation.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was a trial to my feelings, on the next day but one, to see Joe arraying himself in his Sunday's clothes to accompany me to Miss Havisham's. However, as he thought his court-suit necessary to the occasion, it was not for me to tell him that he looked far better in his working dress; the rather, because I knew he made himself so dreadfully uncomfortable, entirely on my account, and that it was for me he pulled up his shirt-collar so very high behind, that it made the hair on the crown of his head stand up like a tuft of feathers.

At breakfast-time my sister declared her intention of going to town with us, and being left at Uncle Pumblechook's, and called for "when we had done with our fine ladies"—a way of putting the case, from which Joe appeared inclined to augur the worst. The forge was shut up for the day, and Joe inscribed in chalk upon the door (as it was his custom to do on the very rare occasions when he was not at work) the monosyllable *HOUT*, accompanied by a sketch of an arrow supposed to be flying in the direction he had taken.

We walked to town, my sister leading the way in a very large beaver bonnet, and carrying a basket like the Great Seal of England in plaited straw, a pair of pattens, a spare shawl, and an umbrella, though it was a fine bright day. I am not quite clear whether these articles were carried penitentially or ostentatiously; but, I rather think they were displayed as articles of property—much as Cleopatra or any other sovereign lady on the Rampage might exhibit her wealth in a pageant or procession.

When we came to Pumblechook's, my sister bounced in and left us. As it was almost noon, Joe and I held straight on to Miss Havisham's house. Estella opened the gate as usual, and, the moment she appeared, Joe took his hat off and stood weighing it by the brim in both his hands: as if he had some urgent reason in his mind for being particular to half a quarter of an ounce.

Estella took no notice of either of us, but led us the way that I knew so well. I followed next to her, and Joe came last. When I looked back at Joe in the long passage, he was still weighing his hat with the greatest care, and was coming after us in long strides on the tips of his toes.

Estella told me we were both to go in, so I took Joe by the coat-cuff and conducted him into Miss Havisham's presence. She was seated at her dressing-table, and looked round at us immediately.

"Oh!" said she to Joe. "You are the husband of the sister of this boy?"

I could hardly have imagined dead old Joe looking so unlike himself or so like some extraordinary bird; standing, as he did, speechless, with his tuft of feathers ruffled, and his mouth open, as if he wanted a worm.

"You are the husband," repeated Miss Havisham, "of the sister of this boy?"

It was very aggravating; but, throughout the interview Joe persisted in addressing Me instead of Miss Havisham.

"Which I mean to say, Pip," Joe now observed in a manner that was at once expressive of forcible argumentation, strict confidence, and great politeness, "as I hup and married your sister, and I were at the time what you might call (if you was anyways inclined) a single man."

"Well!" said Miss Havisham. "And you have reared the boy, with the intention of taking him for your apprentice; is that so, Mr. Gargery?"

"You know, Pip," replied Joe, "as you and me were ever friends, and it were look'd for'ard to betwixt us, as being calculated to lead to larks. Not but what, Pip, if you had ever made objections to the business—such as its being open to black and sut, or such-like—not but what they would have been attended to, don't you see?"

"Has the boy," said Miss Havisham, "ever made any objection? Does he like the trade?"

"Which it is well beknown to yourself, Pip," returned Joe, strengthening his former mixture of argumentation, confidence, and politeness, "that it were the wish of your own hart." (I saw the idea suddenly break upon him

that he would adapt his epitaph to the occasion, before he went on to say) "And there weren't no objection on your part, and Pip it were the great wish of your hart!"

It was quite in vain for me to endeavour to make him sensible that he ought to speak to Miss Havisham. The more I made faces and gestures to him to do it, the more confidential, argumentative, and polite, he persisted in being to me.

"Have you brought his indentures with you?" asked Miss Havisham.

"Well, Pip, you know," replied Joe, as if that were a little unreasonable, "you yourself see me put 'em in my 'at, and therefore you know as they are here." With which he took them out, and gave them, not to Miss Havisham, but to me. I am afraid I was ashamed of the dear good fellow—I *know* I was ashamed of him—when I saw that Estella stood at the back of Miss Havisham's chair, and that her eyes laughed mischievously. I took the indentures out of his hand and gave them to Miss Havisham.

"You expected," said Miss Havisham, as she looked them over, "no premium with the boy?"

"Joe!" I remonstrated; for he made no reply at all. "Why don't you answer——"

"Pip," returned Joe, cutting me short as if he were hurt, "which I meantsay that were not a question requiring a answer betwixt yourself and me, and which you know the answer to be full well No. You know it to be No, Pip, and wherefore should I say it?"

Miss Havisham glanced at him as if she understood what he really was, better than I had thought possible, seeing what he was there; and took up a little bag from the table beside her.

"Pip has earned a premium here," she said, "and here it is. There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip."

As if he were absolutely out of his mind with the wonder awakened in him by her strange figure and the strange room, Joe, even at this pass, persisted in addressing me.

"This is very liberal on your part, Pip," said Joe, "and it is as such received and grateful welcome, though never looked for, far nor near nor nowhere. And now, old chap," said Joe, conveying to me a sensation, first of burning and then of freezing, for I felt as if that familiar expression were applied to Miss Havisham; "and now, old chap, may we do our duty! May you and me do our duty, both on us by one and another, and by them which your liberal present—have—conveyed—to be—for the satisfaction of mind—of—them as never—" here Joe showed that he felt he had fallen into frightful difficulties, until he triumphantly rescued himself with the words, "and from myself far be it!" These words had such a round and convincing sound for him that he said them twice.

"Good-by, Pip!" said Miss Havisham. "Let them out, Estella."

"Am I to come again, Miss Havisham?" I asked.

"No. Gargery is your master now. Gargery! One word!"

Thus calling him back as I went out of the door, I heard her say to Joe, in a distinct emphatic voice, "The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. Of course, as an honest man, you will expect no other and no more."

How Joe got out of the room, I have never been able to determine; but, I know that when he did get out he was steadily proceeding upstairs instead of coming down, and was deaf to all remonstrances until I went after him and laid hold of him. In another minute we were outside the gate, and it was locked, and Estella was gone.

When we stood in the daylight alone again, Joe backed up against a wall, and said to me, "Astonishing!" And there he remained so long, saying "Astonishing!" at intervals, so often, that I began to think his senses were never coming back. At length he prolonged his remark into "Pip, I do assure *you* that this is as-*ton*-ishing!" and so, by degrees, became conversational and able to walk away.

I have reason to think that Joe's intellects were brightened by the encounter they had passed through, and that on our way to Pumblechook's he invented a subtle and deep design. My reason is to be found in what took place in Mr. Pumblechook's parlour: where, on our presenting ourselves, my sister sat in conference with that detested seedsman.

"Well?" cried my sister, addressing us both at once. "And what's happened to *you*? I wonder you condescend to come back to such poor society as this, I am sure I do!"

"Miss Havisham," said Joe, with a fixed look at me, like an effort of remembrance, "made it very partick'ler that we should give her—were it compliments or respects, Pip?"

"Compliments," I said.

"Which that were my own belief," answered Joe—"her compliments to Mrs. J. Gargery——"

"Much good they'll do me!" observed my sister; but rather gratified too.

"And wishing," pursued Joe, with another fixed look at me, like another effort of remembrance, "that the state of Miss Havisham's elth were sitch as would have—allowed, were it, Pip?"

"Of her having the pleasure," I added.

"Of ladies' company," said Joe. And drew a long breath.

"Well!" cried my sister, with a mollified glance at Mr. Pumblechook. "She might have had the politeness to send that message at first, but it's better late than never. And what did she give young Rantipole here?"

"She giv' him," said Joe, "nothing."

Mrs. Joe was going to break out, but Joe went on.

"What she giv'," said Joe, "she giv' to his friends. 'And by his friends,' were her explanation, 'I mean into the hands of his sister Mrs. J. Gargery.' Them were her words; 'Mrs. J. Gargery.' She mayn't have know'd," added Joe, with an appearance of reflection, "whether it were Joe, or Jorge."

My sister looked at Pumblechook: who smoothed the elbows of his wooden arm-chair,

and nodded at her and at the fire, as if he had known all about it beforehand.

"And how much have you got?" asked my sister, laughing. Positively, laughing!

"What would present company say to ten pound?" demanded Joe.

"They'd say," returned my sister, curtly, "pretty well. Not too much, but pretty well."

"It's more than that, then," said Joe.

That fearful Impostor, Pumblechook, immediately nodded, and said, as he rubbed the arms of his chair: "It's more than that, mum."

"Why you don't mean to say—" began my sister.

"Yes I do, mum," said Pumblechook; "but wait a bit. Go on, Joseph. Good in you! Go on!"

"What would present company say," proceeded Joe, "to twenty pound?"

"Handsome would be the word," returned my sister.

"Well, then," said Joe, "it's more than twenty pound."

That abject Hypocrite, Pumblechook, nodded again, and said, with a patronising laugh, "It's more than that, mum. Good again! Follow her up, Joseph!"

"Then to make an end of it," said Joe, delightedly handing the bag to my sister; "it's five-and-twenty pound."

"It's five-and-twenty pound, mum," echoed that basest of swindlers, Pumblechook, rising to shake hands with her; "and it's no more than your merits (as I said when my opinion was asked), and I wish you joy of the money!"

If the Villain had stopped here, his case would have been sufficiently awful, but he blackened his guilt by proceeding to take me into custody, with a right of patronage that left all his former criminality far behind.

"Now you see, Joseph and wife," said Pumblechook, as he took me by the arm above the elbow, "I am one of them that always go right through with what they've begun. This boy must be bound, out of hand. That's my way. Bound out of hand."

"Goodness knows, Uncle Pumblechook," said my sister (grasping the money), "we're deeply beholden to you."

"Never mind me, mum," returned that diabolical corn-chandler. "A pleasure's a pleasure, all the world over. But this boy, you know; we must have him bound. I said I'd see to it—to tell you the truth."

The Justices were sitting in the Town Hall near at hand, and we at once went over to have me bound apprentice to Joe in the Magisterial presence. I say, we went over, but I was pushed over by Pumblechook, exactly as if I had that moment picked a pocket or fired a rick; indeed, it was the general impression in Court that I had been taken red-handed, for, as Pumblechook shoved me before him through the crowd, I heard some people say, "What's he done?" and others, "He's a young 'un too, but looks bad, don't he?" One person of mild and benevolent aspect even gave me a tract orna-

mented with a woodcut of a malevolent young man fitted up with a perfect sausage-shop of fetters, and entitled TO BE READ IN MY CELL.

The Hall was a queer place, I thought, with higher pews in it than a church—and with people hanging over the pews looking on—and with mighty Justices (one with a powdered head) leaning back in chairs, with folded arms, or taking snuff, or going to sleep, or writing, or reading the newspapers—and with some shining black portraits on the walls, which my unartistic eye regarded as a composition of hardbake and sticking-plaister. Here, in a corner, my indentures were duly signed and attested, and I was "bound;" Mr. Pumblechook holding me all the while as if we had looked in on our way to the scaffold, to have those little preliminaries disposed of.

When we had come out again, and had got rid of the boys who had been put into great spirits by the expectation of seeing me publicly tortured, and who were much disappointed to find that my friends were merely rallying round me, we went back to Pumblechook's. And there my sister became so excited by the twenty-five guineas, that nothing would serve her but we must have a dinner out of that windfall, at the Blue Boar, and that Pumblechook must go over in his chaise-cart, and bring the Hubbles and Mr. Wopsle.

It was agreed to be done; and a most melancholy day I passed. For, it inscrutably appeared to stand to reason, in the minds of the whole company, that I was an excrescence on the entertainment. And to make it worse, they all asked me from time to time—in short, whenever they had nothing else to do—why I didn't enjoy myself. And what could I possibly do then, but say I *was* enjoying myself—when I wasn't?

However, they were grown up and had their own way, and they made the most of it. That swindling Pumblechook, exalted into the benificent contriver of the whole occasion, actually took the top of the table; and, when he addressed them on the subject of my being bound, and fiendishly congratulated them on my being liable to imprisonment if I played at cards, drank strong liquors, kept late hours or bad company, or indulged in other vagaries which the form of my indentures appeared to contemplate as next to inevitable, he placed me standing on a chair beside him, to illustrate his remarks.

My only other remembrances of the great festival are, that they wouldn't let me go to sleep, but whenever they saw me dropping off, woke me up and told me to enjoy myself. That, rather late in the evening Mr. Wopsle gave us Collins's ode, and threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down, with such effect, that a waiter came in and said, "The Commercials underneath sent up their compliments, and it wasn't the Tumbler's Arms." That, they were all in excellent spirits, on the road home, and sang O Lady Fair! Mr. Wopsle taking the bass, and asserting with a tremendously strong voice (in reply

to the inquisitive bore who leads that piece of music in a most impertinent manner, by wanting to know all about everybody's private affairs) that *he* was the man with his white locks flowing, and that he was upon the whole the weakest pilgrim going.

Finally, I remember that when I got into my little bedroom I was truly wretched, and had a strong conviction on me that I should never like Joe's trade. I had liked it once, but once was not now.

CHRISTMAS-EVE IN COLLEGE.

ALTHOUGH collegians generally spread themselves over the country to spend their Christmas-time at their respective homes, yet the halls and colleges are far from being deserted at the most festive of seasons. For instance, that student of Queen's, at Oxford, who, during a contemplative Christmas walk, choked a wild boar that was about to devour him by dashing the book he was reading into its jaws, originated a festival which has been kept up without intermission since the days of Edward the Third. Mirth, merriment, good fellowship, and good cheer abound "in hall" at more than one college of the university, chastened by an indescribable gravity, which ancient and revered customs cast over the scene.

We were invited to spend our Christmas at one of the Oxford colleges, and arrived there on the morning before Christmas-day, welcomed by our host, its president, on the threshold of his quaint and ancient abode. The mediæval sensation which the dining-room, with its antique furniture and portraits of bygone worthies called up as we sat there at luncheon, was a little disturbed by a curious flavour of Manchester communicated to the apartment, by an assortment of woollens and other packages, denominated in their natural sphere "goods," and compactly arranged in one part of the room. This thin shade of incongruity was explained, as soon as luncheon was over, by the entrance of a tottering crowd of old people, who had been invited to receive articles of warm clothing. Each recipient received also a kind and sympathetic word from the donor, the president's wife. Sometimes a strange claimant appeared—a substitute. Where was old Margaret? Old Margaret was ill abed, or Betty was too weak to face the cold: so the cloak or petticoat was handed over to the husband or neighbour who had come to fetch it.

A fine choral service in the chapel, which we next attended, was succeeded by a treat for the young in the president's house. Some seventeen girls, belonging to our hostess's own school, took tea with us, and afterwards shared the pretty fruit of a Christmas-tree set up in another room. After tea succeeded dinner, according to the new order of things, which has driven the dinner hour on to about the time of night at which our forefathers supped. Then came the great festival of the evening, Christmas-eve celebrated in the hall of the college.

Through the cloisters, in the keen, crisp,

clear air, that will be marked in the almanacks as having given us the coldest night ever known in England, into the College Hall. The president, vice-president, fellows, and other members of the college who had not "gone home" dressed in their respective academicals, choristers, pupils from a neighbouring school, and other young gentlemen, took their appointed seats round the hall at the tables, which were all laid out with supper, except the cross-table at the top, on which was displayed, gorgeously, the college plate. The supper consisted of oysters, barrels of which were set in the middle of the tables at no very wide intervals in Indian files of good cheer, furnity—that refined hasty-pudding which our forefathers loved and thrived upon—and mince-pies. Some of the oysters were scoloped, perhaps as a relic of Crusader's fare. In due time, capacious tankards of a beverage which we spectators in the gallery divined to be something strong, steaming, spicy, and very comforting, were brought to table. In the midst of the hall grew and flourished an enormous tree, the top of which touched the very timbers of the ceiling. Countless candles sprouted from its branches; but they were not yet lighted.

The galleries were filled with ladies, who, enjoying the superior advantages of a general view, had a keener appreciation of the scene than the actors in it had themselves.

Overshadowed by the huge Christmas-tree, stood a grand pianoforte; and, everybody in the hall having found a place, the choir commenced Handel's Messiah, the whole of the first part of which they sang admirably. Then came the lighting of the tree, a performance too important to be trusted to common hands, and which was achieved by the third dignitary of the college (upon a ladder held firmly but perpendicularly by three men) in a manner so masterly, that not even the ladies in the galleries appeared to suffer from the nervousness which such a dangerous feat might otherwise have occasioned.

When the supper commenced in earnest, 'twas indeed "merry in hall;" though it would hardly be true to add (as the Bishop of Rochester will be glad to learn) that "beards wagged all." Furnity was the first course. The principals of the college attended to the wants of their guests with unremitting attention. The skill of these eminent scholars in opening oysters, amazed all beholders. Furnity, oysters, and mince-pies, were—to translate Brillat-Savarin literally—"irrigated" with the contents of the steaming tankards; and the tall, handsome grace-cup was passed round, from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, with the cordial but stately drinking courtesies of old.

Nor were the fairer guests forgotten. The galleries always had a broad front ledge; that ledge was now utilised, and converted into a railway, by the clever and very popular alumnus who had illuminated the Christmas-tree. First came a train of furnity, which stopped, as all succeeding trains did, at convenient stations for ladies to help, not only themselves, but those behind them. Then came an

oyster train; then, the mince-pie express; and, finally, several special trains of delicious, hot negus, that were destined to run regularly (and rather fast, too) during the rest of the evening. Nothing is better for clearing the voice than artfully compounded negus, and, when the Christmas carols were struck up by the choristers below, it was delightful to hear the clear sweet tones of several of our companions swell the harmony from the gallery, led off handsomely by our hostess.

At a very few minutes before midnight, the carol then being sung suddenly ceased. There was a dead pause. Not a whisper. The vast company became dumb in a moment. Presently faint questions were asked in the gallery as to what it meant, and under-breath answers returned that we were waiting for twelve o'clock. Then silence more intense than at first. The heart beats fast, the moments moving slowly, as they always do when watched. This hushed expectation became quite emotional, solemn. Till, at last, the first stroke of the hour struck quite a shock upon the ear. The whole company simultaneously burst forth with the Gloria in Excelsis de Pergolesi, the bells of the noble college-tower struck up their loudest and merriest chimes, and the louder they pealed without, the louder our chorus swelled within. This exciting combination of sounds sent quite a thrill to the heart.

When this merry contention was lulled, the president stood up in the middle of the hall, and, in clear sonorous tones said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all a merry Christmas!" In an instant, every person present stood up and shook hands with his neighbour and wished "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" repeated in every conceivable tone of voice throughout the length and breadth of the hall, surged from gallery to floor, and from floor to gallery, and became a pretty pattering storm of good wishes. The last good wish uttered was "Good night!" and the company retired from the hall certainly merrier for their Christmas-Eve at College than when they entered it—probably better.

A TOUR IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

SOME hours' drive has brought us to the wonderful cave, which is in Edmonson county, a little south of the exact centre of the mule-breeding state of Kentucky.

SOME hours' drive in a stage-coach, from a small station on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, has brought us, I say, cave-wards, through damp reeking woods, not unfrequented by 'possums and rattlesnakes, over a rough road with rude plank bridges here and there where water-courses or deep ditches had to be traversed. Four strong large-limbed Kentucky horses drew that ark of a stage, which held some twelve people inside, and I am afraid to say how many outside. It was a great movable prison, with a central seat constructed to hold three persons, whose unfortunate backs

rested against a broad leather strap, which hooked into the door-frame, and which always had to be removed before the door could be opened. How we bounced, and bumped, and tilted, and groaned, as we were dislocated over the deep rutted road—especially once, when the drag broke and the horses ran away—I only hint at, as I want to get quickly on to the nine-mile-long cave, with its subterranean river, its little colony of blind fish, its botanical museum of crystallised flowers, and all its other wonders, that I have come some four thousand miles from dear old England to see.

We had driven for three hours through thin plantations of young hickory-trees, gum-trees, sassafras, dog-wood, and butter-nuts. The large yellow leaves of the hazel-nut hung scarce and shivering for their fall; the maple-trees spread out their crimson foliage, red as if fresh stained with Indian blood. We had only met a man looking for deer, and a monthly nurse straddling a horse on her way to a patient.

We are at the door of the Cave Hotel—to hurry on matters—and the cave itself, I know from guide-books, is now not more than a hundred yards or so off. I feel as Dante should have felt when he began his gloomy journey, for our negro driver—a slave—as he laughingly flings down the reins upon the backs of his smoking horses, tells me that for the last nine miles—ever since, indeed, we stopped for a parcel at Bell's Hotel, just at the entrance of the woods, and some few miles from the station—we have been passing over the passages and chambers of the cave. It probably runs miles beyond this, but the true end has never yet been discovered.

I felt in a new country, for I had been listening all through the drive to stories of the old Indian cities and fortifications in Kentucky, and to legends about the Devil's Pulpit and Dismal Rock. I had been driving through twelve miles of plantation, cheek by jowl with a thin lean American, suffering from the "ager" (ague), and who carried anxiously on his knees, to my great annoyance, an enormous wire-cage, with a frightened mocking-bird inside it: a bird whose equilibrium the jolting of the stage seriously discomposed. I had been talking to a young dentist from Cincinnati, whose first successful bit of practice had been drawing a lion's tooth for a menagerie keeper; and, above all, I had lunched off gumbo soup and wild turkey, and here I was, just preparing to descend into the Mammoth Cave.

The hotel looks rather dismal in the heavy rain which comes down in thick strings, and splashes the planks of the rude log-cabin hall, at the door of which the stage has drawn up. Two or three negroes run about after each other like so many stupid black puppies, and the deserted bar-room, where the landlord sips "a Roman punch," looks painfully dismal, with no one in it "liquoring up." The landlord, a quiet man, in faded evening dress, evinces no bustling alacrity, no servile respect, no cringing eagerness; on the contrary, he seems rather bored by our arrival, and put

out by the urgency of our wants. On the whole, he leads us to believe that we are the obliged persons—which I suppose we are. The blacks, too, are not the least in a hurry. I seem to myself not at a place where I pay for my accommodation, but rather a visitor at a cold-blooded friend's, whose general invitation I have too sanguinely and literally interpreted.

We sign our names in the reception book, and receive in return the keys of our bedrooms, which open on a huge boarded balconied gallery, overlooking a garden. We come down and dine, surrounded by blacks; we read, we smoke, we sing, and, going to bed, we dream of the cave.

We awake to find breakfast and the guide ready. The season is over, or the hotel would be crowded. The landlord is as calm as ever, and plays gracefully with his toothpick as he hands us over to Seneca: a stout frank-looking young negro, who precedes us, carrying an armful of rude unlighted tin lamps; a flask of Kentucky rye whisky; and plenty of lucifers.

We scramble over some paddocks lumbered with rubbish—broken bottles, oyster-shells, and so forth; and, passing through a scrap of plantation—all in a golden glow now, as of lamplight with autumnal decay—find ourselves suddenly following Seneca down a sort of sand-pit, opposite a lonely plank-house, some broken rusty machinery, and the planks of a worn-out punt.

I look away from the golden glow of autumn, "like Herod rotting in his pomp," and see a huge cave far down in the dingle, black as Erebus and old Night. There is a hot white mist rising in the underwood, through which the cave seems to break so suddenly, that for the moment I fancy myself the little vagrant Aladdin, and that my bad uncle has been burning Arabian frankincense.

What with the little green strings of wild vines that fall over its mouth and embroider the darkness, and what with the little bats that buzz in and out, like so many demoniac butterflies, I begin to expect to see Zamiel in red, stride glimmering out of the darkness, followed by Death in Life, Queen Sin, Apollyon and suite, and Mammon with gold dripping from him.

But Seneca thinks nothing of a darkness he has experienced so often, and he coolly sings as he trims the lamps:

"A possum on a simmon-tree,
With one eye winked right down at me,
Fast by his tail the critter swung,
And this old chorus sweetly sung:
'Get along hum, my yaller gals,
For the moon on the grass am shining.'

Siree! how wet it is, misters, and dat's de trufe." And he points, grinning (a negro laughs at everything), at the complete veil of silver that the rain-drops from the bank above shed across the mouth of the cave. "But we shall be dry enough in these diggins," says Seneca, leading on.

A scramble down the bank and we are under the archway of the cave—a place to dream of—a place for Lazarus to have emerged from into sunshine, his face first paling out through the

darkness—a grave for Rembrandt to study in—a den for Michael Angelo's giants—a place whence the Deluge might have risen over the earth.

While my friend St. Ives, fellow of St. Barabbas College, Oxford, is asking Seneca abstruse questions about the remains of the mastodon and the Big Bone Licks in Boone's county, Seneca lights the lamps and sings:

"Oh, boys! come along and shuck de corn;
Oh, boys! come along to the rattle of de horn,
We'll shuck and sing till de coming of de morn,
And den we'll ford de river.
O Bob Ridley, O! O! O!
How could you fool de possum so?"

The lamps are mere round tin trays, with wick cases in the middle, and are hung by wires to a tin cover and ring, through which the fingers pass. Flannel jackets and miners' boots we despise, for the cave is dry and reasonably clean, and the temperature (equable all the year at about 59 deg. Fahrenheit) pleasanter and cooler than the steaming damp heat of the woods we have just left. There is no danger of our lamps going out, and if they do, we shall all keep together, and Seneca carries matches enough for Guy Fawkes.

We are just leaving the light for the darkness, when St. Ives—as one of those men who knows everything—puts down his lamp, and requests to know, having spent half the night over Appleton's guide-books and Maccaw's America, whether Seneca will first lead us to the Church, the Gothic Avenue, Louisa's Bower, the Dead Sea, the Giant's Coffin, the Elephant's Head, or the Fairy's Orchard?

Seneca, shrugging his shoulders at me, and looking upon St. Ives as a "riglar driver," pretends not to hear, and muttering something about the "lectrum telumgraff," strides on, singing in a blithe voice,

"Oh! the master is proud of the old broad horn,
For it brings him plenty of tin.
Oh! the crew they are darkies, the cargo is corn,
And the money comes tumbling in.
Down the river, down the river,
Down the Ohio!"

The air becomes warmer and warmer as we begin our tour of the two hundred and twenty-six avenues, the forty-seven domes, the eight cataracts, and the twenty-three pits. Surely when Nature first arranged her huge Pandora casket—the earth—she packed this nine miles badly and loosely. Elsewhere she crammed in her gold and jewels, her rich fat earth, so magical, and of such inexhaustible virtue; but here she forgot something that should have filled up, and being rather behind time, sent off the great present to Adam incomplete.

St. Ives, being always ashamed of appearing pleased, calls the cave "a humbug" before he has seen it, and discourses to me, learnedly but drearily, of the glacier boulders found in the prairies, of the Tar and Sulphur Springs, and of the Sink Holes in Kentucky, that, near Mumfordsville, rise and flow in regular intermittent tides. But here Seneca, turning in a patronising way, and singing,

"Nebraska's gwine to be a state,

Few days, few days;

Cuba, too, will come in late—

I'm gwine home,"

draws our attention to the fact that after threading a hall and several passages we have reached a broad uneven space, called the Sick-room.

In this Sick-room, at one gloomy corner far from the light of day, there are the ruins of a row of stone cabins, where eight or ten consumptive persons, some of them wealthy, came and lived for several months, some years ago. This strange episode in the history of quackdom interests me much, so we three (St. Ives is muttering something about "igneous origin," and rubbing two stones together) sit down inside one of the tenanted houses, and putting our lanterns inside the hollow square we have formed, make Seneca tell us all about it:

Some years ago, a Kentucky doctor, during a visit to this wonderful cave, was struck by its equable temperature, and, believing that phthical symptoms were often rendered chronic by the terrible fluctuations of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, that distinguish the American climate, formed an empirical opinion that a winter spent in the cave might retard, if not heal, consumption. Dying men, who linger coughing at death's door, are ready to do anything. Old age is not very common in America, where, after a hot and feverish burst of life, men wear out soon, and die young. A straw seems a beam to a drowning man; purses were pulled out; and a stream of dollars set in towards the cave—which, by-the-by, belonged to the doctor; but this is, of course, an immaterial point. Building materials were soon dragged down into the darkness; this great sepulchre, the "no thoroughfare" entrance to Hades, rang with sounds of axes and hammers. Soon, a row of stone huts—very small, but with room enough for a stool and bed, and table and chest, in each—was raised. Down into these, on litters, on horseback, or crawling on foot, came thin hectic creatures; down, down into the darkness. The landlord-doctor had cast out his nets, and had drawn in a goodly draught.

Months passed, and the patients grew no better; one died in this dreary abode. Daily, at a certain hour, a negro servant visited them with food, like a gaoler. How glad they must have been to have heard his cheery voice come chanting songs down the glimmering entrance, where the bats whine faintly when the light disturbs them in their winter sleep!

Imagine the long hours round those lurid stones in that great sarcophagus, the nightmare dreams, the spectral-creeping sense of alarm and isolation, the slowly-fading hopes as the chances of recovery began to recede into the darkness; and death there!

But Seneca, sending daylight into our minds by singing "Happy Land of Canaan," now hurries us on. We pass through many avenues and passages, all of the same hard brown solid and seamless rock, observing its water-worn surface. Except for a certain sort of opaque jewel character caused by its dull

smoothness, never was stone less interesting in colour or surface; sandstone would have shown us every shade of brown and orange; granite, every hue of clouded purple; but this stone is dull, uniform, and only sublime from its mechanical grandeur of almost endless repetition.

When I call the cave monotonous, however, I speak only of its wall surface, rounded dull by water action, for the roofage and floorage present to us endless diversities. Now, we ascend twenty feet—now, we descend—now, we clamber up the surface of a low crag, by means of a rude wooden ladder, or cross a chasm by a frail plank bridge; while, at irregular intervals, there is always some fresh apartment on some isolated rock of strange shape, to draw a yell and a song from Seneca, and a shrug and adjustment of his spectacles from St. Ives, who is just now great upon "the origin of species." As it is almost impossible without a map to remember the exact order of the wonders in the Mammoth Cave, I will not pretend to do so. It might be before or after—it scarcely matters which—that we have explored "The Audubon Avenue," a pandemonium hall, unfurnished, a mile in length, sixty feet high, and as many broad; the Grand Gallery, a huge tunnel some miles long; the Gothic Avenue, two miles long, forty feet wide, and fifteen feet high; Louisa's Bower, Vulcan's Furnace, the Two Register Rooms, and some other halls, chambers, and passages of this subterranean palace of the dead Pan; when Seneca, singing

"With a doodum, doodum, da!"

deigns to stop, puts down his lantern by the wide wall of a passage, and bids us listen. We listen, and there comes to us the musical drip, drip, as of a Roman water-clock, regular as a healthy man's pulse, equal and steady in sound as the tick of a chronometer. Its voice comes from some of the unseen springs that honeycomb this great cave of the American Naiads, like the lisping of a baby oracle. It is awful in that tomb to hear that angel whisper, like the voice of the fairy of the place.

A passage or two further, and Seneca, hushing a hum of

"Dandy Jim from Caroline"

bids us stop and look across the gloom at "the Giant's Coffin." I look, and see nothing (St. Ives says "Imposition—go on," &c.), nothing but a darkness, as over some Alpine dell, with here and there crags and peaks peering through, but lonely and tenantless. I look again, and see, supported on I know not what slender piles or buttresses, a huge stone sarcophagus, some thirty feet long, like that of a pre-Adamite king, the jewelled inscription gone, the hieroglyphics long since cancelled by Time's fingers.

"More like a stone snuff-box," grumbles St. Ives; "a mere slab of limestone. Move on, guide; we're losing time here. The crystallisations of the basalt in Antrim are far more curious, and Wedgebone, writing on the Amorphous Theory, says——"

"So crowd her hard with pitch and pine,
The other boat's ten miles behind:
Telegraph wires are mighty slow,
And our safety valves are tied below;
Now is the time for a bully trip,
So shake her up and let her rip."

I want to learn Seneca's song about the "Steam-boat Race," being due in five days on the Mississippi, in the very risky vessels the minstrel Seneca describes so vividly. St. Ives is disgusted, and lays by his science for a more convenient season.

The Gothic Chapel, I think, comes in about here, with its Domdaniel pillars and curious fretwork, upon which Nature seems to have expended her choicest and most playful hours. As for the Devil's Arm-chair, it is only a large, smoothed, brown, stalagmite pillar, with a throne in the centre fit for Pluto himself, or the "Sky's Lord Mayor." It is impossible, indeed, to see these wonders without wearing around them legends, heavenly, purgatorial, sepulchral, and infernal.

Away go the three lamps to what I think is, next to the subterranean river, the most interesting spot in the whole cave, and that is the Star Chamber—a vast hall with light coloured perpendicular walls and dark ceiling. This is the theatre of a most strange ocular deception, which Seneca, retreating far away from us, lamps and all, behind a rocky screen, quickly prepares to show us, to the murmuring tune of,

"Way down in Alabama, Alabama, Alabama,
Where the mocking-bird is singing on the tree."

Seneca was far from us, down in a sort of tank hole in the floor, at the opposite end of the hall. "What can a dark lantern make of two stone walls and a high flat roof?" St. Ives wants to know. We stare up, trying to fathom the darkness with our eyes; suddenly Seneca's song dies away with,

"Singing, singing on the tree,"

and goes out like a light. Then slowly over the roof, from left to right, creeps and widens a soft low depth of mist, which seems to resemble (if it be not the thing itself) the stifling luminous, yet dim blue, of a summer evening, when the nightingales begin to sing, and the stars are not yet visible, though they still render that blue deeper and more spiritual by their inner light. I look down for an instant to relieve my eyes, then look up again, and lo! the whole field of heaven has now blossomed into stars; here, bright and single; there, close and thick sown, as in the Milky Way.

It seems to me that I am a vagrant Arab, looking up from between the dark precipices that wall in Edom with flights of tombs. I could cut off my hand, if that blue smother were not the sky where Orion strides, Arcturus swims, and where the Pole-star blazes!

Alas! out again goes the sky, out fade the stars, and black and grotesque comes back towards us Seneca's shadow; I see the shadow's mouth opening as it shouts,

"Den I wish I was in Dixie's land,
Away down south in Dixie."

Then, again, we have the old "deceptio visus," the "idolon of the cave;" and again we applaud, as the darkness, under the spell of Seneca's magic-lantern, once more blooms into stars, and the black roof-top melts into a summer heaven.

"The great Indian chief, Black Hawk," says Seneca, coming to a new show-place, waving his lantern in a Polytechnic lecturer sort of way.

We look up at the ceiling, and see, shaped by fantastic nature out of some half-alive black lichen that writes cyphers on the roof, the colossal semblance of a giant chief, Roman nose, war plumes and all; and by his side, but less easy to interpret, a huge squaw, bending under the weight of her cradled papoose. Now, the Indians did formerly repair to this cave, and perhaps here they worshipped this shadow chief as a regent and silent deputy of the Great Spirit. A little further on, Seneca, to the tune of "Yaller gals, be quiet," shows us other strange hieroglyphics—such as an elephant, I think—certainly a great ant-eater, with long black snout—and a mammoth bear, if I remember right.

And now we draw near to the subterranean river, the Styx of Kentucky, the river of the blind fish. We reach it by long descending passages, miry and dark. No cheery ripple nor laughing murmur had told us from a distance of its whereabouts. We cross a bridge over a shaft that no one had yet sounded, and find ourselves on the bank of this dark Acheron. I fling in a fragment of a broken boat that lies on the shore, and the echo sounds long, mournful, and mysterious. The blind fish rise not, no fin stirs in the quiet water. No living and unenchanted thing surely had any place in that still stream. The craft for it should have been huge coffins, steered by skeletons and paddled by pale things in damp wormy shrouds.

We turn here, and Seneca, chanting "The other side of Jordan," lights some paper and flings it down a long shaft called the Devil's Telescope. The paper, shedding sparks, whirls and whirls until it reaches the bottom, some seventy feet, where it lies palely flaming and glaring up at us, lighting the funeral obollette. There is no end to this Great Fiend Conjuror's cavern. We next come to a low cave roof, hung with what tradition calls the Witches' Hams, and certainly, though there has been somewhat of a glut of *bacon* in the market lately, we cannot help allowing that the pendulous rocks look very like Connecticut hams sewn up in bags ready for market.

Seneca, a great strainer for jokes, says,

"Delishious tough eating, massa, and take 'em a bery long time to boil, dare say!"

A little further on, Seneca brings us up at the Side-saddle, the imperfection of which similitude seems to distress him much, though it satisfies our ready belief. But then a man who has gone these nine miles, sometimes twice a day for ten long years, is apt to get cold and critical.

Working out of what is called the Solitary Chamber by way of the Humble Chute, we have for seventeen feet (it seems a week) to grub our

way upon our hands and knees under a very depressed arch. No sooner out of this vexation, still half choked, and with a sense of having broken from the Inquisition's compressible iron room, I find myself in a strange winding passage, formed by two walls of rock, about four feet high, and exceedingly narrow.

"Where are we, you rascal?" roars St. Ives, who never cares to be civil to any one poorer than himself. Seneca, hushing his untiring crew about

"Den hoe it down and scratch the grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trable,
Away down south in Dixie,"

answers, "This is the Fat Man's Misery, yah! yah!"

The Tall Man's Misery, equally well denominated, we had passed in the Humble Chute. It is quite a relief to drag one's fettered limbs out of this little trough, which, as St. Ives authoritatively says, "was undoubtedly scooped out by water power." Oh that I had the power to immure a certain fat enemy of mine in these stone stocks! And here I perhaps ought to state, that at certain intervals of our slow tour, it is ever Seneca's habit to tarry behindhand, to the fretful vexation of St. Ives, and set fire to a blue light which he leaves stuck upright in the soft sand and detritus that lay in heaps in some parts of the cave.

"I live in Ginger Bluff," it is now his humour to sing, as the light grows from a vivid white to a pale blue that diffuses itself as far as we can see. Then I begin to expect again that the tall man with the ghastly laugh and the red cloak, will stalk out from some recess, heralded by a white owl and a swarm of bats, followed by the coffin boat containing our old friends Death in Life, and Queen Sin, with sheets of red fire and a dance of leathery goblins slapping themselves with their stingy green tails.

Before I quit the cave, I must not forget to mention its Church, where a romantic couple were, I believe, once married ("forgetting," says that pedantic punster, St. Ives, "the Latin warning, Cave!"): a curious chamber supported by stalagmite pillars that looks like the worn barkless trunks of old trees. Nor must I forget the votive altars of loose stones erected by the natives of the different states of the Union. I add a small slab to "England." Tennessee has an obelisk reaching nearly to the roof. I should also mention that, near the entrance, Seneca directs our attention to a row of square troughs or pits, sunk in the floor of the cave, and surrounded by half rotten woodwork.

Those pits are, to me, the most interesting spots in the whole cave. They are the places where during the War of Independence the Americans dug for saltpetre. Our cruisers, tyrannously strong on the sea then, so swept the New World coast, that vessels bringing gunpowder for those whom we called "rebels," could not land their cargoes. Washington was therefore driven to dig for the nitrous earth in this cave, just as the London Puritans during the civil wars, or the Parisians in the Great French Revolution, dug in their cellars for the same element of destruction.

I must give up all hope of describing what I saw besides. Napoleon's Breastwork, the Elephant's Head, the Lovers' Leap, the Steps of Time, the Bottomless Pit, the Labyrinth, the Dead Sea, the Bandits' Hall, the Rocky Mountains, the Big Chimneys, the Waterfall, the Cross Room, the Linden Banks, Annetti's Dome, the Dining-room, the Cooling-tub. Yes, even from those wonderful rooms, hung with snow-flowers of stalactite, I must now hurry myself.

Again we thread back the maze; up, down, looking through loops of rocks, down shafts, and up at ceilings; groping, crawling, stumbling; we retrace our steps, tired with eighteen miles or more of walking. St. Ives lags behind until his lantern becomes a Will-o'-the-wisp in distant passage; and as we emerge into the steaming evening mist at the mouth of the cave, Seneca, never tired, never sad, shouts out a scrap of the song of the New York volunteer firemen

"Wake up, Mose! de fire am burnin',
Round de corner smoke am curlin',
Take de rope and keep her runnin'.
Fire! Fire! Fire!
Wake up, Mose!"

THE GREY WOMAN.

IN THREE PORTIONS. PORTION THE THIRD.

FAR on in the night there were voices outside reached us in our hiding-place; an angry knocking at the door, and we saw through the chinks the old woman rouse herself up to go and open it for her master, who came in, evidently half drunk. To my sick horror, he was followed by Lefebvre, apparently as sober and wily as ever. They were talking together as they came in, disputing about something; but the miller stopped the conversation to swear at the old woman for having fallen asleep, and, with tipsy anger, and even with blows, drove the poor old creature out of the kitchen to bed. Then he and Lefebvre went on talking—about the *Sieur de Poissy's* disappearance. It seemed that Lefebvre had been out all day, along with other of my husband's men, ostensibly assisting in the search; in all probability trying to blind the *Sieur de Poissy's* followers by putting them on a wrong scent, and also, I fancied, from one or two of Lefebvre's sly questions, combining the hidden purpose of discovering us.

Although the miller was tenant and vassal to the *Sieur de Poissy*, he seemed to me to be much more in league with the people of *M. de la Tourelle*. He was evidently aware, in part, of the life which Lefebvre and the others led; although, again, I do not suppose he knew or imagined one-half of their crimes; and also, I think, he was seriously interested in discovering the fate of his master, little suspecting Lefebvre of murder or violence. He kept talking himself, and letting out all sorts of thoughts and opinions; watched by the keen eyes of Lefebvre gleaming out below his shaggy eyebrows. It was evidently not the cue of the latter to let out that his master's wife had escaped from that vile and terrible den; but though he never breathed a word relating to us, not the less was I certain

he was thirsting for our blood, and lying in wait for us at every turn of events. Presently he got up and took his leave; and the miller bolted him out, and stumbled off to bed. Then we fell asleep, and slept sound and long.

The next morning, when I awoke, I saw Amante, half raised, resting on one hand, and eagerly gazing, with straining eyes, into the kitchen below. I looked too, and both heard and saw the miller and two of his men eagerly and loudly talking about the old woman, who had not appeared as usual to make the fire in the stove, and prepare her master's breakfast, and who now, late on in the morning, had been found dead in her bed; whether from the effect of her master's blows the night before, or from natural causes, who can tell? The miller's conscience upbraided him a little, I should say, for he was eagerly declaring his value for his housekeeper, and repeating how often she had spoken of the happy life she led with him. The men might have their doubts, but they did not wish to offend the miller, and all agreed that the necessary steps should be taken for a speedy funeral. And so they went out, leaving us in our loft, but so much alone, that, for the first time almost, we ventured to speak freely, though still in a hushed voice, pausing to listen continually. Amante took a more cheerful view of the whole occurrence than I did. She said that, had the old woman lived, we should have had to depart that morning, and that this quiet departure would have been the best thing we could have had to hope for, as, in all probability, the housekeeper would have told her master of us and of our resting-place, and this fact would, sooner or later, have been brought to the knowledge of those from whom we most desired to keep it concealed; but that now we had time to rest, and a shelter to rest in, during the first hot pursuit, which we knew to a fatal certainty was being carried on. The remnants of our food, and the stored-up fruit, would supply us with provision; the only thing to be feared was, that something might be required from the loft, and the miller or some one else mount up in search of it. But even then, with a little arrangement of boxes and chests, one part might be so kept in shadow that we might yet escape observation. All this comforted me a little; but, I asked, how were we ever to escape? The ladder was taken away, which was our only means of descent. But Amante replied that she could make a sufficient ladder of the rope lying coiled among other things, to drop us down the ten feet or so—with the advantage of its being portable, so that we might carry it away, and thus avoid all betrayal of the fact that any one had ever been hidden in the loft.

During the two days that intervened before we did escape, Amante made good use of her time. She looked into every box and chest during the man's absence at his mill; and finding in one box an old suit of man's clothes, which had probably belonged to the miller's absent son, she put them on to see if they would fit her; and, when she found that they did, she

cut her own hair to the shortness of a man's, made me clip her black eyebrows as close as though they had been shaved, and by cutting up old corks into pieces such as would go into her cheeks, she altered both the shape of her face and her voice to a degree which I should not have believed possible.

All this time I lay like one stunned; my body resting, and renewing its strength, but I myself in an almost idiotic state—else surely I could not have taken the stupid interest which I remember I did in all Amante's energetic preparations for disguise. I absolutely recollect once the feeling of a smile coming over my stiff face as some new exercise of her cleverness proved a success.

But towards the second day, she required me too to exert myself; and then all my heavy despair returned. I let her dye my fair hair and complexion with the decaying shells of the stored-up walnuts, I let her blacken my teeth, and even voluntarily broke a front tooth the better to effect my disguise. But through it all I had no hope of evading my terrible husband. The third night the funeral was over, the drinking ended, the guests gone; the miller put to bed by his men, being too drunk to help himself. They stopped a little while in the kitchen, talking and laughing about the new housekeeper likely to come; and they too went off, shutting, but not locking the door. Everything favoured us: Amante had tried her ladder on one of the two previous nights, and could, by a dexterous throw from beneath, unfasten it from the hook to which it was fixed, when it had served its office; she made up a bundle of worthless old clothes in order that we might the better preserve our characters of a travelling pedlar and his wife; she stuffed a hump on her back, she thickened my figure, she left her own clothes deep down beneath a heap of others in the chest from which she had taken the man's dress which she wore; and with a few francs in her pocket—the sole money we had either of us had about us when we escaped—we let ourselves down the ladder, unhooked it, and passed into the cold darkness of night again.

We had discussed the route which it would be well for us to take while we lay perdues in our loft. Amante had told me then that her reason for inquiring, when we first left Les Rochers, by which way I had first been brought to it, was to avoid the pursuit which she was sure would first be made in the direction of Germany; but that now she thought we might return to that district of country where my German fashion of speaking French would excite least observation. I thought that Amante herself had something peculiar in her accent, which I had heard M. de la Tourelle sneer at as Norman patois; but I said not a word beyond agreeing to her proposal that we should bend our steps towards Germany. Once there, we should, I thought, be safe. Alas! I forgot the unruly time that was overspreading all Europe, overturning all law, and all the protection which law gives.

How we wandered—not daring to ask our way—how we lived, how we struggled through

many a danger and still more terrors of danger, I shall not tell you now. I will only relate two of our adventures before we reached Frankfort. The first, although fatal to an innocent lady, was yet, I believe, the cause of my safety; the second I shall tell you, that you may understand why I did not return to my former home, as I had hoped to do when we lay in the miller's loft, and I first became capable of groping after an idea of what my future life might be. I cannot tell you how much in these doubtings and wanderings I became attached to Amante. I have sometimes feared since lest I cared for her only because she was so necessary to my own safety; but, no! it was not so; or not so only, or principally. She said once that she was flying for her own life as well as for mine; but we dared not speak much on our danger, or on the horrors that had gone before. We planned a little what was to be our future course; but even for that we did not look forward long; how could we, when every day we scarcely knew if we should see the sun go down? For Amante knew or conjectured far more than I did of the atrocity of the gang to which M. de la Tourelle belonged; and every now and then, just as we seemed to be sinking into the calm of security, we fell upon traces of a pursuit after us in all directions. Once I remember—we must have been nearly three weeks wearily walking through unfrequented ways, day after day, not daring to make inquiry as to our whereabouts, nor yet to seem purposeless in our wanderings—we came to a kind of lonely roadside farrier's and blacksmith's. I was so tired, that Amante declared that, come what might, we would stay there all night; and accordingly she entered the house, and boldly announced herself as a travelling tailor, ready to do any odd jobs of work that might be required, for a night's lodging and food for herself and wife. She had adopted this plan once or twice before, and with good success; for her father had been a tailor in Rouen, and as a girl she had often helped him with his work, and knew the tailors' slang and habits, down to the particular whistle and cry which in France tell so much to those of a trade. At this blacksmith's, as at most other solitary houses far away from a town, there was not only a store of men's clothes laid by as wanting mending when the housewife could afford time, but there was a natural craving after news from a distance, such news as a wandering tailor is bound to furnish. The early November afternoon was closing into evening, as we sat down, she cross-legged on the great table in the blacksmith's kitchen, drawn close to the window, I close behind her, sewing at another part of the same garment, and from time to time well scolded by my seeming husband. All at once she turned round to speak to me. It was only one word, "Courage!" I had seen nothing; I sat out of the light; but I turned sick for an instant, and then I braced myself up into a strange strength of endurance to go through I knew not what.

The blacksmith's forge was in a shed beside the house, and fronting the road. I heard the hammers stop plying their continual rhythmical beat. She had seen why they ceased. A rider had come up to the forge and dismounted, leading his horse in to be re-shod. The broad red light of the forge-fire had revealed the face of the rider to Amante, and she apprehended the consequence that really ensued.

The rider, after some words with the blacksmith, was ushered in by him into the house-place where we sat.

"Here, good wife, a cup of wine and some galette for this gentleman."

"Anything, anything, madame, that I can eat and drink in my hand while my horse is being shod. I am in haste, and must get on to Forbach to-night."

The blacksmith's wife lighted her lamp; Amante had asked her for it five minutes before. How thankful we were that she had not more speedily complied with our request! As it was, we sat in dusk shadow, pretending to stitch away, but scarcely able to see. The lamp was placed on the stove, near which my husband, for it was he, stood and warmed himself. By-and-by he turned round, and looked all over the room, taking us in with about the same degree of interest as the inanimate furniture. Amante, cross-legged, fronting him, stooped over her work, whistling softly all the while. He turned again to the stove, impatiently rubbing his hands. He had finished his wine and galette, and wanted to be off.

"I am in haste, my good woman. Ask thy husband to get on more quickly. I will pay him double if he makes haste."

The woman went out to do his bidding; and he once more turned round to face us. Amante went on to the second part of the tune. He took it up, whistled a second for an instant or so, and then the blacksmith's wife re-entering, he moved towards her, as if to receive her answer the more speedily.

"One moment, monsieur—only one moment. There was a nail out of the off fore-shoe which my husband is replacing; it would delay monsieur again, if that shoe also came off."

"Madame is right," said he, "but my haste is urgent. If madame knew my reasons, she would pardon my impatience. Once a happy husband, now a deserted and betrayed man, I pursue a wife on whom I lavished all my love, but who has abused my confidence, and fled from my house, doubtless to some paramour; carrying off with her all the jewels and money on which she could lay her hands. It is possible madame may have heard or seen something of her; she was accompanied in her flight by a base, profligate woman from Paris, whom I, unhappy man, had myself engaged for my wife's waiting-maid, little dreaming what corruption I was bringing into my house!"

"Is it possible?" said the good woman, throwing up her hands.

Amante went on whistling a little lower, out of respect to the conversation.

"However, I am tracing the wicked fugitives; I am on their track" (and the handsome effeminate face looked as ferocious as any demon's). "They will not escape me; but every minute is a minute of misery to me, till I meet my wife. Madame has sympathy, has she not?"

He drew his face into a hard, unnatural smile, and then both went out to the forge, as if once more to hasten the blacksmith over his work.

Amante stopped her whistling for one instant.

"Go on as you are, without change of an eyelid even; in a few minutes he will be gone, and it will be over!"

It was a necessary caution, for I was on the point of giving way, and throwing myself weakly upon her neck. We went on; she whistling and stitching, I making semblance to sew. And it was well we did so; for almost directly he came back for his whip, which he had laid down and forgotten; and again I felt one of those sharp, quick-scanning glances, sent all round the room, and taking in all.

Then we heard him ride away; and then, it had been long too dark to see well, I dropped my work, and gave way to my trembling and shuddering. The blacksmith's wife returned. She was a good creature. Amante told her I was cold and weary, and she insisted on my stopping my work, and going to sit near the stove; hastening at the same time her preparations for supper, which in honour of us, and of monsieur's liberal payment, was to be a little less frugal than ordinary. It was well for me that she made me taste a little of the cider-soup she was preparing, or I could not have held up, in spite of Amante's warning look, and the remembrance of her frequent exhortations to act resolutely up to the characters we had assumed, whatever befel. To cover my agitation Amante stopped her whistling, and began to talk; and by the time the blacksmith came in she and the good woman of the house were in full flow. He began at once upon the handsome gentleman who had paid him so well; all his sympathy was with him, and both he and his wife only wished he might overtake his wicked wife, and punish her as she deserved. And then the conversation took a turn, not uncommon to those whose lives are quiet and monotonous; every one seemed to vie with each other in telling about some horror; and the savage and mysterious band of robbers called the *Chauveurs*, who infested all the roads leading to the Rhine, with Schinderhannes at their head, furnished many a tale which made the very marrow of my bones run cold, and quenched even Amante's power of talking. Her eyes grew large and wild, her cheeks blanched, and for once she sought by her looks help from me. The new call upon me roused me. I rose and said, with their permission my husband and I would seek our bed, for that we had travelled far and were early risers. I added that we would get up betimes, and finish our piece of work. The blacksmith said we should be early birds if we rose before him; and the good wife seconded

my proposal with kindly bustle. One other such story as those they had been relating, and I do believe Amante would have fainted.

As it was, a night's rest set her up; we arose and finished our work betimes, and shared the plentiful breakfast of the family. Then we had to set forth again; only knowing that to Forbach we must not go, yet believing, as was indeed the case, that Forbach lay between us and that Germany to which we were directing our course. Two days more we wandered on, making a round, I suspect, and returning upon the road to Forbach, a league or two nearer to that town than the blacksmith's house. But as we never made inquiries I hardly knew where we were, when we came one night to a small town, with a good large rambling inn in the very centre of the principal street. We had begun to feel as if there were more safety in towns than in the loneliness of the country. As we had parted with a ring of mine not many days before to a travelling jeweller, who was too glad to purchase it far below its real value to make many inquiries as to how it came into the possession of a poor working tailor such as Amante seemed to be, we resolved to stay at this inn all night, and gather such particulars and information as we could by which to direct our onward course.

We took our supper in the darkest corner of the *salle-à-manger*, having previously bargained for a small bedroom across the court, and over the stables. We needed food sorely; but we hurried on our meal from dread of any one entering that public room who might recognise us. Just in the middle of our meal the public diligence drove lumbering up under the porte cochère, and disgorged its passengers. Most of them turned into the room where we sat, cowering and fearful, for the door was opposite to the porter's lodge, and both opened on to the wide-covered entrance from the street. Among the passengers came in a young fair-haired lady, attended by an elderly French maid. The poor young creature tossed her head, and shrank away from the common room, full of evil smells and promiscuous company, and demanded in German French to be taken to some private apartment. We heard that she and her maid had come in the *coupé*, and probably from pride, poor young lady! she had avoided all association with her fellow-passengers, thereby exciting their dislike and ridicule. All these little pieces of hearsay had a significance to us afterwards, though at the time the only remark made that bore upon the future was Amante's whisper to me that the young lady's hair was exactly the colour of mine, which she had cut off and burnt in the stove in the miller's kitchen in one of her descents from our hiding-place in the loft.

As soon as we could, we struck round in the shadow, leaving the boisterous and merry fellow-passengers to their supper. We crossed the court, borrowed a lantern from the ostler, and scrambled up the rude steps to our chamber above the stable. There was no door into it; the entrance was the hole into which the ladder fitted. The window looked into the court. We

were tired and soon fell asleep. I was awakened by a noise in the stable below. One instant of listening, and I awakened Amante, placing my hand on her mouth, to prevent any exclamation in her half-roused state. We heard my husband speaking about his horse to the ostler. It was his voice. I am sure of it. Amante said so too. We durst not move to rise and satisfy ourselves. For five minutes or so he went on giving directions. Then he left the stable, and softly stealing to our window, we saw him cross the court and re-enter the inn. We consulted as to what we should do. We feared to excite remark or suspicion by descending and leaving our chamber, or else immediate escape was our strongest idea. Then the ostler left the stable, locking the door on the outside.

"We must try and drop through the window—if, indeed, it is well to go at all," said Amante.

With reflection came wisdom. We should excite suspicion by leaving without paying our bill. We were on foot, and might easily be pursued. So we sat on our bed's edge, talking and shivering, while from across the court the laughter rang merrily, and the company slowly dispersed one by one, their lights flitting past the windows as they went up-stairs and settled each one to his rest.

We crept into our bed, holding each other tight, and listening to every sound, as if we thought we were tracked, and might meet our death at any moment. In the dead of night, just at the profound stillness preceding the turn into another day, we heard a soft, cautious step crossing the yard. The key into the stable was turned—some one came into the stable—we felt rather than heard him there. A horse started a little, and made a restless movement with his feet, then whinnied recognition. He who had entered made two or three low sounds to the animal, and then led him into the court. Amante sprang to the window with the noiseless activity of a cat. She looked out, but dared not speak a word. We heard the great door into the street open—a pause for mounting, and the horse's footsteps were lost in distance.

Then Amante came back to me. "It was he! he is gone!" said she, and once more we lay down trembling and shaking.

This time we fell sound asleep. We slept long and late. We were awakened by many hurrying feet, and many confused voices; all the world seemed awake and astir. We rose and dressed ourselves, and coming down we looked around among the crowd collected in the court-yard, in order to assure ourselves *he* was not there before we left the shelter of the stable.

The instant we were seen two or three people rushed to us.

"Have you heard?—Do you know?—That poor young lady—oh, come and see!" and so we were hurried, almost in spite of ourselves, across the court and up the great open stairs of the main building of the inn, into a bed-chamber, where lay the beautiful young German lady, so

full of graceful pride the night before, now white and still in death. By her stood the French maid, crying and gesticulating.

"Oh, madame! if you had but suffered me to stay with you! Oh! the baron, what will he say?" and so she went on. Her state had but just been discovered; it had been supposed that she was fatigued, and was sleeping late, until a few minutes before. The surgeon of the town had been sent for, and the landlord of the inn was trying vainly to enforce order until he came, and from time to time drinking little cups of brandy, and offering them to the guests, who were all assembled there, pretty much as the servants were doing in the court-yard.

At last the surgeon came. All fell back, and hung on the words that were to fall from his lips.

"See!" said the landlord. "This lady came last night by the diligence with her maid. Doubtless a great lady, for she must have a private sitting-room——"

"She was Madame the Baroness de Røeder," said the French maid.

—"And was difficult to please in the matter of supper, and a sleeping-room. She went to bed well, though fatigued. Her maid left her——"

"I begged to be allowed to sleep in her room, as we were in a strange inn, of the character of which we knew nothing; but she would not let me, my mistress was such a great lady."

—"And slept with my servants," continued the landlord. "This morning we thought madame was still slumbering, but when eight, nine, ten, and near eleven o'clock came, I bade her maid use my pass-key and enter her room——"

"The door was not locked, only closed. And here she was found—dead is she not, monsieur?—with her face down on her pillow, and her beautiful hair all scattered wild; she never would let me tie it up, saying it made her head ache. Such hair!" said the waiting-maid, lifting up a long golden tress and letting it fall again.

I remembered Amante's words the night before, and crept close up to her.

Meanwhile the doctor was examining the body underneath the bed-clothes, which the landlord, until now, had not allowed to be disarranged. The surgeon drew out his hand, all bathed and stained with blood; and holding up a short sharp-knife, with a piece of paper fastened round it.

"Here has been foul play," he said. "The deceased lady has been murdered. This dagger was aimed straight at her heart." Then, putting on his spectacles, he read the writing on the bloody paper, dimmed and horribly obscured as it was:

NUMÉRO UN.

Ainsi les Chauffeurs se vengent.

"Let us go!" said I to Amante. "Oh, let us leave this horrible place!"

"Wait a little," said she. "Only a few minutes more. It will be better."

Immediately the voices of all proclaimed their suspicions of the cavalier who had arrived

last the night before. He had, they said, made so many inquiries about the young lady, whose supercilious conduct all in the *salle-à-manger* had been discussing on his entrance. They were talking about her as we left the room; he must have come in directly afterwards, and not until he had learnt all about her had he spoken of the business which necessitated his departure at dawn of day, and made his arrangements with both landlord and ostler for the possession of the keys of the stable and *porte cochère*. In short, there was no doubt as to the murderer, even before the arrival of the legal functionary who had been sent for by the surgeon; but the words on the paper chilled every one with terror. *Les Chauffeurs*, who were they? No one knew, some of the gang might even then be in the room, overhearing, and noting down fresh objects for vengeance. In Germany I had heard little of this terrible gang, and I had paid no greater heed to the stories related once or twice about them in Carlsruhe than one does to tales about ogres. But here in their very haunts I learnt the full amount of the terror they inspired. No one would be legally responsible for any evidence criminating the murderer. The public prosecutor shrank from the duties of his office. What do I say? Neither Amante nor I, knowing far more of the actual guilt of the man who had killed that poor sleeping young lady, durst breathe a word. We appeared to be wholly ignorant of everything: we, who might have told so much. But how could we? we were broken down with terrific anxiety and fatigue, with the knowledge that we, above all, were doomed victims; and that the blood, heavily dripping from the bed-clothes on to the floor, was dripping thus out of the poor dead body, because when living she had been mistaken for me.

At length Amante went up to the landlord, and asked permission to leave his inn, doing all openly and humbly, so as to excite neither ill-will nor suspicion. Indeed, suspicion was otherwise directed, and he willingly gave us leave to depart. A few days afterwards we were across the Rhine, in Germany, making our way towards Frankfort, but still keeping our disguises, and Amante still working at her trade.

On the way, we met a young man, a wandering journeyman from Heidelberg. I knew him, although I did not choose that he should know me. I asked him, as carelessly as I could, how the old miller was now? He told me he was dead. This realisation of the worst apprehensions caused by his long silence shocked me inexpressibly. It seemed as though every prop gave way from under me. I had been talking to Amante only that very day of the safety and comfort of the home that awaited her in my father's house; of the gratitude which the old man would feel towards her, and how there, in that peaceful dwelling, far away from the terrible land of France, she should find ease and security for all the rest of her life. All this I thought I had to promise, and even yet more had I looked for for myself.

I looked to the unburdening of my heart and conscience by telling all I knew to my best and wisest friend. I looked to his love as a sure guidance as well as a comforting stay, and, behold, he was gone away from me for ever!

I had left the room hastily on hearing of this sad news from the Heidelberg. Presently, Amante followed:

"Poor madame," said she, consoling me to the best of her ability. And then she told me by degrees what more she had learned respecting my home, about which she knew almost as much as I did, from my frequent talks on the subject both at *Les Rochers* and on the dreary, doleful road we had come along. She had continued the conversation after I left, by asking about my brother and his wife. Of course, they lived on at the mill, but the man said (with what truth I know not, but I believed it firmly at the time), that Babette had completely got the upper hand of my brother, who only saw through her eyes and heard with her ears. That there had been much Heidelberg gossip of late days about her sudden intimacy with a grand French gentleman who had appeared at the mill—a relation, by marriage—married, in fact, to the miller's sister, who, by all accounts, had behaved abominably and ungratefully. But that was no reason for Babette's extreme and sudden intimacy with him, going about everywhere with the French gentleman; and since he left (as the Heidelberg said he knew for a fact) corresponding with him constantly. Yet her husband saw no harm in it all seemingly; though, to be sure, he was so out of spirits, what with his father's death and the news of his sister's infamy, that he hardly knew how to hold up his head.

"Now," said Amante, "all this proves that M. de la Tourelle has suspected that you would go back to the nest in which you were reared, and that he has been there, and found that you have not yet returned; but probably he still imagines that you will do so, and has accordingly engaged your sister-in-law as a kind of informant. Madame has said that her sister-in-law bore her no extreme good-will; and the defamatory story he has got the start of us in spreading, will not tend to increase the favour in which your sister-in-law holds you. No doubt the assassin was retracing his steps when we met him near Forbach, and having heard of the poor German lady, with her French maid and her pretty blonde complexion, he followed her. If madame will still be guided by me—and, my child, I beg of you still to trust me," said Amante, breaking out of her respectful formality into the way of talking more natural to those who had shared and escaped from common dangers—more natural, too, where the speaker was conscious of a power of protection which the other did not possess—"we will go on to Frankfort, and lose ourselves, for a time, at least, in the numbers of people who throng a great town; and you have told me that Frankfort is a great town. We will still be husband and wife; we will take a small lodging, and you

shall housekeep and live in-doors. I, as the rougher and the more alert, will continue my father's trade, and seek work at the tailors' shops."

I could think of no better plan, so we followed this out. In a back street at Frankfort we found two furnished rooms to let on a sixth story. The one we entered had no light from day; a dingy lamp swung perpetually from the ceiling, and from that, or from the open door leading into the bedroom beyond, came our only light. The bedroom was more cheerful, but very small. Such as it was, it almost exceeded our possible means. The money from the sale of my ring was almost exhausted, and Amante was a stranger in the place, speaking only French, moreover, and the good Germans were hating the French people right heartily. However, we succeeded better than our hopes, and even laid by a little against the time of my confinement. I never stirred abroad, and saw no one, and Amante's want of knowledge of German kept her in a state of comparative isolation.

At length my child was born—my poor worse than fatherless child. It was a girl, as I had prayed for. I had feared lest a boy might have something of the tiger nature of its father, but a girl seemed all my own. And yet not all my own, for the faithful Amante's delight and glory in the babe almost exceeded mine; in outward show it certainly did.

We had not been able to afford any attendance beyond what a neighbouring sage-femme could give, and she came frequently, bringing in with her a little store of gossip, and wonderful tales culled out of her own experience, every time. One day she began to tell me about a great lady in whose service her daughter had lived as scullion, or some such thing. Such a beautiful lady! with such a handsome husband. But grief comes to the palace as well as to the garret, and why or wherefore no one knew, but somehow the Baron de Røeder must have incurred the vengeance of the terrible Chauffeurs; for not many months ago, as madame was going to see her relations in Alsace, she was stabbed dead as she lay in bed at some hotel on the road. Had I not seen it in the Gazette? Had I not heard? Why, she had been told that as far off as Lyons there were placards offering a heavy reward on the part of the Baron de Røeder for information respecting the murderer of his wife. But no one could help him, for all who could bear evidence were in such terror of the Chauffeurs; there were hundreds of them she had been told, rich and poor, great gentlemen and peasants, all leagued together by most frightful oaths to hunt to the death any one who bore witness against them; so that even they who survived the tortures to which the Chauffeurs subjected many of the people whom they plundered, dared not to recognise them again, would not dare, even did they see them at the bar of a court of justice; for, if one were condemned, were there not hundreds sworn to avenge his death?"

I told all this to Amante, and we began to fear

that if M. de la Tourelle, or Lefebvre, or any of the gang at Les Rochers, had seen these placards, they would know that the poor lady stabbed by the former was the Baroness de Røeder, and that they would set forth again in search of me.

This fresh apprehension told on my health and impeded my recovery. We had so little money we could not call in a physician, at least, not one in established practice. But Amante found out a young doctor for whom, indeed, she had sometimes worked; and offering to pay him in kind, she brought him to see me, her sick wife. He was very gentle and thoughtful, though, like ourselves, very poor. But he gave much time and consideration to the case, saying once to Amante that he saw my constitution had experienced some severe shock from which it was probable that my nerves would never entirely recover. By-and-by I shall name this doctor, and then you will know, better than I can describe, his character.

I grew strong in time—stronger, at least. I was able to work a little at home, and to sun myself and my baby at the garret-window in the roof. It was all the air I dared to take. I constantly wore the disguise I had first set out with; as constantly had I renewed the disfiguring dye which changed my hair and complexion. But the perpetual state of terror in which I had been during the whole months succeeding my escape from Les Rochers made me loathe the idea of ever again walking in the open daylight, exposed to the sight and recognition of every passer-by. In vain Amante reasoned—in vain the doctor urged. Docile in every other thing, in this I was obstinate. I would not stir out. One day Amante returned from her work, full of news—some of it good, some such as to cause us apprehension. The good news was this: the master for whom she worked as journeyman was going to send her with some others to a great house at the other side of Frankfort, where there were to be private theatricals, and where many new dresses and much alteration of old ones would be required. The tailors employed were all to stay at this house until the day of representation was over, as it was at some distance from the town, and no one could tell when their work would be ended. But the pay was to be proportionately good.

The other thing she had to say was this: she had that day met the travelling jeweller to whom she and I had sold my ring. It was rather a peculiar one, given to me by my husband; we had felt at the time that it might be the means of tracing us, but we were penniless and starving, and what else could we do? She had seen that this Frenchman had recognised her at the same instant that she did him, and she thought as the same time that there was a gleam of more than common intelligence on his face as he did so. This idea had been confirmed by his following her for some way on the other side of the street; but she had evaded him with her better knowledge of the town, and the increasing darkness of the night. Still it was well that she was going to such a distance from our dwelling on

the next day; and she had brought me in a stock of provisions, begging me to keep within doors, with a strange kind of fearful oblivion of the fact that I had never set foot beyond the threshold of the house since I had first entered it—scarce ever ventured down the stairs. But, although my poor, my dear, very faithful Amante was like one possessed that last night, she spoke continually of the dead, which is a bad sign for the living. She kissed you—yes! it was you, my daughter, my darling, whom I bore beneath my bosom away from the fearful castle of your father—I call him so for the first time, I must call him so once again before I have done—Amante kissed you, sweet baby, blessed little comforter, as if she never could leave off. And then she went away, alive.

Two days, three days passed away. That third evening I was sitting within my bolted doors—you asleep on your pillow by my side—when a step came up the stair, and I knew it must be for me; for ours were the topmost rooms. Some one knocked; I held my very breath. But some one spoke, and I knew it was the good Doctor Voss. Then I crept to the door, and answered.

“Are you alone?” asked I.

“Yes,” said he, in a still lower voice. “Let me in.” I let him in, and he was as alert as I in bolting and barring the door. Then he came and whispered to me his doleful tale. He had come from the hospital in the opposite quarter of the town, the hospital which he visited; he should have been with me sooner, but he had feared lest he should be watched. He had come from Amante’s death-bed. Her fears of the jeweller were too well founded. She had left the house where she was employed that morning, to transact some errand connected with her work in the town; she must have been followed, and dogged on her way back through solitary wood-paths, for some of the wood-rangers belonging to the great house had found her lying there, stabbed to death, but not dead; with the poniard again plunged through the fatal writing, once more; but this time with the word “*un*” underlined, so as to show that the assassin was aware of his previous mistake.

Numéro *Un*.

Ainsi les Chauffeurs se vengent.

They had carried her to the house, and given her restoratives till she had recovered the feeble use of her speech. But, oh, faithful dear friend and sister! even then she remembered me, and refused to tell (what no one else among her fellow workmen knew), where she lived or with whom. Life was ebbing away fast, and they had no resource but to carry her to the nearest hospital, where, of course, the fact of her sex was made known. Fortunately both for her and for me, the doctor in attendance was the very Doctor Voss whom we already knew. To him, while awaiting her confessor, she told enough to enable him to understand the position in which I was left; before the priest had heard half her tale Amante was dead.

Doctor Voss told me he had made all sorts of détours, and waited thus, late at night, for fear of being watched and followed. But I do not think he was. At any rate, as I afterwards learnt from him, the Baron Rœder, on hearing of the similitude of this murder with that of his wife in every particular, made such a search after the assassins, that, although they were not discovered, they were compelled to take to flight for the time.

I can hardly tell you now by what arguments Dr. Voss, at first merely my benefactor, sparing me a portion of his small modicum, at length persuaded me to become his wife. His wife he called it, I called it; for we went through the religious ceremony too much slighted at the time, and as we were both Lutherans, and M. de la Tourelle had pretended to be of the reformed religion, a divorce from the latter would have been easily procurable by German law both ecclesiastical and legal, could we have summoned so fearful a man into any court.

The good doctor took me and my child by stealth to his modest dwelling; and there I lived in the same deep retirement, never seeing the full light of day, although when the dye had once passed away from my face my husband did not wish me to renew it. There was no need; my yellow hair was grey, my complexion was ashen-coloured, no creature could have recognised the fresh-coloured, bright-haired young woman of eighteen months before. The few people whom I saw knew me only as Madame Voss; a widow much older than herself whom Dr. Voss had secretly married. They called me the Grey Woman.

He made me give up his surname. Till now you have known no other father—while he lived you needed no father’s love. Once only, only once more, did the old terror come upon me. For some reason which I forget, I broke through my usual custom and went to the window of my room for some purpose, either to shut or to open it. Looking out into the street for an instant, I was fascinated by the sight of M. de la Tourelle, gay, young, elegant as ever, walking along on the opposite side of the street. The noise I had made with the window caused him to look up; he saw me, an old grey woman, and he did not recognise me! Yet it was not three years since we had parted, and his eyes were keen and dreadful like those of the lyux.

I told M. Voss, on his return home, and he tried to cheer me, but the shock of seeing M. de la Tourelle had been too terrible for me. I was ill for long months afterwards.

Once again I saw him. Dead. He and Le-fevre were at last caught; hunted down by the Baron de Rœder in some of their crimes. Dr. Voss had heard of their arrest; their condemnation, their death; but he never said a word to me, until one day he bade me show him that I loved him by my obedience and my trust. He took me a long carriage journey, where to I know not, for we never spoke of that day again; I was led through a prison, into a closed court-yard, where, decently draped in the last robes of death, concealing the marks of decapitation, lay

M. de la Tourelle, and two or three others, whom I had known at Les Rochers.

After that conviction Dr. Voss tried to persuade me to return to a more natural mode of life, and to go out more. But although I sometimes complied with his wish, yet the old terror was ever strong upon me, and he, seeing what an effort it was, gave up urging me at last.

You know all the rest. How we both mourned bitterly the loss of that dear husband and father—for such I will call him ever—and as such you must consider him, my child, after this one revelation is over.

Why has it been made, you ask. For this reason, my child. The lover, whom you have only known as M. Lebrun, a French artist, told me but yesterday his real name, dropped because the blood-thirsty republicans might consider it as too aristocratic. It is Maurice de Poissy.

CHINAMEN'S DINNERS.

EVERYBODY has heard that the Chinaman eats cats and dogs and rats and mice. Everybody might as well be told that the Chinese eat their women, because the rebels in Nanking ate their wives when pressed by famine. As to dog, it is true that hams made in the province of Shantung, and nowhere else, from dogs of a certain breed, reared and fattened for the purpose, are considered by the Chinese a great delicacy, but they are too delicious to be easily got. The Chinese, in fact, eat dogs just as much as the French eat frogs.

I have been long enough resident in China to respect the Chinese genius for cookery. Although a Chinaman of the upper class does eat many things that are not seen on an English table, I dare boldly question whether the difference does not prove the superiority of the Chinaman's taste; for I have partaken of many a strange dish prepared for Chinese palates far surpassing, in delicacy of flavour, anything I ever ate in Europe.

The Chinese poor, on the other hand, live very simply. Almost their only food is rice, which, except on high days and holidays, is served with very little addition in the way of "relish," a few vegetables, or at most a little bit of fish, being the only things added to help it down. The little bit of fish is such a truly little bit, that it bears to the rice on which it lies the proportion of a tiny jewel to the coronet of which it is the pride. The hardy Chinaman sups away bravely at the rice below it, feasting his eyes meanwhile on the precious morsel, till at last, his hunger being somewhat appeased, the relish is brought in (like the alderman's thimbleful of brandy before pudding) to enable him to finish his meal with a treat.

Yet the amount of work done on this spare diet is great. A single man's entire expenses, when living as above described, are eight or nine pounds a year, including rent, clothing, and luxuries. This sum will keep a man of the lowest respectable class of a hard-working industrious population, without forbidding him such luxuries as a

drink of wine at feast times, and an occasional spread of fruits and sweetmeats. But he must avoid gambling, drinking, or opium-smoking—vices which are too common among town coolies, but do not prevail much among the peasantry. The addition of another four or five pounds a year would make this income large enough to support a wife and family. Some are obliged to be content with a cheap sort of potato.

The lowest grades of mandarins, official assistants, and poor scholars or literati, of course live better; but not much. The poor scholar is a social chrysalis, who only waits until the genial beams of government favour shall enable him to burst into the gorgeous mandarin. In his elementary state he is often hard pushed to find rice for his family, and sets up as doctor, teacher of the mandarin dialect, schoolmaster, or the like, but will on no consideration stain his fingers with trade, or cut his nails and work for his living. People of this sort abound in all the large towns; much more, just now, than formerly, as the reduced state of the exchequer has latterly induced the government to offer a great number of mandarin posts for sale. Thus the poor men who have worked and studied to qualify themselves for appointments, are passed over, and men of the trading class, which of all others the literati affect to despise, are promoted in their stead. The highest officer at Amoy at this moment was formerly a money counter in a foreign hong in Canton.

The style of table kept by men of the middle class, merchants, shopkeepers, and mandarins, the bulk of whose incomes ranges from thirty or fifty to a hundred pounds a year, differs from that of the lower classes, chiefly in the use of better wines; now and then, also, they give an expensive dinner. But they have not much to spend in costly delicacies, as they are obliged to keep up appearances in dress, and are, moreover, burdened with idle small-footed wives and children. Frequently, too, they indulge in opium smoking, and other expensive vices. The merchants again, although their incomes are far larger than those mentioned above, are afraid to let their wealth be seen, lest it should excite the cupidity of mandarins. They live, therefore, in comfortless rooms behind their shops, their only pleasure seeming to consist in hoarding what they dare not spend. Rice is the staple article of food with all these Chinamen, as with the coolies and farmers: the only difference being, that they have their fish and vegetables in quantity enough to be served up on separate dishes, and of much more expensive kinds than those bought by the poorer men. A choice addition consists of thin slices of pork fat, rolled up, cut into lengths of about an inch, and fried until most of the grease is drawn out, leaving the rest crisp and brown and not unpalatable. Bread is never eaten in the provinces south of Shantung, its place being entirely taken by rice; but there is a sort of dumpling made of flour, sometimes plain and sometimes with mince-meat or dried fruit in it. Small cakes are also made

from rice and barley flour, with seeds like caraway strewed on the top. Heavy sponge cakes made in a mould, and cakes made from bean flour, are also in request.

The mere naming of the Chinese wines would fill a chapter; let it be enough to say that use is made of a great many sorts, and that some of them are by no means contemptible. Tea is drunk at every meal; and, at all hours of the day, there is a pot of tea ready for use. It is taken without sugar or milk. Milk indeed is scarcely used by the Chinese, and curious substitutes are sometimes sold to the foreigner.

The Chinese aristocrat never feasts (if he can help it) without roast sucking-pig for one dish; and of roast pig the part he prefers is the crackling. Every reading child knows about bird's-nest soup and the Indian sea-slug *biche de mer*. Eggs are baked in clay until quite hard, and eaten in slices. Deer's sinews and pig's ears are great favourites. They have also excellent soups, thickened with first-rate vermicelli. In Foo-chow-foo, bacons and hams are prepared which many pronounce to be as good as English; at all events they are famous all over China, and are always a very acceptable present to the residents at the other ports. They have even been exported to America, though, no doubt, only as curiosities. It is said that the art of curing hams was introduced into Foo-chow by a resident English lady some twelve years ago.

In pastry the Chinese fail, their dough being always heavy. But they seldom attempt more than a mince-meat dumpling or a sweet dough pudding. They have a fairy cake, not thicker than a couple of wafers, made of a leaf of the lotus flower baked between two thin layers of paste.

Chinese cooks can soon learn to dress most foreign dishes to perfection. I have tasted as good English plum-pudding and cake made by a Chinese cook as it would be possible to get at home. The native cook in a European family does, no doubt, make occasional mistakes, such as boiling a salad, or serving up green peas in the pods.

Let me close with a story or two which I don't believe, though a grave travelled Chinaman is my authority. He declares that the following cruel receipt makes a favourite dish with the mandarins in some of the northern provinces. (When a Chinaman invents a marvel, he invariably places his scene of action in the north.) Set butter in a frying-pan over a fire, having near at hand plenty of cayenne pepper, salt, soy, &c. Then take a fowl, duck, or goose, and hold it alive, over the frying-pan with its feet just touching it. The excessive heat will cause the bird's feet to swell, and will at the same time draw the blood into them. After a minute or two, dip the feet alternately into all the condiments, and return them to the frying-pan. By repeating this process several times, nearly all the blood of the body will run to the feet, which will swell to the thickness of a couple of inches, and be finely spiced. The feet are the only part to be eaten.

Another story of cooks in the north. They build a low mud wall, inclosing a space two or three feet across, and another wall outside, forming a circus of about two feet wide, in which they set pots containing wine, vinegar, soy, &c. In the inner space they light a good fire, and in the circus thus prepared, put a live lamb. The lamb naturally becomes thirsty from the great heat of the fire, and drinks what he finds as he runs backward and forward in search of means of escape. When the drinks are all swallowed, and dried into the animal's flesh, the lamb becomes exhausted, falls down dead, and in a very short time is completely roasted.

Turtle may be prepared, according to the same northern authority, by placing it over the fire in a pot of water, in the lid of which there is a hole large enough to allow the turtle to put out his head. As the water becomes hot, the turtle naturally thrusts his head out to get at the cooler air, when he is fed with spiced wine and soy, which he drinks readily as a relief from the heat. This goes on as long as he has strength to keep his head up, and, as the turtle does not part with life easily, he seldom fails to go on stuffing himself till he is cooked. The first man who used this method was a priest, who, as it happened, lived next to a soy manufactory. His house one night caught fire, and he, being unable to escape, was discovered at the point of death, drinking greedily of the soy which was running from his neighbour's house.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

My poor companions had but a sorry time of it on that morning. I was in a fearful temper, and made no effort to control it. The little romance of my meeting with these creatures was beginning to scale off, and, there beneath, lay the vulgar metal of the natures exposed to view. As for old Vaterchen shuffling along in his tattered shoes, half-stupid with wine and shame together, I couldn't bear to look at him; while Tintefleck, although at the outset abashed by my rebukeful tone and cold manner, had now rallied, and seemed well disposed to assert her own against all comers. Yes, there was a palpable air of defiance about her, even to the way that she sang as she went along; every thrill and cadence seemed to say, "I'm doing this to amuse myself; never imagine that I care whether you are pleased or not." Indeed, she left me no means of avoiding this conclusion, since at every time that I turned on her a look of anger or displeasure her reply was to sing the louder.

"And it was only yesterday," thought I, "and I dreamed that I could be in love with this creature—dreamed that I could replace Kate Herbert's image in my heart with that coarse travestie of woman's gentleness. Why, I might as well hope to make a gentleman of old Vaterchen, and present him to the world as a man of station and eminence."

What an insane hope was this! As well might I shiver a fragment from a stone on the road-

side, and think to give it value by having it set as a ring. The caprice of keeping them company for a day might be pardonable. It was the whim of one who is, above all, a student of mankind. But why continue the companionship? A little more of such intimacy, and who is to say what I may not imbibe of their habits and their natures; and Potts, the man of sentiment, the child of impulse, romance, and poetry, become a slave of the "Ring"—a saltimbanque! Now, though I could implicitly rely upon the rigidity of my joints to prevent the possibility of my ever displaying any feats of agility, I could yet picture myself in a long-tailed blue coat and jack-boots walking round and round in the sawdust circle, with four or five other creatures of the same sort, and who have no consciousness of any function till they are made the butt of some extempore drollery by the clown.

The creative temperament has this great disadvantage, that one cannot always build castles, but must occasionally construct hovels, and sometimes even dungeons and gaols; and here was I now, with a large contract order for this species of edifice, and certainly I set to work with a will. The impatience of my mind communicated itself to my gait, and I walked along at a tremendous rate.

"I can scarcely keep up with you at this pace," said Tintefleck; "and see, we have left poor Vaterchen a long way behind."

I made some rude answer—I know not what—and told her to come on.

"I will not leave him," said she, coming to a halt, and standing in a composed and firm attitude before me.

"Then I will!" said I, angrily. "Farewell!" And waving my hand in a careless adieu, I walked briskly onward, not even turning a look on her as I went. I think I'm almost certain I heard a heavy sob close behind me, but I would not look round for worlds. I was in one of those moods—all weak men know them well—when a harsh or an ungracious act appears something very daring and courageous. The very pain my conduct gave myself persuaded me that it must be heroic, just as a devotee is satisfied after a severe self-castigation.

"Yes, Potts," said I, "you are doing the right thing here. A little more of such association as this, and you would be little better than themselves. Besides, and above all, you ought to be 'real.' Now, these are not real any more than the tinsel gems and tinfoil splendours they wear on their tunics." It broke on me, too, like a sudden light, that to be the fictitious Potts, the many-sided, many-tinted—what a German would call "*der mit-viele-farben bedeckte Potts*"—I ought to be immensely rich, all my changes of character requiring great resources and unlimited "properties," as stage folk call them; whereas, "*der echte wahrhaftige mann Potts*" might be as poor as Lazarus. Indeed, the poorer the more real, since more natural.

While I thus speculated, I caught sight of a man scaling one of the precipitous paths by

which the winding road was shortened for foot travellers; a second glance showed me that this was Harper, who, with a heavy knapsack, was toiling along. I made a great effort to come up with him, but when I reached the high road he was still a long distance in front of me. I could not, if there had been any one to question me, say why I wished to overtake him. It was a sort of chase suggested simply by the object in front; rare type, if we but knew it, of one half the pursuits we follow throughout life.

As I mounted the last of these by-paths which led to the crest of the mountain, I felt certain that with a lighter equipment I should come up with him; but scarcely had I gained the top, than I saw him striding away vigorously on the road fully a mile away beneath me. "He shall not beat me," said I; and I increased my speed. It was all in vain. I could not do it; and when I drew nigh Lindau at last, very weary and footsore, the sun was just sinking on the western shore of the lake.

"Which is the best inn here?" asked I of a shopkeeper who was lounging carelessly at his door.

"Yonder," said he, "where you see that post-carriage turning into."

"To-night," said I, "I will be guilty of an extravagance. I will treat myself to a good supper, and an honest glass of wine." And on these hospitable thoughts intent I unslung my knapsack, and, throwing as much of distinction as I could into my manner, strolled into the public room.

So busied was the household in attending to the travellers who arrived "extra post," that none condescended to notice me, till at last, as the tumult subsided, a venerable old waiter approached me, and said, in a half friendly, half rebukeful tone, "It is at the Swan you ought to be, my friend; the next turning but two to the left hand, and you'll see the blue lantern over the gateway."

"I mean to remain where I am," said I, imperiously, "and to remember your impertinence when I am about to pay my bill. Bring me the 'carte.'"

I was overjoyed to see the confusion and shame of the old fellow. He saw at once the grievous error he had committed, and was so overwhelmed, that he could not reply. Meanwhile, with all the painstaking accuracy of a practised gourmand, I was making a careful note of what I wished for supper.

"Are you not ashamed," said I, rebukefully, "to have ortolans here, when you know in your heart they are swallows?"

He was so abject that he could only give a melancholy smile, as though to say, "Be merciful, and spare us!"

"Bohemian pheasant, too—come, come, this is too bad! Be frank and confess; how often has that one speckled tail done duty on a capon of your own raising?"

"Gracious Herr!" muttered he, "do not crush us altogether."

I don't think that he said this in actual words,

but his terrified eyes and his shaking cheeks declared it.

"Never mind," said I, encouragingly, "it will not hurt us to make a sparing meal occasionally; with the venison steak, the fried salmon, the duck with olives, and the apricot tart, we will satisfy appetite, and persuade ourselves, if we can, that we have fared luxuriously."

"And the wine, sir?" asked he.

"Ah, there we *are* difficult. No little Baden vintage, no small wine of the Bergstrasse, can impose upon us! Liebfrauen-milch, or, if you can guarantee it, Marcobrunner will do; but, mind, no substitutes!"

He laid his hand over his heart and bowed low; and, as he moved away, I said to myself, "What a mesmerism there must be in real money, since, even with the mockery of it, I have made that creature a bond slave." Brief as was the interval in preparing my meal, it was enough to allow me a very considerable share of reflection, and I found that, do what I would, a certain voice within would whisper, "Where are your fine resolutions now, Potts? Is this the life of reality that you had promised yourself? Are you not at the old work again? Are you not masquerading it once more? Don't you know well enough that all this pretension of yours is bad money, and that at the first ring of it on the counter you will be found out?"

"This you may rely on, gracious sir," said the waiter, as he laid a bottle on the table beside me with a careful hand. "It is the orange seal," and he then added, in a whisper, "taken from the Margrave's cellar in the revolution of '93, and every flask of it worth a province."

"We shall see—we shall see," said I, haughtily; "serve the soup!"

If I had been Belshazzar, I believe I should have eaten very heartily, and drunk my wine with a great relish, notwithstanding that drawn sword. I don't know how it is, but if I can only see the smallest bit of terra firma between myself and the edge of a precipice, I feel as though I had a whole vast prairie to range over. For the life of me I cannot realise anything that may, or may not, befall me remotely. "Blue are the hills far off," says the adage; and on the converse of the maxim do I aver, that faint are all dangers that are distant. An immediate peril overwhelms me; but I could look forward to a shipwreck this day fortnight with a fortitude truly heroic.

"This is a nice old half-forgotten sort of place," thought I, "a kind of vulgar Venice, water-washed, and muddy, and dreary, and do-nothing. I'll stay here for a week or so; I'll give myself up to the drowsy 'genius loci'; I'll Germanise to the top of my bent; who is to say what metaphysical melancholy, dashed with a strange diabolic humour, may not come of constantly feeding on this heavy cookery, and eternally listening to their gurgling gutturals? I may come out a Wieland or a Herder, with a sprinkling of Henri Heine! Yes," said I, "this is the true way to approach life; first of all, de-

velop your own faculties, and then mark how in their exercise you influence your fellow-men. Above all, however, cultivate your individuality, respect this the greatest of all the unities."

"Ja, gnädiger Herr," said the old waiter, as he tried to step away from my grasp, for, without knowing it, I had laid hold of him by the wrist while I addressed to him this speech. Desirous to re-establish my character for sanity, somewhat compromised by this incident, I said,

"Have you a money-changer in these parts? If so, let me have some silver for this English gold." I put my hand in my pocket for my purse; not finding it, I tried another and another. I ransacked them all over again, patted myself, shook my coat, looked into my hat, and then, with a sudden flash of memory, I bethought me that I had left it with Catinka, and was actually without one sou in the world! I sat down, pale and almost fainting, and my arms fell powerless at my sides.

"I have lost my purse!" gasped I out, at length.

"Indeed!" said the old man, but with a tone of such palpable scorn that it actually sickened me.

"Yes," said I, with all that force which is the peculiar prerogative of truth; "and in it all the money I possessed."

"I have no doubt of it," rejoined he, in the same dry tone as before.

"You have no doubt of what, old man? Or what do you mean by the supercilious quietness with which you assent to my misfortune? Send the landlord to me."

"I will do more; I will send the police," said he, as he shuffled out of the room.

I have met scores of men on my way through life who would not have felt the slightest embarrassment in such a situation as mine, fellows so accustomed to shipwreck, that the cry of "Breakers ahead!" or "Man the boats!" would have occasioned neither excitement nor trepidation. What stuff they are made of instead of nerves, muscles, and arteries, I cannot imagine, since, when the question is self-preservation, how can it possibly be more imminent than when not alone your animal existence is jeopardised, but the dearer and more precious life of fame and character is in peril?

For a moment I thought that though this besotted old fool of a waiter might suspect my probity, the more clear-sighted intelligence of the landlord would at once recognise my honest nature, and with the confidence of a noble conviction say, "Don't tell me that the man yonder is a knave. I read him very differently. Tell me your story, sir." And then I would tell it. It is not improbable that my speculation might have been verified had it not been that it was a landlady and not a landlord who swayed the destinies of the inn. Oh, what a wise invention of our ancestors was the Salique law! How justly they appreciated the unbridled rashness of the female nature in command! How well they understood the one-idea'd impetuosity with which they rush to wrong conclusions!

Until I listened to the Frau von Wintner, I imagined the German language somewhat weak in the matter of epithets. She undeceived me on this head, showing resources of abusive import that would have done credit to a Homeric hero. Having given me full ten minutes of a strong vocabulary, she then turned on the waiter, scornfully asking him if, at his time of life, he ought to have let himself be imposed upon by so palpable and undeniable a swindler as myself? She clearly showed that there was no extenuation of his fault, that rogue and vagabond had been written on my face, and inscribed in my manner; not to mention that I had followed the well-beaten track of all my fraternity in fraud, and ordered everything the most costly the house could command. In fact, so strenuously did she urge this point, and so eager did she seem about enforcing a belief in her statement, that I almost began to suspect she might suggest an anatomical examination of me to sustain her case. Had she been even less eloquent, the audience would still have been with her, for it is a curious but unquestionable fact that in all little visited localities the stranger is ungraciously regarded and ill looked on.

Whenever I attempted to interpose a word in my defence, I was overborne at once. Indeed, public opinion was so decidedly against me, that I felt very happy in thinking Lynch law was not a Teutonic institution. The room was now filled with retainers of the inn, strangers, town-folk, and police, and, to judge by the violence of their gestures and the loud tones of their voices, one would have pronounced me a criminal of the worst sort.

"But what is it that he has done? What's his offence?" I heard a voice say from the crowd, and I fancied his accent was that of a foreigner. A perfect inundation of vituperative accusation, however, now poured in, and I could gather no more. The turmoil and uproar rose and fell, and fell and rose again, till at last, my patience utterly exhausted, I burst out into a very violent attack on the uncivilised habits of a people who could thus conduct themselves to a man totally unconvicted of any offence.

"Well, well, don't give way to passion; don't let temper get the better of you," said a fat, citizen-like man beside me. "The stranger there has just paid for what you have had, and all is settled."

I thought I should have fainted as I heard these words. Indeed, until that instant, I had never brought home to my own mind the utter destitution of my state; but now there I stood, realising to myself the condition of one of those we read of in our newspapers as having received five shillings from the poor-box, while D 490 is deputed to "make inquiries after him at his lodgings," and learn particulars of his life and habits. I could have borne being sent to prison. I could have endured any amount of severity, so long as I revolted against its injustice; but the sense of being an object of actual charity crushed me utterly, and I could nearly have cried with vexation.

By degrees the crowd thinned off, and I found myself sitting alone beside the table where I had dined, with the hateful old waiter, as though standing sentinel over me.

"Who is this person," asked I, haughtily, "who, with an indelicate generosity, has presumed to interfere with the concerns of a stranger?"

"The gracious nobleman who has paid for your dinner is now eating his own at No. 8," said the old monster, with a grin.

"I will call upon him when he has dined," said I, transfixing the wretch with a look so stern as to make rejoinder impossible; and then, throwing my plaid wrapper and my knapsack on a table near, I strolled out into the street.

Lindau is a picturesque old place, as it stands rising as it were out of the very waters of the Lake of Constance, and the great mountain of the Sentis, with its peak of six thousand feet high, is a fine object in the distance; while the gorge of the Upper Rhine offers many a grand effect of Alpine scenery, not the less striking when looked at with a setting sun, which made the foreground more massive and the hill-tops golden; and yet I carried that in my heart which made the whole picture as dark and dreary as Poussin's Deluge. It was all very beautiful. There, was the snow-white summit, reflected in the still water of the lake; there, the rich wood, browned with autumn, and now tinted with a golden glory, richer again; there, were the white-sailed boats, asleep on the calm surface, streaked with the variegated light of the clouds above, and it was peaceful as it was picturesque. But do what I could, I could not enjoy it, and all because I had lost my purse, just as if certain fragments of a yellow metal the more or the less ought to obscure eyesight, dull the sense of hearing, and make a man's whole existence miserable. "And after all," thought I, "Catinka will be here this evening, or to-morrow at furthest. Vaterchen was tired, and could not come on. It was I who left *them*; I, in my impatience and ill humour. The old man doubtless knew nothing of the purse confided to the girl, nor is it at all needful that he should. They will certainly follow me, and why, for the mere inconvenience of an hour or so, should I persist in seeing the whole world so crape-covered and sad-looking? Surely this is not the philosophy my knowledge of life has taught me. I ought to know and feel that these daily accidents are but stones on the road one travels. They may, perchance, wound the foot or damage the shoe, but they rarely delay the journey, if the traveller be not faint-hearted and craven. I will treat the whole incident in a higher spirit. I will wait for their coming in that tranquil and assured condition of mind which is the ripe fruit of a real insight into mankind. Pitt said, after long years of experience, that there was more of good than of bad in human nature. Let it be the remark of some future biographer that Potts agreed with him."

When I got back to the inn, I was somewhat puzzled what to do. It would have been impos-

sible with any success to have resumed my former tone of command, and for the life of me I could not bring myself down to anything like entreaty. While I thus stood, uncertain how to act, the old waiter approached me, almost courteously, and said my room was ready for me when I wished it.

"I will first of all wait upon the traveller in No. 8," said I.

"He has retired for the night," was the answer. "He seems in very delicate health, and the fatigue of the journey has overcome him."

"To-morrow will do, then," said I, easily; and not venturing upon any inquiry as to the means by which my room was at my disposal, I took my candle and mounted the stairs.

As I lay down in my bed I resolved I would take a calm survey of my past life: what I had done, what I had failed to do, what were the guiding principles which directed me, and whether they were like to bear me. But scarcely had I administered to myself the preliminary oath to tell nothing but the truth, than I fell off sound asleep.

My first waking thought the next morning was to inquire if two persons had arrived in search of me—an elderly man and a young woman. I described them. None such had been seen. "They will have sought shelter in some of the humbler inns," thought I; "I'll up and look after them." I searched the town from end to end; I visited the meanest halting-places of the wayfarer; I inquired at the police bureaux—at the gate—but none had arrived who bore any resemblance to those I asked after. I was vexed—only vexed at first—but gradually I found myself growing distrustful. The suspicion that the ice is not strong enough for your weight, and then, close upon that, the shock of fear that strikes you when the loud crash of a fracture breaks on the ear, are mere symbols of what one suffers at the first glimmering of a betrayal. I repelled the thought with indignation; but certain thoughts there are which when turned out stand like sturdy duns at the gate, and will not be sent away. This was one of them. It followed me wherever I went, importunately begging for a hearing, and menacing me with sad consequences if I were obdurate enough not to listen. "You are a simpleton, Potts, a weak, foolish, erring creature! and you select as the objects of your confidence those whose lives of accident present exactly as the most irresistible of all temptations to them—the Dupe! How they must have laughed—how they must yet be laughing at you! How that old drunken fox will chuckle over your simplicity, and the minx Tintfeck indulge herself in caricatures of your figure and face! I wonder how much of truth there was in that old fellow's story? Was he ever the syndic of his village, or was the whole narrative a mere fiction like—like—" I covered

my face with my hands in shame as I muttered out, "like one of your own, Potts?"

I was very miserable, for I could no longer stand proudly forward as the prosecutor, but was obliged to steal ignominiously into the dock and take my place beside the other prisoners. What became of all my honest indignation as I bethought me that I of all men could never arraign the counterfeit and the sham?

"Let them go, then," cried I, "and prosper if they can; I will never pursue them. I will even try and remember what pleased and interested me in their fortunes, and, if it may be, forget that they have carried away my little all of wealth."

A loud tramping of post-horses, and the cracking of whips, drew me to the window, and I saw beneath in the court-yard a handsome travelling britschka getting ready for the road. Oh how suggestive is a well-cushioned calèche, with its many appliances of ease and luxury, its trim imperials, its scattered litter of wrappers and guide-books—all little episodes of those who are to journey in it!

"Who are the happy souls about to travel thus enjoyably?" thought I, as I saw the waiter and the courier discussing the most convenient spot to deposit a small hamper with eatables for the road; and then I heard the landlady's voice call out,

"Take up the bill to No. 8."

So, then, this was No. 8 who was fast getting ready to depart—No. 8 who had interposed in my favour the evening before, and towards whom a night's rest and some reflection had modified my feelings and changed my sentiments very remarkably.

"Will you ask the gentleman at No. 8 if I may be permitted to speak with him?" said I to the man who took in the bill.

"He'll scarcely see you now—he's just going off."

"Give the message as I speak it," said I; and he disappeared.

There was a long interval before he issued forth again, and when he did so he was flurried and excited. Some overcharges had to be taken off, and some bad money in change to be replaced by honest coin, and it was evident that various little well-intended rogues had not achieved their usual success.

"Go in, you'll find him there," said the waiter, insolently, as he went down to have the bill rectified.

I knocked, a full round voice cried "Come in!" and I entered.

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THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

London: 26, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.; and CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 92.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home. There may be black ingratitude in the thing, and the punishment may be retributive and well deserved; but that it is a miserable thing, I can testify.

Home had never been a very pleasant place to me, because of my sister's temper. But, Joe had sanctified it, and I had believed in it. I had believed in the best parlour as a most elegant saloon; I had believed in the front door, as a mysterious portal of the Temple of State whose solemn opening was attended with a sacrifice of roast fowls; I had believed in the kitchen as a chaste though not magnificent apartment; I had believed in the forge as the glowing road to manhood and independence. Within a single year, all this was changed. Now, it was all coarse and common, and I would not have had Miss Havisham and Estella see it on any account.

How much of my ungracious condition of mind may have been my own fault, how much Miss Havisham's, how much my sister's, is now of no moment to me or to any one. The change was made in me; the thing was done. Well or ill done, excusably or inexcusably, it was done.

Once, it had seemed to me that when I should at last roll up my shirt-sleeves and go into the forge, Joe's prentice, I should be distinguished and happy. Now the reality was in my hold, I only felt that I was dusty with the dust of small-coal, and that I had a weight upon my daily remembrance to which the anvil was a feather. There have been occasions in my later life (I suppose as in most lives) when I have felt for a time as if a thick curtain had fallen on all its interest and romance, to shut me out from anything save dull endurance any more. Never has that curtain dropped so heavy and blank, as when my way in life lay stretched out straight before me through the newly-entered road of apprenticeship to Joe.

I remember that at a later period of my "time" I used to stand about the churchyard on Sunday evenings when night was falling, comparing my own perspective with the windy marsh view, and making out some likeness between them by thinking how flat and low both

were, and how on both there came an unknown way and a dark mist and then the sea. I was quite as dejected on the first working-day of my apprenticeship as in that after-time; but I am glad to know that I never breathed a murmur to Joe while my indentures lasted. It is about the only thing I am glad to know of myself in that connexion.

For, though it includes what I proceed to add, all the merit of what I proceed to add was Joe's. It was not because I was faithful, but because Joe was faithful, that I never ran away and went for a soldier or a sailor. It was not because I had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, but because Joe had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, that I worked with tolerable zeal against the grain. It is not possible to know how far the influence of any amiable honest-hearted duty-doing man flies out into the world; but it is very possible to know how it has touched one's self in going by, and I know right well that any good that intermixed itself with my apprenticeship came of plain contented Joe, and not of restlessly aspiring discontented me.

What I wanted, who can say? How can I say, when I never knew? What I dreaded was, that in some unlucky hour I, being at my grimest and commonest, should lift up my eyes and see Estella looking in at one of the wooden windows of the forge. I was haunted by the fear that she would, sooner or later, find me out, with a black face and hands, doing the coarsest part of my work, and would exult over me and despise me. Often after dark, when I was pulling the bellows for Joe and we were singing Old Clem, and when the thought how we used to sing it at Miss Havisham's would seem to show me Estella's face in the fire with her pretty hair fluttering in the wind and her eyes scorning me,—often at such a time I would look towards those panels of black night in the wall which the wooden windows then were, and would fancy that I saw her just drawing her face away, and would believe that she had come at last.

After that, when we went in to supper, the place and the meal would have a more homely look than ever, and I would feel more ashamed of home than ever in my own ungracious breast.

CHAPTER XV.

As I was getting too big for Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's room, my education under that preposterous female terminated. Not, however,

until Biddy had imparted to me everything she knew, from the little catalogue of prices, to a comic song she had once bought for a halfpenny. Although the only coherent part of the latter piece of literature were the opening lines,

When I went to Lunnun town sirs,
Too rul loo rul
Too rul loo rul

Wasn't I done very brown sirs,
Too rul loo rul
Too rul loo rul

—still, in my desire to be wiser, I got this composition by heart with the utmost gravity; nor do I recollect that I questioned its merit, except that I thought (as I still do) the amount of Too rul somewhat in excess of the poetry. In my hunger for information, I made proposals to Mr. Wopsle to bestow some intellectual crumbs upon me: with which he kindly complied. As it turned out, however, that he only wanted me for a dramatic lay-figure, to be contradicted and embraced and wept over and bullied and clutched and stabbed and knocked about in a variety of ways, I soon declined that course of instruction; though not until Mr. Wopsle in his poetic fury had severely mauled me.

Whatever I acquired, I tried to impart to Joe. This statement sounds so well, that I can not in my conscience let it pass unexplained. I wanted to make Joe less ignorant and common, that he might be worthier of my society and less open to Estella's reproach.

The old Battery out on the marshes was our place of study, and a broken slate and a short piece of slate pencil were our educational implements: to which Joe always added a pipe of tobacco. I never knew Joe to remember anything from one Sunday to another, or to acquire, under my tuition, any piece of information whatever. Yet he would smoke his pipe at the Battery with a far more sagacious air than anywhere else—even with a learned air—as if he considered himself to be advancing immensely. Dear fellow, I hope he did.

It was pleasant and quiet out there with the sails on the river passing beyond the earthwork, and sometimes, when the tide was low, looking as if they belonged to sunken ships that were still sailing on at the bottom of the water. Whenever I watched the vessels standing out to sea with their white sails spread, I somehow thought of Miss Havisham and Estella; and whenever the light struck aslant afar off, upon a cloud or sail or green hill-side or water-line, it was just the same.—Miss Havisham and Estella and the strange house and the strange life appeared to have something to do with everything that was picturesque.

One Sunday when Joe, greatly enjoying his pipe, had so plumed himself on being "most awful dull," that I had given him up for the day, I lay on the earthwork for some time with my chin on my hand desecrating traces of Miss Havisham and Estella all over the prospect, in the sky and in the water, until at last I resolved to mention a thought concerning them that had been much in my head.

"Joe," said I; "don't you think I ought to make Miss Havisham a visit?"

"Well, Pip," returned Joe, slowly considering. "What for?"

"What for, Joe? What is any visit made for?"

"There is some visits p'r'aps," said Joe, "as for ever remains open to the question, Pip. But in regard of wisting Miss Havisham. She might think you wanted something—expected something of her."

"Don't you think I might say that I did not, Joe?"

"You might, old chap," said Joe. "And she might credit it. Similarly she mightn't."

Joe felt, as I did, that he had made a point there, and he pulled hard at his pipe to keep himself from weakening it by repetition.

"You see, Pip," Joe pursued, as soon as he was past that danger, "Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you. When Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you, she called me back to say to me as that were all."

"Yes, Joe. I heard her."

"ALL," Joe repeated, very emphatically.

"Yes, Joe. I tell you, I heard her."

"Which I meantsay, Pip, it might be that her meaning were—Make a end on it!—As you was!—Me to the North and you to the South!—Keep in sunders!"

I had thought of that too, and it was very far from comforting to me to find that he had thought of it; for, it seemed to render it more probable.

"But, Joe."

"Yes, old chap."

"Here am I, getting on in the first year of my time, and since the day of my being bound I have never thanked Miss Havisham, or asked after her, or shown that I remember her."

"That's true, Pip; and unless you was to turn her out a set of shoes all four round—and which I meantsay as even a set of shoes all four round might not act acceptable as a present, in a total wacancy of hoofs—"

"I don't mean that sort of remembrance, Joe; I don't mean a present."

But Joe had got the idea of a present in his head and must harp upon it. "Or even," said he, "if you was helped to knocking her up a new chain for the front door—or say a gross or two of shark-headed screws for general use—or some light fancy article, such as a toasting-fork when she took her muffins—or a gridiron when she took a sprat or such like—"

"I don't mean any present at all, Joe," I interposed.

"Well," said Joe, still harping on it as though I had particularly pressed it, "if I was yourself, Pip, I wouldn't. No, I would *not*. For what's a door-chain when she's got one always up? And shark-headers is open to misrepresentations. And if it was a toasting-fork, you'd go into brass and do yourself no credit. And the uncommonest workman can't show himself uncommon in a gridiron—for a gridiron is a gridiron," said Joe, steadily impressing it upon me, as if he were

endeavouring to rouse me from a fixed delusion, "and you may haim at what you like, but a gridiron it will come out, either by your leave or again your leave, and you can't help yourself—"

"My dear Joe," I cried, in desperation, taking hold of his coat, "don't go on in that way. I never thought of making Miss Havisham any present."

"No, Pip," Joe assented, as if he had been contending for that, all along; "and what I say to you, is, you are right, Pip."

"Yes, Joe; but what I wanted to say, was, that as we are rather slack just now, if you could give me a half holiday to-morrow, I think I would go up-town and make a call on Miss Est—Havisham."

"Which her name," said Joe, gravely, "ain't Estavisham, Pip, unless she have been re-chris'ened."

"I know, Joe, I know. It was a slip of mine. What do you think of it, Joe?"

In brief, Joe thought that if I thought well of it, he thought well of it. But, he was particular in stipulating that if I were not received with cordiality, or if I were not encouraged to repeat my visit as a visit which had no ulterior object but was simply one of gratitude for a favour received, then this experimental trip should have no successor. By these conditions I promised to abide.

Now, Joe kept a journeyman at weekly wages whose name was Orlick. He pretended that his christian name was Dolge—a clear impossibility—but he was a fellow of that obstinate disposition that I believe him to have been the prey of no delusion in this particular, but wilfully to have imposed that name upon the village as an affront to its understanding. He was a broad-shouldered loose-limbed swarthy fellow of great strength, never in a hurry, and always slouching. He never even seemed to come to his work on purpose, but would slouch in as if by mere accident; and when he went to the Jolly Bargemen to eat his dinner, or went away at night, he would slouch out, like Cain or the Wandering Jew, as if he had no idea where he was going and no intention of ever coming back. He lodged at a sluice-keeper's out on the marshes, and on working days would come slouching from his hermitage, with his hands in his pockets and his dinner loosely tied in a bundle round his neck and dangling on his back. On Sundays he mostly lay all day on sluice gates, or stood against ricks and barns. He always slouched, locomotively, with his eyes on the ground; and, when accosted or otherwise required to raise them, he looked up in a half resentful, half puzzled way, as though the only thought he ever had, was, that it was rather an odd and injurious fact that he should never be thinking.

This morose journeyman had no liking for me. When I was very small and timid, he gave me to understand that the Devil lived in a black corner of the forge, and that he knew the fiend very well: also that it was necessary to make up the fire once in every seven years, with a live

boy, and that I might consider myself fuel. When I became Joe's 'prentice, he was perhaps confirmed in some suspicion that I should displace him; howbeit, he liked me still less. Not that he ever said anything, or did anything, openly importing hostility; I only noticed that he always beat his sparks in my direction, and that whenever I sang Old Clem, he came in out of time.

Dolge Orlick was at work and present, next day, when I reminded Joe of my half-holiday. He said nothing at the moment, for he and Joe had just got a piece of hot iron between them and I was at the bellows; but by-and-by he said, leaning on his hammer:

"Now, master! Sure you're not a going to favour only one of us. If Young Pip has a half-holiday, do as much for Old Orlick." I suppose he was about five-and-twenty, but he usually spoke of himself as an ancient person.

"Why what'll you do with a half-holiday, if you get it?" said Joe.

"What'll I do with it! What'll *he* do with it? I'll do as much with it as *him*," said Orlick.

"As to Pip, he's going up-town," said Joe.

"Well then as to Old Orlick, *he's* going up-town," retorted that worthy. "Two can go up-town. Tan't only one wot can go up-town."

"Don't lose your temper," said Joe.

"Shall if I like," growled Orlick. "Some and their up-towning! Now, master! Come. No favouring in this shop. Be a man!"

The master refusing to entertain the subject until the journeyman was in a better temper, Orlick plunged at the furnace, drew out a red-hot bar, made at me with it as if he were going to run it through my body, whisked it round my head, laid it on the anvil, hammered it out—as if it were I, I thought, and the sparks were my spitting blood—and finally said, when he had hammered himself hot and the iron cold, and he again leaned on his hammer:

"Now, master!"

"Are you all right now?" demanded Joe.

"Ah! I am all right," said gruff Old Orlick.

"Then, as in general you stick to your work as well as most men," said Joe, "let it be a half-holiday for all."

My sister had been standing silent in the yard, within hearing—she was a most unscrupulous spy and listener—and she instantly looked in at one of the windows.

"Like you, you fool!" said she to Joe, "giving holidays to great idle hulkers like that. You are a rich man, upon my life, to waste wages in that way. I wish I was his master!"

"You'd be everybody's master, if you durst," retorted Orlick, with an ill-favoured grin.

("Let her alone," said Joe.)

"I'd be a match for all noodles and all rogues," returned my sister, beginning to work herself into a mighty rage. "And I couldn't be a match for the noodles without being a match for your master, who's the dunder-headed king of the noodles. And I couldn't be a match for the rogues, without being a match for you,

who are the blackest-looking and the worst rogue between this and France. Now!"

"You're a foul shrew, Mother Gargery," growled the journeyman. "If that makes a judge of rogues, you ought to be a good'un."

"Let her alone, will you?" said Joe.)

"What did you say?" cried my sister, beginning to scream. "What did you say? What did that fellow Orlick say to me, Pip? What did he call me, with my husband standing by? O! O! O!" Each of these exclamations was a shriek; and I must remark of my sister, what is equally true of all the violent women I have ever seen, that passion was no excuse for her, because it is undeniable that instead of lapsing into passion, she consciously and deliberately took extraordinary pains to force herself into it, and became blindly furious by regular stages; "what was the name he gave me before the base man who swore to defend me? O! Hold me! O!"

"Ah-h-h!" growled the journeyman, between his teeth, "I'd hold you, if you was my wife. I'd hold you under the pump, and choke it out of you."

"I tell you, let her alone," said Joe.)

"O! To hear him!" cried my sister, with a clap of her hands and a scream together—which was her next stage. "To hear the names he's giving me! That Orlick! In my own house! Me, a married woman! With my husband standing by! O! O!" Here my sister, after a fit of clappings and screamings, beat her hands upon her bosom and upon her knees, and threw her cap off and pulled her hair down—which were the last stages on her road to frenzy. Being by this time a perfect Fury and a complete success, she made a dash at the door, which I had fortunately locked.

What could the wretched Joe do now, after his disregarded parenthetical interruptions, but stand up to his journeyman, and ask him what he meant by interfering betwixt himself and Mrs. Joe; and further whether he was man enough to come on? Old Orlick felt that the situation admitted of nothing less than coming on, and was on his defence straightway; so, without so much as pulling off their singed and burnt aprons, they went at one another like two giants. But, if any man in that neighbourhood could stand up long against Joe, I never saw the man. Orlick, as if he had been of no more account than the pale young gentleman, was very soon among the coal-dust and in no hurry to come out of it. Then, Joe unlocked the door and picked up my sister, who had dropped insensible at the window (but who had seen the fight first, I think), and who was carried into the house and laid down, and who was recommended to revive, and would do nothing but struggle and clench her hands in Joe's hair. Then, came that singular calm and silence which succeed all uproars; and then, with the vague sensation which I have always connected with such a lull—namely, that it was Sunday, and somebody was dead—I went up-stairs to dress myself.

When I came down again, I found Joe and

Orlick sweeping up, without any other traces of discomposure than a slit in one of Orlick's nostrils, which was neither expressive nor ornamental. A pot of beer had appeared from the Jolly Bargemen, and they were sharing it by turns in a peaceable manner. The lull had a sedative and philosophic influence on Joe, who followed me out into the road to say, as a parting observation, that might do me good, "On the Rampage, Pip, and off the Rampage, Pip—such is Life!"

With what absurd emotions (for we think the feelings that are very serious in a man quite comical in a boy), I found myself again going to Miss Havisham's, matters little here. Nor how I passed and repassed the gate many times before I could make up my mind to ring. Nor, how I debated whether I should go away without ringing; nor, how I should undoubtedly have gone, if my time had been my own, to come back.

Miss Sarah Pocket came to the gate. No Estella.

"How, then? You here again?" said Miss Pocket. "What do you want?"

When I said that I only came to see how Miss Havisham was, Sarah evidently deliberated whether or no she should send me about my business. But, unwilling to hazard the responsibility, she let me in, and presently brought the sharp message that I was to "come up."

Everything was unchanged, and Miss Havisham was alone. "Well?" said she, fixing her eyes upon me. "I hope you want nothing? You'll get nothing."

"No indeed, Miss Havisham. I only wanted you to know that I am doing very well in my apprenticeship, and am always much obliged to you."

"There, there!" with the old restless fingers. "Come now and then; come on your birthday. —Ay!" she cried suddenly, turning herself and her chair towards me, "you are looking round for Estella? Hey?"

I had been looking round—in fact, for Estella—and I stammered that I hoped she was well.

"Abroad," said Miss Havisham; "educating for a lady; far out of reach; prettier than ever; admired by all who see her. Do you feel that you have lost her?"

There was such a malignant enjoyment in her utterance of the last words, and she broke into such a disagreeable laugh, that I was at a loss what to say. She spared me the trouble of considering, by dismissing me. When the gate was closed upon me by Sarah of the walnut-shell countenance, I felt more than ever dissatisfied with my home and with my trade and with everything; and that was all I took by *that* motion.

As I was loitering along the High-street, looking in disconsolately at the shop-windows, and thinking what I should buy if I were a gentleman, who should come out of the bookshop but Mr. Wopsle. Mr. Wopsle had in his hand the affecting tragedy of George Barnwell, in which he had that moment invested sixpence,

with the view of heaping every word of it on the head of Pumblechook, with whom he was going to drink tea. No sooner did he see me, than he appeared to consider that a special Providence had put a "prentice in his way to be read at; and he laid hold of me, and insisted on my accompanying him to the Pumblechookian parlour. As I knew it would be miserable at home, and as the nights were dark and the way was dreary, and almost any companionship on the road was better than none, I made no great resistance; consequently, we turned into Pumblechook's just as the street and the shops were lighting up.

As I never assisted at any other representation of George Barnwell, I don't know how long it may usually take; but I know very well that it took until half-past nine o'clock that night, and that when Mr. Wopsle got into Newgate, I thought he never would go to the scaffold, he became so much slower than at any former period of his disgraceful career. I thought it a little too much that he should complain of being cut short in his flower after all, as if he had not been running to seed, leaf after leaf, ever since his course began. This, however, was a mere question of length and wearisomeness. What stung me, was the identification of the whole affair with my unoffending self. When Barnwell began to go wrong, I declare that I felt positively apologetic, Pumblechook's indignant stare so taxed me with it. Wopsle, too, took pains to present me in the worst light. At once ferocious and maudlin, I was made to murder my uncle with no extenuating circumstances whatever; Millwood put me down in argument, on every occasion; it became sheer monomania in my master's daughter to care a button for me; and all I can say for my gasping and procrastinating conduct on the fatal morning, is, that it was worthy of the general feebleness of my character. Even after I was happily hanged and Wopsle had closed the book, Pumblechook sat staring at me, and shaking his head, and saying, "Take warning, boy, take warning!" as if it were a well-known fact that in my private capacity, I contemplated murdering a near relation, provided I could only induce one to have the weakness to become my benefactor.

It was a very dark night when it was all over, and when I set out with Mr. Wopsle on the walk home. Beyond town we found a heavy mist out, and it fell wet and thick. The turnpike lamp was a blur, quite out of the lamp's usual place apparently, and its rays looked solid substance on the fog. We were noticing this, and saying how that the mist rose with a change of wind from a certain quarter of our marshes, when we came upon a man slouching under the lee of the turnpike house.

"Halloa!" we said, stopping. "Orlick, there?"

"Ah!" he answered, slouching out. "I was standing by a minute, on the chance of company."

"You are late," I remarked.

Orlick not unnaturally answered, "Well? And you're late."

"We have been," said Mr. Wopsle, exalted with his late performance, "we have been indulging, Mr. Orlick, in an intellectual evening."

Old Orlick growled, as if he had nothing to say about that, and we all went on together. I asked him presently whether he had been spending his half-holiday up and down town?

"Yes," said he, "all of it. I come in behind yourself. I didn't see you, but I must have been pretty close behind you. By-the-by, the guns is going again."

"At the Hulks?" said I.

"Ay! There's some of the birds flown from the cages. The guns have been going since dark, about. You'll hear one presently."

In effect, we had not walked many yards further, when the well-remembered boom came towards us, deadened by the mist, and heavily rolled away along the low grounds by the river, as if it were pursuing and threatening the fugitives.

"A good night for cutting off in," said Orlick. "We'd be puzzled how to bring down a jail-bird on the wing, to-night."

The subject was a suggestive one to me, and I thought about it in silence. Mr. Wopsle, as the ill-requited uncle of the evening's tragedy, fell to meditating aloud in his garden at Camberwell. Orlick, with his hands in his pockets, slouched heavily at my side. It was very dark, very wet, very muddy, and so we splashed along. Now and then the sound of the signal cannon broke upon us again, and again rolled sulkily along the course of the river. I kept myself to myself and my thoughts. Mr. Wopsle died amiably at Camberwell, and exceedingly game on Bosworth Field, and in the greatest agonies at Glastonbury. Orlick sometimes growled, "Beat it out, beat it out—old Clem! With a clink for the stout—old Clem!" I thought he had been drinking, but he was not drunk.

Thus we came to the village. The way by which we approached it, took us past the Three Jolly Bargemen, which we were surprised to find—it being eleven o'clock—in a state of commotion, with the door wide open, and unwonted lights that had been hastily caught up and put down, scattered about. Mr. Wopsle dropped in to ask what was the matter (surmising that a convict had been taken), but came running out in a great hurry.

"There's something wrong," said he, without stopping, "up at your place, Pip. Run all!"

"What is it?" I asked, keeping up with him. So did Orlick, at my side.

"I can't quite understand. The house seems to have been violently entered when Joe was out. Supposed by convicts. Somebody has been attacked and hurt."

We were running too fast to admit of more being said, and we made no stop until we got into our kitchen. It was full of people; the whole village was there, or in the yard; and there was a surgeon, and there was Joe, and there were a group of women, all on the floor in the midst of the kitchen. The unemployed bystanders drew back when they saw me, and

so I became aware of my sister—lying without sense or movement on the bare boards where she had been knocked down by a tremendous blow on the back of the head, dealt by some unknown hand when her face was turned towards the fire—destined never to be on the Rampage again while she was wife of Joe.

EARLIEST MAN.

A QUARTER of a century ago, even the most scientific minds were quite made up as to the question of human fossils. It was decided, once for all, that human fossils did not exist; and that any facts in favour of such a doctrine, which tended to upset a very satisfactory state of credence, would require a troublesome explanation, and were to be ignored. If that proved ineffectual, they were to be assigned to hasty generalisation, jumping at conclusions, &c. It is true that some few of those most favourably placed for hearing the first ground-swell of any little storm brewing, were not altogether satisfied; but the scientific world was quite at its ease. It had formed its decision, and was not in the least disposed to bother its scientific head further about the matter. Indeed, as has been most pertinently remarked, it is very disagreeable to have one's conclusions overturned. "The first impulse of human nature," says ANSTED, "is to put the unlucky discovery on one side—say nothing about it; most likely it will not bear investigating, and, therefore, don't let's have the trouble of investigating it."

What a pity that such a comfortable state of things cannot always endure! The plan of pooh-poohing anything is so extremely convenient, so satisfactory to one side at least, so warranted by precedent and authority, is always supported by such very respectable persons, and requires so little exertion of the intellect, that only a very troublesome person, a sort of atheist, in fact, would be guilty of trying to disturb it.

This is precisely what the scientific world felt when a very troublesome French gentleman—M. BOUCHER DE PERTHES—wanted it to believe that certain remains of man were to be found in the gravel. Scientific World said it was impossible; that the long interval of time between the deposition of this stratum, and that in which it is certain man existed, the destruction of so many races of animals in the intervening period without a trace of man, were quite opposed to it. All the human fossils as yet found were clearly of modern origin, and the greatest thinkers were quite of opinion that the gravel had been deposited ages before man was created; Professor Oolite had laughed at the idea that Sir Protogin Felspar couldn't see how the author was to make his theory out. M. de Perthes replied that he had positive proofs that remains left by man had been found in the gravel; he figured some hundreds of them very carefully, and published the figures in an octavo volume. Nay, he offered to show his specimens to the geological pundits of Paris. He could

not even obtain a hearing. Scientific World, not being able to confute this obstinate heretic, and not being in a position to burn him alive or to break him on the wheel, took the only course that remained. It refused to read his book. And a translation of part of it, which appeared at Liverpool, fell still-born from the press.

It was only in 1858 (eleven years after the said publication) that MR. BRISTON, of the Geological Survey, and DR. FALCONER, on carefully examining a cavern at Brixham, in Devon, found, along with the remains of the great cavern below, sculptured flints, such as are used by savages for lance and spear heads. Some of these were brought to London by Mr. Pengelly, who gave a lecture on them at the Royal Institution. In Sicily, Dr. Falconer also discovered in the borre breccia "a vast abundance of flint and agate knives." Scientific World did not like this, and endeavoured to show that they might be formed by "violent and long-continued gyration in water," which is about as possible as that they might have been shot at the earth by the man in the moon or the inhabitants of Saturn; or that they had been made by steam in antediluvian times, and buried in the gravel in order to mystify the learned.

M. Boucher de Perthes was now rapidly getting the upper hand, and, not satisfied with alarming Scientific World, he had it put upon its trial. He found the worn handles of wood and horn formerly attached to these spear and arrow heads. Scientific World winced, and would have persuaded people it had all along been convinced of the truth of these interesting discoveries; but it was too late. The investigations of Dr. Rigollot, Mr. Flower, and, still more, of Mr. Prestwich, who went, an unwilling observer, and was convinced when he saw the flint-beds of St. Acheul, of MM. Gandry, and George Pouchet, entirely confirmed M. de Perthes' view. Scientific World was found guilty, and condemned to death. Before execution, it confessed to having been guilty of the same crime sixty-two years ago, when Mr. John Frere published in England an account of similar objects found in the gravel of Hoxne, in Suffolk, below the sand, containing marine shells and gigantic land animals. Last dying speech and confession of Scientific World was published by Professors OWEN and ANSTED and SIR CHARLES LYELL, who assisted at the mournful ceremony.

We are now told that the existence of these old stone instruments, instead of being a myth, is an every-day affair. In England they are found from Cape Wrath to Land's End, from Galway to Yarmouth; and Mr. Keating, whose long stay in Upper Canada, in the neighbourhood of Lakes Superior and Huron, gave him ample means of acquiring information, says that it is quite a common thing to disinter them in that part of the world, and that the Indians profess to be totally ignorant of their use. We shall presently see that they are found in very distant parts of America. Professor Owen says that the flint weapons found in the gravel were

"unquestionably fashioned by human hands" (alas! poor Scientific World!), and Sir Charles Lyell expresses his conviction of "a vast lapse of ages separating the era in which the fossil implements were formed and that of the invasion of Gaul by the Romans."

Accordingly, it is no longer scientific to doubt that weapons made by the rude warriors of primeval days are to be found in strata containing remains of the mammoth. That human bones have not yet been met with, is no argument. The writer is old enough to remember the time when so few remains had been found of the megatherium, and so dark a cloud still rested on the subject, that a writer in the *Times* pronounced the views of geologists to be "disgusting nonsense unsupported by a shadow of proof." It is, indeed, scarcely possible that the puny races who seem to have first peopled the globe could have warred with these feeble implements against cavern bears as big as a horse; hyænas often larger than the largest modern tiger; the gigantic old English tiger, which, if coloured like that of Bengal, must have been the most magnificent creature that ever trod the earth; the machairodus, a terrific animal of a genus now altogether lost, provided with weapons which rendered it, if possible, more formidable than the tiger, its teeth being shaped like a saw; swarms of huge elephants so numerous, that from a bank off the little village of Happisbury, in Norfolk, upwards of two thousand grinders of the mammoth have been dredged up by fishermen within thirteen years—and even this is not the richest locality, as the coast from Essex to Norfolk (including, of course, the spot where Mr. Frere found the remains) swarms with them; to which monsters, add the rhinoceros of that time with two huge horns, and buffaloes as large as elephants. It is more probable, from the little commingling of the remains, that man had rarely to defend himself except against the great pachydermis, and then only when they were fast verging to extinction. Perhaps, like some other races, he only made his appearance on the scene when the hour was already at hand which was to overwhelm all together beneath the devouring floods of the glacial drift.

It is singular that the discovery of this drift, by which so many of his contemporaries, and most probably pre-Adamite man himself, perished, should have been made so independently of the other, and so nearly at the same time. Like the theory of the pre-Adamites, to which it adapts itself like the counterpart in a puzzle, it was rejected by the scientific world, until, as Agassiz said, "the power of truth constrained a recognition of the justness of what used to produce only a compassionate smile as the lamentable aberration of an over-strained fancy."

There is now very little doubt that Britain, Sweden, Norway and Russia, Germany and France, with the mountainous parts of Tyrol and Switzerland, together with great part of Northern Asia, were at one time covered with ice. The British tourist may trace the path of

the huge boulders and crags hurled along by these mighty floods, or borne away on the icebergs, by the scratches on the rocks in the vale of Darberis in North Wales, on those of the mountain region which overlooks Windermere in Westmoreland, and in the gorge near Kilarney known as the Gap of Dunloe. On the flanks of Mount Jura, not far from Neuchâtel, are to be seen enormous boulders of protogine (a peculiar kind of granite), the nearest site of which is the valley of the Rhône above its embouchure where it falls into the lake of Geneva, seventy miles from the spot where the boulders are found. The great boulder-stone of Borrowdale, and that on which the statue of Peter the Great now stands, must have been transported from a distance. North Germany is strewn with boulders rent from the mountains of Scandinavia, and which, it is most strongly argued, could only have been carried by such agency as icebergs.

All honour, then, to MM. Agassiz and Boucher de Perthes for the heroic resolution with which they held on their way through many long years, disregarding alike cold indifference and active hostility, studied sneers and time-serving criticism; but the honour of the discovery that man really waged war against the great pachyderms and sloths is due (under correction) to a long-forgotten name: one which, so far as I can discover, has not been mentioned by any of the writers who have entered upon the controversy. It is that of Albert Koch, who, in 1841, published at Louisville an account of the finding of the Missouri or mastodon of the Missouri, the skeleton of which creature now forms a noble and imposing object in the British Museum, and furnishes certain proofs that this huge brute had been assailed by hunters. "There was embedded," he says, in his quaint half German, half Yankee style, "immediately under the femur, or hind leg-bone, of this animal, an arrow-head of rose-coloured flint, resembling those used by the American Indians, but of larger size. This was the only arrow-head 'immediately' with the skeleton; but in the same strata, at a distance of five or six feet, in a horizontal direction, four more arrow-heads were found; three of these were of the same formation as the preceding; the fourth was of a very rude workmanship. One of the last-mentioned three was of agate, the others of blue flint. These arrow-heads are indisputably the work of human hands. I examined the 'deposit' in which they were embedded, and raised them out of the 'embedment' with my own hands."

Mr. Koch distinctly expresses his belief that there was a human race "existing contemporary" with the mastadons, and that the fact of their remains not having been found was owing to these "relicts" of the ancient world having been generally investigated by persons not aware of the necessity for a minute examination—a view which he supports by the following narrative:

A farmer living on the banks of the Burbois River, in the Gasconade country, Missouri, re-

marked a very disagreeable taste in the water used for household purposes. It was taken from a spring near the house, and, in order to get rid of this nuisance, he dug round the spring with a view of making it into a well. While doing so, he brought to light several bones belonging to an animal of unusual size, and along with them a stone knife and an Indian axe. The affair was talked of throughout the whole neighbourhood, and Mr. Koch, hearing of it, started off to see the remains.

On his arrival, he found that most of the arms had been destroyed, having been dug out carelessly and exposed to the air; some had been broken, to see if they contained any marrow! An intelligent gentleman, however, of the name of Baily, had collected others, which he gave to Mr. Koch. They appear to have belonged to one of the gigantic extinct sloths. On making further search, Mr. Koch found, nine feet below the surface close to the site of the remains, a layer of ashes mixed with charcoal, large pieces of wood partly burned, together with Indian implements of war, as stone arrow-heads, tomahawks, &c., and above a hundred and fifty pieces of rock, which had evidently been brought from the river, three hundred yards off, and thrown at the animal. Some of the animal's teeth had been broken by the blows, and had escaped the fire with which the hunters had sought to finish their work.

The sloth could not have been a very formidable foe, except in appearance. The mammoth, however, was a most powerful brute, and of colossal size: the skeleton being thirty-two feet long and fifteen feet high, with tusks ten feet long, and rooted fifteen inches in the head. Whether this animal lost its life by hunters, or had perished in a tornado, as might be inferred from the circumstance of some of the trees, the fragments of which were found near the animal, "having been torn up by the roots, and twisted and split into a thousand pieces, apparently by lightning, combined with a tremendous tempest," it is certain that the finding of the arrow-heads in both cases, so near the bones of these monsters, coincides far too strongly with the discoveries of M. de Perthes to have been the effect of mere chance. It is also to be remarked that along with the skeleton were found leaves of the cypress, great part of a huge flower, and several stems of the palmetto; in themselves evidence that if man had not yet appeared on the scene, his hour was at hand.

Mr. Koch has endeavoured to prove that his Missouriium was the leviathan of Job. The strength of jaw, the faculty of trumpeting, the toughness of skin, the ferocious and formidable appearance, the teeth "terrible round about," the strength of the neck (showing that the leviathan was not a crocodile, which has no neck), are, to a certain extent, in favour of the view; but the present writer must express his conviction that, so far as ascertained proofs go, the animal meant in Job was the mammoth.

If science and religion can alike appeal to

rude tradition for confirmation of such mighty events as the Deluge; if both can find in the concurring legends of tribes scattered far apart, proofs which even the most sceptical dare not refuse; the writer may be pardoned for seeking to rescue from oblivion, a fragment of the hoary old time, singularly in keeping with the views now so generally adopted.

In far distant ages the Indian steered his canoe over what are now the vast prairies of Missouri. At a certain epoch, an army of gigantic brutes (the mastodons, &c.) came from the east, and, mounting the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, a furious battle began between them and the native monsters of those rivers. Great numbers fell on both sides; but, after several desperate combats the intruders seem to have prevailed, and resumed their march towards the setting sun. The greatest of all these fights took place near the bluffs now known as the Rocky Ridge; and, as soon as the fight was over, the Indians gathered together many of the slaughtered animals (strangely confirming the burning of the great sloth by the Burbois river), and burned them, as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, who—according to their traditions—himself buried the rest in the Bigbone river. Thither, in the happy days of old, the Indians went yearly, to offer up near the spot their thanksgivings for deliverance from these formidable creatures. But as years rolled by, the pale faces came, and a settler sought to build his homestead on this fertile part of the land; the Indians lighted the council-fire and smoked the red calumet of war, and the white man was glad to fly. He came again, but some old chiefs returned and expelled him, and from that day, until the strong hand of government removed them, no bribe could induce them to give up this hallowed ground. When they had quitted it, the settler came again; and one of the first things he did was, like the patriarchs of old, to dig a well. Here, he found several bones of young mastodons, and might have found more but that he had to give up digging. Soon after this, the place was sold, and then a young man employed to clean the spring found a mastodon's tooth. Others came, and found more bones, until at last, in March, 1840, the matter reaching Mr. Koch's ears, he repaired to the spot, and disinterred the remains of the mastodon, which he afterwards exhibited at the Egyptian Hall.

Every land that has a history can tell how its first kings and giant warriors conquered and ruled the earth. In the East, perhaps, more than in any other clime, these dreams have not only maintained their vitality, but, in some cases, have been invested with a splendour and reality denied to the tales of more sober Europe. One of the most striking of the gorgeous scenes in Vathek is the picture of the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings, lying on beds of incorruptible cedar. Strange if some skilful penman should one day have the means presented to him of welding into a great fact, the traditions of the most polished nations of the

East, the lands of Firdousi and Zoroaster, of Haroun al Raschid and Zobeyde, the brilliant imagery of Job, the long-forgotten legends of the hapless Ottawa Indians, and the discoveries of a Frenchman in the valley of the Somme!

SOME RAILWAY POINTS.

WE have had occasion to see and hear a good deal along the line of this railway and that, as doing our part towards making up the six hundred and forty million of journeys performed by rail every year in the United Kingdom. We were not among the victims of that paternal wrath whereof we have read in one of the reports of Captain Galton, government railway inspector. "A girl who was in love with the engine-driver of a train, had engaged to run away from her father's house in order to be married. She arranged to leave by a train this man was driving. Her father and brother got intelligence of her intended escape; and having missed catching her as she got into the train, they contrived, whether with or without the assistance of a porter is not very clear, to turn the train through facing points, as it left the station, into a bog." The report omits to state the result of this daring scheme for stopping a runaway couple.

We know something about stations, and the state of things behind the pigeon-holes at which you pay your fare. When the traveller by rail having reached his journey's end gives up his ticket, he has done with it, but the pasteboard has a great deal more to go through. The company having got it back again, has a watchful eye to its future career. All tickets, anywhere collected, are made up daily into bundles; duly scheduled as to their number, class, and station. These bundles are despatched to the audit office. There they are checked by the returns sent in from all stations at which tickets were issued. If any are missing, notice is sent to the station where they should have been collected, and the reason of their absence is required. In the case of through tickets—that is, of tickets issued between two stations on different lines, as between London and Scarbro'—both tickets and returns are forwarded to the railway clearing house, to be there checked, and for the mileage division due to each company on such traffic to be declared.

The young gentleman of pleasing manners, who hands you your ticket through a pigeon-hole, and flings about sovereigns and silver as if coin came as natural to him as mud comes to a hippopotamus, has a few duties to keep him awake while you are travelling. After issuing a couple of hundred tickets to fifty or sixty different stations, each paid for at a different rate, he has to make up his train book, and balance his cash to a farthing. When he opens his ticket case, and throws up his little window to begin booking a train, his tickets are all smoothly arranged in their cases; while, on a slip of slate above each set of tickets, is marked the

commencing number for that set's particular station—that is to say, the number printed on the next ticket that will be issued to the public. When he takes a ticket out of one of these compartments, and, after pushing it into a press to date it, hands it to the passenger, by a quick movement of the finger he at the same time half draws out the next ticket, and so on with each case till he has booked the whole of his train. The half-drawn tickets left when he comes to make up his account, show him at a glance not only to what stations there have been issues, and so save him the necessity of going through his entire case of tickets, but their numbers compared with the commencing numbers on the slips of slate, at once give the number of each sort of intermediate ticket issued. These are what he has got to account for, and to balance with the cash he has received. That duty done, he is at liberty to turn his attention to some of the interminable returns required either by audit, clearing house, or parliament; from one or another of which he is seldom free, till the time comes for him to book the next batch of passengers. We are glad to know that one northern railway company has for some time past employed at some of its stations women as booking clerks.

The different systems of check and audit employed by large companies against the fraud and dishonesty, not only of the public, but of their own servants, are very complicated. In the old days of great dividends paid out of little profit, everything was taken for granted more than it is now; the honesty of men who stood well with the world was held to be unimpeachable; and figures were believed in. One after another, great exposures shook this confidence, and by the slow growth of years, a complicated system of check and counter-check, extending from the highest official to the lowest, working in and out from one return to another, from this department to that department, has come into use. Whether in all cases its end is answered, there is some reason to doubt.

There is one well-known weak point. No railway company can set up a complete check against dishonesty in dealing with the excess fares, which at a principal station amount to a large sum in the course of a month. Mr. Twiddle takes a second-class ticket, but for some reason chooses to perform part of his journey in a first-class carriage; or, he takes a third-class return ticket, and chooses to make the return journey by second-class. At his journey's end, the ticket-collector demands of him payment for the difference between the two fares. The differences thus collected are known as "excess fares," and are supposed to be paid in with due particulars by the man who collects them. But what if he pays in only three-fourths, or even one-half, of what he thus receives, who is the wiser? There is no regular check upon him, and that large gains have been made in this way by collectors in different parts of the country, is a well-ascertained fact in railway history. Still, the game is a dangerous one to play; the

system of detection being to employ a man, personally unknown to guards and collectors, to take his ticket like an ordinary passenger, but travels part of the way in a different class, so as to be mulcted in excess. A note of the amount paid is taken, and should the collector not account for it accurately, he suffers immediate expulsion.

In spite of all precautions used by railway companies to insure themselves against frauds of dishonest passengers, cases are now and then disclosed which go to prove how impossible it is to guard every loophole against ingenious trickery. For example: It is customary with all railway companies to issue half-yearly or annual tickets to persons travelling frequently between any two stations. Mr. B., a man holding a respectable position in society, and living about ten miles out of London, was for two years the purchaser of an annual ticket from a certain company; and, as he travelled to and fro every day, his face soon was so well known to guards and collectors that he was seldom called upon to show his ticket. At the end of the second year, instead of purchasing a third annual ticket, he had a ticket manufactured similar in appearance to those issued by the manager of the company, and with that gentleman's signature neatly forged on the back. With this forged ticket Mr. B. succeeded in travelling daily for nine months between his house and London. It was only through his losing it in a cab—through which accident it got into the superintendent's hands—that the fraud was discovered.

The proceeds of the sales by auction of left property to which owners cannot be found, serve in some measure to reimburse the railway companies for their numerous losses by thieves. Notwithstanding all vigilance, and abundant means at command in the way of detectives and policemen, robberies on railways are very common: not merely robberies from the person, or of travellers' luggage, but systematic and skilfully planned robberies from merchandise trucks while in transit. In many cases, of course the thief or thieves—for there are sometimes gangs of men connected with such depredations—are detected; but it frequently happens that in spite of all inquiries and precautions, goods are purloined no one can tell how or where. Cloth, silk raw and manufactured, fancy goods of all kinds, hampers of game, fruit, boots and shoes, wines, and even cheese, vanish mysteriously. For the more valuable classes of goods, lock-up trucks with iron roofs are now coming into general use, and they are protection against fire as well as robbery. In one case the thief was killed in the very act of robbery. The waggon robbed, formed one of a train from London to the north, which had to be shunted into a certain siding about two o'clock every morning, until the mail train passed. This siding was on the top of a very high embankment, and lay open on both sides, to the fields. The train had been robbed once or twice a week for two months or more, and all the

vigilance of the officials was at fault in the endeavour to detect the culprit. But he was found at daybreak one winter morning, a mangled mass lying across the rails of the siding, with the contents of a caddy of tea, which he had taken out of the truck, scattered about him. He had clambered up the embankment while the train was waiting, had unfastened the sheet of the truck, had crept inside, and picked out a caddy of tea. But, while in the act of getting down, the engine had given a sudden jerk at the train, causing him to lose his footing. So, he fell between the waggons, of which several passed over his body.

A series of mysterious cheese robberies took place some years ago, and were never detected. Three or four times a week, for several months, one or two cheeses would be taken out of a train of twenty or more trucks, all laden with cheese. As a last resource a man was put into one of the trucks, sheeted over, and sent on a dreary journey of a hundred and fifty miles, armed with a dark lantern, and a policeman's truncheon. But though the thefts continued, no thief ever came near the truck in which the man lay hidden. These robberies ceased as mysteriously as they had begun, when cheese enough to stock a small warehouse had been stolen.

One of the most daring railway robberies on record, was a robbery of passengers' luggage that took place several years ago, on one of the metropolitan lines. The London season having come to an end, a noble family left town for the east coast. The boxes and packages were large and numerous. There was a brass-bound box, containing a selection of plate. Instructions were given for this box to be put under a seat in a carriage; but, as it was too large to be so placed, it was packed on the roof with the rest of the luggage; the whole being protected by a tarpaulin cover, carefully fastened down. The train was the afternoon express, which stopped only at three or four large stations during the whole of the journey, and arrived at its destination two hours after dark. On the arrival of the train, it was found that the brass-bound box had been robbed, in transit, of a considerable part of its contents. Upon investigation of the case, it appeared that a person not altogether unknown to the police, had been seen lounging about the London platform before the starting of the train. Immediately after it was gone, he telegraphed in cypher to a certain station in the country. When the train arrived at this station, it was joined by the person who received the message, and who was shown by the guard into an empty compartment. As soon as it was dark, this man must have opened the door of his compartment, and while the train was going at a speed of forty miles an hour, must have traversed whatever number of carriages there may have been between him and the box; must have mounted to the roof of the carriage; must have unfastened the tarpaulin; picked out the box from among twenty other heavy packages; forced it open,

and disposed of as much of its contents about his person as he could remove; finally, he must have refastened the tarpaulin, and got back safe and unseen to his own carriage. Encumbered with a somewhat bulky portmanteau, he quitted the train at the next station, unsuspected.

By mail train there arrived one night at a certain station in the north of England, a large hamper, booked as containing a live dog, and addressed to a clergyman in Lincolnshire. The hamper was taken into the parcels' office, to await the departure of the train by which it was to go forward. The clerks, as soon as they had ten minutes to spare, being curious, as it became them to be, concerning the breed and culture of dogs, unfastened the hamper, which was merely tied with a piece of thick string. No sooner was the lid fairly opened, than the specimen, with a loud snarl, and a yell of as much terror as anger, sprang clean out of the hamper, cleared the office in two bounds, and sped away down the platform at his swiftest. Chase was immediately given, joined in by all the guards and porters about, but the dog was irretrievably gone—swallowed up by darkness—far away in two minutes among sidings, and waggons, and dead engines, where pursuit was useless. What was to be done? The dog had certainly been received, and it would not do to send the hamper forward empty.

Blank despair overwhelmed the clerks, till a whisper of suggestion came at length from one of them: "Why not send Nipper?" Nipper was a rough and venerable animal, of all sorts of breed, who lived by prowling round the station, taking all the kicks he got in hope of victuals. He was a desperate old thief, and he looked as disreputable as he was. But the case was an extreme one, and accordingly Nipper was hunted up from his snooze in the cloak-room, was feasted sumptuously, and was decorated with a pink ribbon fastened round his neck, and tied in a bow under his chin, to show that he was out for holidays. Thus prepared for travel, he was carefully packed up in the hamper, which was forwarded to its address by the next train. No complaint, we believe, was ever made to the railway, and we hope that, for the sake of the friend who did *not* send him, Nipper died in clover, after having won, as the clergyman's dog, respect throughout his parish.

Let us turn from these incidents of Railways made, to glance at a few Railways, making or to be made.

Certain columns of the Times newspaper, at this season of the year, contain the announcements of all those joint-stock companies who are prepared to apply to parliament in the next session for power to carry out their designs. These long blocks of words are put into the smallest advertising type, are headed with the least attractive of titles, and are drawn up in the driest legal style of English composition. There is nothing in their form or preamble to induce a general reader to examine their contents; and the result is, that projects

more revolutionary in their effects upon persons and places than an Indian rebellion or a Parisian riot, are able to give that "preliminary notice" of their birth which is required by parliamentary regulations, without disturbing even the timidest and oldest inhabitant amongst us. Whole parishes are threatened with demolition, venerable churches and landmarks are to be elbowed on one side, half-buried monuments of antiquity are to be ploughed up, like the decayed stump of an old tooth, ground into powder, and scattered to the four winds; the ancient ways upon which our forefathers stood, made bargains, drank, feasted, and trained their children, are to be deserted, closed, built upon, transformed, or utterly destroyed; grand, gloomy stacks of time-honoured mansions—the traditional abode of kings—the known dwelling-places of old London's merchant-princes—are to be plastered over with the bills of some authorised auctioneer, to be sold as "old rubbish" to the sound of a wooden hammer, to be torn to pieces by eager labourers, who totter on falling rafters, and risk their lives that not a moment of the precious time shall be lost, and to be carted off in a hundred waggons, leaving not a trace behind.

It seems that we are to be allowed no rest from railway engineering operations, until the great idea of a central station in the City of London is made to take material shape. Every railway, at present condemned to have its terminus in the outskirts, is looking wistfully towards that coveted spot within the shadow of St. Paul's, and making signs to its brethren to join hands and help in drawing the circle together. The Eastern Counties Railway is not content to remain at Shoreditch; the Great Western is dissatisfied with Paddington; the North-Western and the Great Northern are not happy at Euston-square and King's-cross; the Brighton Railway is discontented with Southwark, although it has stretched out in a round-about direction, and has succeeded in crossing the river at Battersea, and in reaching Pimlico; the South-Eastern has already taken steps to push on to Hungerford-market by the way of the Suspension-bridge, where it expects to be joined by the South-Western Railway, which is fretting down in the hollow of the Waterloo-road; and the Greenwich, Chatham, Southend, and other lines, are all directing their eyes to one common centre. Where this centre will be, yet remains to be seen. At one time public report, as well as engineering projectors, pointed very decidedly to the open space in Farringdon-street, where formerly stood the famous Fleet Prison. That area seems now to be given up, and every eye is turned to Finsbury-circus. This neighbourhood of Greek merchants, institutions, and chapels—if parliament and railway shareholders prove willing—shall become the home of the great central railway station. The project involves connecting lines of railway above and below ground, the appropriation of many existing streets and alleys, and the construction of new thoroughfares. Many people will shake their

heads when they hear of this plan; but, while they doubt, the necessary powers and the more necessary capital will probably be obtained, and the work will be begun in as earnest a spirit as that of the "Underground Railway." It is not many months since the public shook its head, and laughed at the idea of a railroad among the sewers. The omnibus and cab interests, as represented by their drivers, were particularly facetious on the subject: forgetting what their predecessors, the stage-coachmen, had predicted of railroads in general, and how signally those predictions had failed.

Much nonsense has been talked about the Metropolitan Underground Railway, since it began its engineering operations under Mr. Jay and the other contractors; and it is widely supposed that its sole "mission" is to relieve the over-charged road traffic of the City. General observers peep through the long walls of thin boards which enclose its labourers, its shafts, and its engines, and, as they see men descending and ascending to and from the bowels of the earth, they conclude that some wonderful sub-way is being constructed that will drain off the meat "blocks" of Newgate-street, the carriage "blocks" of Ludgate-hill, and transform London-bridge from a bridge of curses into an agreeable lounge. All this, and more, the Metropolitan Railway may do, through combinations, extensions, and improvements; but, at present, it is merely to be a connecting link between the Great Western, North Western, and Great Northern Railways, which, when constructed and opened about the close of 1861, will begin at Paddington, and end temporarily near Clerkenwell-green.

The important centre of the Metropolitan Railway works is at King's-cross, coming within Mr. Jay's contract, which extends from the proposed terminus in Clerkenwell to Euston-square. It is there that the chief and only combined junction on this line will be made, out of the City, and it is there that the chief engineering difficulties of the work have arisen.

The main tunnel, running from one terminus to the other, will contain a double line of rails, and it will be twenty-eight feet and a half high, and sixteen feet and a half broad. The branch tunnels will contain a single line of rails, and be thirteen feet eight inches broad, and fifteen feet high. One of these branch tunnels is now completed, and it runs up Maiden-lane for about a quarter of a mile, and enters the Great Northern line above the station.

The underground plan at King's-cross, if drawn on paper, would be very much in the form of the letter X standing in a horizontal line. The horizontal line is the main railroad from King's-cross to Paddington, which becomes curved at the junction, and winds towards the City by way of Bagnigge-wells, the House of Correction, and the upper part of New Farringdon-street. The cross, or letter X, goes up from left to right, into the Maiden-lane branch, from the New-road, and comes down from left to right, from the Great Northern Hotel in Old St. Pancras-lane, on to the main line. The lower triangle, formed

by the roots of the two oblique lines where they join the horizontal or main line, is filled up with a condemned-cell looking structure, having arched loopholes, in which will be placed the "pointsmen" of the railway, so as to command a view in every direction. At present, it is a dismal well dug in the wet clay; but a little time and labour will soon change all that.

The process of tunnelling under the London streets is very different from the similar process in the open country. The material to be penetrated may not be always so hard and unyielding as the rock formations, but it is so full of delicate channels which must not be rudely disturbed, that the labour is rendered twenty-fold more difficult and more expensive. The bed of a London thoroughfare may be compared to the human body—for it is full of veins and arteries which it is death to cut. There are the water-mains, with their connecting pipes; the main or branch sewers, with their connecting drains; the gas mains, with their connecting pipes; and very often, the tubes containing long lines of telegraph-wire. If the gravel and clay be opened, at any time, a few yards under our feet, we catch a glimpse of these tubular channels, lying nearly as close together as the pipes of a church organ. The engineers of the Metropolitan Railway have had to remove all these old channels to the sides of the roadway, steering their tunnel in between, with the delicacy of a surgical operation. At King's-cross a greater difficulty presented itself in the shape of the old Fleet Ditch—a stream of sewage-water flowing from Highgate to the Thames, out of fifty thousand houses. This black Styx of London will often rise six feet in an hour, in stormy weather, and its force is particularly felt at King's-cross, which lies at the bottom of the Highgate slope. It was found necessary to divert the course of this unruly stream, and to lock up that portion of its current which flowed through the line the railway was compelled to take. This was done under the personal direction of the able superintendent of the works, Mr. Houselander; but not without many men being kept up nearly a fortnight in wet and mud, night and day, until at last their sewer-boots had to be cut off their legs. The slightest mistake would have flooded the works, and would have cost Mr. Jay, the contractor, some thirty thousand pounds. The black river is now safely caged, and a large boiler-looking tube, running across the roof at one part of the railway tunnel, carries the Fleet Ditch over the heads of the workmen—and will carry it over the heads of the passengers.

The inhabitants on each side of the New-road have often travelled upon railways, and have doubtless often wondered how a tunnel was made, and what sort of men they were who made it. An opportunity is now afforded them of learning much upon this subject, without leaving the warm shelter of their drawing-rooms or bedrooms. A few wooden houses on wheels first make their appearance in the road, and squat, like Punch and Judy shows, at the side

of the gutter. A few waggons next arrive, well loaded with timber and planks, and accompanied by a number of gravel-coloured men with pickaxes and shovels. In a day and a night, or little more, a few hundred yards of roadway are enclosed, and a strange quiet reigns for a time, in consequence of the carriage traffic being diverted. The omnibuses that used to form an endless rumbling procession before the windows, are turned down small back streets and winding alleys, while the outside passengers are sometimes nearly rubbed against the houses, or have to stoop to avoid barbers' poles, and other trading projections. The calm of the main thoroughfare is soon disturbed by the arrival of steam-engines, horses, carpenters, and troops of "navvies," within the enclosure. The sound of pickaxes, spades, and hammers, the puffing of steam, and the murmur of voices, begin: never to cease for some months, day or night. Huge timber structures spring up at intervals along the centre of the road, where the spots for opening shaft-holes are marked out, and it is not many hours before iron buckets and chains are at work, dragging up the heart of the roadway. This rubbish is carted off on a tramway as quickly as possible, and tilted down a gaping pit, with a noise like distant thunder, to be carried away into the country along the underground branch railway already completed. Notwithstanding this labour and arrangement, the gravel scatters itself among the houses overlooking the works; the mistresses complain of living in a perpetual "mess," the servants declare their inability to keep door-steps and passages clean in the face of such an earthquake; the front gardens are often trespassed upon, and huge pieces of timber are planted against some of the houses to prevent their falling forward into the street. A father of a family looks out of his window one morning after shaving, and finds a large breezy "clearance" among his neighbours' houses to the right or left, which ventilates the neighbourhood, but fills his mind with doubts about the stability of his dwelling. A wet week comes, and the gravel in his front garden turns to clay; the tradespeople tread it backwards and forwards to and from the street door; he can hardly get out to business, or home to supper, without slipping; and he strongly objects to a temporary way of wet planks, erected for his use, and the use of the passers-by, over a yawning cavern underneath the pavement. Sometimes irritated by seeing his railings broken, and by what he thinks an unwarrantable encroachment upon his liberties as an Englishman, he dreams of Chancery injunctions, and instructs his solicitor to serve all kinds of "notices" on the contractor.

If a wet week, or a wet month, tries the temper of a neighbourhood suffering under the infliction of railway works in the middle of the thoroughfares, it also tries the temper of the contractor. Four or five hundred men have to be paid every Saturday night, although the weather has kept them idle all the week, and the capital invested in plant and machinery is

"eating its head off." This latter represents no mean sum, when we have to calculate the value of tunnel supports and scaffoldings at from five to fifteen pounds a yard. The very stuff that we call "dry rubbish," which is thrown on the roadway of a tunnel when it is finished, cannot be bought under six shillings a yard. Luckily, a large contractor has too much work on his hands, in different places, to allow him to be idle or melancholy. While Mr. Jay is carrying out the principal channel of this underground railway, he is building the government fortifications at Portland, and a railroad in Wales, and is attending to most contract orders that come from the corporation of London.

The Metropolitan, or Underground Railway, as an Institution, is only just begun. From three to four hundred millions sterling of property, invested in English railways, is constantly pressing for an universal junction throughout the country, and also in London, the heart of the system. An underground railroad, if parliament be willing, will soon join the Brighton line at Pimlico to Bayswater and the Great Western Railway, by a channel under Kensington Gardens. The Charing-cross branch of the South-Eastern will push on from Hungerford-market to the New-road: thereby attaching itself through the Underground Railway, with the three great main lines on that side—the Great Northern, North-Western, and Great Western. The Regent's Canal will be turned into a railway, and the Great Northern, at King's-cross, will be thus connected with the Eastern Counties' lines. When this is done, the junction of all the metropolitan lines will be effected; and minor branches, such as the one proposed from Smithfield to the Regent's-circus, will merely help to feed the general centralisation at Finsbury-circus. These works, like all alterations and repairs, will give employment to many, and be a nuisance to others, as long as they are being constructed; but when the mess is cleared up, and the new channels are thrown open, a sense of comfort and relief will be felt throughout the vast general traffic of London.

CHANGES.

In the depth of an ancient casement,
Looking unto the west,
A little maiden sat and read,
In the-evening's golden rest.

And her bright brain teemed with fancies
Of spiritual things,
Of breadths of silent, starry skies,
Whitened with angels' wings.

And fields of blowing lilies,
Radiant within the dawn,
With the branches of the tree of life
Shadowing field and lawn.

For the thin and tiny volume
Was rich with fairy lore,
And kindled her chiming fancies,
As she turned the leaflets o'er,

Reading of knights and ladies,
Who walked in the forests old,
Bright as the morning planet
Ere gathered to its fold;

And the chamber walls grew lustrous,
And the furnaced depths of fire,
That flamed on the red horizon,
Were filled with dome and spire,
And minarets, from out whose tops
The bells of heaven blew
Such harmonies and melodies
That thrilled her through and through.

The dusk fell on the casement,
The moonlight touched the chair,
And she saw through the tender twilight
The bats in the crimson air.

Plucking a scented leaflet
From the vine beneath the eaves,
She folded the wondrous volume,
And placed it in the leaves.

The day looked through the casement,
The evening fell more fair,
And came and fled the dawn and dusk,
But still she came not there.

The robin from the orchard
Flew in upon the floor,
And piped for his absent mistress,
That never fed him more.

Her gentle soul was gathered
Up through the midnight blue,
As the glory of the sun exhausts
The chalices of dew.

And friends who read the volume
Beheld the withered leaf,
And the quaint and child-like symbol hushed
The utterance of grief.

For they, in faith, believed that fled
This garden of tears and strife,
The flower of her soul lay folded
In the book of Endless Life.

AMERICAN SNAKE STORIES.

I WAS in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington one torrid August afternoon. The Smithsonian Institution is a sort of young British Museum, or infant Louvre, and is situated in grounds of its own, not far from the banks of the beautiful river Potomac, up which Washington, cocked-hat, epaulettes, and all, has so often paddled in search of wild-ducks and "sheep's-head" fish. The Institution, though as promising an exhibition of the kind as any in the world, has, in common with many American show-places, a look of rawness and newness, which to an Englishman conveys a sense of provincialism and incompleteness. Yet it is this very feeling of repulsion which an Englishman in America is specially bound to overcome, for how can a new country resemble an old one? And why should it, since the new has other aims, and other possibilities, and youth is no more age than age is youth?

I had examined the exterior of the building, with its spurious Early English arches and windows, and its dark red stone that almost

looked like chocolate. A very spurious ponderous Castle of Otranto piece of Gothic it is, I must say. Indeed, Gothic does not thrive in America, and the audacious unmediæval people of the States take much more kindly to Corinthian pillars of white marble, fine Palladian windows, and other anti-Ruskin enormities. But the Americans, remember, are a lightly taxed people; without a national debt to encourage their national industry; with no standing army to pay for, and with no distant colonies costing more than they bring in; so no wonder the Smithsonian Institution still shows signs of youth, and is still imperfect in many departments. The statuary consists of half a dozen casts, and a few engravings of Albert Durer, and two or three Ostades. But then the Japanese collection is superb, and the South American curiosities of matchless excellence.

I had stared at the Chinese plough, tied together with strips of cane, the shark's-teeth necklaces from the South Sea Islands, the Japanese silks, and the South American mummies, when I was "brought up," as the sailors say, by a glass-case that stood on the ledge of one of the windows, just by a huge gilt globe which a shaft of lightning had drilled with holes, rendering its admission into the "Smithsonian" necessary because it was of no use elsewhere.

I looked at the outside of the case; it was labelled

PINE SNAKES FROM NEW JERSEY.

I looked inside; there they were, two of them, each about three fingers wide, coiled up, fold in fold. The dreadful pair, "fresh writhing from th' Erinny's hair," with half-shut eyes and languid coil, seemed just commencing their winter's sleep. They regarded me with a listless and mild hatred, with small satanic bead-like eyes glancing askance. They had recently been casting their sloughs; a fragment of loose skin still hung upon the head of one of them. It was the corner piece by the mouth, which had been the last bit to change.

The box was composed of sheets of glass lapping over each other; the sides were of wood, and worked up and down in slides for the purpose of passing food to the snakes. For fear of accident, I suppose, those slides were now screwed down; for the American countryman at museums, or anywhere else, is an inquiring, irreverent, meddling being, and, sure as snakes are snakes, but, for this precaution, would have his hand in, to see if the "things were rale," two or three times every afternoon.

The snake has always played a great part in my nightmares; whether twining around a corpse head, as in Leonardo's picture at Florence; growing enormously big and maned, frightening whalers' boats' crews into fits as the sea serpent; nodding its head in cadence to the snake charmer's flute; or battling with Apollo as the Python in my early Greek exercises; or snapping at my legs in English coverts; or poisonous and spotted in bottles in the Hunterian Museum; or wrapped heavy and slimy between a Greenwich show-

man's blanket; still everywhere subtle, sudden in quarrel, treacherous, cruel, malignant, and deadly; still gliding, coiling, winding, springing, fanged and devilish; the type of evil, the favourite mask of Satan when he is bent on special mischief; the only animal that seems utterly opposed, and for ever antagonistic, to man; the only animal men instinctively shun, and at once, on seeing, prepare to do battle with to the death.

The sun fell strong and burning on the glass, yet they stirred not, but remained fixed in their torpor and lethargy. A strange infatuation seized me to twist out the screw and pass my hand into the box; I wanted to handle those little folds of striped black and white, to play the snake charmer, or enact Cleopatra's royal ending. I wanted to hold the wretches safely behind their little gills of ears, as in years gone by old Todhunter, the gamekeeper, taught me to handle a ferret, and then prize open those thin dark lines of mouths and examine the fangs, or rather the stings. For I still disdain all modern improvements, and violently refuse to believe that the serpent bites and does not sting; it is all very well to tell me that what frightened people used to take for the quivering sting was really the tongue, and of course perfectly harmless, but I know better; I want to touch and feel those horny black and white scales that lap the animal all over. They must feel like—Mercy of Heaven! now as I pass the thin corner of my cambric handkerchief through the join in the glass, there is actually a stealthy scarcely perceptible movement towards the place of one of the blunt shy heads! With horrible murderous quietude the other, too, now slowly drags out a fold from the scaly knot in which the two bodies were hitherto tied; now all the coils move in terrible unanimity; yet now again they remain like one monster with twin heads, apparently in unaroused torpidity and childlike trustfulness. How like many a villanous biped I have known and thus watched!

As I stood looking at those living servants of death, secured there in their crystal prison, two rough-looking countrymen from Wisconsin came up, and could scarcely conceal their disgust at finding that the snakes were not stuffed, but alive. Even when they moved, one of them said,

"I tell yer, Saul, it's all clockwork, so it is; I warn't raised in the nor'-west for nothing—no, sure!"

When I assured them that the man who put his hand in that case and scratched the head of either of those snakes would be a "gone coon" in the space of about half an hour, Saul got quite furious, and, spitting all over the Smithsonian Institution, with the greatest impartiality, swore "might he be bust up, and after that salted down for use among the niggers daown south, if he ever heard such a darned foolish thing as keeping two cussed snakes, like gentlemen, all in a glass case."

Not caring to argue with the nor'-wester, I sat down with him in one of the window re-

cesses, on the vertebra of a whale—a thing rather bigger than a man-of-war's binnacle—and proceeded to discuss snakes in general, and American "serpents" in particular.

They had both of them, Saul and Moses, often killed rattlesnakes, "any quantity of them," in the woods of Kentucky, whence they both came—but I had better give the matter, as nearly as I can, in their own language.

"Lor, stranger," said Moses, "I've killed a heap of snakes about the Green River—yes, sure; and on the Mississippi banks, yes, I guess, a few. I remember once when I was—yes—hunting bairs one day in a cane-brake down at Green River, that some one saying something about snakes, put the darned spiteful critters all at once in my mind, and I began to feel kinder scared, and my hat to kinder lift up off my head, as if my hair had turned to wire, for just then I heern an awful hissing, like an angry cat, and then the buzz of a rattle going so fast that it seemed to show double, like a tight string when you twang it backwards and forwards with your finger. Lor a mercy, what a leap I did make backwards!—seventeen feet if it was an inch—a caution to Blondin, I guess. Blue flugins, well my! if there warn't a snake coiled up under a hickory-tree, with its head up, its eye like a big diamond on fire, and its rattle tattling like castanets gone mad. Now, stranger, you must know the rattlesnake don't leap, like other snakes, and that's a kinder blessing to us 'Mericans, so I drew back another two feet or so, fired both barrels of my gun which happened to be loaded, slap into his coils, and then finished him with a 'stockdologer' from a sassafras bough—wopped him to pieces—fact—yes, sir. When I cut off his rattles, I found he had fifteen rows of 'em, and one of these, 'cute people say, comes every year, so that tarnation varmint must have been fifteen year going about the world doing mischief! Wonder how many Christians he had slaughtered!"

On further questioning Saul and Moses, I found that on opening this same rattlesnake's mouth, he had discovered a white slime, which he believed to be the poison, oozing through the hollow teeth, behind which the serpent carries his small pouches of portable death. The teeth, as he tried to explain to me, and as indeed I knew it already from actual examination, acted at once as lancets and injectors. They puncture a wound, and at the same instant that they punch two equidistant holes, project into them the poison. Providence, when it gave the bull its crescent horns, the stag its antlers, the bear its paws, and the tiger its teeth, gave the snake, in these hollow fangs, weapons of offence and of defence not less terrible.

The rattlesnake, Moses assured me, seldom, except perhaps when it had its young round it, pursued its enemy; always, if possible, stole away and avoided the combat; but, if trod on by the hunter, or driven into a corner whence it was impossible for it to escape, it instantly flew at the unlucky intruder.

Was there any cure for a rattlesnake bite? I had heard that eau de luce was thought a specific in India in cases of bites from the dreaded cobra, or hooded snake, of Hindostan.

"Wa'al," answered Moses, "I tell you what, mister; a bite from a rattlesnake is always 'a cawshun,' that's sure; but there is one thing that is good for it, if taken in time, and that's whisky."

Then Moses went on to tell me many instances of the efficacy of whisky; and indeed, while I was in America, I read in the Carolina and Virginia newspapers numerous cases in which whisky had proved a remedy in dangerous snake bites. Saul now came forward, and speaking up very nasally, but still like a man, told us a story of an old "niggar" on his father's plantation "dawn south," somewhere near Jackson's landing on the Mississippi, who had saved himself in this way after a bite. Directly after the fangs went in, he tied a handkerchief above the place (it was in his leg), and washed the punctures first with water and then with whisky: for already it began to swell and feel sore. He then drank off all the rest of the bottle till he was quite drunk—it always in these cases takes more whisky than usual to make a man drunk—and then staggered home. Next morning, he awoke with his leg swollen and sore, but otherwise as well as usual; and in a week or two he was quite recovered, and able to go about at cotton hoeing.

Moses backed up this narrative by assuring me that once, riding through a Kentucky forest, a rattlesnake bit a chesnut mare he was on, in the off-hind leg just above the pastern. He instantly got off, washed the wound with whisky, and poured a drench into the mare's mouth. She winced, kicked a little, and shuddered as if her blood were chilled, but next day she was all well again, and three weeks afterwards she won a trotting match at Nashville.

Saul here interposed, and snatching me out of the hand of Moses, drew my attention to the fact of the rattlesnake's being unable to leap like the puff-adder or the cotton-mouth. This rendered the rattlesnake much more harmless than it otherwise would have been.

This fact, indeed, rendered it easy to escape from a rattlesnake when you came suddenly upon it in a wood for instance, by a vigorous leap backward. A story is told in America relative to this. On one occasion, one of their generals (Jackson or Taylor) was bivouacking by night, during the old war, in a log hut which the troops had found in a lonely wood. The general and his suite had hardly well settled down to sleep, when a tremendous and multitudinous hissing showed them that a whole army of rattlesnakes was sheltering itself in the room below. Indeed, by the light of a blazing pine knot, they could look down between the gaping planks of the floor, and see the "serpents" coiling and hissing, like so many eels in the well of a punt. The suite instantly "made tracks," and cleared out to light a fire in the open air, or sleep round the fires the soldiers had already lighted. But the

general, calm and unshaken, well knowing the constitution of rattlesnakes and their manners, having ascertained that the floor he lay on was too far above them for the snakes to reach, and knowing they could not leap, lay down on the planks, and, though hissed to sleep, enjoyed one of the best nights' rest he obtained during the war.

I asked Moses about the cotton-mouth snake: having told him, in return for his information, a story about "the barber's-pole" of Jamaica—a snake striped alternately with black and vermilion—and also about a certain snake of South America, whose bite is so deadly, that no one was ever yet known to survive it.

Moses hereupon told me that the cotton-mouth was a snake very common in Carolina and elsewhere. It was remarkable for the fact of the inside of its mouth being covered with a white woolly filament resembling cotton. Its bite was peculiarly deadly. As to the whisky theory, the presumption amongst the planters who used the remedy was, that the virus of the snake exercised a certain chilling paralyzing effect over the blood, which eventually, if unchecked, would retard the circulation so much as to produce death. The poison, too, appeared to have a dangerous local effect. There had been cases where persons recovering from snake bites had had the wounds turn into running sores, which had remained painful and unhealable for months.

I need not say that our agreeable conversation ended as all American conversations do end. Saul and Moses cut themselves fresh "plugs," put their hands in their pockets, and strolled off towards a case of stuffed birds—among which the black and orange oriole was specially conspicuous—without bow, nod, or any other customary parting salutation. But I had learned to bear with these harmless things: if travelling does not teach one toleration, what will teach one?

It was some weeks before snakes crept again into my thoughts. This next time I was in the luxurious library of a New York magnate, in a house whose splendour literally blazed in comparison with the starved impoverished palaces of Genoa, Rome, or Venice. I was in the strippling world, as near the heart of civilisation as in England, and was with a man at whose bidding the winged messengers to Paris or Peru and the Stock Exchange couriers flew "du Pérou jusqu'à Rome." There were bronzes on the buffet, and golden clocks to "tick off" Time's account; there were trophies of arms over the mantelpiece; and glowing in the midst, almost as if a lamp were shining behind it, hung a round buckler of rhinoceros horn from Central Nubia, transparent and luminously golden as though it were of amber.

My friend Mr. Vanderpump—for he was a Dutch merchant born in a quaint Spanish house in Amsterdam—turning, as he talked to me about snakes, lay in a long red and blue hammock made of aloe thread netted by an Indian of Guatemala, with one leg not ungracefully hanging over its

margin—Vanderpump, smoking one of those fiery Trichinopoly cheeroots which have ventilating straws inserted through their centres—harangued me pleasantly about certain deserted gold mines of the Spaniards, which it would take no great time, he said, by dint of Indian tradition, to rediscover; from this subject he wandered on, by many pleasant devious by-paths of converse, to the subject of certain snakes of enormous size supposed to exist in “tarns” or small lakes among a certain range of mountains in South America.

I roused up at this and prepared to listen. Vanderpump then—rolling round in his hammock, which, stretching from either wall, drooped down and swung within two or three feet of the ground—drew several yards of the coloured netting over him as if for warmth, and prepared to pour out upon me his “winged words.”

He told me that many Indians and hunters had assured him that they had seen these enormous snakes. They were twice as large as boa constrictors, and were generally discerned bathing themselves in the mountain lakes, where it was supposed they came to feed on the fish. They had, however, never yet been killed or found dead, nor was it known on what they usually fed, or where they lived. He (Vanderpump) being a liberal in science as in politics, saw no reason to doubt that a few specimens of some extinct Pythonic race of serpents might still be existing among those rarely trodden mountains. Races of animals had died out of particular countries in our own time. The dodo was an instance. Even in the sea-serpent many sensible people retained a belief.

If the boa constrictor that can battle with a buffalo or an alligator, and swallow a deer, antlers and all, were to become extinct to-day; to-morrow, but for printed records, there would be people found to deny that such a monster had ever existed. Because a certain creature had not yet been classified by stay-at-home zoologists, that was no proof, he urged, it did not exist. The mammoth was wonderful, and its skeleton had been found; whereas the backbone of a large snake presents little resistance to the violent extremes of South American climate.

I asked Vanderpump, who I knew had dabbled in medicine, whether, in the course of his South American travels, he had tried to discover new and valuable drugs, and, above all, any specific for snake bites?

He said, oscillating himself with lazy grandeur, that he had; he had several times in Nicaragua and Guatemala been on the brink of great discoveries. He had once been presented with a herb, which the peons told him was a certain cure for small-pox, but he tried it on one of his own Spanish servants who was ill, and it proved useless. The plant seemed a remedy, only to the Indian constitution and in the Indian climate. There was, however, one pulverised herb which the peons used as snuff in cases of low fever, by which he had himself been cured when dangerously ill. Yet he had tried in vain

to obtain a specimen of it; all offers of money were refused. They would not even gather it, except at night, for fear of being seen.

“And why all this precaution, this dog-in-the-manger caution?”

Because the Indians said that when the white man used one of their medicines it lost all its virtue. It had been so with jalap and with Peruvian bark. They were therefore determined to keep this wonderful diaphoretic and sudatory to themselves. He dried leaves of every herb and tree he could find in the neighbourhood, yet in vain. In all his searches he never discovered a specific against snake bites. On the contrary, so much was a certain sort of snake dreaded there, that, if one was killed, all the people of the neighbourhood would go out and solemnly burn the body to ashes, for fear of any life being left in it.

Vanderpump then went on to tell me of his having been once bitten, on the bank of a river, by a snake that had crept into an eel-hole. But this bite ended with a mere slight inflammation, and he supposed that the virus must have been neutralised by the water; or, more likely, the aggressive snake was a harmless one.

I had not many snake stories of my own experience to exchange with Vanderpump in return; but what I had, I told without broi'dery or lace-work of imagination. I described how an eccentric friend of mine, first an officer, then a clergyman, and a conscientious man in both capacities, with whom I spent several pleasant summers, used to delight in taming the harmless snakes, common in English hedge-rows. He kept them by day in his pocket or hat, by night in a handbox in the room I slept in; and well I remember the tremendous round and round scramble one morning, when one of them swallowed whole, a large frog, which had been shut up with him for his consumption.

From this, I harmlessly episoded into an account of a pretty peasant girl in Normandy whom I had seen twine live lizards lightly between the heavy lustrous black folds of her tiara of hair, where they glowed like coils of living emerald. I then (just as coffee came up like so much smoking incense) asked Vanderpump if it was really true that travelling quacks in America made a living by killing rattlesnakes for their fat?

He said it was indeed; that snake fat was excellent for sprains and bruises, and had been used in such cases, for centuries, by the Indians.

It was some days after I parted from Vanderpump, and I was on the Mississippi, on the hurricane-deck of a first-class racing steamer; my feet were on planks covered with leaf lead to prevent the wood sparks charring them. Above us and behind us, rose the glazed tower of a pilot-house. I was seated on an arm-chair, side by side with my dear friend Captain Vaughan, skipper of a Californian steamer. From this “coign of vantage” we looked down on the brown turbid river, on the pelicans, and on the brown sand-bars.

The crumbling banks of the great river were mere wrecks of fallen cotton-trees, and here and

there were visible the white huts of the "negro quarter" of a cotton plantation. On the long spit of the nearest sand-bar, lay a putrid lump which had once been a bullock, and, tumbling over and fighting for it, were swarming masses of turkey buzzards.

Again our converse fell on snakes. Apropos of some remarks on the great floods which are almost periodical on this great fickle river, the captain, bending his astute yet kindly eyes on me, told me how once, during one of those great inundations that reach for miles, when all the stream was alive with drifts of broken steam-boats, fallen trees, cotton bales, and here and there dead men, he was in a steam-boat at Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas river, when a backwoodsman came on board with a huge dead rattlesnake twisted round him. He had found it, he told the marvelling passengers, floating on a black locust-tree which the river had undermined and washed down from its banks. These floods, said Vaughan, destroy a great many snakes, and the snakes have a great dread of the floods.

The captain then went on to describe, when a prairie is on fire, the terror, anguish, and fury of the snakes. Some hunters even said that at those times they bit themselves and so died before the fire could reach them. They seemed thoroughly conscious of the danger. But this story of their suicide the captain doubted, because he had himself once caught a very large rattlesnake, taken it home, and tied it to a suspended washing cord, where it could hiss and move but do no harm, for he had slipped a piece of stick into its mouth and tied it like a bit, with a string behind its head. There he fed and kept it for some days; but the snake, even when it had its head free, never attempted to bite itself. As to the popular notion that in times of danger the mother snake opened its mouth and let the young ones run down into its stomach for shelter, he believed that it merely originated in finding live snakes in the stomachs of others, which had, perhaps, swallowed them for food.

I then inquired of the captain if he had ever used eau de luce for snake bites, and if he knew what it was? He said, smiling, that eau de luce was a mere quack name for compound tincture of ammonia, and that, undoubtedly, it was a good thing; but he had known an old slave suck the bites with great success, and with perfect impunity to himself.

I asked the captain if snakes were gregarious? The captain—after pointing to an alligator which was just floating past, looking as like a dead tree as a thing well could—went on to say that though not generally gregarious, he thought several often selected the same places to hibernate: as he himself had once found more than a score under a felled live oak-tree he had to move with a gang of lumberers. He chopped them up with his axe as small as mincemeat in no time, he could tell me! He had also a story of a narrow escape he had had in the lower range of the Rocky Mountains. Here the captain pulled out his pocket-

book and showed me a plan of the place which he had made at the time, as that part of the range had never before been trodden by white man. I put the story in the first person, and try to give it the effect of the captain's manner.

"I had been," he said, "prospecting all day for minerals, and had found some copper and lead, and some curious sulphur springs of, I believe, a unique kind; and, coming back to my camp, had lit my fire, and cooked some deer meat; then, quite tired out, looked round to select a convenient and sheltered place on which to sleep. I chose out, at last, a place under a high crumbly-looking rock not far from my fire, and, loading my rifle, first bandaging the lock and slipping it into my mackintosh-case to guard it from the damp, I wrapped myself like a mummy in my Mackinaw blanket and laid down under the rock to sleep: intending to rise early and push fast, to overtake my men, who were a day's march ahead looking after bears.

"I had a bad night, for rats or something or other kept passing over me and half waking me. About the grey of the morning, I roused myself from that sort of torpid paralysed sense of endurance that a prolonged nightmare throws you in, and rose up on my elbow to see if my logs were quite burnt out, or if there was, perhaps, enough fire left to warm me some coffee, for the night had been frosty and cold. I looked, and to my horror saw a writhing heap of about thirty rattlesnakes coiled or moving round the brands of my fire. I had been sleeping under a rock which was perforated by their holes, and my fire had drawn them out by its alluring warmth. It was these snakes I had felt moving over me in my long nightmare.

"Loramussy, mister! How quick I did get on my feet, sure; and as I ran off, I banged with my rifle right among them, just to give them a sort of parting blessing. But what harm I did to them I never knew, for I did not care much to go back to that hive of rattlesnakes."

Thanking the captain for his story, I reminded him that, in the prairies, rattlesnakes became gregarious from their habit of occupying the holes of the prairie dogs: first eating their landlords—a most ungenerous return for the shelter afforded them.

The captain said that deer were very much afraid of the rattlesnakes; but that sometimes an old buck would face them, and leaping on them, crush them by a succession of bounds and jumps. Dogs, too, would sometimes face them, and acquire a habit of seizing them at the back of the head; but, if once bitten, the dogs lost all courage afterwards.

The very same week of this conversation with the captain, in perusing the *Memphis Daily Avalanche*, I met with two singular snake stories, and as my chapter is necessarily a mere string of beads, and the stories are too good to "whistle down the wind," I will tell them here. The first had reference to a shrewd Yankee smuggler, who, having lately to pass some prohibited article into Canada, prepared a large

box pierced with holes, and divided in two horizontally by a movable tray. Below the tray he placed his tabooed goods, above he coiled a lively rattlesnake, then he locked and corded the whole, and took it boldly to the frontier custom-house.

"Anything to declare? Any tobacco?" said the custom-house.

"No," said the Yankee, "only 'notions.'"

"Open the box," said the custom-house.

The Yankee handed the key.

Custom-house opened it with mechanical quickness, and, starting back with a roar at seeing the lifted mischievous hissing head of the snake, clapped down the lid again and slammed it with a click. There was no more examination of that box at the custom-house.

The second story was more singular, and of undoubted truth, for I verified it. It was a short story of Southern jealousy. One day last June, a smartly dressed mulatto woman came to the Charleston post-office, and asked if there were any letters from New Orleans for "Mrs. Delia White." The postmaster, looking through the grating, and then pausing to finish "a brandy smash," as it was only "a coloured pusson," proceeded to slowly turn and shuffle, a pack of New Orleans letters. Apparently without success, for he shook his head and proceeded to nib his pen.

"Mrs. Delia White?" suddenly said the second clerk, rising from some trifling with a basin of "gumbo soup," for it was luncheon-time; "why, that's the small parcel put up there on the top shelf, because it was marked *with care*. Care about coloured persons' things! What next?" And here the energetic official re-lapsed into his national soup.

Mrs. Delia retired to the post-office window to open the present from her husband. The coral necklace, the earrings, the what not!

"O Jerewsalem!"

That piercing shriek was from Mrs. Delia, as she tore open the large yellow envelope stamped with Washington's head stamps, and found a lively little puff-adder, which fell from her hands hissing and wriggling on the marble floor!

The little mischievous snake was instantly killed by the alarmed clerks, excitable and easily roused as Southerners usually are; and in gratitude Mrs. Delia showed the handsomer clerk of the two, her jealous husband's billet-doux. It might have been written with poison, so cruelly malicious were its contents. It ran thus:

"MY DEAREST DELIA,—The husband you have forgotten sends you a dear nice little present from New Orleans. Take it, Dody, and kiss it for my sake."

Snake worship takes us back to the python, and to the snakes that Mercury twined round his caduceus, to the snake that sipped at Hygæa's bowl, and to the monsters that offended Neptune, sent to slay Laocoon and his children. It leads us on by the Samothracian mysteries to Siva worship, and to the snakes that the blood-stained Doorga of

Hindustan, brandishes in her thousand hands. It bears us among the Northern snows, to the great serpent of the Norse mythology that girdles round the world, and which Thor baiting his hook with a bull's head once went out fishing for. It carries us to the Druids and their snake stone amulets, and then away through countless oak woods, through whose boughs the golden sickle gleams; to sandy Egypt, where the snake figures again on the diadems of their ancient kings, and as the emblem of eternity upon the solemn tombs and temples. It is not for me here to sum up German theories, and decide who first of the race of Cain introduced the serpent as the special emblem of evil, and the peculiar object of honour in the obscene rites of Devil worship. It is not for me to discuss whether the serpent was selected by the sons of Cain in open defiance of the Deity, or because the snake had been selected by Satan as his most favourite disguise; or, whether it was merely preferred as a general type of death and evil, as more malignant, wily, and "subtle than any beast of the field;" for the same reason as sacrifices of blood and fire were offered, as indicating the dreadful attributes of the Prince of the powers of the air. Yet, I can never find it in my heart to rail at the devil worshippers—as wilful worshippers of the bad—but rather consider them as timid savages who, seeing a terrible force of evil and death storming around them, fell to deprecating the wrath of their great evil principle.

Now, all this is à propos of the fact that snake worship is still common in Hindostan and all through Africa; will it startle our readers to hear that it still prevails here and there among the American negroes, especially among those who have retained most of their African habits, and among the more recent arrivals in the slave steamers?

A remarkable instance of this occurred while I was staying at New Orleans. That luxurious city, so festive and riotous in the winter; so deserted by all but slaves, death, and the yellow fever, in summer; is a great dépôt for negroes. Here, stealing up the Mississippi at night, come the steam slavers to unload their cargoes of blacks in some wooded creek, intending thence to pass them stealthily into the interior. To New Orleans, stowed away in one way and another, come in perpetually negroes from Cuba. Here at the slave marts—boldly announced on signboards—you see all day moping men and women looking through the barred glass doors. This is the city where poisons can be bought from mysterious old negro women living in the Bayous; and where jealous Creoles, quarrelling with their paramours, can purchase the power of killing them in a week, two months, or a year, so subtle are these revengeful people in the art of poisoning.

It was in this city of strange contrasts, while I was there, that some mischief was suspected by the police to be brewing among the free negro population, in the black quarter. The police, armed as usual with revolver and cutlass, at a cer-

tain hour of the night closed in upon a house particularly suspected. Seeing unusual light, and hearing many voices, they at once broke in, and found a band of old negresses scantily clothed and engaged in the idolatrous Voodoo ceremonies, dancing and chanting round a caldron in which a rattlesnake was boiling. The ring-leaders were arrested and taken off to the caboose, and were condemned eventually to various durations of imprisonment.

It startled me, in this nineteenth century which we brag about so much, in the great capital of the south, in the midst of the New World's vigorous and never resting civilisation, to hear of a band of snake and devil worshippers being arrested and sent to prison for the almost open celebration of such rites.

DRIFT.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S SPOONS.

"KILL the poys and the luggage," says our friend Fluellen, in the play; 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered." Of course the worthy Welsh gentleman is quite justified by the historical account of the attack by French freebooters on the camp and baggage of King Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt. An eye-witness of that great fight, one of the army chaplains, of whose name we are not adequately informed, writes, that "the king ordered the baggage of the army to the rear of the battle, for fear it should fall into the enemy's hands, it having been placed, together with the priests who were about to officiate and pray earnestly for the king and his men, in the villages and closes, with directions to wait till the end of the battle; for the French plunderers had already, on every side, their eyes upon it, with an intention of attacking it as soon as they saw both armies engage; and upon the rear of which, where by the inactivity of the vassals the baggage of the king was, they did fall as soon as the battle began, carrying off the royal treasures, the sword and crown, with other jewels, and all the household stuff." Some of the jewels were recovered, with much difficulty, but Sir H. Nicolas notices the description of the plate lost on this occasion, which evidently belonged to the king, and was carried to France for his own personal use. The articles are mentioned in an acquittance from the king to his treasurer and others, for the objects entrusted to their custody, but lost at the battle:

A salt-cellar of gold, enamelled with links and collars.

A long serpentine (a precious stone), weighing 2 lb. 3 oz., troy weight, valued at 16*l.* a pound—46*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*

Thirteen spoons of white silver, marked with a small crown, weighing, according to the same weight, 1 lb. 3½ oz., which, at 30*s.* the pound and at 2*s.* 6*d.* an ounce, is 38*s.* 9*d.*

Three salt-cellars of silver gilt with covers, with the tops in the form of bells, marked with swans enamelled, weighing 7 lb. 7 oz., at 60*s.* a pound and 5*s.* the ounce, is 22*l.* 15*s.*

A spoon of white silver, marked with a small crown, weighing one ounce, value 2*s.* 6*d.*

A spoon of gold, not marked, weighing 2 oz. 7 pennyweights, 1 ob., value at 26*s.* 8*d.* an ounce and 16*d.* the pennyweight, is 63*s.* 4*d.*

Six spoons of white silver, not marked, weighing 6½ oz., at 2*s.* 6*d.* an ounce—15*s.* 17½*d.*

Seven spoons of white silver, not marked, weighing 6¾ oz. at 2*s.* 6*d.* an ounce—16*s.* 10½*d.*

A salt-cellar of gold, of morask (mauresque) work, garnished with two amethysts, with a Scotch pebble on the top, and with many little garnets red and green, value 10*l.* in money.

Among these valuables, it will be observed that there is no mention made of forks; and this circumstance will help to support Mr. H. Turner's assertion, "that the fingers and knives of folks served for many centuries after the thirteenth century to enable them to eat their several meals; and that spoons were common enough, and must have often served in place of forks." Moreover, in the inventory of goods, chattels, jewels, and personal effects of the same monarch, prepared by the executors of his will, there is mention made of only four forks, among dozens upon dozens of spoons and knives.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WELL, what next? have you bethought you of anything more to charge me with?" cried a large full man, whose angry look and manner showed how he resented these cheatings.

I staggered back sick and faint, for the individual before me was Crofton, my kind host of long ago in Ireland, and from whose hospitable roof I had taken such an unceremonious departure.

"Who are you?" cried he, again. "I had hoped to have paid everything and everybody. Who are you?"

Wishing to retire unrecognised, I stammered out something very unintelligibly indeed about my gratitude, and my hope for a pleasant journey to him, retreating all the while towards the door.

"It's all very well to wish the traveller a pleasant journey," said he, "but you innkeepers ought to bear in mind that no man's journey is rendered more agreeable by rogues. This house is somewhat dearer than the Clarendon in London, or the Hôtel du Rhin at Paris. Now, there might be perhaps some pretext to make a man pay smartly who travels post, and has two or three servants with him, but what excuse can you make for charging some poor devil of a foot traveller, taking his humble meal in the common room, and, naturally enough, of the commonest fare, for making him pay eight florins—eight florins and some kreutzers—for his dinner? Why, our dinner here for two people was handsomely paid at six florins ahead, and yet you bring in a bill of eight florins against that poor wretch."

I saw now, that, what between the blinding effects of his indignation, and certain changes which time and the road had worked in my appearance, it was more than probable I should

escape undetected, and so I affected to busy myself with some articles of his luggage that lay scattered about the room until I could manage to slip away.

"Touch nothing, my good fellow!" cried he, angrily; "send my own people here for these things. Let my courier come here—or my valet."

This was too good an opportunity to be thrown away, and I made at once for the door, but at the same instant it was opened, and Mary Crofton stood before me. One glance showed me that I was discovered, and there I stood, speechless with shame and confusion. Rallying, however, after a moment, I whispered, "Don't betray me," and tried to pass out. Instead of minding my entreaty, she set her back to the door, and laughingly cried out to her brother,

"Don't you know whom we have got here?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed he.

"Cannot you recognise an old friend, notwithstanding all his efforts to cut us?"

"Why—what—surely it can't be—it's not possible—eh?" And by this time he had wheeled me round to the strong light of the window, and then, with a loud burst, he cried out, "Potts, by all that's ragged! Potts himself! Why, old fellow, what could you mean by wanting to escape us?" and he wrung my hand with a cordial shake that at once brought the blood back to my heart, while his sister completed my happiness by saying,

"If you only knew all the schemes we have planned to catch you, you would certainly not have tried to avoid us."

I made an effort to say something—anything, in short—but not a word would come. If I was overjoyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was no less overwhelmed with shame; and there I stood, looking very pitifully from one to the other, and almost wishing that I might faint outright, and so finish my misery.

With a woman's fine tact, Mary Crofton seemed to read the meaning of my suffering, and, whispering one word in her brother's ear, she slipped away and left us alone together.

"Come," said he good naturedly, as he drew his arm inside of mine, and led me up and down the room, "tell me all about it. How have you come here? What are you doing?"

I have not the faintest recollection of what I said. I know that I endeavoured to take up my story from the day I had last seen him, but it must have proved a very strange and bungling narrative, from the questions which he was forced occasionally to put, in order to follow me out.

"Well," said he, at last, "I will own to you that, after your abrupt departure, I was sorely puzzled what to make of you, and I might have remained longer in the same state of doubt, when a chance visit that I made to Dublin led me to Dycer's, and there, by a mere accident, I heard of you—heard who you were, and where your father lived. I went at once and called upon him, my object being to learn if he had any tidings of you, and where you then were. I found him no better informed than myself. He showed me a few lines you had written on

the morning you left home, stating that you would probably be absent some days, and might be even weeks, but that since that date nothing had been heard of you. He seemed vexed and displeased, but not uneasy or apprehensive about your absence, and the same tone I observed in your college tutor, Doctor Tobin. He said: 'Potts will come back, sir, one of these days, and not a whit wiser than he went. His self-esteem is to his capacity, in the reduplicate ratio of the inverse proportion of his ability, and he will be always a fool.' I wrote to various friends of ours travelling about the world, but none had met with you; and at last, when about to come abroad myself, I called again on your father, and found him just re-married."

"Re-married!"

"Yes! he was lonely, he said, and wanted companionship, and so on; and all I could obtain from him was a note for a hundred pounds, and a promise that, if you came back within the year, you should share the business of his shop with him."

"Never! never!" said I. "Potts may be the fool they deem him, but there are instincts and promptings in his secret heart that they know nothing of. I will never go back. Go on."

"I now come to my own story. I left Ireland a day or two after and came to England, where business detained me some weeks. My uncle had died and left me his heir—not, indeed, so rich as I had expected, but very well off for a man who had passed his life on very moderate means. There were a few legacies to be paid, and one which he especially entrusted to me by a secret paper, in the hope that, by delicate and judicious management, I might be able to persuade the person in whose interest it was bequeathed to accept. It was, indeed, a task of no common difficulty, the legatee being the widow of a man who had, by my uncle's cruelty, been driven to destroy himself. It is a long story, which I cannot now enter upon; enough that I say it had been a trial of strength between two very vindictive unyielding men which should crush the other, and my uncle being the richer—and not from any other reason—conquered."

"The victory was a very barren one. It embittered every hour of his life after, and the only reparation in his power he attempted on his death-bed, which was to settle an annuity on the family of the man he had ruined. I found out at once where they lived, and set about effecting this delicate charge. I will not linger over my failure—but it was complete. The family was in actual distress, but nothing would induce them to listen to the project of assistance; and, in fact, their indignation compelled me to retire from the attempt in despair. My sister did her utmost in the cause, but equally in vain, and we prepared to leave the place, much depressed and cast down by our failure. It was on the last evening of our stay at the inn of the little village, a townsman of the place, whom I had employed to aid my attempt by his personal influence with the family, asked to see me and speak with me in private."

"He appeared to labour under considerable agitation, and opened our interview by bespeaking my secrecy as to what he was about to communicate. It was to this purport: A friend of his own, engaged in the Baltic trade, had just declared to him that he had seen W., the person I allude to, alive and well, walking on the quay at Riga, that he traced him to his lodging, but, on inquiring for him the next day, he was not to be found, and it was then ascertained that he had left the city. W. was, it would seem, a man easily recognised, and the other declared that there could not be the slightest doubt of his identity. The question was a grave one how to act, since the assurance company with which his life was insured were actually engaged in discussing the propriety of some compromise by paying to the family a moiety of the policy, and a variety of points arose out of this contingency; for while it would have been a great cruelty to have conveyed hopes to the family that might, by possibility, not be realised, yet, on the other hand, to have induced them to adopt a course on the hypothesis of his death when they believed him still living, was almost as bad.

"I thought for a long while over the matter, and with my sister's counsel to aid me, I determined that we should come abroad and seek out this man, trusting that, if we found him, we could induce him to accept of the legacy which his family rejected. We obtained every clue we could think of to his detection. A perfect description of him, in voice, look, and manner; a copy of his portrait, and a specimen of his handwriting; and then we bethought ourselves of interesting you in the search. You were rambling about the world in that idle and desultory way in which any sort of a pursuit might be a boon—as often in the by-paths as on the high roads—you might chance to hit off this discovery in some remote spot, or, at all events, find some clue to it. In a word, we grew to believe, that, with you to aid us, we should get to the bottom of this mystery; and now that by a lucky chance we have met you, our hopes are all the stronger."

"You'll think it strange," said I, "but I already know something of this story; the man you allude to was Sir Samuel Whalley."

"How on earth have you guessed that?"

"I came by the knowledge on a railroad journey, where my fellow-passengers talked over the event, and I subsequently travelled with Sir Samuel's daughter, who came abroad to fill the station of a companion to an elderly lady. She called herself Miss Herbert."

"Exactly! The widow resumed her family name after W.'s suicide—if it were a suicide."

"How singular to think that you should have chanced upon this link of the chain. And do you know her?"

"Intimately; we were fellow-travellers for some days."

"And where is she now?"

"She is, at this moment, at a villa on the Lake of Como, living with a Mrs. Keats, the sister of her Majesty's Envoy at Kalbbratenstadt."

"You are marvellously accurate in this narrative, Potts," said he, laughing; "the impression made on you by this young lady can scarcely have been a transient one."

I suppose I grew very red—I felt that I was much confused by this remark—and I turned away to conceal my emotion. Crofton was too delicate to take any advantage of my distress, and merely added:

"From having known her, you will naturally devote yourself with more ardour to serve her. May we then count upon your assistance in our project?"

"That you may," said I. "From this hour, I devote myself to it."

Crofton at once proposed that I should order my luggage to be placed on his carriage, and start off with them; but I firmly opposed this plan. First of all, I had no luggage, and had no fancy to confess as much; secondly, I resolved to give at least one day for Vaterchen's arrival—I'd have given a month rather than come down to the dreary thought of his being a knave, and Tintefleck a cheat! In fact, I felt that if I were to begin any new project in life with so black an experience, that every step I took would be marked with distrust, and tarnished with suspicion. I therefore pretended to Crofton that I had given rendezvous to a friend at Lindau, and could not leave without waiting for him. I am not very sure that he believed me, but he was most careful in not dropping a word that might show incredulity; and once more we addressed ourselves to the grand project before us.

"Come in, Mary!" cried he, suddenly rising from his chair, and going to meet her. "Come in, and help us by your good counsel."

It was not possible to receive me with more kindness than she showed. Had I been some old friend who came to meet them there by appointment, her manner could not have been more courteous nor more easy; and when she learned from her brother how warmly I had associated myself in this plan, she gave me one of her pleasantest smiles, and said:

"I was not mistaken in you."

With a great map of Europe before us on the table, we proceeded to plan a future line of operations. We agreed to take certain places, each of us, and to meet at certain others, to compare notes and report progress. We scarcely permitted ourselves to feel any great confidence of success, but we all concurred in the notion that some lucky hazard might do for us more than all our best-devised schemes could accomplish; and, at last, it was settled that, while they took Southern Germany and the Tyrol, I should ramble about through Savoy and Upper Italy, and our meeting-place be in Italy. The great railway centres, where Englishmen of every class and gradation were much employed, offered the best prospect of meeting with the object of our search, and these were precisely the sort of places such a man would be certain to resort to.

Our discussion lasted so long, that the Croftons put off their journey till the following day, and we dined all together very happily,

never wearied of talking over the plan before us, and each speculating as to what share of acuteness he could contribute to the common stock of investigation. It was when Crofton left the room to search for the portrait of Whalley, that Mary sat down at my side, and said:

"I have been thinking for some time over a project in which you can aid me greatly. My brother tells me that you are known to Miss Herbert. Now, I want to write to her; I want to tell her that there is one who, belonging to a family from which hers has suffered heavily, desires to expiate so far, maybe, the great wrong, and, if she will permit it, to be her friend. While I can in a letter explain what I feel on this score, I am well aware how much aid it would afford me to have the personal corroboration of one who could say, 'She who writes this is not altogether unworthy of your affection; do not reject the offer she makes you, or, at least, reflect and think over it before you refuse it.' Will you help me so far?"

My heart bounded with delight as I first listened to her plan; it was only a moment before, that I remembered how difficult, if not impossible, it would be for me to approach Miss Herbert once more. How or in what character could I seek her? To appear before her in any feigned part would be, under the circumstances, ignoble and unworthy, and yet, was I, out of any merely personal consideration, any regard for the poor creature Potts, to forego the interests, mayhap the whole happiness, of one so immeasurably better and worthier? Would not any amount of shame and exposure to myself be a cheap price for even a small quantity of benefit bestowed on *her*? What signified it that I was poor and ragged—unknown, unrecognised—if *she* were to be the gainer? Would not, in fact, the very sacrifice of self in the affair be ennobling and elevating to me, and would I not stand better in my own esteem for this one honest act, than I had ever done after any mock success or imaginary victory?

"I think I can guess why you hesitate," cried she; "you fear that I will say something indiscreet—something that would compromise you with Miss Herbert—but you need not dread that; and, at all events, you shall read my letter."

"Far from it," said I; "my hesitation had a very different source. I was solely thinking whether, if you were aware of how I stood in my relations to Miss Herbert, you would have selected me as your advocate; and though it may pain me to make a full confession, you shall hear everything."

With this I told her all—all, from my first hour of meeting her at the railway station, to my last parting with her at Schaffhausen. I tried to make my narrative as grave and commonplace as might be, but, do what I would, the figure in which I was forced to present myself overcame all her attempts at seriousness, and she laughed immoderately. If it had not been for this burst of merriment on her part, it is more than probable I might have brought down my history to the very moment of telling, and

narrated every detail of my journey with Vaterchen and Tintefleck. I was, however, warned by these circumstances, and concluded in time to save myself from this new ridicule.

"From all that you have told me here," said she, "I only see one thing—which is, that you are deeply in love with this young lady."

"No," said I; "I was so once, I am not so any longer. My passion has fallen into the chronic stage, and I feel myself her friend—only her friend."

"Well, for the purpose I have in mind, this is all the better. I want you, as I said, to place my letter in her hands, and so far as possible, enforce its arguments—that is, try and persuade her that to reject our offers on her behalf is to throw upon us a share of the great wrong our uncle worked, and make us, as it were, participators in the evil he did them. As for myself," said she, boldly, "all the happiness that I might have derived from ample means is dashed with remembering what misery it has been attended with to that poor family. If you urge that one theme forcibly, you can scarcely fail with her."

"And what are your intentions with regard to her?" asked I.

"They will take any shape she pleases. My brother would either enable her to return home, and, by persuading her mother to accept an annuity, live happily under her own roof; or she might—if the idea of independence fires her—she might yet use her influence over her mother and sister to regard our proposals more favourably; or she might come and live with us, and this I would prefer to all; but you must read my letter, and more than once, too. You must possess yourself of all its details, and, if there be anything to which you object, there will be time enough still to change it."

"Here he is—here is the portrait of our lost sheep," said Crofton, now entering with a miniature in his hand. It represented a bluff, bold, almost insolently bold man in full civic robes, the face not improbably catching an additional expression of vulgar pride from the fact that the likeness was taken in that culminating hour of greatness when he first took the chair as chief magistrate of his town.

"Not an over-pleasant sort of fellow to deal with, I should say," remarked Crofton. "There are some stern lines here about the corners of the eyes, and certain very suspicious-looking indentations next the mouth."

"His eye has no forgiveness in it," said his sister.

"Well, one thing is clear enough, he ought to be easily recognised; that broad forehead, and those wide-spread nostrils and deeply divided chin, are very striking marks to guide one.—I cannot give you this," said Crofton to me, "but I'll take care to send you an accurate copy of it at the first favourable moment; meanwhile, make yourself master of its details, and try if you cannot carry the resemblance in your memory."

"Disabuse yourself, too," said she, laughing,

"of all this accessorial grandeur, and bear in mind that you'll not find him dressed in ermine, or surrounded with a collar and badge. Not very like his daughter, I'm sure," whispered she in my ear, as I continued to gaze steadfastly at the portrait. "Can you trace any likeness?"

"Not the very faintest; she is beautiful," said I, "and her whole expression is gentleness and delicacy."

"Well, certainly," said Crofton, shutting up the miniature, "these are not the distinguishing traits of our friend here, whom I should call a hard-natured, stern, obstinate fellow, with great self-reliance, and no great trust of others."

"I was just thinking," said I, "that were I to come up with such a man as this, what chance would my poor, frail, yielding temperament have in influencing the rugged granite of his nature? He'd terrify me at once."

"Not when your object was a good and generous one," said Miss Crofton. "You might well enough be afraid to confront such a man as this if your aim was to overreach and deceive him; but bear in mind the fable of the man who had the courage to take the thorn out of the lion's paw. The operation, we are told, was a painful one, and there might have been an instant in which the patient felt disposed to eat his doctor; but, with all these perils, strong in a good purpose, the surgeon persevered, and by his skill and his courage made the king of the beasts his fast friend for life. The lesson is worth remembering."

I was still pondering over this apophthegm, when Crofton aroused me by pushing across the table a great heap of gold. "This is all yours, Potts," said he; "and remember, that as you are now my agent, travelling for the house of Crofton and Co., that you journey at *my* cost."

Of course I would not listen to this proposal, and although urged by Miss Crofton with all a woman's tact and delicacy, I persisted so firmly in my refusal, that they were obliged to yield. I now had a hundred pounds all my own, and though the sum be not a very splendid one, I remember some French writer—I'm not sure it is not Jules Janin—saying, "Any man who can put his hand into his pocket and find five Napoleons there, is rich;" and he certainly supports his theory with considerable sophistry and cleverness, mainly depending on the assumption, that any of the reasonable daily necessities of life, even in a luxurious point of view, are attainable with such means. Now, although a hundred pounds would not very long supply resources for such a life, yet, as I am not a Frenchman, nor living in Paris, still less had I habits or tastes of a costly kind, I might very well eke out three months pleasantly on this sum, and in these three months what might not happen? In a "hundred days," the great Napoleon crushed the whole might of the Austrian empire, and secured an emperor's daughter for his bride; and in another "hundred days"

he made the tour of France, from Cannes to Rochefort, and lost an empire by the way! Wonderful things might then be compassed within three months.

"What are you saying about three months, Potts?" asked Crofton, for unwittingly I had uttered these words aloud.

"I was observing," said I, "that in three months from this day, we should arrange to meet somewhere. Where shall we say?"

"Geneva is very central; shall we name Geneva?"

"Oh, on no account. Let our rendezvous be in Italy. Let us say Rome."

"Rome be it, then," cried Crofton. "Now for another point: let us have a wager as to who first discovers the object of our search. I'll bet you twenty Napoleons, Potts, to ten—for, as we are two to one, so should the wager be."

"I take you," cried I, entering into his humour, "and I feel as certain of success as if I had your money in my hand."

"Will you have another wager with *me*?" whispered Mary Crofton, as she came behind my chair. "It is, that you'll not persuade Miss Herbert to wear this ring for *my* sake."

"I'll bet my life on it," said I, taking the opal ring she drew from her finger, as she spoke; "I'm in that mood of confidence now, I feel there is nothing I could not promise."

"If so then, Potts, let me have the benefit of this fortunate interval, and ask you to promise me one thing, which is, not to change your mind more than twice a day; don't be angry with me, but hear me out. You are a good-hearted fellow, and have excellent intentions; I don't think I know one less really selfish, but at the same time you are so fickle of purpose, so undecided in action, that I'd not be the least astonished to hear, when we asked for you to-morrow at breakfast-time, that you had started for a tour in Norway, or on a voyage to the Southern Pacific."

"And is this your judgment of me also, Miss Crofton?" said I, rising from my seat.

"Oh, no, Mr. Potts. I would only suspect you of going off into the Tyrol, or the Styrian Alps, and forgetting all about us, amidst the glaciers and the cataracts."

"I wish you a good night, and a better opinion of your humble servant," said I, bowing.

"Don't go, Potts—wait a minute—come back. I have something to tell you."

I closed the door behind me, and hastened off, not, however, perfectly clear whether I was the injured man, or one who had just achieved a great outrage.

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THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

London: 26, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.;
and CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 93.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH my head full of George Barnwell, I was at first disposed to believe that I must have had some hand in the attack upon my sister, or at all events that as her near relation, popularly known to be under obligations to her, I was a more legitimate object of suspicion than any one else. But when, in the clearer light of next morning, I began to reconsider the matter and to hear it discussed around me on all sides, I took another view of the case, which was more reasonable.

Joe had been at the Three Jolly Bargemen, smoking his pipe, from a quarter after eight o'clock to a quarter before ten. While he was there, my sister had been seen standing at the kitchen door, and had exchanged Good Night with a farm-labourer going home. The man could not be more particular as to the time at which he saw her (he got into dense confusion when he tried to be), than that it must have been before nine. When Joe went home at five minutes before ten, he found her struck down on the floor, and promptly called in assistance. The fire had not then burnt unusually low, nor was the snuff of the candle very long; the candle, however, had been blown out.

Nothing had been taken away from any part of the house. Neither, beyond the blowing out of the candle—which stood on a table between the door and my sister, and was behind her when she stood facing the fire and was struck—was there any disarrangement of the kitchen, excepting such as she herself had made in falling and bleeding. But, there was one remarkable piece of evidence on the spot. She had been struck with something blunt and heavy on the head and spine; after the blows were dealt, something heavy had been thrown down at her with considerable violence as she lay on her face. And on the ground beside her, when Joe picked her up, was a convict's leg-iron which had been filed asunder.

Now, Joe, examining this iron with a smith's eye, declared it to have been filed asunder some time ago. The hue and cry going off to the Hulks, and people coming thence to examine the iron, Joe's opinion was corroborated. They did not undertake to say when it had left the prison-

ships to which it undoubtedly had once belonged; but they claimed to know for certain that that particular manacle had not been worn by either of two convicts who had escaped last night. Further, one of those two was already retaken, and had not freed himself of his iron.

Knowing what I knew, I set up an inference of my own here. I believed the iron to be my convict's iron—the iron I had seen and heard him filing at, on the marshes—but my mind did not accuse him of having put it to its latest use. For, I believed one of two other persons to have become possessed of it, and to have turned it to this cruel account. Either Orlick, or the strange man who had shown me the file.

Now, as to Orlick; he had gone to town exactly as he told us when we picked him up at the turnpike, he had been seen about town all the evening, he had been in divers companies in several public-houses, and he had come back with myself and Mr. Wopsle. There was nothing against him, save the quarrel; and my sister had quarrelled with him, and with everybody else about her, ten thousand times. As to the strange man; if he had come back for his two bank notes there could have been no dispute about them, because my sister was fully prepared to restore them. Besides, there had been no altercation; the assailant had come in so silently and suddenly that she had been felled before she could look round.

It was horrible to think that I had provided the weapon, however undesignedly, but I could hardly think otherwise. I suffered unspeakable trouble while I considered and reconsidered whether I should at last dissolve that spell of my childhood, and tell Joe all the story. For months afterwards, I every day settled the question finally in the negative, and reopened and reargued it next morning. The contention came, after all, to this;—the secret was such an old one now, had so grown into me and become a part of myself, that I could not tear it away. In addition to the dread that, having led up to so much mischief, it would be now more likely than ever to alienate Joe from me if he believed it, I had the further restraining dread that he would not believe it, but would assort it with the fabulous dogs and veal outlets as a monstrous invention. However, I temporised with myself, of course—for, was I not wavering between right and wrong, when the thing is always done!—and resolved to make a full disclosure if I should see any such

new occasion as a new chance of helping in the discovery of the assailant.

The Constables, and the Bow-street men from London—for, this happened in the days of the extinct red waistcoated police—were about the house for a week or two, and did pretty much what I have heard and read of like authorities doing in other such cases. They took up several obviously wrong people, and they ran their heads very hard against wrong ideas, and persisted in trying to fit the circumstances to the ideas, instead of trying to extract ideas from the circumstances. Also, they stood about the door of the Jolly Bargemen, with knowing and reserved looks that filled the whole neighbourhood with admiration; and they had a mysterious manner of taking their drink, that was almost as good as taking the culprit. But not quite, for they never did it.

Long after these constitutional powers had dispersed, my sister lay very ill in bed. Her sight was disturbed, so that she saw objects multiplied, and grasped at visionary teacups and wine-glasses instead of the realities; her hearing was greatly impaired; her memory also; and her speech was unintelligible. When, at last, she came round so far as to be helped down stairs, it was still necessary to keep my slate always by her, that she might indicate in writing what she could not indicate in speech. As she was (very bad handwriting apart) a more than indifferent speller, and as Joe was a more than indifferent reader, extraordinary complications arose between them, which I was always called in to solve. The administration of mutton instead of medicine, the substitution of Tea for Joe, and the baker for bacon, were among the mildest of my own mistakes.

However, her temper was greatly improved, and she was patient. A tremulous uncertainty of the action of all her limbs soon became a part of her regular state, and afterwards, at intervals of two or three months, she would often put her hands to her head and would then remain for about a week at a time in some gloomy aberration of mind. We were at a loss to find a suitable attendant for her, until a circumstance happened conveniently to relieve us. Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt conquered a confirmed habit of living into which she had fallen, and Biddy became a part of our establishment.

It may have been about a month after my sister's reappearance in the kitchen, when Biddy came to us with a small speckled box containing the whole of her worldly effects, and became a blessing to the household. Above all, she was a blessing to Joe, for the dear old fellow was sadly cut up by the constant contemplation of the wreck of his wife, and had been accustomed, while attending on her of an evening, to turn to me every now and then and say, with his blue eyes moistened, "Such a fine figure of a woman as she once were, Pip!" Biddy instantly taking the cleverest charge of her as though she had studied her from infancy, Joe became able in some sort to appreciate the greater quiet of his life, and to get down to the Jolly Bargemen

now and then for a change that did him good. It was characteristic of the police people that they had all more or less suspected poor Joe (though he never knew it), and that they had to a man concurred in regarding him as one of the deepest spirits they had ever encountered.

Biddy's first triumph in her new office, was to solve a difficulty that had completely vanquished me. I had tried hard at it, but had made nothing of it. Thus it was:

Again and again and again, my sister had traced upon the slate a character that looked like a curious T, and then with the utmost eagerness had called our attention to it as something she particularly wanted. I had in vain tried everything producible that began with a T, from tar to toast and tub. At length it had come into my head that the sign looked like a hammer, and on my lustily calling that word in my sister's ear, she had begun to hammer on the table and had expressed a qualified assent. Thereupon, I had brought in all our hammers, one after another, but without avail. Then I bethought me of a crutch, the shape being much the same, and I borrowed one in the village, and displayed it to my sister with considerable confidence. But she shook her head to that extent when she was shown it, that we were terrified lest in her weak and shattered state she should dislocate her neck.

When my sister found that Biddy was very quick to understand her, this mysterious sign reappeared on the slate. Biddy looked thoughtfully at it, heard my explanation, looked thoughtfully at my sister, looked thoughtfully at Joe (who was always represented on the slate by his initial letter), and ran into the forge, followed by Joe and me.

"Why, of course!" cried Biddy, with an exultant face. "Don't you see? It's *him*!"

Orlick, without a doubt! She had lost his name, and could only signify him by his hammer. We told him why we wanted him to come into the kitchen, and he slowly laid down his hammer, wiped his brow with his arm, took another wipe at it with his apron, and came slouching out, with a curious loose vagabond bend in the knees that strongly distinguished him.

I confess that I expected to see my sister denounce him, and that I was disappointed by the different result. She manifested the greatest anxiety to be on good terms with him, was evidently much pleased by his being at length produced, and motioned that she would have him given something to drink. She watched his countenance as if she were particularly wishful to be assured that he took kindly to his reception, she showed every possible desire to conciliate him, and there was an air of humble propitiation in all she did, such as I have seen pervade the bearing of a child towards a hard master. After that day, a day rarely passed without her drawing the hammer on her slate, and without Orlick's slouching in and standing doggedly before her, as if he knew no more than I did what to make of it.

CHAPTER XVII.

I NOW fell into a regular routine of apprenticeship-life, which was varied, beyond the limits of the village and the marshes, by no more remarkable circumstance than the arrival of my birthday and my paying another visit to Miss Havisham. I found Miss Sarah Pocket still on duty at the gate, I found Miss Havisham just as I had left her, and she spoke of Estella in the very same way, if not in the very same words. The interview lasted but a few minutes, and she gave me a guinea when I was going, and told me to come again on my next birthday. I may mention at once that this became an annual custom. I tried to decline taking the guinea on the first occasion, but with no better effect than causing her to ask me very angrily, if I expected more? Then, and after that, I took it.

So unchanging was the dull old house, the yellow light in the darkened room, the faded spectre in the chair by the dressing-table glass, that I felt as if the stopping of the clocks had stopped Time in that mysterious place, and, while I and everything else, outside it grew older, it stood still. Daylight never entered the house as to my thoughts and remembrances of it, any more than as to the actual fact. It bewildered me, and under its influence I continued at heart to hate my trade and to be ashamed of home.

Imperceptibly I became conscious of a change in Biddy, however. Her shoes came up at the heel, her hair grew bright and neat, her hands were always clean. She was not beautiful—she was common, and could not be like Estella—but she was pleasant and wholesome and sweet-tempered. She had not been with us more than a year (I remember her being newly out of mourning at the time it struck me), when I observed to myself one evening that she had curiously thoughtful and attentive eyes; eyes that were very pretty and very good.

It came of my lifting up my own eyes from a task I was poring at—writing some passages from a book, to improve myself in two ways at once by a sort of stratagem—and seeing Biddy observant of what I was about. I laid down my pen, and Biddy stopped in her needle-work without laying it down.

"Biddy," said I, "how do you manage it? Either I am very stupid, or you are very clever."

"What is it that I manage? I don't know," returned Biddy, smiling.

She managed our whole domestic life, and wonderfully too; but I did not mean that, though that made what I did mean more surprising.

"How do you manage, Biddy," said I, "to learn everything that I learn, and always to keep up with me?" I was beginning to be rather vain of my knowledge, for I spent my birthday guineas on it, and set aside the greater part of my pocket-money for similar investment; though I have no doubt, now, that the little I knew was extremely dear at the price.

"I might as well ask you," said Biddy, "how you manage?"

"No; because when I come in from the forge of a night, any one can see me turning to at it. But you never turn to at it, Biddy."

"I suppose I must catch it—like a cough," said Biddy, quietly; and went on with her sewing.

Pursuing my idea as I leaned back in my wooden chair and looked at Biddy sewing away with her head on one side, I began to think her rather an extraordinary girl. For, I called to mind now, that she was equally accomplished in the terms of our trade and the names of our different sorts of work, and our various tools. In short, whatever I knew, Biddy knew. Theoretically, she was already as good a blacksmith as I, or better.

"You are one of those, Biddy," said I, "who make the most of every chance. You never had a chance before you came here, and see how improved you are!"

Biddy looked at me for an instant, and went on with her sewing. "I was your first teacher though; wasn't I?" said she, as she sewed.

"Biddy!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, you are crying!"

"No I am not," said Biddy, looking up and laughing. "What put that in your head?"

What could have put it in my head, but the glistening of a tear as it dropped on her work? I sat silent, recalling what a drudge she had been until Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt successfully overcame that bad habit of living, so highly desirable to be got rid of by some people. I recalled the hopeless circumstances by which she had been surrounded in the miserable little shop and the miserable little noisy evening school, with that miserable old bundle of incompetence always to be dragged and shouldered. I reflected that even in those untoward times there must have been latent in Biddy what was now developing, for, in my first uneasiness and discontent I had turned to her for help, as a matter of course. Biddy sat quietly sewing, shedding no more tears, and while I looked at her and thought about it all, it occurred to me that perhaps I had not been sufficiently grateful to Biddy. I might have been too reserved, and should have patronised her more (though I did not use that precise word in my meditations), with my confidence.

"Yes, Biddy," I observed, when I had done turning it over, "you were my first teacher, and that at a time when we little thought of ever being together like this, in this kitchen."

"Ah, poor thing!" replied Biddy. It was like her self-forgetfulness, to transfer the remark to my sister, and to get up and be busy about her, making her more comfortable; "that's sadly true!"

"Well!" said I, "we must talk together a little more, as we used to do. And I must consult you a little more, as I used to do. Let us have a quiet walk on the marshes next Sunday, Biddy, and a long chat."

My sister was never left alone now; but Joe

more than readily undertook the care of her on that Sunday afternoon, and Biddy and I went out together. It was summer time and lovely weather. When we had passed the village and the church and the churchyard, and were out on the marshes and began to see the sails of the ships as they sailed on, I began to combine Miss Havisham and Estella with the prospect, in my usual way. When we came to the river-side and sat down on the bank, with the water rippling at our feet, making it all more quiet than it would have been without that sound, I resolved that it was a good time and place for the admission of Biddy into my inner confidence.

"Biddy," said I, after binding her to secrecy, "I want to be a gentleman."

"Oh, I wouldn't, if I was you!" she returned. "I don't think it would answer."

"Biddy," said I, with some severity, "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

"You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?"

"Biddy," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either, since I was bound. Don't be absurd."

"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable."

"Well then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or anything but miserable—there, Biddy!—unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now."

"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

Now, I too had so often thought it a pity, that, in the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half inclined to shed tears of vexation and distress when Biddy gave utterance to her sentiment and my own. I told her she was right, and I knew it was much to be regretted, but still it was not to be helped.

"If I could have settled down," I said to Biddy, plucking up the short grass within reach, much as I had once upon a time pulled my feelings out of my hair and kicked them into the brewery wall: "if I could have settled down and been but half as fond of the forge as I was when I was little, I know it would have been much better for me. You and I and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and Joe and I would perhaps have gone partners when I was out of my time, and I might even have grown up to keep company with you, and we might have sat on this very bank on a fine Sunday, quite different people. I should have been good enough for you; shouldn't I, Biddy?"

Biddy sighed as she looked at the ships sailing on, and returned for answer, "Yes; I am not over particular." It scarcely sounded flattering, but I knew she meant well.

"Instead of that," said I, plucking up more grass and chewing a blade or two, "see how I am going on. Dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, and—what would it signify to me, being coarse and common, if nobody had told me so!"

Biddy turned her face suddenly towards mine, and looked far more attentively at me than she had looked at the sailing ships.

"It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say," she remarked, directing her eyes to the ships again. "Who said it?"

I was disconcerted, for I had broken away without quite seeing where I was going. It was not to be shuffled off now, however, and I answered, "The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and she's more beautiful than anybody ever was, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account." Having made this lunatic confession, I began to throw my torn-up grass into the river, as if I had some thoughts of following it.

"Do you want to be a gentleman, to spite her or to gain her over?" Biddy quietly asked me, after a pause.

"I don't know," I moodily answered.

"Because, if it is to spite her," Biddy pursued, "I should think—but you know best—that might be better and more independently done by caring nothing for her words. And if it is to gain her over, I should think—but you know best—she was not worth gaining over."

Exactly what I myself had thought, many times. Exactly what was perfectly manifest to me at the moment. But how could I, a poor dazed village lad, avoid that wonderful inconsistency into which the best and wisest of men fall every day?

"It may be all quite true," said I to Biddy, "but I admire her dreadfully."

In short, I turned over on my face when I came to that, and got a good grasp on the hair on each side of my head, and wrenched it well. All the while knowing the madness of my heart to be so very mad and misplaced, that I was quite conscious it would have served my face right, if I had lifted it up by my hair, and knocked it against the pebbles as a punishment for belonging to such an idiot.

Biddy was the wisest of girls, and she tried to reason no more with me. She put her hand, which was a comfortable hand though roughened by work, upon my hands, one after another, and gently took them out of my hair. Then she softly patted my shoulder in a soothing way, while with my face upon my sleeve I cried a little—exactly as I had done in the brewery yard—and felt vaguely convinced that I was very much ill used by somebody, or by everybody; I can't say which.

"I am glad of one thing," said Biddy, "and that is, that you have felt you could give me your confidence, Pip. And I am glad of another thing, and that is, that of course you know you may depend upon my keeping it and always so far deserving it. If your first teacher (dear! such a poor one, and so much in need of being taught herself!) had been your teacher at

the present time, she thinks she knows what lesson she would set. But it would be a hard one to learn, and you have got beyond her, and it's of no use now." So, with a quiet sigh for me, Biddy rose from the bank, and said, with a fresh and pleasant change of voice, "Shall we walk a little further, or go home?"

"Biddy," I cried, getting up, putting my arm round her neck, and giving her a kiss, "I shall always tell you everything."

"Till you're a gentleman," said Biddy.

"You know I never shall be, so that's always. Not that I have any occasion to tell you anything, for you know everything I know—as I told you at home the other night."

"Ah!" said Biddy, quite in a whisper, as she looked away at the ships. And then repeated, with her former pleasant change; "shall we walk a little further, or go home?"

I said to Biddy we would walk a little further, and we did so, and the summer afternoon toned down into the summer evening, and it was very beautiful. I began to consider whether I was not more naturally and wholesomely situated, after all, in these circumstances, than playing beggar my neighbour by candlelight in the room with the stopped clocks, and being despised by Estella. I thought it would be very good for me if I could get her out of my head, with all the rest of those remembrances and fancies, and could go to work determined to relish what I had to do, and stick to it, and make the best of it. I asked myself the question whether I did not surely know that if Estella were beside me at that moment instead of Biddy, she would make me miserable? I was obliged to admit that I did know it for a certainty, and I said to myself, "Pip, what a fool you are!"

We talked a good deal as we walked, and all that Biddy said seemed right. Biddy was never insulting, or capricious, or Biddy to-day and somebody else to-morrow; she would have derived only pain, and no pleasure, from giving me pain; she would far rather have wounded her own breast than mine. How could it be then, that I did not like her much the better of the two?

"Biddy," said I, when we were walking homeward, "I wish you could put me right."

"I wish I could!" said Biddy.

"If I could only get myself to fall in love with you—you don't mind my speaking so openly to such an old acquaintance?"

"Oh dear, not at all!" said Biddy. "Don't mind me."

"If I could only get myself to do it, *that* would be the thing for me."

"But you never will, you see," said Biddy.

It did not appear quite so unlikely to me that evening, as it would have done if we had discussed it a few hours before. I therefore observed I was not quite sure of that. But Biddy said she *was*, and she said it decisively. In my heart I believed her to be right; and yet I took it rather ill, too, that she should be so positive on the point.

When we came near the churchyard, we had

to cross an embankment, and get over a stile near a sluice-gate. There started up, from the gate, or from the rushes, or from the ooze (which was quite in his stagnant way), old Orlick.

"Halloa!" he growled, "where are you two going?"

Where should we be going, but home? "Well then," said he, "I'm jiggered if I don't see you home!"

This penalty of being jiggered was a favourite supposititious case of his. He attached no definite meaning to the word that I am aware of, but used it, like his own pretended christian name, to affront mankind, and convey an idea of something savagely damaging. When I was younger, I had had a general belief that if he had jiggered me personally, he would have done it with a sharp and twisted hook.

Biddy was much against his going with us, and said to me in a whisper, "Don't let him come; I don't like him." As I did not like him either, I took the liberty of saying that we thanked him but we didn't want seeing home. He received that piece of information with a yell of laughter, and dropped back, but came slouching after us at a little distance.

Curious to know whether Biddy suspected him of having had a hand in that murderous attack of which my sister had never been able to give any account, I asked her why she did not like him?

"Oh!" she replied, glancing over her shoulder as he slouched after us, "because I—I am afraid he likes me."

"Did he ever tell you he liked you?" I asked, indignantly.

"No," said Biddy, glancing over her shoulder again, "he never told me so; but he dances at me, whenever he can catch my eye."

However novel and peculiar this testimony of attachment, I did not doubt the accuracy of the interpretation. I was very hot indeed upon old Orlick's daring to admire her; as hot as if it were an outrage on myself.

"But it makes no difference to you, you know," said Biddy, calmly.

"No, Biddy, it makes no difference to me; only I don't like it; I don't approve of it."

"Nor I neither," said Biddy. "Though *that* makes no difference to you."

"Exactly," said I; "but I must tell you I should have no opinion of you, Biddy, if he danced at you with your own consent."

I kept an eye on Orlick after that night, and, whenever circumstances were favourable to his dancing at Biddy, got before him, to obscure that demonstration. He had struck root in Joe's establishment, by reason of my sister's sudden fancy for him, or I should have tried to get him dismissed. He quite understood and reciprocated my good intentions, as I had reason to know thereafter.

And now, because my mind was not confused enough before, I complicated its confusion fifty thousand-fold, by having states and seasons when I was clear that Biddy was immeasurably

better than Estella, and that the plain honest working life to which I was born, had nothing in it to be ashamed of, but offered me sufficient means of self-respect and happiness. At those times, I would decide conclusively that my disaffection to dear old Joe and the forge was gone, and that I was growing up in a fair way to be partners with Joe and to keep company with Biddy—when all in a moment some confounding remembrance of the Havisham days would fall upon me, like a destructive missile, and scatter my wits again. Scattered wits take a long time picking up; and often, before I had got them well together, they would be dispersed in all directions by one stray thought, that perhaps after all Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune when my time was out.

If my time had run out, it would have left me still at the height of my perplexities, I dare say. It never did run out, however, but was brought to a premature end, as I proceed to relate.

IN PRAISE OF BEARS.

"WHY do your dogs bark so? Be there bears i' the town?" asks simple Slender of sweet Anne Page; and the damsel, with a sly glance, replies, "I think they are, sir; I heard them talked of." Upon which, Master Shallow's shallower cousin dilates on the sport of bear-baiting, and, when he thinks he has sufficiently terrified his fair listener by the boastful avowal of having taken Sackerson by the chain, he apologises for woman's fear by saying that bears are "very ill-favoured rough things," and that her sex, indeed, "cannot abide 'em." Master Slender's statement is not altogether true. Rough they are—there is no doubt of it; ill-favoured—well, that is a matter of opinion, for there are many uglier creatures that ladies admire; and as for being held by womankind in such extreme aversion, it will be shown, by-and-by, that, at all events, the rule has its exceptions.

We will first exhibit our Bear in a state of nature; and, although we shall have many things to record of him which seem to indicate an in-born ferocity, it will nevertheless be found that if he gets fair play—that is, plenty to eat, and is let alone—your Bear is not a bit worse than any other irritable gentleman of your acquaintance. Keep an alderman on bread-and-water for a week, and then prog him frequently with a pointed stick; depend upon it, the word "Bear" will be but a mild epithet by which to characterise him. All the authorities agree in declaring that nearly the whole of the *Ursidæ*—in fact, the Grizzly Bear ("*Ursus ferox*," and, therefore, well named) is the only exception—refrain from attacking man, or even the lower animals, unless impelled to do so by excess of hunger, to show fight when provoked being quite another thing. "The Brown Bear," says the Rev. Mr. Wood, "is not so formidable a foe to cattle and flocks as might be supposed from the

strength, courage, and voracity of the animal, as it has been often known to live for years in the near vicinity of farms without making any inroads upon the live stock. Fortunately for the farmers and cattle owners of Northern Europe, the Brown Bear is chiefly indebted for his food to roots and vegetable substances, or the sheds and folds would soon be depopulated. As a general fact, the Bear does not trouble itself to pursue the cattle, and in many cases owes its taste for blood to the absurd conduct of the cattle, which are apt to bellow and charge at the Bear as soon as it makes its appearance." (Who amongst ourselves submits to be bellowed at, except a candidate on the hustings? Who likes to be charged—or over-charged?) "The Bear is then provoked to retaliation, and in so doing, learns a taste for blood, which never afterwards deserts it." So that, you see, it is not naturally the inclination of the Bear to eat even beef, much less to behave like a cannibal; whereas, we mankind hunt up and devour everything that is edible, without the slightest provocation on the part of the food, and Bears themselves are included amongst our articles of diet; witness the following, one of many statements of the same kind illustrative of the fact: "The flesh of the Bear is held in high esteem among the colonists and native hunters, and when properly prepared is considered a great delicacy by the denizens of civilised localities. The hams, when cured after the approved recipe, are greatly esteemed by epicures. The Brown Bear of Europe is also famed for the excellent quality of the meat which it furnishes." To show the voracity of man, as a set-off against that of the Bear, no time nor season avails with the former to keep him from bear's flesh, if he be so minded. Hearne, in his *Journey to the Northern Ocean* (1769-1772), says that the flesh of the brown bear is "abominable" during the period when fruit is scarce, and they are obliged to feed on insects; yet, even though it taste like carrion, men are found to relish it. Hearne, who evidently spoke from personal experience, immediately adds, that "in the middle of July, when the fruit is ripe, they are excellent eating." And in another place he remarks of the Polar Bear, who, at the worst, is only a fish-eater, having no choice but to be one, that their flesh "is not unpleasant eating, and the young cubs in the spring are rather delicate than otherwise." Of the Black Bear, too, we learn from another northern traveller, that "the liver is said to be a peculiar luxury when dressed on skewers, kibob fashion, with alternate slices of fat." Bear's liver, however, though it may rival in flavour the liver of Strasburg geese, cannot always be eaten with impunity. One of the old Arctic voyagers relates: "Having killed a Beare we drest her liver and ate it, which in the taste liked us well, but it made us all sicke, specially three that were exceedingly sicke, and we verily thought we should have lost them, for all their skins came off, from the foot to the head, but yet they recovered againe." Bears, then, in

the matter of carnivorous indulgence, are quite as much sinned against as sinning.

On the other hand, what Bears prefer to make their meals upon, before their tastes are vitiated, is of a truly hermit-like character. Here is the beau-ideal of a Bear's banquet, as described by Mr. Lloyd, of Scandinavian fame: "The Bear feeds on roots, and the leaves and small limbs of the aspen, mountain-ash, and other trees; he is also fond of succulent plants such as angelica and mountain thistle. To berries he is likewise very partial, and during the autumn months, when they are ripe, he devours vast quantities of cranberries, blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, cloudberry, and other berries common to the Scandinavian forests." All this is innocent enough: we have seen schoolboys suck angelica when candied, and young ladies eat "vast quantities" of raspberries and strawberries, and never thought of accusing them of excess. What follows, however, is perhaps a little out of the way, but then, consider the temptation! "Ripe corn he also eats, and sometimes commits no small havoc amongst it, for seating himself, as it is said, on his haunches in a field of it, he collects with his outstretched arms nearly a sheaf of it at a time, the ears of which he then devours." The Bear thus spoken of is the Brown Bear of Northern Europe; but all the other members of his family—always excepting the Grizzly sort—are equally vegetarians. The Musquaw, or Black Bear of North America, will restrict himself to a vegetable diet unless pressed by hunger. A very pardonable exception is made by him in favour of the little snails which come up to feed on the sweet prairie grass, delicious eating, no doubt; as pleasant as the fawn-coloured snail, that is gathered in such quantities in the Limousin, and eaten with so much zest by the Parisians! The Syrian Bear delights in the chick-pea; the Sun-Bear of Thibet goes in for mangoes; the Bruang of Malay, also a Sun-Bear, finds nothing so delectable as the tender shoots of the cocoa-nut trees; the Bornean Bruang prefers the ripe fruit itself, and is able to account for, or give a good account of, the milk in the cocoa-nut, of which he is extremely fond; and so on of the rest, none of them taking to animal food unless fruit or vegetables be not procurable. But of all the good things the gods have provided, that in which the Bear most delights, to him the most toothsome dainty in existence, is honey. There is nothing a Bear will not do to get at honey. What jam is to children, honey is to bears. Given a tree all but inaccessible, in which the bees have deposited their saccharine store, and up climbs the bear in search of the thing he loves. "Few trees," says Mr. Wood, "afford so unstable a footing, that the Black Bear will not surmount them in order to reach a nest of wild bees, and there are few obstacles which his ready claws and teeth will not remove in order to enable him to reach the subjacent dainty. Even if the honey and comb be deeply concealed in the hollow of a tree, and the entrances by which the

bees find ingress and egress to and from their habitation be too small for the insertion of a paw, the Bear will set steadily to work with his teeth, and deliberately gnaw his way through the solid wood until he has made a breach sufficiently wide to improve his purpose. When once he has succeeded in bringing the comb to light, he scrapes them together with his fore paws and devours comb, honey, and young, without troubling himself about the stings of the surviving bees." Pliny asserts that Bears have a motive for eating honey, besides the actual pleasure it affords: "Subject they are many times to dimness of sight, for which cause especially they seek after honeycombs, that the bees might settle upon them, and with their stings make them bleed about the head, and by that means discharge them of the heaviness which troubleth their eyes." But the Bear, however pertinacious, does not always succeed in his quest after honey. Barthélemy de Glanvil, who compiled a work on natural history in the fourteenth century, called "*La Propriété des Bestes*," in which he followed, but not always closely, Aristotle and Pliny, gives the following amusing account of the way the Bear hunters of olden time used to bag their game. It illustrates two points in the Bear's character: his fondness for honey and his proneness to anger when he thinks himself injured. "The Bears," says Glanvil, "climb up trees where bees have deposited their honey, in deserts or other places which they frequent, where they know that honey will be found and where the bees abide. And when the Bear scents the honey he makes a hole in the tree with his claws and gets out the honey and eats it; and, when the hunter finds that the Bear is in the habit of coming there, he plants a number of strong sharp stakes, with the points uppermost, at the foot of the tree, and fixes a heavy mallet in the hole, attached by a cord from above, so that it rises and falls and strikes the Bear heavy blows on the head, hurting him to great anger. In his eagerness and ire the Bear redoubles his efforts to get at the honey, and, the more he tries, the oftener he is struck on the head. This strange warfare continues between the mallet and the Bear, till the beast becomes weary and dizzy, for his head is but weak. Through this dizziness he falls from the tree and drops upon the pointed stakes which transfix and kill him. And this is the manner of taking Bears." To be weak in the head is a recognised failing of the Ursine race. In Tom Cribb's "Memorial to Congress," where the Emperor of Russia figures in the fistic duel with the Prince Regent of England, as "Long Sandy the Bear," the poet says:

Georgy tried for his customer's head,

The part 'bout Long Sandy that's softest 'tis said.

The earliest authority on this point is Pliny, who tells us that "Beares of all others have the tenderest skull."

The preceding account may be said to exhibit the mild, the sweet side of the Bear's disposition, before he is subjected by man,

and taught those accomplishments which make him, without contradiction, a most entertaining member of society. To be strictly just, however, we must present the Bear in his roughest mood; and nowhere do we find him "coming it so strong" as in the accounts which are given of him by the early Arctic navigators, who, by the way, like all sailors, have a great propensity to give him the designation, if not the propensities, of the fair sex. Some of the most graphic of these are related in the Navigation of William Barents, made in anno 1595, behind Norway, Muscovia, and Tartaria, the writer of which was Gerat de Veer. "The sixt of September, some of our men went on shoare upon the firm land to seeke for stones, which are a kind of diamond, whereof there are many also in States Iland; and while they were seeking the stones, two of our men lying together in one place, a great leane white Beare came suddenly stealing out, and caught one of them suddenly faste by the necke, who, not knowing what it was that tooke him by the necke, cryed out and sayd, 'Who is that that pulls me so by the necke?' Wherwith the other that lay not farre from him lifted up his head to see who it was, and perceiving it to be a monstrous Beare, cryed out and sayd, 'Oh, mate! it is a Beare!' and therewith presently rose up and ranne away. The Beare, at the first falling upon the man, bit his head in sunder, and suckt out his blood, wherwith the rest of the men that were on the land, being about twentie in number, ranne presently thither, either to recover the man or else to drive the Beare from the dead body; and having charged their Pieces and bent their Pikes, set upon her, that was still devouring the man, but perceiving them to come towards her, fiercely and cruelly ranne at them, and got another of them out from the Companie, which she tore in pieces, wherwith all the rest ranne away. We perceiving out of our Ship and Pinasse, that our men ranne to the Sea-side to save themselves, with all speed entered into our Boates, and rowed as fast as we could to the shoare to relieve our men. Where being on Land, we beheld the cruell spectacle of our two dead men, that had bene so cruelly killed and torn to pieces by the Beare, we seeing that, encouraged our men to goe backe againe with us, and with Pieces, Curtelasses, and Halfe-pikes, to set upon the Beare, but they would not all agree therunto: some of them saying, our men are already dead, and we shall get the Beare well enough though we expose not ourselves into so open danger; if wee might save our fellows lives, then would wee make haste, but now we need not make such speed, but take her at an advantage, with most securitie for ourselves, for we have to doe with a cruell, fierce, and ravenous Beast. Wherupon three of our men went forward, the Beare still devouring her prey, not even fearing the number of our men, and yet they were thirtie at the least. The three that went forward in that sort, were Cornelius Jackson, Master of William Barents' ship, William Gysen, Pilot of the Pinasse, and

Hans van Ruffer, William Barents' purser; and after that the sayd Master and Pilot had shot three times and mist, the Purser stepping somewhat further forward, and seeing the Beare to be within length of a shot, presently levelled his Piece, and discharging it at the Beare, shot her into the head betwene both the eyes, and yet she held the man still fast by the necke, and lifted up her head with the man in her mouth, but she began somewhat to stagger, wherwith the Purser and a Scottish-man drew out their Curtelasses, and strooke at her so hard that their Curtelasses burst, and yet she would not leave the man; at last William Geysen went to them, and with all his might strooke the Beare upon the snout with his Piece, at which time the Beare fell to the ground, making a great noyse, and William Geysen leaping upon her cut her throat. The seventh of September we buried the dead bodies of our men in the State Iland, and having flayed the Beare, conveyed the skinn to Amsterdam."

In a chapter on the auxiliary verbs, Tristram Shandy asks: "If I should see a white bear, what should I say?" What Barents' sailors did, when they saw a white bear, on their voyage northward, to the kingdoms of Cathaia and China, in the year 1596, when in latitude 74° 30' N., was as follows: "The twelfth of June, in the morning, we saw a white Beare, which we rowed after with our Boate, thinking to cast a rope about her necke; but when we were neare her she was so great that we durst not doe it, but rowed back again to our Ship, to fetch more men and our Armes, and so made to her again with Muskets, Harquebusses, Halberts, and Hatchets, Johne Cornelison's men comming also with their Boate to helpe us; and so being well furnished of men and weapons, we rowed with both our Boates unto the Beare, and fought with her while foure Glasses were runne out, for our weapons could doe her little hurt; and amongst the rest of the blowes that we gave her, one of our men strooke her into the backe with an Axe, which stuck fast in her backe, and yet she swamme away with it, but we rowed after her, and at last we cut her head in sunder with an Axe, wherwith she dyed; and then we brought her into John Cornelison's ship, where we flayed her, and found her skin to be twelve foot long; which done, we ate some of her flesh; but we brookt it not well. This Iland we called the Beare-iland." In a still higher latitude (79° 30') they killed a second she bear, thirteen feet long. In another place, a party of eight men (they always had numbers in their favour) came suddenly upon two Bears, when they were without weapons, "wherupon the Beares rose up upon their hinder feet to see us (for they can smell further than they can see); and for that they smelt us, therefore they rose upright and came towards us, wherwith we were not a little abashed, in such sort that we had little lust to laugh, and in all haste went to our Boates again, still looking behind us, to see if they followed us." The adventures of these jolly tars,

who knew how to cut and run when it was necessary, abound in serimmages with the Ursidæ of the frozen regions. Here is another yarn: While waiting, frozen up, in Nova Zembla, on the fifteenth of September, "as one of our men held watch, we saw three Beares, whereof the one lay still behind a piece of ice, the other two came close to the ship; which wee perceiving, made our pieces ready to shoot at them, at which time there stood a Tub full of Beefe upon the ice, which lay in the water to be seasoned, for that close by the ship there was no water. One of the Beares went into it, and put his head in to take out a piece of the Beefe, but she fared therewith as the Dog did with the Pudding, for as she was snatching at the Beefe, she was shot into the head, wherewith she fell down dead and never stirred; the other Beare stood still, and looked upon her fellow, and when she had stood a good while she smelt her fellow, and perceiving that she was dead she ranne away, but wee tooke Halberts and other Armes with us, and followed her, and at last she came again towards us, and we prepared ourselves to withstand her, wherewith she rose up upon her hinder feet, thinking to rampe at us, but while she reared herself up, one of our men shot her into the bellie, and with that she fell upon her fore feet againe, and roaring as loud as she could, ranne away" (having had a bellyful). "Then we tooke the dead Beare and ript her bellie open; and taking out her guts, we set her upon her fore feet, that so she might freeze as she stood, intending to carry her with us into Holland, if wee might get our ship loose." They passed the whole winter fighting with the Bears. The last of these conflicts which we shall cite is the following: "The sixt (April, 1595), it was still foule weather, with a stiff North-west wind; that night there came a Beare to our house, and wee did the best we could to shoot at her, but because it was moist weather and the cocke foisty, our Piece would not give fire, wherewith the Beare came boldly toward the house, and came downe the stairs close to the doore, seeking to breake into the house, but our Master held the doore fast to, and being in great haste and feare, could not barre it with the piece of wood that he used thereunto; but the Beare seeing that the doore was shut, shee went backe againe, and within two houres after shee came againe, and went round about and upon the top of the house, and made such a roaring that it was fearefull to heare, and at last got to the chimney, and made such worke there that we thought she would have broken it downe, and tore the sayle that was made fast about it in many pieces, with a great and fearefull noise, and but that it was night we made no resistance against her, because we could not see her. At last she went away and left us."

In all these instances, save the first—and perhaps the fact of a She-Bear putting her arm round a man's neck may be considered a playful demonstration—who were the aggressors? Not the Bears, but the men. "With a few rare exceptions," observes Mr. Wood, "the

Bears are singularly harmless animals when understood. When, however, they do make an attack, or are provoked to rigorous self-defence, they are, as has been seen, very dangerous customers." "The paws of the Bears," says the same authority, and you may fancy what potency there is in paws eighteen inches long, and five out of the eighteen devoted entirely to claws—we are speaking of the Grizzly Bear, the most formidable of any—"the paws of the Bears are armed with long and sharp talons, which are not capable of retraction, but which are most efficient weapons of offence when urged by the powerful muscles which give force to the Bear's limbs. Should the adversary contrive to elude the quick and heavy blows of the paw, the Bear endeavours to seize the foe round the body, and by dint of sheer pressure to overcome its enemy." Bruin exhibits, moreover, all the skill of a prize-fighter. "In guarding itself from the blows that are aimed at it by its adversary, the Bear is singularly adroit, warding off the fiercest strokes with a dexterity that might be envied by many a pretender to the pugilistic art." He also knows how to "punish," or "mill" his adversary: "With fearful ingenuity, the Bear, when engaged with a human foe, directs its attack upon the head of its antagonist, and if one of its powerful strokes should take effect, has been known to strike the entire scalp from the head at a single blow. Mr. Lloyd, who had the great misfortune to be struck down by a Bear, and the singular good fortune to escape from its fangs, says that when he was lying on the ground" (not a fair stand-up fight, however), "at the mercy of the angry beast, the animal, after biting him upon the arms and legs, deliberately settled itself upon his head, and began to scarify it in the most business-like manner, leaving wounds of eight and nine inches in length." It follows from all these stories that the rule to be observed by a traveller in Ursine regions is neither to assault nor insult a Bear, who, if treated like a gentleman, will behave as such. As to assaulting him, it is not every one who gets off so easily as the old lady of whom Mr. Atkinson, in his valuable work on Siberia, relates the following anecdote: It appears that she had lost her donkey, and, "after a long and fatiguing search, came at last on the missing animal. Being very much irritated with the truant for his misconduct, she fell to scolding and beating him with the handle of a broom which she happened to be carrying. Her vituperation and castigation were, however, suddenly checked by the discovery that the animal she was beating so unceremoniously was not her donkey, but a great Brown Bear. The astonishment of the two seems to have been mutual, for the Bear was evidently as much confused by the unwarrantable assault as was the woman by the sight of the animal she was belabouring; so that after looking at each other for a few moments, the Bear turned tail and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him." This mistake reminds us of one, of the gentleman who made a long stage-coach journey by night with

only another companion, a fellow wrapped up in a thick great-coat, who refused to answer a single question that was put to him, and otherwise conducted himself in a very surly, unsocial manner: daylight revealed to him that the misanthrope was a Bear! The creature, however, except by its silence, had given its fellow-traveller no offence, and this brings us to the question of the temper and disposition of the Bear, reclaimed from the condition "when wild in woods the hairy savage ran."

Of the docility of the Bear, there are a thousand instances on record; indeed, one has only to go to any country fair, to see him made the showman's plaything—like Samson, he is brought out to make sport for the Philistines. Nature has enabled the huge Plantigrade to stand upright, and Art has been called in to improve upon Nature. Your well-taught Bear can shuffle you a saraband, or whirl you a waltz with as clumsy a grace as any of the rustics who grin and gaze at him. As a member of the corps de ballet, he may hold up his head, or his leg, anywhere; as a singer, I fear he would prove a failure. Yet the family voice is not without flexibility, and M. Agassiz has so far assimilated the cries of animals to human tongues, as to affirm that it would be easy to derive the growling of different species of Bears one from the other, in the same way and by the same process, that linguists resort to demonstrate the relation which exists between Greek and Sanscrit. Careful and earnest teaching might, therefore, improve the growl of the Bear till it equalled double-bass; indeed, we have heard some bassi whose lower notes might easily have been mistaken for the untutored utterance of a Bear. But Bruin's docility is more agreeably exemplified in the facility with which he adapts himself to the circumstances of domestic life. Lord Byron's Bear was not a bad specimen of what may be achieved by a classical education, and it is said that this Bear's manners contrasted, not unfavourably, with those of the Dons of Trinity. Tiglath Pileser, familiarly called "Tig," was a Bear of whom the University of Oxford was justly proud: he wore a regulation cap and gown, became them as well, and conducted himself with as much propriety as most undergraduates. Tig never "sportèd the oak" to keep out clamorous creditors; nor is it on record that he gave wine-parties or got drunk. To drink wine is, however, a feat which the Bear can accomplish; for Sir Stamford Raffles, when in Ceylon, had one, a Malayan Bruang, who addicted himself to champagne, and would taste no other fermented liquor—wherein he displayed much judgment. Mr. Lloyd, the Norwegian traveller, owned a brace of Brown Bears, which he had tamed when young, and as they grew up they became the most gamesome and, as it were, larkish of animals; if he closed the door against their importunity, for they were never easy out of his company, they would make a forcible entry by the window. How gentle the Bear can behave, is shown in a story told of a

Siberian Brown Bear, by Mr. Atkinson: "Two children," he says, "of four and six years of age, had wandered away from their home, and were a little time after missed by their parents, who set out in search of them. To their horror and astonishment they found their children engaged in play with a large Bear, which responded to their infantine advances in a most affectionate manner. One of the children was feeding its shaggy playfellow with fruit, while the other had mounted on its back, and was seated on its strange steed strong in the fearlessness of childish ignorance. The parents gave a terrified scream on seeing the danger to which their offspring were exposed, and the Bear, on seeing their approach, quietly turned away and went into the forest." The negroes in the West Indies say of the monkeys that they are too cunning to talk, knowing that if they did they would inevitably be set to work. Bears, with all their cultivation, are not so shrewd, or they would not have submitted without growling to the tasks imposed upon them by the Indians on Lake Champlain, who—the period is A.D. 1611—"have tame Beares, which they teach to carry them upon trees for want of ladders." This statement is made on the authority of M. de Monts, who undertook a voyage and journey of exploration with the object of piercing through North America by the river of Canada, "which the savages call Kebec," to be able to reach one day to China.

From these few instances, adduced almost at random, it has been shown that the Bear is capable of developing as many good qualities as are generally to be met with in society. Without absolutely acceding to the doctrine, which is variously held, that animals have souls, but leaving it an open question for philosophy—when wise enough—to determine, we quite agree with M. Quatrefages, of the French Academy of Sciences, in thinking that they express "something" ("quelque chose") which is "fundamentally characteristic." We understand by this definition a capacity for feeling and for expressing feeling in a way that assimilates more or less nearly to reasoning, according to the animal's natural endowments, many of them possessing far higher qualities than others. That Goethe entertained this idea, or chose to entertain it, is apparent from the zest he has shown in describing a Bear in love, and his description is so amusing, that we cannot do better than give, in English prose, the substance of the great German poet's characteristic verse. The title of his poem is Lili's Park. Lili, a beautiful young girl, the mistress of a Zoological Garden, filled with the rarest creatures. Who the narrator is appears in the course of the narrative, which runs thus: "There is no menagerie in the world so variously stocked as that of my Lili! She has in it the most wonderful animals, and how she gets them in she herself does not know! Oh, how they leap, and scurry, and tramp, flapping away with their clipt wings, the poor Princes" (transformed, of course) "all together, in a never-extinguished love-torment!

What is the name of this fairy? Lili? Don't ask about her: if you know her not, thank God for it! What a bustle, what a cackle, when she comes to the door, and holds the food-basket in her hand! What a squeaking, what a quacking! Every beast, every tree seems to be alive! Thus do whole troops rush to her feet, even the fish in the basins splash impatiently, with their heads out of the water! And then she scatters the bread about, with a look to ravish the gods, much more beasts! Then begins such a picking, such a gobbling, such a pecking. They tumble over each other's necks; they shove, they squeeze, they tug at; they drive, they frighten, they bite each other! And all this for a bit of bread which, dry as it is, tastes out of her beautiful hands as if it had been steeped in ambrosia! But the look, too—the tone; when she calls 'Pipi! Pipi!' would draw down the eagle from Jupiter's throne, allure the doves of Venus, nay, even Juno's peacock. I swear they would all of them come if they heard that voice from ever so far. For thus" (here begins the real interest of the whole story) "she had enticed hither, out of the night of the woods, a Bear, unlicked and untutored, and brought him under her rule into the midst of the tame company, and made him as tame as the rest—to a certain point, you understand. How beautiful, and, ah, how kind she seemed to be!" (Here unwittingly the Bear reveals himself.) "I would have given my blood only to water her flowers! 'I,' say you; 'How? who?' Well, then, good sirs, to be plain with you, I am the Bear! caught in a net, bound with a silken cord at her feet. But how it all came to pass I will tell you another time, because to-day I am much too furious. For, ah, I stand thus in a corner, and hear the noise from afar, see all the fluttering and flapping, turn myself round and growl, and run backwards a bit, and look round me—and growl; and run again a bit and—at last—I return." (The original of this passage is too good to be lost: "Kehr' ich mich um, und brumm'. Und renne rückwärts eine Strecke, und seh' mich um. Und brumm'. Und laufe wieder eine Strecke, und kehr' doch endlich wieder um.") "Then all at once rage stirs within me, a fierce spirit starts from out my nose, my inward nature storms. 'What, thou be a fool, a coward hare, a Pipi, a little nut-cracking squirrel! I stake my shaggy neck to serve unused. Every little upstart tree mocks at me! I flee from the green sward, from the pretty smooth-shaven grass. The box-tree turns up its nose at me as I pass. I fly away to the darkest thicket—I break through the hedge—I leap over the pales! A spell lies like lead upon me, and forbids me to scramble and spring. A spell drives me back again. I wear myself out, and when quite tired I lie down by the artificial cascade, and champ, and weep, and toss myself half dead; and, ah, my anguish is heard by porcelain Oreades alone! All at once—ah, what a blissful feeling rushes through all my limbs!—'tis she who sings there in her bower. I hear the dear, dear voice again. The whole air is

warm, is full of bloom. Ah, she sings then, indeed, that I may hear her! I rush forwards trample down all the bushes. The shrubs, the trees bend before me—and there at her feet lies the beast! She looks at him: 'A monster! yet so droll. For a bear too gentle—for a poodle too wild! So shaggy, clumsy, cumbersome!' She strokes his back with her little foot: he thinks himself in Paradise. How all his seven senses reel! And she looks down, quite carelessly. I kiss her shoe—I gnaw the sole of it as gently at ever a Bear can. Softly I raise myself and throw myself, by stealth, lightly on her knee. On a favourable day she suffers it, and scratches me under the ear, and pats me with petulant, heavy slap. I purr, new born in ecstasy." ("Ich knur', in Wonne neu geboren.") "Then cries she, in sweet, triumphant mockery: 'Allons, tout doux, et la menotte! Et faites serviteur, comme un joli seigneur!' Thus she continues with jest and laughter, and the oft-deluded fool hopes on. But should he grow importunate, she holds him in, tight as before. She has, too, a little flask of balsam-fire, equalled by no honey on earth, with which she sometimes—softened by his love and truth—puts a little drop with the tip of her finger on the parching lips of her monster, and then runs away, and leaves me to myself. And I, then, though loosed, am spell-bound, I follow ever after her—seek her—shudder—flee again. Thus does she let the poor disturbed one go—is heedless of his pleasures or his pains. Nay, many a time she leaves the door half open, and looks sweetly askance at me, as if to ask if I will not escape. And I! Ye gods, it is in your hands to end this tantalising witchery! How should I thank you if you would give me freedom! Yet send me down no help; not quite in vain do I thus stretch my limbs. I feel it, I swear it, I have yet strength left!"

Having shown our Bear in love, we leave him in that blissful condition.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

DECEMBER hung her glittering roof
Of frosty sunshine o'er the earth,
The streamers danced across the night
Like angels in a troop of mirth.

I stood in the deserted street,
A child that never saw a flower,
Till looking upward, God unveiled
The face of beauty in that hour.

Around, the city, dark and dumb,
Above, the gleaming mystery,
I stood like one who views afar
The flashing of an awful sea.
Like the bright fingers of a god,
That sweep creation's mystic bars,
They seemed on night's weird harp to wake
The song of all the eternal stars.

Their shaking glory filled my trance,
With eyes turned upward, wonder-wide
Till every wave of pulsing joy,
Rose towering in a swell of pride.
I blessed the night, I blessed the stars,
I blessed the chance that bound me there,
But chief, the floods of streaming light,
Like young Aurora's golden hair.

And still their shifting glow shall warm
 The winters of my life again,
 Their phantom banners wave sublime
 Across the night's star-flowery plain.
 They filled my heart with wild delight,
 And back my yearning soul aspire
 To Nature's altar crowned with song,
 And bright with beauty's golden fire.

HARD FROSTS.

Was there ever such a frost? people have said this winter. Probably some of us really experienced lower temperatures this last Christmas than any of our forefathers ever felt in England. The great historical frosts, the days when oxen were roasted on the Thames, were not days so remarkable for the intensity of the cold as for its long duration.

It is remarkable, also, that the memorably hard winters have followed very commonly on wet summers. It was so in the first great frost of which there is any record. That was in the days of King Stephen, in the year eleven hundred and fifty, when, after a wet summer, so great a frost ensued on the ninth of December, that horses and vehicles crossed the Thames upon the ice as safely as if water were earth. That frost held till March—almost a quarter of a year.

About three hundred years later, or in fourteen 'thirty-four, there was a great frost, which began on the twenty-fourth of November and continued till the tenth of February. This also followed on a wet summer, which had fearfully raised the price of corn. Goods and provisions had to be unshipped at the mouth of the river, and brought up by land into the City.

"In fifteen hundred and sixty-five," says Holinshed, "the one-and-twentieth day of December began a frost which continued so extremely, that, on New Year's even, people went over and amongst the Thames on the ice from London-bridge to Westminster. Some played at football so boldly as if it had been on the dry land. Divers of the coast shot daily at pricks set upon the Thames, and the people, both men and women, went on the Thames in greater numbers than in any street of the City of London. On the thirty-first day of January at night it began to thaw, and, five days after, was no ice to be seen between London-bridge and Lambeth, which sudden thaw caused great floods and high waters that bare down bridges and houses and drowned many people in England, especially in Yorkshire."

In sixteen 'eighty-three the Thames was again hard frozen, so that a great street ran from the Temple to Southwark. The street was lined with shops, and hackney-coaches plied in it. This frost began early in December and lasted till the seventh of February, and the pools were covered with ice eighteen inches thick. The frost fair on the Thames lasted a fortnight. There is an engraving of it in the King's Collection of the British Museum, showing the surface of the Thames peopled with gallants and

ladies in the picturesque costume of the day, show booths, boats upon wheels, a whirligig, football players, men walking on stilts, "the booth with the Phoenix on it, insured so long as the foundation stands," a circus in which a bull is baited, a fox that is being hunted, cocks being thrown at, palings within which an ox is being roasted whole. From Temple-stairs there is a street of booths called Temple-street crossing the river. There, say some of the doggerel lines under the print, were

Arts of all sorts, excelling Frankfort marts.

The genteel haberdasher there displayed
 His curiosities for courted maid.

And who would not be proud to show her trimming,
 Bought where the swans and boats erewhile were
 swimming?

There, brides new married, kettles, pans, and dishes,
 May buy upon the mansion of the fishes.

Another print of this fair, shows King Charles the Second and his court descending Temple-stairs to go upon the ice. These prints, compared with those of similar scenes in seventeen 'sixty-three and in eighteen 'fourteen, show (if the artist may be trusted, which is doubtful) that the surface of the ice on the river was unusually smooth. On the ninth of January, sixteen 'eighty-four, Evelyn mentions that he walked across the ice from Westminster-stairs to Lambeth Palace, and dined with the archbishop. An account of the frost and the breaking up of it, given in the Gentleman's Magazine, says of the sixth of February (Old Style, seventeenth according to our reckoning): "This day the frost broke. In the morning I saw a coach and six horses driven from Whitehall almost to the (London) Bridge; yet by three that day, next to Southwark the ice was gone so as boats did row to and fro, and the day after all the frost was gone." The ox-roasting at this fair was on Candlemas-day, and the king and queen came to eat some of the hot beef.

Of the great frost of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, Doctor Derham gives a particular account, from which it appears that the lowest temperature was equal to a degree and a half of Fahrenheit. During this frost, although several persons crossed the Thames at some distance above the bridge, it was only at low water: for then the great flakes of ice that came down stopped one another at the bridge, and when the flood came the ice broke and was carried with the current up the river. We learn also that although this frost was in the south of England very rigorous, it was not felt in the north. "None of our rivers or lakes are frozen over," wrote the Bishop of Carlisle. From Edinburgh the intelligence was, "We have not had much frost to speak of, and it has not lasted long." But it made itself memorable on the Continent by its severity.

In January, seventeen hundred and sixteen, the Thames was frozen over for some miles, and there were booths and streets erected. The cold never seems to have been more intense than eleven degrees of Fahrenheit. Its power lay in its long continuance. In seventeen hundred

and thirty—thirty-one, the frost was excessive; and again, nine years after that, there was a long hard frost, never colder than ten degrees at the lowest, but enduring for nine weeks, so that again there were booths on the Thames. The transactions of the Royal Society also record that in the winter of seventeen 'fifty-three—four, there was a day of remarkable fluctuation. The thermometer within twenty-four hours rose forty or fifty degrees, the cold coming as it were by fits in an unusual manner. The lowest degree that winter was fifteen. In seventeen hundred and sixty-two—three, the hard frost set in on Christmas-day, and lasted till the twenty-ninth of January. The Thames at London would bear carriages. Ten and a half was the lowest degree of temperature reached that winter. In Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland, the winter was unusually mild, but it was very sharp indeed in the north-east of Europe. In January, seventeen 'sixty-seven, the thermometer at Norwich fell to seven degrees. The Rhine that year was frozen at Coblenz for nearly four weeks following the twenty-first of December. In the winter following, Professor Wilson, at Glasgow, observed the thermometer to be at two degrees below zero, and another person, on another day that year, found it to be one below zero at Derby.

The next of the famous frosty winters was that of seventeen 'eighty-eight—nine, when the lowest degree of cold was thirteen, but the frost lasted long enough to set up a fair on the Thames. Without mention of place, or of observer's name, it is said in Rees's Cyclopædia, that in January, seventeen hundred and ninety-five, the thermometer fell to six below zero, the only note of a degree of cold comparable to that felt in some parts of England on last Christmas morning. The thermometer fell to eleven degrees in December, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, after which the great year of frost, and frost fair upon the Thames, was eighteen hundred and fourteen. Of this winter of eighteen hundred and fourteen, records abound. The Gentleman's Magazine reports that, in the west of England, snow fell on the nights of the tenth and eleventh of January to such an extent, that it lay twelve feet deep in the middle of the road a few miles out of Exeter, and was almost as deep in Wales. It was as bad under the hills in parts of Kent, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth of January; the road from the Three Squirrels, in Stockburn valley, to the top of Debbling hill, was wholly impassable, the snow being in some places sixteen feet deep. On the seventeenth, upwards of one hundred bags of letters had not arrived at the General Post-office; the roads were stopped in all directions.

There was fog, too, in those days. "On Monday, the third of January (1814)," says the Gentleman's Magazine, "the density of the atmosphere during the day, and the heavy fog at night during the whole of last week, in London and many miles round, has been remarkable." Coaches were overturned, and many other accidents happened. "There has been no instance of such a

fog as last week pervaded the metropolis, extending many miles round, since the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, when this country was visited by a fog which had not been equalled for a century before, lasting eight days. On Saturday afternoon, between two and four, the obscurity was greater than it had been during the day-time since the commencement. Yesterday, however, the fog disappeared in consequence of a change of wind." Just before this fog set in, cabinet business of great importance had been transacted, and the prime minister was lucky enough to find his way to the Continent. But the Prince Regent, on his way to Hatfield, on a visit to the Marquis of Salisbury, was lost for several hours. One of his outriders fell into a ditch, and notwithstanding the time spent, the progress was no further than Kentish Town, from which place the Prince, with great difficulty, was got back to Carlton House. Mr. Croker, secretary to the Admiralty, struggled to find his house in the western suburb, but was obliged to put back. During the great frost the fog seems to have been prevalent; for, on the twenty-ninth, it is stated that the Birmingham mail was seven hours in going from the Post-office to Uxbridge, a distance of about twenty miles. The short stages had two persons with links running by the horses' heads. But though the foot-passengers also carried links, the hackney-coaches got upon the pavement, and confusion was great in the streets. On the fourteenth of February there was a tempestuous storm of snow, and it is said that a great number of fish called "golden maids" were picked up at Brighton and sold at a good price. They floated to shore blind, and they were blinded, men said, by the snowstorm. On the twentieth of January, in consequence of the great accumulation of snow in London and the necessity of throwing it from roofs, the carriage-ways in the middle of the streets were scarcely passable, and the streams constantly flowing from the open plugs added to the frozen heap. In another day or two, and for some time afterwards, the ice on the Serpentine supported mountains of snow which sweepers had collected there. At this time, vast masses of floating ice were on the Thames, and these being generally heaped with snow, formed sometimes great bergs, cracking and grinding against each other with a loud noise. Sometimes those icebergs rose one over another covered with foam, and were violently impelled by the wind and water, with wild crashing, through the arches of the bridge. The chief rivers of England were frozen over, and, on the fourteenth January, the snow in Dublin lay to a greater depth than had been known for half a century. In the narrow streets, after the pathways had been in some measure cleared, the snow was more than six feet in depth. In various parts of Ireland vast numbers of persons died of cold and hunger. The coldest days were the ninth, thirteenth, and fifteenth of January; on the ninth, the thermometer fell to its lowest point, of three degrees. There were five days in that January

upon which the thermometer was at some point between three and ten. On Sunday, the thirtieth of January, the immense masses of ice that floated from the upper parts of the river, in consequence of the thaw of the two preceding days, blocked up the Thames between Blackfriars and London bridges, and offered every probability of its being frozen over in a day or two. On Monday, the thirty-first, the expectation was realised, and during the whole of the afternoon the bridges were thronged with people watching adventurous passengers crossing the Thames on the ice. The frost of Sunday night so united the vast masses as to render them immovable by the tide. On Tuesday, the first of February, the river had a solid surface from Blackfriars-bridge to some distance below Three Cranes Stairs, at the bottom of Queen-street, Cheapside. The watermen thrown out of work drove a new trade, for they placed notices at the end of all the streets leading to the city side of the river, announcing, "A Safe Footway Over." This attracted immense crowds, but none went down or came up without paying threepence or sixpence to the watermen, who held all the approaches. On the rugged plain, amusements were provided. Small sheep were roasted on the ice. For a sight of the cookery, sixpence was asked, and for a slice of the meat when done—it was called Lapland mutton—the charge was again sixpence. There were booths ornamented with flags and signs, and within them, gin, beer, gingerbread, and so forth. The thoroughfare opposite Three Cranes Stairs was complete and well frequented. Strewn with ashes, it was a safe though rugged roadway.

In other places several accidents occurred. A plumber, venturing to cross with some lead in his hands, sank between two masses of ice and was drowned.

On Wednesday, February the second, the sports were continued; the Grand Mall, or walk, now extended from Blackfriars-bridge to London-bridge. This was called, also, the City-road, and was thronged with people. Eight or ten printing-presses were at work, striking off commemorative effusions for the lovers of this sort of verse:

Behold the mighty Thames is frozen o'er,
Which lately ships of mighty burden bore;
Now different arts and pastimes here you see,
But printing claims the superiority.

Lines like these were sold as fast as they were printed, because they were printed on the Thames.

On Thursday, the number of visitors to the fair increased. There were swings, booths, bookstalls, dancing in a barge, playing at skittles. The ice seemed to be a solid rock. The appearance of London-bridge and parts of the shore was most picturesque. In many places mountains of ice upheaved had the aspect of a stone quarry. On Friday the crowd still increased. Some of the watermen who kept the approaches made six pounds that day, and many

persons remained on the ice to see the fair by moonlight. On Saturday, there was a slight fall of snow, and the wind veered to the south. This did not diminish the number of the visitors. On Sunday, at two o'clock in the morning, a thaw had set in, and the tide began to flow with great rapidity at London-bridge. At this time a curious accident occurred. A publican, who had a booth on the Thames opposite Brook's Wharf, went home at nine at night, the booth being left in charge of two men. Suddenly it was violently hurried towards Blackfriars-bridge. There were then nine men in it, but in their alarm they let the candles set fire to the covering, and were between fire and water till they got into a lighter which had broken from its moorings. In this they were wrecked, for it was dashed to pieces on one of the piers of the bridge. Seven of the men then got on to the pier and were rescued; the other two escaped to a barge which runs off Puddle Dock.

On Monday, the seventh of February, the ice between Blackfriars-bridge and London-bridge having partly given way the day before, the whole mass gave way, and swept with a tremendous violence through the arches of Blackfriars-bridge, wrecking about forty barges. The whole river was cleared in a very short time, and from that time to this, the Thames has borne no more frost fairs.

The sharpest winter, until now, that we have had since eighteen 'fourteen was that of eighteen 'thirty-seven—eight, in which Murphy, an almanack-maker, became famous by his lucky guess at a cold January day. In that year there was a long continued frost, and a sheep roasted on the Thames at Hammersmith. But "Murphy's coldest day," the coldest of 'thirty-eight, was sixteen degrees warmer than the Christmas-eve and Christmas-day last past, when faultless mercurial thermometers, in the hands of an astronomer, registered at one time thirteen degrees below zero, or forty-seven below freezing! Four degrees (or eight-and-twenty below freezing point) was then in many parts of England the average temperature for the whole four-and-twenty Christmas hours.

A SCENE IN THE COTTON COUNTRY.

I AM starting from Memphis, and going for four or five days down that mighty flood the Mississippi, first to Bâton Rouge, and then on to New Orleans.

I have just come on board the *Peytoona*, a first-class racing steamer, and having dismissed the black man who brought down my black portmanteau with the red diamonds, am now "a free nigger" myself, ready for anything, from an explosion downwards. The *Peytoona* derives its harmoniously liquid name from a celebrated racehorse, on which many a cotton plantation has been staked, and in whose honour many a revolver has been revolved, to the increase of lawyers' fees and the lessening of what political economists call "available population." The bronze effigy

of the nimble-footed Peytoona, "full fetisly ywrought," as Chaucer obscurely remarks in his admirable poem entitled *Passim*, stands on a high bracket, above the many-coloured bottles in the steam-boat bar-room, first door on the right as you enter the great saloon. I am, to tell the whole truth, rather glad to get away from Memphis; which is a dirty dangerous unfinished sort of place, swarming with rats and rowdies, not to mention the vulgar "drummers," as the touting bagsmen of the northern houses of commerce are generally called in America. The hotel is large and scrambling, and the diners are confused by jostling crowds of lazy slovenly slave waiters, who run about and butt each other, and knock down piles of plates and pyramids of glasses in *feux de joie* and periodical grand crashes.

Now, as I look back at the town from the steam-boat deck, the steep earth cliffs are lurid with bonfires, for there is an election meeting to-night, and they are burning tar-barrels on the Mississippi shore, in honour of Douglas "the little Giant." Through smoky red sheets of flame I see some little dark figures; they are the Douglas adherents tending the beacons that fire the dim twilight and scare the coveys of stars. Lower down there are blacks—for night turns us all to negroes—running about with long poles; at the end of which are real mediæval cressets—iron baskets full of blazing pine-knots. There are men, too, dragging down cotton bales, part of the Peytoona's lading; and every now and then they seem to blow my head off with splitting salutes, for, at election meetings all through America they use cannon.

Boom-bang—bang-boom! they go, as if a giant were knocking in a nail in some room of his sky parlour that was out of repair, or as if, after clamping it on the other side, he had slammed his outer door and shut himself in for the night. America, however, is not the only country where, in politics particularly, noise is supposed to be a proof of earnestness, talent, and patriotism; so I let the guns go on, and bless them, though they do give me a headache.

I have come down from the town, because there is a dreadful procession there of men ringing cow-bells and shouting for "Bell and Everett!" And now this horrible cannonading! But never mind; the Americans are an excitable people, especially the Southerners, and, after all, the world was not made for my special person's use.

The remarkable feature of a steam-boat about to start, whether on river or sea, is, that it is impossible to get anywhere where one is not in the way. I believe positively, that if I were to go now and stand on my head on the main truck, in five minutes some Cæsar or Pompey would ask me to move and let him put down the "generalman's box." Wheeled trucks full of brown horse-hide chests banded with black, such as Americans affect, pour in, and block up every passage in the boat, down from the burning fiery furnace up to the place where the cotton bales wall us in.

As I am going to spend a considerable seg-

ment of my life on board this boat, the Peytoona, I proceed to overhaul it and examine its points of danger and safety; for, although my business in this chapter is more especially "the Cotton Country," I must briefly describe my floating castle, which is no more like an English steam-boat than a London penny steamer is like Noah's ark, the Warrior, or the Great Eastern.

Our racing boat is a huge floating three-tier card-house; or rather, one of those little pagodas of diaphanous barley-sugar that crown the centre table at a public dinner. The top story, the pinnacle of this Tower of Babel, is the little square glass-house in which our pilot struggles with the wheel. In anxious moments, when the good boat is entangled in a net of sand-bars, he looks to my mind like a madman struggling with a wheel of Fortune.

Below him, on the second floor, is a sort of flat roofed crystal palace, where the captain and all the officers have their berths, and where, when off watch, they read dime novels, smoke, and do et cætera. On this level—which is sheeted with thin lead, for fear of sparks—are rows of arm-chairs, where one can sit and shoot pelicans and alligators, muse, read, or sleep. The deck here is made very thin for lightness, and it vibrates as you walk round the two tall funnels that rise through it. Below this springy and alarming deck comes the floor on which the glass doors of the grand saloon open. Here, under a pent-house formed by the upper deck, are also chairs, intermingled with luggage, where men also smoke, et cætera, read, and sleep; looking out upon the mighty and monotonous river.

Below this stage is the ground floor, where the negro sailors and steerage passengers are, and where the furnaces blaze and glow. All over this deck, unprotected by any tarpaulin from the furnaces or fire-sprinkling pine-knots, are huge piles of square fluffy cotton bales, bound round with iron bands. Below this barathrum, I suppose, is more stowage room; but lower I did not, in this vessel, venture.

As for the saloon—to return to that focus of the vessel—it is a splendid affair, with a drawing-room at one end for the ladies, innumerable chandeliers multiplying themselves in mirrors, and resplendent panelling, white and gold. There are sofas and ottomans and a piano, with room for cards, conversation, business, flirting, and dancing. On either side of this long hall open the doors of our neat and spacious berths. By the entrance of the saloon, on either side, are the bar-room and purser's office; outside, is the barber's, where the negroes congregate to practise the banjo—for we have nightly very creditable concerts on board, and nearly all negroes are musical. Here sometimes, when I stroll in, I find the grey-bearded negro barber asleep in his chair, with his professional comb stuck in his own crisp locks. Somewhere here, too, is kept, I believe, the sacred gong which announces our frequent and luxurious meals.

I am singularly comfortable, for my cabin is airy, and has windows opening on the outer

balcony, not far from where the black waiters laugh, joke, and clean the dishes; and I have an agreeable berth companion, Mr. Elias Madison, a slim young schoolmaster, who has left Buffalo, and is going to try his fortune at Bâton Rouge, where Zachary Taylor, the old general, used to live.

Elias is a pleasant-looking fellow, but a little of the pedant. He is very emaciated just now with a recent attack of the "bone fever," that has been scourging the South. He takes white powders—I believe quinine—as antidotes against more of it, every morning when he has reason to fear a return of either "his hot" or "his cold" attack. He is profoundly ignorant of English manners, and at the same time profoundly curious; he asks all sorts of strange questions as to whether the Queen can sentence ministers to death (the story of Essex and Elizabeth is evidently his precedent), and whether people who forge on the Bank of England are always sent to the Tower. His only travelling book is a Shakespeare, two feet long by five inches thick, that he lumbers about the deck, while he scans Titus Andronicus and all the spurious plays. Still he is an intelligent, kind, harmless fellow, and is never tired of explaining the rarer American dishes to me at dinner. He points me out, too, the card-sharps, and teaches me how to distinguish the people of the different states—the wild Arkansas man from the polished Virginian; the hot-brained Carolina man from the calculating notion-monger of Connecticut; the sallow half-French native of Louisiana from the tall bony Kentuckian.

But to the Cotton Country. I am going down that river, so awfully grand from its very dulness and monotony, which rises three thousand miles from the spot where it empties itself into the Gulf of Mexico—that river which, before it reaches the arms of its long-expectant lover, the sea, has had given it by nature for its dowry the four great streams, the Ohio, the Arkansas, the Red River, and the Missouri—a mighty stream it is, that carries blessings to half a continent—a stream that has as great a destiny before it, as the vast new country it irrigates. * * *

It is only twenty-four hours since I came on board, and already I see, by my map, that we have passed many towns, villages, and cotton landings. Norfolk is behind us, Commerce is out of sight, the Horse-Shoe Bend is at our rear, Yazoo is miles below the horizon. We have been taking in cotton all night; I know it, for I occasionally awoke and heard the bales lumber and jolt down the double planks, all the time I heard the blacks sing "Bob Ridley," and the sharp yelping voice of the first mate hurrying on any passengers who wanted to land; for, as he justly said, the boat could not stop half the night if all Congress wanted to go on shore.

Last night we were in Mississippi, now we are near Montgomery's Point in Arkansas (Arkansas, pronounce it). It is a lovely autumn morning, the balm and incense of nature's early sacrifice to the deity is in the air, slightly fla-

voured, but not unpleasantly, with the smoke of about three dozen cigars.

Our group is of about that number: one rowdy smokes two cheroots at once, in bravado. We are up warming ourselves on the second floor over the saloon, and we form a circle round the fiery funnel; for the air is cool, and we are all afraid of the "bone fever." Every man but myself and a man with an iron stirrup, has his legs raised higher than his head, resting on the top rail of a vacant chair. I have tried this, but I can't do it, and, not being able to do it, I deny the pleasure, as well as the convenience of it.

Several are cutting plugs, and my friend Colonel Isaiah Butts is telling a quaint story of the roughness of Arkansas life a few years ago. As it bears upon the question of the civilisation of the Cotton Country, I will tell it as it was told to me.

"A dangerous cutting scrape," Colonel Isaiah Butts called it, as he shifted his plug, and, rocking himself on his chair, thus to us poured forth his winged words.

"It was at Napoleon, the point where the Arkansas empties itself into the Mississippi; he had gone there about some cotton, and finding the overseer had gone up the river looking after a 'painter' (what a curious place for an artist, I thought), I had to wait about in Napoleon, which even now isn't much, and then, was indeed a rowdy place. Yes, sir, it *was* that. I turned down three streets," went on the colonel, "and as there was a gouging match going on in every street, I thought it wise to make tracks for the hotel. Wall, I hadn't sat there ten minutes sucking at a brandy-cobbler, when who should come in but Horatio Scroggs and John Pike, two of the most tarnation ruffians in that whole state.

"Scroggs he begins telling a lie (seeing me a stranger) about a brother of his on the river who was so addicted to gouging, that he used to dry all the eyes he could get and keep them for show in his waistcoat-pocket. Then, up comes Pike, and winking at Scroggs, tells a bigger lie still, about a neighbour's son of his rising twelve, who had just gouged a big lad of sixteen who had shot at him about a quarrel at ten-pins.

"Suddenly the liquor seemed to heat Scroggs, for he said to Pike, 'Do you still carry that foot-long toothpick of yours that you murdered the German with, at the Caucus meeting at Vicksburg?'

"'Yes,' answers Pike, fierce as a gamecock; 'yes, and a tall five-shooter, too, for all internal nigger worshippers.'

"'How's your stomach for fightin' now, then,' says Scroggs.

"'Peart,' says Pike.

"'Heard you say you'd bleed me next time we met,' says Scroggs.

"'That's me,' says Pike.

"The two Bowie knives, broad and bright, flashed forth at the same moment.

"Wall, I tell you, gentlemen, the fellows had carved each other briskly for ten or twelve

minutes, when one of Scroggs's eyes, getting a little loose in the socket, and one of his ears being shaved off, and Pike's abdomen being several times punctured, it suddenly occurred to the too amiable Arkansas gentlemen that they had both had enough of it.

"Why, what's all this, mister?" says I to the landlord.

"Oh! it's of no account, stranger," says the landlord to me—a fellow he was, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, and with a face like an Illonoy barn-door—"taint nothin"—let the boys enjoy 'emselves. Hist in a little pizen, stranger—and he set a black bottle and a yellow bowl of black sugar before me. I needn't say that I did not wait for the overseer, but left by the first boat that landed at Napoleon. I had had enough of roughing it in Arkansas."

Just as the laughter following the colonel's story was dying out in distant cackles—for all the negro waiters were laughing, and so were two newly-purchased slaves, going home to their new plantation, and who used to sit all day, like fowls with the pip, on two adjoining cotton bales—we sighted Bolivar landing.

Now, as this landing will stand for Bayou la Fourche, or any other landing above or below it, I will describe it at full length. Innumerable bends and "cuts off" we have passed this morning already, and we are now going to stop for half an hour at Bolivar landing, and take in Mr. Chicard's cotton bales and some hundred truckfuls of resinous pine-knots for our furnace fires. Patience I must have, tiresome as the delay is, for the boat will stop at four or five other landings to-day, and so it will to-morrow, and indeed every day, till we reach the great emporium of cotton—New Orleans.

Our two tremendously tall black funnels, that at night are sometimes half red-hot, grow very excited at the thought of stopping. The safety signal shrieks in its agony as if our furnaces were fed with live slave babies. There is, too, a curious unearthly sinking and rushing sound in the funnels, that seems to me to be the fit precursor of an explosion. The long-drawn shriek echoes down the river, and frightens three turkey buzzards that are perching on the rusty wreck of a steamer's boiler.

N.B.—A friend, to encourage me, shows me a cotton-tree, thirty feet high, in which the body of the captain of the said steamer was found to have been blown.

We slacken, we stop. I can see the square cotton bales, bound up in sacking and banded with iron, waiting on the high earth-banks ready for us. Yonder, those almshouse-looking row of white cottages—white roof and wall—are the negroes' quarters; this is Mr. Chicard's plantation. If you want to know how many slaves he keeps, count the cabins that run a little way in from the bank, reckon five negroes, as an average, to each cabin, and you have the total at once.

That larger cottage to the left, among the locust-trees, is the overseer's; and that further

one, larger still, is Mr. Chicard's; but he is a non-resident, and the overseer reigns here supreme. That large bushy tree with small leaves, something like the acacia's, is the locust-tree—the carob-tree—the tree on whose fruit John the Baptist fed in the wilderness of Judea. There are many sorts of locust. This is the black locust; mark the fruit hanging down in great black pods, like enormous scarlet-runners gone to seed. They are good to eat, sweet, and nutritious, and are imported into England largely for cattle.

"Yahoop—ugh—horoo—yahoop!" Here is a negro car-driver. He is driving two mules in a tumbling waggon, and stands straddling on the mere flat board that forms the vehicle. He has come for Massa George Amos Chicard, his master's son, and Massa George Amos's luggage.

"Yahoop, Peacock — yahoop, Sunflower! Here, get along wid dat cotton. O! yahoop, Massa George, here's old Titus! How do, Massa George? Yah! yah! yah!"

I think every one on board the Peytoona smiles at Titus's gambols; and one planter, knowing I was an Englishman (and of course an Abolitionist), comes up to me and says triumphantly, "The most light-hearted race in the whole habitable world—no whipping here!"

Now a crowd of anxious men, with pale brown horse-hide trunks and saddle-bags, crowd to the gangway, or take final juleps and slings at the bar of the Peytoona; while a gang of our rough deck hands storm up the bank, urged by our bull-dog mate as whipper-in, to drag in our instalment of cotton bales—some hundred and twenty—the blacks run to the wood-stack and load themselves with pine-knots.

Now I, too, decant from the vessel, leaping down on the landing planks from high spongy bulwarks of cotton bales, and tumbling up the crumbly earth-banks, through scraped cuttings worn away by the sliding of twenty years' cotton bales.

By this time some dozen men, in all varieties of flannel shirts, no shirts, wide-awakes, and general bandit-looking felt head-gear, are by twos and twos lugging and dragging the cotton bales down towards our ship. Every one of them (a large per-centage of them are Paddys and Murphys—a few mulattoes) carries a strong double-pronged steel hook, something like the hook hop-dealers use, or the movable hooks for hanging meat employed in our butchers' shops. With these calthrop implements they dig into the sacking of the cotton bale and drag it downward, or delay its progress, as the cotton loader who uses it may think best.

The gang works moodily enough, save when, now and then, the sacking breaks from a novice's hook, and a runaway bale, floundering through the ranks of the deck hands, blunders with tremendous speed down the forty feet of steep dusty earth-bank, and alights with a crash—after felling several people with its very wind—almost at the water's edge. I observe that the old hands are rather afraid of these stray bales,

and give them, as sailors say, "a wide offing." There are floating legends among them, reckless as they are, of broken limbs and loss of life from such accidents, and they avoid them habitually as veteran soldiers dodge spent balls. The hooks tearing at the sacking make a peculiar ripping noise, which one soon learns to associate with a Mississippi cotton landing.

Sometimes the men, when the landing is precipitous, drag the bales to a low part of the cliff, and then tumble them over with a crash and a smoky cloud of frightened dust. In other cases, when the banks slope more gradually up from the river towards the cotton plantations, they stick in their hooks, and jolt them over and over down to the landing-planks, where the mate and others of the crew wait to receive them.

It is wonderful to see the agility and dexterity with which the older hands steer the cotton bales with their hooks, even when leaping and trotting at their highest speed. They hold on, running, twitching them alternately right and left, taking advantage of every inch of advantageous ground. Sometimes they get a fall, but generally hold on and drive the bale straight to its destination with half the trouble that the other men exert.

The greener hands take quite twice as much out of themselves, to use the trainer's language, and with only half the result. The bales won't lift with them, and, when they do lift, exert a ponderous conservative vis inertiae, or go tearing away into some mud-pool quite in the wrong direction, or vexatiously, as out of sheer spite, precipitate themselves headlong into the water, amid the laughter of the older hands, and the vociferous curses of the superintending mate.

Now, having watched the cascade of jostling bales leap and fly down the banks long enough, I go up higher, with my kind friend, Dr. Bonus of Ticonderoga, who is anxious to show me a cotton plantation in full bloom. I had already seen cotton in Greece—the great plains of Beotia, when I rode through them, were snowy white with cotton—so I had in Asia Minor; so I had already in America, in Kentucky and Tennessee; but that was far north for cotton, and the plants grew there pinched and stunted, and were dwindled to mere currant-bushes.

But here I am, almost in Louisiana, and the sun burns over our heads with African violence; so that the very blue of the sky has a fiery blankness about it, and seems to the dazzled eye almost of a neutral colour. The cotton plants are here some six or seven feet high, richly luxurious, the leaves are of a lavish size, and as large almost as those of a fig-tree, but of a finer and frailer texture. I feel like the spy at Eschol as I pick a great stem on which flower, seed, bud, and cotton are all living together in perfect harmony. The flower is large and bell-like, of a delicate pale yellow, paler than our evening primrose, and with a fine tropical dark eye. Its smell is evanescent, yet not without a suspicion of fragrance. The buds are hard, green, and of a serrated oval form, larger in

circumference than thrushes' eggs. The cotton hangs on the cruciform dry sections of the seed-pods in white fluffy bunches, as much as a man's fingers can pinch at one time. Beautifully white and pure and useful this wonderful fibre looks, as it hangs in snow-flakes from the dry crackling cones.

And, as I pick and admire the tall cotton-trees from which great ropes of wild grape-vines hang like rigging, I hear a cry, and, looking round, see a negro boy, with bare black legs, mounted on a huge chesnut stallion, crying out, that "if massa doesn't make tracks he'll be too late for de stim-boat."

The steam-boat shrieked for me at that moment as if I were her lost child; and I was with her in two minutes.

VOLUNTEERS AT HYTHE.

WITH an order from the War-office to attend the course of musketry instruction there, I went to Hythe. I arrived on a day of this last cold bone-chilling month of December. I enjoyed my drill during the fortnight before Christmas, coming back home to the domestic roast beef and plum-pudding.

I believe that no artist was ever mad enough to paint a picture of Hythe. There is a ruined castle in a wood somewhere near, which I dare say somebody has painted. Sandgate and Folkestone and the hills, when one is on the top of them, are undeniable, but of Hythe there is nothing to be said but that it is Hythe, a place as dull as my account of what I did there may turn out to be. For, if there were anything to paint whether in oils or ink, I couldn't be its painter. I am a volunteer who cares only to seize facts, and has a fancy for exhibiting their skeletons. Would anybody like to see the Skeleton of a Fortnight—the skeleton of the fortnight that I spent in attendance on the course of musketry drill at Hythe?

Many volunteers went down together. One of us had on his right arm the badge of a first-class marksman, a silver rifle with three stars. There were not carriages enough at Westerhanger to convey us: some of us were carted in, therefore, by a waggoner whom we impressed into our service, among his corn sacks. We stopped the waggon at the barracks to report ourselves, and then entered the little town in state to spend a pleasant evening together at the Swan Hotel.

Next day was Wednesday; and, at half-past nine we went off to parade, where ninety-seven were in the muster of our volunteers. So many never were at Hythe before. We were parted into a right wing and a left wing. The right wing was commanded by Captain Coles and Lieutenant Walker. Captain Bostock headed the left wing. We were all subdivided into five sections, the number in each section being nine or ten, and every section under a staff-sergeant.

What did my section learn? Rifle and lock; afterwards being catechised thereon. Then we

went to the Shingles, to learn aiming drill, and judging distance drill up to three hundred yards, and then we marched back to the barracks. What to do there? We were to have position drill, as a rear rank standing. We hurried back to the hotel at one P.M., and enjoyed lunch immensely after our long march through mud and over shingle. At two P.M. came platoon exercise by motions standing. In a lecture, then the Hythe way of instruction, was explained by Colonel Wilford a vast number of things we are all the wiser for. I think he said crack sportsmen seldom make good rifle shots, because they want a running or a flying target. He also said Britannia was a female sitting upon a Lion, and he hoped the Lion would be always found to be stuffed with ball cartridge. But I wish his leonine majesty beef, and plenty of it all his days to come. He's not an ostrich. Well, at six P.M. we went to dinner—sixty-three of us in the large room that was by yards too small—and fourteen in a little room down stairs. The dinners of Hythe were not bad, nor dear. Soup and fish on alternate days, entrées, joints, then sweets, then cheese. Concerning wine, the caterer of Hythe put up, or somebody on his part, this placard, explaining (to all those who understood) the rule about the payment for our wine. Verbatim, thus:

“Wine consumers at and after dinner will be divided among those that drinks it and those gentlemen who does not mark no wine on the dinner papers will be charged also.”

There is no spelling or grammar drill at Hythe.

The tale of Thursday differs somewhat from the tale of Wednesday. It rained on Thursday. Colonel Wilford lectured us at half-past nine upon the theoretical principles of shooting. Then our sergeant taught cleaning of rifles, dismounting of the lock, &c. Then we went to inspect all sorts of weapons, models and diagrams kept in the armoury, and subscribed half a guinea apiece towards prizes for best shots. At one P.M., lunch, and still rain. Then came position drill, aiming drill, judging distance drill. The section that can make the greatest number of points in judging distance, marches back to the barracks at the head of all the rest, who follow in the order of success. The last must not mind being made targets for certain oft-repeated jokes.

Next day, rather fine; out again at half-past nine. A lecture on the trajectory, from Colonel Wilford; then position drill, standing and kneeling. Then an awfully rough march over the Shingles—ah, how I wished they would flag over the Shingles!—where there was aiming drill and judging distance drill. Went back to the barracks, and subscribed half-crowns to the Library Fund. The usual lunch-time was followed by platoon exercise; then came a short lecture on theoretical principles from Captain Coles, after which some of us peaceful Londoners persuaded the sergeant to give us a lesson in the bayonet exercise. A splendid exercise, producing splendid arms and legs!

Then came a rainy Saturday; but we were in school as usual at half-past nine cleaning arms, remounting locks, passing on to the recreations of position drill standing and kneeling, and the turn-out on the Shingles (oh, the Shingles!), aiming at four hundred yards and judging distance at six hundred. After lunch, the rain made itself master of the situation, so we got a half-holiday.

Next day, Sunday, there being no skin on my instep, for the clumsy shingle boots had rubbed it off, I stayed at home to let my skin grow.

But there was a fine Monday, and at half-past nine there was Captain Coles again lecturing about the culminating point of the trajectory, the first graze of the bullet, the margin for cavalry and infantry, the ricochet. General Hay read part of a letter from Scotland written by somebody who had attended a shooting-match at the risk of his life, and telling of an elderly member of the corps who, being ordered to “half-cock,” politely offered his rifle to the captain, begging him to do it for him, for he said, “I dinna ken hoo to ha’ cock!” Aiming drill on the Shingles at five hundred yards. Afterwards, judging distance drill and snapping caps. After lunch our section was photographed. The platoon exercise as a front rank kneeling, then bayonet exercise; and then I bought a New Zealand rifle of the armourer. Next day we had position drill third practice, standing and kneeling, followed by aiming drill up to six hundred yards on the relentless Shingle, of which every stone treated me as its particular enemy. We had also to fire ten rounds of blank cartridges. At two P.M., Colonel Wilford lectured us on the trajectory, windage, sighting, rifling of barrels, and keeping of arms and ammunition in good order. The colonel advocates kneeling to shoot, which certainly would not be a good habit for the sportsman after pheasants. He said, “If I were told to fire at a man fifteen yards distant from me, I would fire from the knee. Why? Because I could make sure of killing him.” Made a memorandum in my note-book, that whenever I make a deadly enemy, I’ll tell the colonel to fire at him.

Next day, some of us were nervous. It was to be our first day of real shooting. We fired five shots at a hundred and fifty, and five at two hundred yards, before lunch. After lunch, had our platoon exercises, and position drill.

Next morning promised to be fine, and we marched to the Shingles. As soon as we got there the morning broke its promise. Down came the rain, and we marched back again. Nothing could be done when the rain washed the size off the targets till the markers couldn’t see the hits. But, at two P.M., Colonel Wilford lectured us upon the principles on which back sight is adjusted, and on more such matters. Then we were ordered to the Shingles, and fired five shots in the dark. I believe I fired into my enemies, the stones, and served them right. The day after that was fine and favourable.

Know, England, that I shot well, and received the warm congratulations of my friends! After lunch, the lecture was on the recoil of the rifle, and so forth. Towards dusk I refreshed myself by going to look at the skulls in the crypt of the church. They are (of course they are) the skulls of an army of Danes, who landed on this coast one thousand and seventeen years ago. The Britons defeated them, and slew thirty thousand of them, but were so tired when they had done it that they left the dead enemies unburied. Charitable people afterwards gathered their scattered bones within the sanctuary.

The next morning was fine; but the glare of the sun, and a peculiar state of the atmosphere, were bad for the shooting. We had a half holiday, which I spent on a walk to Sandgate. The next day being Sunday, many of us went to Folkestone, and on, over the hill tops by the sea, to Dover. There we rambled about the Castle, and dined at the Lord Warden, where there was no threat that wine consumers should be cut up after dinner and distributed among "those that drinks it," whoever Those may be, and whatever It may be. Blood, I suppose.

Cold rain became snow on Monday. We fired five shots at four hundred yards; the other five at five hundred, weather did not permit. General Hay talked to us, after lunch, in the lecture-room, depreciating the mere eagerness of men to be crack shots, when the man who remained in the second class might make the best musketry instructor. Colonel Wilford hereupon said, in corroboration, that the best musketry instructor under him was a man that had lost one of his arms.

On Tuesday morning, after hard frost, we went at half-past nine to the Shingles, and fired five shots, at five hundred yards. At two P.M. we returned to the Shingles, none the less loose and lumpy for the frost, and fired ten rounds;—namely, five at five hundred and fifty, and five at six hundred yards. That evening, all of us in our full dress, chiefly grey and green, we entertained at dinner the officers of the staff. The next day was the nineteenth of December—very cold. File and volley drill in the morning, after lunch, ten rounds of file firing at three hundred, and ten rounds of volley firing at four hundred yards. Felt a gentleman behind me pressing the muzzle of his loaded rifle on my back, while he put on the cap; and felt quite grateful when the performance was concluded, and no bullet had passed through me. The next day was the twentieth of December. There was skirmishing drill for us at half-past nine, and at eleven o'clock I went, for the last time, to trample on my foes, the Shingles. Fired ten rounds, skirmishing, at distances varying from four hundred to two hundred yards. After lunch, I came back to London, after a happy fortnight among teachers of all grades, courteous, attentive, even, I may say, anxious to inform. For me, there were to be, that year, no more mornings of drill, but there were to be, I hoped, more evenings of jollity.

It is evidence of the good teaching we had,

that not one of our batch of ninety-seven was left in the third or lowest class. The figure of merit to which all attained being slightly above the average for the same number of courses among officers of the army.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I AM obliged to acknowledge that I was vain-glorious enough to accept a seat in the Crofton carriage on the morning of their departure, and accompany them for a mile or so of the way—even at the price of returning on foot—just that I might show myself to the landlady and that odious old waiter in a position of emminence, and make them do a bitter penance for the insults they had heaped on an illustrious stranger. It was a poor and a paltry triumph, and over very contemptible adversaries, but I could not refuse it to myself. Crofton, too, contributed largely to the success of my little scheme, by insisting that I should take the place beside his sister, while he sat with his back to the horses; and though I refused at first, I acceded at last, with the bland compliance of a man who feels himself once more in his accustomed station.

As throughout this true history I have candidly revealed the inmost traits of my nature—well knowing the while how deteriorating such innate analogy must prove—I have ever felt that he who has small claims to interest by the events of his life, can make some compensation to the world by an honest exposure of his motives, his weaknesses, and his struggles. Now, my present confession is made in this spirit, and is not absolutely without its moral, for, as the adage tells us, "Look after the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," so would I say, Guard yourself carefully against petty vices. You and I, most esteemed reader, are—I trust fervently—little likely to be arraigned on a capital charge. I hope sincerely that transportable felonies, and even misdemeanours, may not picture among the accidents of our life; such-like are the pounds that take care of themselves, but the "small pence," which require looking after, are little envies, and jealousies, and rancours, petty snobberies of display, small exhibitions of our being better than this man or greater than that; these, I repeat to you, accumulate on a man's nature just the way barnacles fasten on a ship's bottom—from mere time, and it is wonderful what damage can come of such paltry obstacles.

I very much doubt if a Roman conqueror regarded the chained captive who followed his chariot with a more supreme pride than I bestowed upon that miserable old waiter who now bowed himself to the ground before me, and when I ordered my dinner for four o'clock, and said, that probably I might have a friend to dine with me, his humiliation was complete.

"I wish I knew the secret of your staying here," said Mary Crofton, as we drove along; "why will you not tell it?"

"Perhaps it might prove indiscreet, Mary; our friend Potts may have become a 'mauvais sujet' since we have seen him last?"

I wrapped myself in a mysterious silence, and only smiled.

"Lindau, of all places to stop at!" resumed she, pettishly. "There is nothing remarkable in the scenery, no art treasures, nothing socially agreeable; what can it possibly be that detains you in such a place?"

"My dear Mary," said Crofton, "you are, without knowing it, violating a hallowed principle; you are no less than leading into temptation. Look at poor Potts there, and you will see that while he knows in his inmost heart the secret which detains him here is some passing and insignificant circumstance unworthy of mention, you have, by imparting to it a certain importance, suggested to his mind the necessity of a story; give him now but five minutes to collect himself, and I'll engage that he will 'come out' with a romantic incident that would never have seen the light but for a woman's curiosity."

"Good Heavens!" thought I, "can this be a true interpretation of my character? Am I the weak and impressionable creature this would bespeak me?" I must have blushed deeply at my own reflection, for Crofton quickly added,

"Don't get angry with me, Potts, any more than you would with a friend who'd say, 'Take care how you pass over that bridge, I know it is rotten and must give way.'"

"Let me answer you," said I, courageously, for I was acutely hurt to be thus arraigned before another. "It is more than likely that you, with your active habits and stirring notions of life, would lean very heavily on him who, neither wanting riches nor honours, would adopt some simple sort of dreamy existence, and think that the green alleys of the beech wood, or the little path beside the river, pleasanter sauntering than the gilded ante-chamber of a palace; and just as likely is it that you would take him roundly to task about wasted opportunities, and misapplied talents, and stigmatised as inglorious indolence what might as possibly be called a contented humility. Now, I would ask you, why should one man be the measure of another? The load you could carry with ease might serve to crush me, and yet there may be some light burdens that would suit my strength, and in bearing which I might taste a sense of duty grateful as your own."

"I have no patience with you," began Crofton, warmly; but his sister stopped him with an imploring look, and then, turning to me, said:

"Edward fancies that every one can be as energetic and active as himself, and occasionally forgets what you have just so well remarked as to the relative capacities of different people."

"I want him to do something, to be something besides a dreamer!" burst he in, almost angrily.

"Well, then," said I, "you shall see me begin at this moment, for I will get down here and walk briskly back to the town." I called to the

postilions to pull up at the same time, and in spite of remonstrances, entreaties—almost beseechings from Mary Crofton—I persisted in my resolve, and bade them farewell.

Crofton was so much hurt that he could scarcely speak, and when he gave me his hand, it was in the coldest of manners.

"But you'll keep our rendezvous, won't you?" said Mary; "we shall meet at Rome?"

"I really wonder, Mary, how you can force our acquaintanceship where it is so palpably declined. Good-by—farewell," said he to me.

"Good-by," said I, with a gulp that almost choked me; and away drove the carriage, leaving me standing in the train of dust it had raised. Every crack of the postboys' whips gave me a shock as though I had felt the thong on my own shoulders; and, at last, as sweeping round a turn of the road the carriage disappeared from view, such was the sense of utter desolation that came over me, that I sat down on a stone by the wayside, overwhelmed. I do not know if I ever felt such an utter sense of destitution as at that moment. "What a wealth of friends must a man possess," thought I, "who can afford to squander them in this fashion! How could I have repelled the counsels that kindness alone could have prompted? Surely Crofton must know far more of life than I did?" From this, I went on to inquire why it was that the world showed itself so unforgiving to idleness in men of small fortune, since, if no burden to the community, they ought to be as free as their richer brethren. It was a puzzling theme, and though I revolved it long, I made but little of it, the only solution that occurred to me was, that the idleness of the humble man is not relieved by the splendours and luxuries which surround a rich man's leisure, and that the world resents the pretension of ease unassociated with riches. In what a profound philosophy was it, then, that Diogenes rolled his tub about the streets! there was a mock purpose in the act that must have flattered his fellow-citizens. I feel assured that a great deal of the butterfly-hunting and beetle-gathering that we see around us is done in this spirit. They are a set of idle folk anxious to indulge their indolence without reproach.

Thus pondering and musing, I strolled back to the town. So still and silent was it, so free from all movement of traffic or business, that I was actually in the very centre of it without knowing it. There were streets without passengers, and shops without customers, and even cafés without guests, and I wondered within myself why people should thus congregate to do nothing, and I rambled on from street to alley, and from alley to lane, never chancing upon one who had anything on hand. At last I gained the side of the lake, along which a little quay ran for some distance, ending in a sort of terraced walk, now grass-grown and neglected. There were at least the charms of fresh air and scenery here, though the worthy citizens seemed to hold them cheaply, and I rambled along to the end, where, by a broad flight of steps, the terrace communicated with the lake; a spot,

doubtless, where, once on a time, the burghers took the water and went out a pleasuring with fat fraus and fräuleins. I had reached the end, and was about to turn back again, when I caught sight of a man seated on one of the lower steps, employed in watching two little toy ships which he had just launched. Now this seemed to me the very climax of indolence, and I sat myself down on the parapet to observe him. His proceedings were indeed of the strangest, for as there was no wind to fill the sails and his vessels lay still and becalmed, he appeared to have bethought him of another mode to impart interest to them. He weighted one of them with little stones till she brought her gunwale level with the water, and then pressing her gently with his hand he made her sink slowly down to the bottom. I'm not quite certain whether I laughed outright, or that some exclamation escaped me as I looked, but some noise I must unquestionably have made, for he started and turned up his head, and I saw Harpar, the Englishman whom I had met the day before at Constance.

"Well, you're not much the wiser after all," said he, gruffly, and without ever saluting me.

There was in the words, and the fierce expression of his face, something that made me suspect him of insanity, and I would willingly have retired without reply had he not risen and approached me.

"Eh," repeated he, with a sneer, "ain't I right? You can make nothing of it?"

"I really don't understand you!" said I. "I came down here by the merest accident, and never was more astonished than to see you."

"Oh, of course; I am well used to that sort of thing," went he on in the same tone of scoff. "I've had some experience of these kinds of accidents before; but, as I said, it's no use, you're not within one thousand miles of it, no, nor any man in Europe."

It was quite clear to me now that he *was* mad, and my only care was to get speedily clear of him.

"I'm not surprised," said I, with an assumed ease—"I'm not surprised at your having taken to so simple an amusement, for really in a place so dull as this any mode of passing the time would be welcome."

"Simple enough when you know it," said he, with a peculiar look.

"You arrived last night, I suppose?" said I, eager to get conversation into some pleasanter channel.

"Yes, I got here very late. I had the misfortune to sprain my ankle, and this detained me a long time on the way, and may keep me for a couple of days more."

I learned where he was stopping in the town, and seeing with what pain and difficulty he moved, I offered him my aid to assist him on his way.

"Well, I'll not refuse your help," said he, dryly; "but just go along yonder, about five and twenty or thirty yards, and I'll join you. You understand me, I suppose?"

Now, I really did not understand him, except to believe him perfectly insane, and to suggest to me the notion of profiting by his lameness to make my escape with all speed. I conclude some generous promptings opposed this course, for I obeyed his injunctions to the very letter, and waited till he came up to me. He did so very slowly, and evidently in much suffering, assisted by a stick in one hand, while he carried his two little boats in the other.

"Shall I take charge of these for you?" said I, offering to carry them.

"No, don't trouble yourself," said he, in the same rude tone. "Nobody touches these but myself."

I now gave him my arm, and we moved slowly along.

"What has become of the vagabonds? Are they here with you?" asked he, abruptly.

"I parted with them yesterday," said I, shortly, and not wishing to enter into further explanations.

"And you did wisely," rejoined he, with a serious air. "Even when these sort of creatures have nothing very bad about them, they are bad company, out of the haphazard chance way they gain a livelihood. If you reduce life to a game, you must yourself become a gambler. Now, there's one feature of that sort of existence intolerable to an honest man: it is, that to win himself, some one else must lose. Do you understand me?"

"I do, and am much struck by what you say."

"In that case," said he, with a nudge of his elbow against my side—"in that case you might as well have not come down to watch *me!*—eh?"

I protested stoutly against this mistake, but I could plainly perceive with very little success.

"Let it be, let it be," said he, with a shake of the head. "As I said before, if you saw the thing done before your eyes you'd make nothing of it. I'm not afraid of you, or all the men in Europe! There now, there's a challenge to the whole of ye! Sit down every man of ye, with the problem before ye, and see what you'll make of it."

"Ah," thought I, "this is madness. Here is a poor monomaniac led away into the land of wild thoughts and fancies by one dominating caprice; who knows whether out of the realm of this delusion he may not be a man acute and sensible."

"No, no," muttered he, half aloud; "there are, maybe, half a million of men this moment manufacturing steam-engines; but it took one head, just one head, to set them all a working, and if it wasn't for old Watt, the world at this day wouldn't be five miles in advance of what it was a century back. I see," added he, after a moment, "you don't take much interest in these sort of things. *Your* line of parts, is the walking gentleman, eh? Well, bear in mind it don't pay; no, sir, it don't pay! Here, this is my way; my lodging is down this lane. I'll not ask you to come further; thank you for your help, and good-by."

"Let us not part here; come up to the inn and dine with me," said I, affecting his own blunt and abrupt manner.

"Why should I dine with you?" asked he, roughly.

"I can't exactly say," stammered I, "except out of good-fellowship, just as, for instance, I accepted your invitation to other morning to breakfast."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, so you did. Well, I'll come. We shall be all alone, I suppose?"

"Quite alone."

"All right, for I have no coat but this one!" and he looked down at the coarse sleeve as he spoke, with a strange and sad smile, and then waving his hand in token of farewell, he said, "I'll join you in half an hour," and disappeared up the lane.

I have already owned that I did not like this man; he had a certain short abrupt way that repelled me at every moment. When he differed in opinion with me, he was not satisfied to record his dissent, but he must set about demolishing my conviction, and this sort of intolerance pervaded all he said. There was, too, that business-like, practical tone about him, that jars fearfully on the sensitive fibre of the idler's nature.

It was exactly in proportion as his society was distasteful to me, that I felt a species of pride in associating with him, as though to say, "I am not one of those who must be fawned on and flattered. I am of a healthier and manlier stamp; I can afford to hear my judgments arraigned, and my opinions opposed." And in this humour I ascended the stairs of the hotel, and entered the room where our table was already laid out.

To compensate, so far as they could, for the rude reception of the day before, they had given me now the "grand apartment" of the inn, which, by a long balcony, looked over the lake, and that fine mountain range that leads to the Splügen pass. A beautiful bouquet of fresh flowers ornamented the centre of the small dinner-table, tastily decked with Bohemian glass, and napkins with lace borders. I rather liked this little display of elegance. It was a sort of oaf on my side against the utilitarian plainness of my guest.

As I walked up and down the room, awaiting his arrival, I could not help a sigh, and a very deep one too, over the thought of what had been my enjoyment that moment if my guest had been one of a different temperament—a man willing to take me on my own showing, and ready to accept any version I should like to give of myself. How gracefully, how charmingly I could have played the host to such a man! What vigour would it have imparted to my imagination—what brilliancy to my fancy! With what a princely grace might I have dispensed my hospitalities, as though such occasions were the daily habit of my life; whereas a dinner with Harper would be nothing more or less than an airing with a "slave in the chariot"—a perpetual reminder, like the face of a poor relation, that my lot was cast in an humble sphere, and it was no use trying to disguise it.

"What's all this for?" said Harper's harsh

voice, as he entered the room. "Why didn't you order our mutton-chop below stairs in the common room, and not a banquet in this fashion? You must be well aware I couldn't do this sort of thing by you. Why then have you attempted it with me?"

"I have always thought it was a host's prerogative," said I, meekly, "to be the arbiter of his own entertainment."

"So it might where he was the arbiter of his purse, but you know well enough neither you nor I have any pretension to these costly ways, and they have this disadvantage, that they make all intercourse stilted and unnatural. If you and I had to sit down to table, dressed in court suits, with wigs and bags, ain't it likely we'd be easy and cordial together? Well, this is precisely the same."

"I am really sorry," said I, with a forced appearance of courtesy, "to have incurred so severe a lesson, but you must allow me this one transgression before I begin to profit by it." And so saying, I rang the bell and ordered dinner.

Harpar made no reply, but walked the room, with his hands deep in his pockets, humming a tune to himself as he went.

At last we sat down at table; everything was excellent and admirably served, but we ate on in silence, not a syllable exchanged between us. As the desert appeared I tried to open conversation. I affected to seem easy and unconcerned, but the cold half stern look of my companion repelled all my attempts, and I sat very sad and much discouraged sipping my wine.

"May I order some brandy-and-water? I like it better than these French wines," asked he, abruptly; and, as I arose to ring for it, he added, "and you'll not object to my having a pipe of strong Cavendish?" And therewith he produced a leather bag and a very much smoked meerschaum, short and ungainly as his own figure. As he thrust his hand into the pouch, a small boat, about the size of a lady's thimble, rolled out from amidst the tobacco, and he quickly took it and placed it in his waistcoat-pocket—the act being done with a sort of hurry that with a man of less self-possession might have perhaps evinced confusion.

"You fancy you've seen something, don't you?" said he, with a defiant laugh. "I'd wager a five-pound note, if I had one, that you think at this moment you have made a great discovery. Well, there it is, make much of it!" As he spoke, he produced the little boat and laid it down before me. I own that this speech and the act convinced me that he was insane; I was aware that intense suspectfulness is the great characteristic of madness, and everything tended to show that he was deranged.

Rather to conceal what was passing in my own mind than out of any curiosity, I took up the little toy to examine it. It was beautifully made, and finished with a most perfect neatness; the only thing I could not understand being four small holes on each side of the keel, fastened by four little plugs.

"What are these for?" asked I.

"Can't you guess?" said he, laughingly.

"No; I have never seen such before."

"Well," said he, musingly, "perhaps they are puzzling—I suppose they are. But mayhap, too, if I thought you'd guess the meaning, I'd not have been so ready to show it to you." And with this he replaced the boat in his pocket and smoked away. "You ain't a genius, my worthy friend, that's a fact," said he, sententiously.

"I opine that the same judgment might be passed upon a great many?" said I, testily.

"No," continued he, following on his own thoughts without heeding my remark, "*you'll* not set the Thames a-fire."

"Is that the best test of a man's ability?" asked I, sneeringly.

"You're the sort of fellow that ought to be—let us see now what you ought to be—yes, you're just the stamp of man for an apothecary."

"You are so charming in your frankness," said I, "that you almost tempt me to imitate you."

"And why not? sure we oughtn't to talk to each other like two devils in waiting. Out with what you have to say."

"I was just thinking," said I—"led to it by that speculative turn of yours—I was just thinking in what station *your* abilities would have pre-eminently distinguished you."

"Well, have you hit it?"

"I'm not quite certain," said I, trying to screw up my courage for an impertinence, "but I half suspect that in our great national works—our lines of railroad, for instance—there must be a strong infusion of men with tastes and habits resembling yours."

"You mean the navvies?" broke he in. "You're right, I was a navvy once; I turned the first spadeful of earth on the Copleston Junction, and, seeing what a good thing might be made of it, I suggested task-work to my comrades, and we netted from four-and-six to five shillings a day, each. In eight months after, I was made an inspector: so that you see strong sinews can be good allies to a strong head and a stout will."

I do not believe that the most angry rebuke, the most sarcastic rejoinder, could have covered me with a tenth part of the shame and confusion than did these few quiet words. I'd have given worlds, if I had them, to make a due reparation for my rudeness, but I knew not how to accomplish it. I looked in his face to read if I might hit upon some trait by which his nature could be approached; but I might as well have gazed at a line of railroad to guess the sort of town that it led to. The stern, rugged, bold countenance seemed to imply little else than daring and determination, and I could not but wonder how I had ever dared to take a liberty with one of his stamp.

"Well," said I, at last, and wishing to lead him back to his story, "and after being made inspector—"

"You can speak German well," said he, totally inattentive to my question; "just ask

one of these people when there will be any conveyance from this to Ragatz."

"Ragatz of all places!" exclaimed I.

"Yes; they tell me it's good for the rheumatics, and I have got some old shoulder pains I'd like to shake off before winter. And then this sprain too: I foresee I shall not be able to walk much for some days to come."

"Ragatz is on my road; I'm about to cross the Splügen into Italy; I'll bear you company so far, if you have no objection."

"Well, it may not seem civil to say it, but I have an objection," said he, rising from the table. "When I've got weighty things on my mind I've a bad habit of talking of them to myself aloud. I can't help it, and so I keep strictly alone till my plans are all fixed and settled; after that, there's no danger of my revealing them to any one. There now, you have my reason, and you'll not dispute that it's a good one."

"You may not be too distrustful of yourself," said I, laughing, "but assuredly you are far too flattering in your estimate of *my* acuteness."

"I'll not risk it," said he, bluntly, as he sought for his hat.

"Wait a moment," said I. "You told me at Constance that you were in want of money; at the time I was not exactly in funds myself. Yesterday, however, I received a remittance, and if ten or twenty pounds be of any service, they are heartily at your disposal."

He looked at me fixedly, almost sternly, for a minute or two, and then said,

"Is this true, or is it that you have changed your mind about me?"

"True," said I—"strictly true."

"Will this loan—I mean it to be a loan—inconvenience you much?"

"No, no; I make you the offer freely."

"I take it, then. Let me have ten pounds; and write down there an address where I am to remit it some day or other, though I can't say when."

"There may be some difficulty about that," said I. "Stay! I mean to be at Rome some time in the winter; send it to me there."

"To what banker?"

"I have no banker, I never had a banker. There's my name, and let the post-office be the address."

"Whichever way you're bent on going you're not on the road to be a rich man," said Harpar, as he deposited my gold in his leather purse; "but I hope you'll not lose by me. Good-by." He gave me his hand, not very warmly or cordially either, and was gone ere I well knew it.

Now ready, price Six Shillings, the Second Edition of

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

London: 26, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.; and CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 94.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was in the fourth year of my apprenticeship to Joe, and it was a Saturday night. There was a group assembled round the fire at the Three Jolly Bargemen, attentive to Mr. Wopsle as he read the newspaper aloud. Of that group, I was one.

A highly popular murder had been committed, and Mr. Wopsle was imbrued in blood to the eyebrows. He gloated over every abhorrent adjective in the description, and identified himself with every witness at the Inquest. He faintly moaned, "I am done for," as the victim, and he barbarously bellowed, "I'll serve you out," as the murderer. He gave the medical testimony, in pointed imitation of our local practitioner; and he piped and shook, as the aged turnpike-keeper who had heard blows, to an extent so very paralytic as to suggest a doubt regarding the mental competency of that witness. The coroner, in Mr. Wopsle's hands, became Timon of Athens; the beadle, Coriolanus. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, and we all enjoyed ourselves, and were delightfully comfortable. In this cosy state of mind we came to the verdict Wilful Murder.

Then, and not sooner, I became aware of a strange gentleman leaning over the back of the settle opposite me, looking on. There was an expression of contempt on his face, and he bit the side of a great forefinger as he watched the group of faces. "Well!" said the stranger to Mr. Wopsle, when the reading was done, "you have settled it all to your own satisfaction, I have no doubt?"

Everybody started and looked up, as if it were the murderer. He looked at everybody coldly and sarcastically.

"Guilty, of course?" said he. "Out with it. Come!"

"Sir," returned Mr. Wopsle, "without having the honour of your acquaintance, I do say Guilty." Upon this, we all took courage to unite in a confirmatory murmur.

"I know you do," said the stranger; "I knew you would. I told you so. But now I'll ask you a question. Do you know, or do you not know, that the law of England supposes

every man to be innocent, until he is proved—proved—to be guilty?"

"Sir," Mr. Wopsle began to reply, "as an Englishman myself, I——"

"Come!" said the stranger, biting his forefinger at him. "Don't evade the question. Either you know it, or you don't know it. Which is it to be?"

He stood with his head on one side and himself on one side in a bullying interrogative manner, and he threw his forefinger at Mr. Wopsle—as it were to mark him out—before biting it again.

"Now!" said he. "Do you know it, or don't you know it?"

"Certainly I know it," replied Mr. Wopsle.

"Certainly you know it. Then why didn't you say so at first? Now, I'll ask you another question;" taking possession of Mr. Wopsle, as if he had a right to him. "Do you know that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined?"

Mr. Wopsle was beginning, "I can only say——" when the stranger stopped him.

"What? You won't answer the question, yes or no? Now, I'll try you again." Throwing his finger at him again. "Attend to me. Are you aware, or are you not aware, that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined? Come, I only want one word from you. Yes, or no?"

Mr. Wopsle hesitated, and we all began to conceive rather a poor opinion of him.

"Come!" said the stranger, "I'll help you. You don't deserve help, but I'll help you. Look at that paper you hold in your hand. What is it?"

"What is it?" repeated Mr. Wopsle, eyeing it, much at a loss.

"Is it," pursued the stranger in his most sarcastic and suspicious manner, "the printed paper you have just been reading from?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Undoubtedly. Now, turn to that paper, and tell me whether it distinctly states that the prisoner expressly said that his legal advisers instructed him altogether to reserve his defence?"

"I read that just now," Mr. Wopsle pleaded.

"Never mind what you read just now, sir; I don't ask you what you read. You may read the Lord's Prayer backwards, if you like—and, perhaps, have done it before to-day. Turn to

the paper. No, no, no, my friend; not to the top of the column; you know better than that; to the bottom, to the bottom." (We all began to think Mr. Wopsle full of subterfuge.) "Well? Have you found it?"

"Here it is," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Now, follow that passage with your eye, and tell me whether it distinctly states that the prisoner expressly said that he was instructed by his legal advisers wholly to reserve his defence? Come! Do you make that of it?"

Mr. Wopsle answered, "Those are not the exact words."

"Not the exact words!" repeated the gentleman, bitterly. "Is that the exact substance?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Yes!" repeated the stranger, looking round at the rest of the company with his right hand extended towards the witness, Wopsle. "And now I ask you what you say to the conscience of that man who, with that passage before his eyes, can lay his head upon his pillow after having pronounced a fellow-creature guilty, unheard?"

We all began to suspect that Mr. Wopsle was not the man we had thought him, and that he was beginning to be found out.

"And that same man, remember," pursued the gentleman, throwing his finger at Mr. Wopsle heavily; "that same man might be summoned as a jurymen upon this very trial, and, having thus deeply committed himself, might return to the bosom of his family and lay his head upon his pillow, after deliberately swearing that he would well and truly try the issue joined between Our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar, and would a true verdict give according to the evidence, so help him God!"

We were all deeply persuaded that the unfortunate Wopsle had gone too far, and had better stop in his reckless career while there was yet time.

The strange gentleman, with an air of authority not to be disputed, and with a manner expressive of knowing something secret about every one of us that would effectually do for each individual if he chose to disclose it, left the back of the settle, and came into the space between the two settles, in front of the fire, where he remained standing: his left hand in his pocket, and he biting the forefinger of his right.

"From information I have received," said he, looking round at us as we all quailed before him, "I have reason to believe there is a blacksmith among you, by name Joseph—or Joe—Gargery. Which is the man?"

"Here is the man," said Joe.

The strange gentleman beckoned him out of his place, and Joe went.

"You have an apprentice," pursued the stranger, "commonly known as Pip? Is he here?"

"I am here!" I cried.

The stranger did not recognise me, but I recognised him as the gentleman I had met on

the stairs, on the occasion of my second visit to Miss Havisham. His appearance was too remarkable for me to have forgotten. I had known him the moment I saw him looking over the settle, and now that I stood confronting him with his hand upon my shoulder, I checked off again in detail, his large head, his dark complexion, his deep-set eyes, his bushy black eyebrows, his large watch-chain, his strong black dots of beard and whisker, and even the smell of scented soap on his great hand.

"I wish to have a private conference with you two," said he, when he had surveyed me at his leisure. "It will take a little time. Perhaps we had better go to your place of residence. I prefer not to anticipate my communication, here; you will impart as much or as little of it as you please to your friends afterwards; I have nothing to do with that."

Amidst a wondering silence, we three walked out of the Jolly Bargemen, and in a wondering silence walked home. While going along, the strange gentleman occasionally looked at me, and occasionally bit the side of his finger. As we neared home, Joe vaguely acknowledging the occasion as an impressive and ceremonious one, went on ahead to open the front door. Our conference was held in the state-parlour, which was feebly lighted by one candle.

It began with the strange gentleman's sitting down at the table, drawing the candle to him, and looking over some entries in his pocket-book. He then put up the pocket-book and set the candle a little aside: after peering round it into the darkness at Joe and me, to ascertain which was which.

"My name," he said, "is Jaggers, and I am a lawyer in London. I am pretty well known. I have unusual business to transact with you, and I commence by explaining that it is not of my originating. If my advice had been asked, I should not have been here. It was not asked, and you see me here. What I have to do, as the confidential agent of another, I do. No less, no more."

Finding that he could not see us very well from where he sat, he got up, and threw one leg over the back of a chair and leaned upon it; thus having one foot on the seat of the chair, and one foot on the ground.

"Now, Joseph Gargery, I am the bearer of an offer to relieve you of this young fellow your apprentice. You would not object to cancel his indentures, at his request and for his good? You would not want anything for so doing?"

"Lord forbid that I should want anything for not standing in Pip's way!" said Joe, staring.

"Lord forbidding is pious, but not to the purpose," returned Mr. Jaggers. "The question is, Would you want anything? Do you want anything?"

"The answer is," returned Joe, sternly, "No."

I thought Mr. Jaggers glanced at Joe, as if he considered him a fool for his disinterestedness. But I was too much bewildered between

breathless curiosity and surprise, to be sure of it.

"Very well," said Mr. Jaggers. "Recollect the admission you have made, and don't try to go from it presently."

"Who's a going to try?" retorted Joe.

"I don't say anybody is. Do you keep a dog?"

"Yes, I do keep a dog."

"Bear in mind then, that Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. Bear that in mind, will you?" repeated Mr. Jaggers, shutting his eyes and nodding his head at Joe, as if he were forgiving him something. "Now, I return to this young fellow. And the communication I have got to make is, that he has great expectations."

Joe and I gasped, and looked at one another.

"I am instructed to communicate to him," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at me, sideways, "that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property, that he be immediately removed from his present sphere of life and from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman—in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations."

My dream was out; my wild fancy was surpassed by sober reality; Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune on a grand scale.

"Now, Mr. Pip," pursued the lawyer, "I address the rest of what I have to say, to you. You are to understand first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions, that you always bear the name of Pip. You will have no objection, I dare say, to your great expectations being encumbered with that easy condition. But if you have any objection, this is the time to mention it."

My heart was beating so fast, and there was such a singing in my ears, that I could scarcely stammer I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now you are to understand secondly, Mr. Pip, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret, until the person chooses to reveal it. I am empowered to mention that it is the intention of the person to reveal it at first hand by word of mouth to yourself. When that intention may be carried out, I cannot say; no one can say. It may be years hence. Now, you are distinctly to understand that you are most positively prohibited from making any inquiry on this head, or any allusion or reference, however distant, to any individual whomsoever as *the* individual in all the communications you may have with me. If you have a suspicion in your own breast, keep that suspicion in your own breast. It is not the least to the purpose what the reasons of this prohibition are; they may be the strongest and gravest reasons, or they may be mere whim. That is not for you to inquire into. The condition is laid down. Your acceptance of it, and your observance of it as binding, is the only remaining condition that I am charged with, by the person from whom I take my instruc-

tions, and for whom I am not otherwise responsible. That person is the person from whom you derive your expectations, and the secret is solely held by that person and by me. Again, not a very difficult condition with which to encumber such a rise in fortune; but if you have any objection to it, this is the time to mention it. Speak out."

Once more, I stammered with difficulty that I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now, Mr. Pip, I have done with stipulations." Though he called me Mr. Pip, and began rather to make up to me, he still could not get rid of a certain air of bullying suspicion; and even now he occasionally shut his eyes and threw his finger at me while he spoke, as much as to express that he knew all kinds of things to my disparagement, if he only chose to mention them. "We come next, to mere details of arrangement. You must know that, although I have used the term 'expectations' more than once, you are not endowed with expectations only. There is already lodged in my hands, a sum of money amply sufficient for your suitable education and maintenance. You will please consider me your guardian. Oh!" for I was going to thank him, "I tell you at once, I am paid for my services, or I shouldn't render them. It is considered that you must be better educated in accordance with your altered position, and that you will be alive to the importance and necessity of at once entering on that advantage."

I said I had always longed for it.

"Never mind what you have always longed for, Mr. Pip," he retorted; "keep to the record. If you long for it now, that's enough. Am I answered that you are ready to be placed at once, under some proper tutor? Is that it?"

I stammered, yes, that was it.

"Good. Now, your inclinations are to be consulted. I don't think that wise, mind, but it's my trust. Have you ever heard of any tutor whom you would prefer to another?"

I had never heard of any tutor but Biddy and Mr. Wopsle's great aunt; so, I replied in the negative.

"There is a certain tutor, of whom I have some knowledge, who I think might suit the purpose," said Mr. Jaggers. "I don't recommend him, observe; because I never recommend anybody. The gentleman I speak of, is one Mr. Matthew Pocket."

Ah! I caught at the name directly. Miss Havisham's relation. The Matthew whom Mr. and Mrs. Camilla had spoken of. The Matthew whose place was to be at Miss Havisham's head, when she lay dead, in her bride's dress on the bride's table.

"You know the name?" said Mr. Jaggers, looking shrewdly at me, and then shutting up his eyes while he waited for my answer.

My answer was, that I had heard of the name.

"Oh!" said he. "You have heard of the name. But the question is, what do you say of it?"

I said, or tried to say, that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation——

"No, my young friend!" he interrupted, shaking his great head very slowly. "Recollect yourself!"

Not recollecting myself, I began again that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation——

"No, my young friend," he interrupted, shaking his head and frowning and smiling both at once; "no, no, no; it's very well done but it won't do; you are too young to fix me with it. Recommendation is not the word, Mr. Pip. Try another."

Correcting myself, I said that I was much obliged to him for his mention of Mr. Matthew Pocket——

"That's more like it!" cried Mr. Jaggers.

—And (I added), I would gladly try that gentleman.

"Good. You had better try him in his own house. The way shall be prepared for you, and you can see his son first, who is in London. When will you come to London?"

I said (glancing at Joe, who stood looking on motionless), that I supposed I could come directly.

"First," said Mr. Jaggers, "you should have some new clothes to come in, and they should not be working clothes. Say this day week. You'll want some money. Shall I leave you twenty guineas?"

He produced a long purse, with the greatest coolness, and counted them out on the table and pushed them over to me. This was the first time he had taken his leg from the chair. He sat astride of the chair when he had pushed the money over, and sat swinging his purse and eyeing Joe.

"Well, Joseph Gargery? You look dumfounded?"

"I am!" said Joe, in a very decided manner.

"It was understood that you wanted nothing for yourself, remember?"

"It were understood," said Joe. "And it are understood. And it ever will be similar according."

"But what," said Mr. Jaggers, swinging his purse, "what if it was in my instructions to make you a present, as compensation?"

"As compensation what for?" Joe demanded.

"For the loss of his services."

Joe laid his hand upon my shoulder with the touch of a woman. I have often thought him since, like the steam-hammer, that can crush a man or pat an eggshell, in his combination of strength with gentleness. "Pip is that hearty welcome," said Joe, "to go free with his services to honour and fortune, as no words can tell him. But if you think as Money can make compensation to me for the loss of the little child—what comes to the forge—and ever the best of friends!——"

O dear good Joe, whom I was so ready to leave and so unthankful to, I see you again, with your muscular blacksmith's arm before your eyes, and your broad chest heaving, and

your voice dying away. O dear good faithful tender Joe, I feel the loving tremble of your hand upon my arm, as solemnly this day as if it had been the rustle of an angel's wing!

But I encouraged Joe at the time. I was lost in the mazes of my future fortunes, and could not retrace the by-paths we had trodden together. I begged Joe to be comforted, for (as he said) we had ever been the best of friends, and (as I said) we ever would be so. Joe scooped his eyes with his disengaged wrist, as if he were bent on gouging himself, but said not another word.

Mr. Jaggers had looked on at this, as one who recognised in Joe the village idiot and in me his keeper. When it was over, he said, weighing in his hand the purse he had ceased to swing:

"Now, Joseph Gargery, I warn you this is your last chance. No half measures with me. If you mean to take a present that I have it in charge to make you, speak out, and you shall have it. If on the contrary you mean to say——" Here, to his great amazement he was stopped by Joe's suddenly working round him with every demonstration of a fell pugilistic purpose.

"Which I meantsay," cried Joe, "that if you come into my place bull-baiting and badgering me, come out! Which I meantsay as such if you're a man, come on! Which I meantsay that what I say, I meantsay and stand or fall by!"

I drew Joe away, and he immediately became placable; merely stating to me, in an obliging manner and as a polite expostulatory notice to anyone whom it might happen to concern, that he were not a going to be bull-baited and badgered in his own place. Mr. Jaggers had risen when Joe demonstrated, and had backed to near the door. Without evincing any inclination to come in again, he there delivered his valedictory remarks. They were these.

"Well, Mr. Pip, I think the sooner you leave here—as you are to be a gentleman—the better. Let it stand for this day week, and you shall receive my printed address in the mean time. You can take a hackney-coach at the stage coach-office in London, and come straight to me. Understand that I express no opinion, one way or other, on the trust I undertake. I am paid for undertaking it, and I do so. Now, understand that, finally. Understand that!"

He was throwing his finger at both of us, and I think would have gone on, but for his seeming to think Joe dangerous, and going off.

Something came into my head which induced me to run after him, as he was going down to the Jolly Bargemen where he had left a hired carriage.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jaggers."

"Halloa!" said he, facing round, "what's the matter?"

"I wish to be quite right, Mr. Jaggers, and to keep to your directions; so I thought I had better ask. Would there be any objection to my taking leave of any one I know, about here, before I go away?"

"No," said he, looking as if he hardly understood me.

"I don't mean in the village only, but up town?"

"No," said he. "No objection."

I thanked him and ran home again, and there I found that Joe had already locked the front door, and vacated the state-parlour, and was seated by the kitchen fire with a hand on each knee, gazing intently at the burning coals. I too sat down before the fire and gazed at the coals, and nothing was said for a long time.

My sister was in her cushioned chair in her corner, and Biddy sat at her needlework before the fire, and Joe sat next Biddy, and I sat next Joe in the corner opposite my sister. The more I looked into the glowing coals, the more incapable I became of looking at Joe; the longer the silence lasted, the more unable I felt to speak.

At length I got out, "Joe, have you told Biddy?"

"No, Pip," returned Joe, still looking at the fire, and holding his knees tight, as if he had private information that they intended to make off somewhere, "which I left it to yourself, Pip."

"I would rather you told, Joe."

"Pip's a gentleman of fortune then," said Joe, "and God bless him in it!"

Biddy dropped her work and looked at me. Joe held his knees and looked at me. I looked at both of them. After a pause, they both heartily congratulated me; but there was a certain touch of sadness in their congratulations that I rather resented.

I took it upon myself to impress Biddy (and through Biddy, Joe) with the grave obligation I considered my friends under, to know nothing and say nothing about the maker of my fortune. It would all come out in good time, I observed, and in the mean while nothing was to be said save that I had come into great expectations from a mysterious patron. Biddy nodded her head thoughtfully at the fire as she took up her work again, and said she would be very particular; and Joe, still detaining his knees, said, "Ay, ay, I'll be ekervally partickler, Pip;" and then they congratulated me again, and went on to express so much wonder at the notion of my being a gentleman, that I didn't half like it.

Infinite pains were then taken by Biddy to convey to my sister some idea of what had happened. To the best of my belief, those efforts entirely failed. She laughed and nodded her head a great many times, and even repeated after Biddy the words "Pip" and "Property." But I doubt if they had more meaning in them than an election cry, and I cannot suggest a darker picture of her state of mind.

I never could have believed it without experience, but as Joe and Biddy became more at their cheerful ease again, I became quite gloomy. Dissatisfied with my fortune, of course I could not be; but it is possible that I may have been, without quite knowing it, dissatisfied with myself.

Anyhow, I sat with my elbow on my knee

and my face upon my hand, looking into the fire, as those two talked about my going away, and about what they should do without me, and all that. And whenever I caught one of them looking at me, though never so pleasantly (and they often looked at me—particularly Biddy), I felt offended: as if they were expressing some mistrust of me. Though Heaven knows they never did by word or sign.

At those times I would get up and look out at the door; for our kitchen door opened at once upon the night, and stood open on summer evenings to air the room. The very stars to which I then raised my eyes, I am afraid I took to be but poor and humble stars for glittering on the rustic objects among which I had passed my life.

"Saturday night," said I, when we sat at our supper of bread-and-cheese and beer. "Five more days, and then the day before *the* day! They'll soon go."

"Yes, Pip," observed Joe, whose voice sounded hollow in his beer mug. "They'll soon go."

"Soon, soon go," said Biddy.

"I have been thinking, Joe, that when I go down town on Monday, and order my new clothes, I shall tell the tailor that I'll come and put them on there, or that I'll have them sent to Mr. Pumblechook's. It would be very disagreeable to be stared at by all the people here."

"Mr. and Mrs. Hubble might like to see you in your new gen-teel figure too, Pip," said Joe, industriously cutting his bread, with his cheese on it, in the palm of his left hand, and glancing at my untasted supper as if he thought of the time when we used to compare slices. "So might Wopsle. And the Jolly Bargemen might take it as a compliment."

"That's just what I don't want, Joe. They would make such a business of it—such a coarse and common business—that I couldn't bear myself."

"Ah, that indeed, Pip!" said Joe. "If you couldn't abear yourself—"

Biddy asked me here, as she sat holding my sister's plate, "Have you thought about when you'll show yourself to Mr. Gargery, and your sister, and me? You will show yourself to us; won't you?"

"Biddy," I returned with some resentment, "you are so exceedingly quick that it's difficult to keep up with you."

("She always were quick," observed Joe.)

"If you had waited another moment, Biddy, you would have heard me say that I shall bring my clothes here in a bundle one evening—most likely on the evening before I go away."

Biddy said no more. Handsomely forgiving her, I soon exchanged an affectionate good night with her and Joe, and went up to bed. When I got into my little room, I sat down and took a long look at it, as a mean little room that I should soon be parted from and raised above, for ever. It was furnished with fresh young remembrances too, and even at the same moment I fell into much the same confused

division of mind between it and the better rooms to which I was going, as I had been in so often between the forge and Miss Havisham's, and Biddy and Estella.

The sun had been shining brightly all day on the roof of my attic, and the room was warm. As I put the window open and stood looking out, I saw Joe come slowly forth at the dark door below, and take a turn or two in the air; and then I saw Biddy come and bring him a pipe and light it for him. He never smoked so late, and it seemed to hint to me that he wanted comforting, for some reason or other.

He presently stood at the door immediately beneath me, smoking his pipe, and Biddy stood there too, quietly talking to him, and I knew that they talked of me, for I heard my name mentioned in an endearing tone by both of them more than once. I would not have listened for more, if I could have heard more: so, I drew away from the window, and sat down in my one chair by the bedside, feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this first night of my bright fortunes should be the loneliest I had ever known.

Looking towards the open window, I saw light wreaths from Joe's pipe floating there, and I fancied it was like a blessing from Joe—not obtruded on me or paraded before me, but pervading the air we shared together. I put my light out, and crept into bed; and it was an uneasy bed now, and I never slept the old sound sleep in it any more.

FLAWS IN CHINA.

ALTHOUGH the Tartars hold the reins of the Chinese government, and are to all intents and purposes masters, imposing their own laws and customs—as witness pigtails and the national costume—yet the Chinese have never absorbed them. They have never thoroughly overlaid the national element, and from time to time the cry of “China for the Chinese!” stirs the national heart of the flowery land. The conqueror and the conquered ever remain as two, and are still only conqueror and conquered. The Tartars have a special quarter assigned to them in most of the towns, and their women have the good taste to eschew the vanity of the “golden water-lilies,” so dear to the heart of the Chinese lady, and keep to their own natural feet, such as God gave them. In many other things of even greater significance the line of demarcation is still broadly drawn.

The present rebellion under Tai-ping, the Prince of Peace, is broadening out that line with terrible decision. As a rising against the foreign possessors of the country, it is a curious transcript of the former national revolt against the Mongolians; and Tai-ping imitates his predecessor Hung-woo as closely as he can, both in his policy and his strategy. So closely do both lines run together, that even in such a matter as that of the general pawning and forfeiture of the Tartars' arms and horses, the present imitates the past. When Hung-

woo put the Mongolians upon their mettle, and they had to muster all their service to meet him, it was found that they had forfeited half their arms and equipments to the Chinese; a fact which somewhat lessened their efficiency when the day of hurry came. And now, at this present moment, the cunning Chinese shopkeepers have in pledge half the horses of the Tartars. We may be sure they will not give up the pawn-tickets easily. Tai-ping, the Prince of Peace, who comes in so stormy a manner to substantiate his claim to that mild title, has proved himself a second Peter the Czar in the matter of costume and hairy growths. He and his followers have cut off their pigtails, and cast away the Tartar tippets, to go back to the long unshaven locks and loose robes opening in front of the time of the Mings. They are welcomed by the real Chinese people everywhere, and they make a marked difference in their treatment of these and of such Tartars as may fall into their hands. To the first they are all humanity and brotherhood; but for the last are reserved such barbarities as only belong to the Chinese intellect to conceive and the Chinese hand to execute. Tai-ping has had various fortunes. His history, as he himself and some of the missionaries desire it to be received, we proceed to tell.

Hung-sin-tshuen, for that is his real name, was born in the year 1813, in a little village, among paddy-fields, about thirty miles from Canton. On a clear day the White Cloud Mountains, rising in the neighbourhood of Canton, may be seen from this village, which numbers no more than about four hundred inhabitants. Most of them belong to the Hung family and descendants of other settlers. They are very poor. Their houses front to the south, in order to profit by the cooling south-east breezes during the hot season, and to avoid the northern blasts of winter. On his birth in this village the new prophet received the name of “Brilliant Fire,” and, after Chinese fashion, when he reached the age of manhood, another, indicating his relation to the Hung family. Later, when he became a scholar, he took for his literary name Sin-tshuen, “Elegant and Perfect.”

Although head man of the village, his father was but poor, possessing only two buffaloes, a few pigs, dogs, and poultry. He and his two elder sons cultivated the paddy-fields, but Sin-tshuen, it is said, showed very soon an extraordinary capacity for study, and was sent to school when seven years of age. He surprised his teachers by his diligence, and several of them refused to take any pay from him; his relatives also assisted him, for they were proud of him, and hoped he would attain high honours. When he was about sixteen his studies ended, for his family was too poor to continue them. The young scholar was then obliged to assist his father and brothers in their field labours, and led often the oxen to graze on the mountain. Then a friend invited him to join for a year in his studies, meaning to pay himself with his help. That year passed by: Sin-tshuen was made schoolmaster of his village. The income of a

Chinese schoolmaster depends on the number of his pupils, but they must not exceed twenty; because it is held that he could not attend to a greater number with the necessary care. Every boy is bound to give his teacher annually the following articles: Rice, 50 lb.; for extra provisions, 300 cash; lamp oil, 1 catty (1½ lb.); lard, 1 catty; salt, 1 catty; tea, 1 catty; and, besides, a sum of from 1½ to 4 dollars, according to the boy's age and ability. The lessons are continued throughout the whole year, with only one month's holidays at the new year, when the engagement of the teacher always terminates, and a new contract must be made.

Sin-tshuen tried for literary honours; on which in China everything depends; but, in Canton, he did not succeed. When he was about twenty-three years old, and again in Canton to try his chance, he met before the house of the Superintendent of Finances a strange fortune-teller dressed in the ancient Chinese costume as it was worn before the conquest of the Tartars, and as it may yet be seen in Cochinchina and upon the stage. The stranger had a coat with wide sleeves, and his hair tied in a knot on his head. He was telling fortunes through an interpreter, and Sin-tshuen drew near to ask whether he would succeed this time in the examination. The man answered his thought before he uttered it, by saying, "You will attain the highest rank; but do not be grieved, for grief will make you sick. I congratulate your virtuous father." The next day he met again two men in the Liang-tsang street, one of whom gave him nine small volumes; being a complete set of a work entitled Good Words for exhorting the Age. Sin-tshuen took these books home to his village, and, after having only superficially glanced at them, laid them aside without further thinking of them.

In the next year, 1837, he went again to Canton for the examination. At first his name was placed high on the board; but afterwards it was again put lower, which misfortune pulled him down so much that he was obliged to engage a sedan and two stout men to carry him back to his native village. There he arrived on the first day of the third Chinese month, and for some time he kept his bed, where he was visited by strange dreams. He saw a great many people, who bade him welcome to their number, and he supposed this to forebode his death. He called his parents and relatives, and said to them, "My days are counted, and my life will soon be closed. O my parents! how badly have I returned the favour of your love to me! I shall never attain a name that may reflect its lustre upon you." When he had said these words, he shut his eyes and fainted; and his two brothers, who had supported him while he spoke, laid him down on the bed, thinking, like all present, that he was dying.

We tell the tale as we gather it from Chinese sources; but the reader will make what allowance he feels to be necessary for imposture. At first, when Sin-tshuen's eyes were closed, he saw a

vision. In it, a dragon, a tiger, a cock, several musicians, a luminous place full of fine men and women, an old woman, a great number of old, virtuous, and venerable men, who take the pains to cut his body open and sew it up again, are mixed in a farrago quite as absurd as the spirit-rapping stories current among the English readers of Spiritual publications. Finally, Sin-tshuen was presented with the emblems of royalty and true exponent of Heaven's will upon earth. The sickness and visions continued, it is said, for forty days. In Sin-tshuen's later dreams he met often with a man of middle age, whom he heard reprove Confucius for having omitted in his books clearly to expound the true doctrine. Confucius seemed to be much ashamed, and owned his guilt.

Often, during his sickness, Sin-tshuen said that he was duly appointed Emperor of China, and was highly gratified when any one so called him; but when people said he was mad he laughed at them, and called them mad themselves. He was soon known in the whole district as the madman; for he frequently performed violent antics, to make believe that he was slaying demons. People came in to look at him when he lay asleep, wearied out by his exertions. His two brothers kept him fastened within doors.

When Sin-tshuen recovered from this sickness, it is said that he was careful in his conduct, friendly and open in his demeanour, his body increased in height and size, his pace became firm and imposing, his views enlarged and liberal. His friend describes him as being, at a later period, a rather tall man, with oval face and fair complexion, high nose, small round ears, his eyes large and bright, his look piercing and difficult to endure, his voice clear and sonorous. When laughing, the whole house resounded. His hair was black, his beard long and sandy, his strength of body extraordinary, his power of understanding rare.

In 1843, Sin-tshuen had a school in a village named Waterlily, ten miles from his native place, where he was engaged as a teacher by the Li family. In that year his cousin Li happened to find in the bookcase of Sin-tshuen the work entitled Good Words for exhorting the Age, given to him at Canton, and laid aside. Li asked what was in it? Sin-tshuen answered that he did not know, and Li took the work home with him. The author of the Good Words exhorting the Age calls himself "Hioh-shen," or "Student of Virtue." The name, however, by which he is commonly called is Liang-afah, known as one of Dr. Milne's Chinese converts. He became himself a missionary, and wrote and printed in the year 1832, nine tracts, of about fifty pages each, which were revised by Dr. Morrison in manuscript, and afterwards printed at Malacca. The general title is as above mentioned, and among the contents are whole chapters of the Bible, according to the translation of Dr. Morrison, many exhortations drawn from single texts, and sundry statements founded upon Scripture.

When Li returned the books to Sin-tshuen,

he said that their contents were very extraordinary. Sin-tshuen, therefore, was induced to read them from beginning to the end, and, it is professed, with growing anxiety, because he found in them the key to his visions! Li became, it is said, as much excited as Sin-tshuen. Learning from the books that it was necessary to be baptised, they performed this rite for each other, and Sin-tshuen "converted and baptised" two of his most intimate friends, Yun-jan, a schoolmaster, and his cousin, Hung-tin, who is the source of all this information on the matter.

Sin-tshuen and Li studied, it is said, in Water-lily, the nine books, and the more they got entangled into the mysteries of the Bible, the more they became excited. They had provided themselves with two swords, weighing nine pounds each, on which were engraved the words, "Sword for the Extermination of Demons." However, even prophets must eat, and having lost all their pupils, the two friends resolved to go to another province as pedlars dealing in Chinese ink and pencil, preaching the new doctrine at the same time.

The wandering prophets procured Hung-tin a place as schoolmaster, which he kept for several years, and in which he "converted" about sixty persons. The others were wandering about, and the reputation of Sin-tshuen spread over the country. In the years 1845 and 1846 he began to think it possible that he might realise his imperial visions. He often spoke about it to Hung-tin, and once he said to him, "God has divided the world into kingdoms and given them the ocean for boundaries, just as a father divides his acres among his sons. Each of them ought to honour the will of his father, and to cultivate in peace his own. Why may now these Tartars break forcibly into China? If God would help me to restore our own, I would teach all people to remain in their property, without injuring or robbing one another; we would keep up a friendly intercourse in communicating to each other the same principles and wisdom; we would worship altogether one and the same heavenly Father, and honour the doctrine of a common heavenly brother, the Saviour of the world. This has been the desire of my heart since that time when my soul was raised to heaven."

Towards the end of 1846 a man came from Canton to Hwa-hien (where Sin-tshuen was then schoolmaster), and said that a foreign missionary, Lo-han (Mr. Roberts), was preaching there the true doctrine. Sin-tshuen and Hung-tin would have gone to Canton at once, but they could not leave their pupils, and the man who brought that news returned alone. He told the missionary of Sin-tshuen, his visions, his influence, and a Chinese assistant of the mission invited Sin-tshuen and Hung-tin to come to Canton. They did so, and received instruction. The Chinese assistant missionaries, however, became soon jealous, and induced Hung-tin to give up the study of theology for that of medicine, and cunningly advised Sin-

tshuen to ask Mr. Roberts for a monthly salary. Mr. Roberts cooled towards Sin-tshuen, refused his request, and postponed also his baptism for an uncertain time. Sin-tshuen therefore left Canton in the middle of the year 1847, with some copper coins in his pocket, fell amongst robbers, and lost even the little that he had. The head magistrate of Shan-king gave him a few pence, and on board a ship he met four merchants, who paid his passage and gave him a couple of shillings. Thus he arrived at last in Thistlehill, where Jung-yun-san had worked for the new doctrine with great success, and the number of his converted amounted to two thousand persons. The arrival of the prophet was hailed with rejoicings. The wife of a respectable man said that when she was ill ten years before, and her soul raised to heaven, an old man told her, "After ten years, a man will come from the east to teach you how to worship God. Follow him."

The new doctrine spread rapidly over the whole province Kwang-si, and even graduates of the first and second order were "converted." There was in Kwang-si a celebrated idol, and the demon inhabiting it was said to be most powerful. When Sin-tshuen heard this, he proceeded to the temple, and destroyed it.

As we were told that after his sickness Sin-tshuen altered for the better, so we are, of course, now told how, after having read the books and become impressed with the idea of himself as a prophet, his demeanour was yet more imposing. His gait was slow and full of dignity; he did not talk much, and laughed rarely. In sitting, his position was erect, leaning neither backwards nor sideways; his hands were resting on his knees, and his feet were a little apart from each other. Thus he would sit for hours.

Thistlehill is described as a place of regular "revival." People fell into convulsions during the religious service, uttering strange exhortations. The teachers themselves were bewildered, but sensible enough to write down the words of those who were "taken by the spirit," leaving the decision of their meaning to the prophet himself. When Sin-tshuen arrived, he said that some of these speeches came from above, and others from below. He tried to check this mania of other folks for revelation by prohibiting the use of opium and ardent spirits, even of tobacco.

In the rugged mountains of Kwang-si lived always robbers and outlaws, who often ransacked the neighbouring villages. Their number increased, and they formed regular bands. Most of them were such people from Kwangtung and the neighbouring provinces as were called by the aboriginal inhabitants (the Puntis) settlers or Hakkas. These latter had many villages in Kwang-si, but they were not as rich as the Puntis, and always quarrelled with them. Over a marriage case, in September, 1850, war between the Puntis and Hakkas commenced. The Puntis were beaten at first, for the Hakkas were helped by the out-

laws; but the Puntis got assistance from the mandarins, and then the Hakkas were defeated in their turn. Their houses having been destroyed by fire, in their distress they took refuge with the followers of Sin-tshuen, who were living in small communistic communities, numbering from one to three hundred persons, throughout the country.

In this manner the Puntis and the mandarins, their protectors, became the enemies of Sin-tshuen and his sect. Sin-tshuen and Yun-jan were compelled to hide in the house of a friend, at a place only accessible by a defile which a handful of people might defend. The mandarins became acquainted with this place of refuge, and sent troops, by whom the pass was blockaded. The commune at Thistlehill received news of the danger of their prophet—it was said, of course, by revelation. A great crowd gathered, and beat off the imperial soldiery. Now, thought Sin-tshuen, was the time to unveil his plans. He had made preparation by inducing all members of the different communities to sell their property, and depose it in the common treasure, from which every one had what he wanted. So when he called them out to battle, free from impediment, they followed his call in great numbers.

Sin-tshuen having seized at once an important market-town, surrounded by a large river, fortified it. When the imperial soldiers arrived, they only erected a camp. When provisions ran short, Sin-tshuen evacuated the town safely, by help of a stratagem. The mandarins, when they entered, plundered and burned above two thousand shops, and murdered many of the inhabitants. This cruelty excited the people, and the war began in earnest. Even the women took an active part in it. Two female commanders joined the rebels, each leading two thousand fighting women. These dangerous troops the prophet set apart, and one-half of them he placed in advance of his right, the other half in advance of his left, wing.

The chiefs of the Triad society, whose purpose was the restoration of the Ming dynasty and the expulsion of the Tartars, thought it wise to support the rebel chief. Sin-tshuen bade them welcome if they would worship as he did. This they would do, they said; and sent in their bribes in victuals. The prophet sent them sixteen preachers of the new doctrine. After this the eight chiefs of the Triad society, with their troops, joined in the growing strife. Fifteen of the preachers had all the money given them by their disciples paid into the common purse, as the law would have it; but one of them kept it for himself. He sold arms belonging to the commune to buy opium. He was drunk, and had wounded some brethren. He was decapitated.

This severity made a peculiar impression on the eight chiefs of the Triad society. "If a man," they said, "who has been sent as a teacher to us is treated so severely for a trifling offence, how would they deal with us?" That was the thought which induced seven of them to leave the sect, and even join the army of the

emperor. One of them, Lo-shai-kang, liked both the discipline and religion of Sin-tshuen, and was faithful to his cause. Sin-tshuen agreed with the Triad society as to expelling the Tartars, but not as to restoring the Ming dynasty. "When our plains and hills will be reconquered," he said, "then we will found a new dynasty."

In the autumn of 1851, Sin-tshuen removed his camp to the city of Yung-ngan, in East Kwang-si, where he took the treasury and the provisions of the government.

In this city Sin-tshuen was proclaimed emperor of the new dynasty, which was called "Thae-ping T'heen-kwoh" (Great quiet Kingdom of Heaven). The success of the rebel emperor after this time is known. He led his army through the provinces of Kwang-si, Hu-nan, Hu-peh, Kiang-si, Ngan-hwat, and Kiang-su, where he conquered the old capital of China, Nan-king, in March of the year 1853.

He has, at length, taken Nan-king, the sacred old national city, the Moscow of China, leaving his enemies the mandarins as yet in possession of Peking, comparatively modern, and with no particular sacredness about it. Perhaps this is of good augury to us, now the masters of Peking with the imperial palace Yuen-ming-yuen in ashes at our feet, and the imperial prince Kung quietly taking the right hand or lower place in presence of our envoy. If, as they say, Peking is China, and the holder thereof the ruler of the country, then the last hour of the great mandarin sham has sounded, and between "Young China" and the red-haired barbarians the burial will not long delay.

The rebels against the constituted state authority are also rebels against the constituted state religions. The two often go together in the history of nations, and stand as cause and effect strongly linked in one. They are, in a manner, Christians, these Tai-pings; in a manner only, for their doctrines are somewhat confused and their theology of the clumsiest, and the way in which they mix the waters of their various fountains more wonderful than admirable. But twilight is very dear in a dungeon, and the smallest chink which lets in the sun is very serviceable when the life below is perishing for lack of light. Even the unsatisfactory travesty of Christianity which the Prince of Peace and his disciples set forth is a better something than the atheistic nothing, common to the more educated Chinese mind. The Buddhist has a firmer grasp on truth than this, for any positive form of faith is preferable to dead negation.

Europeans who have been much in China and are supposed to know more of the bearings of this national question, advocate our alliance with the rebel party, even while we are thundering at the gates of the imperial palace, and smashing the lions set before the Tartar quarters. It is said by those who know better than ourselves, that this Ming or national party "is desirous to be on friendly terms with us, is ready to make the most favourable treaties with us, and to give every guarantee we could de-

mand for the loyal execution of these treaties." Furthermore, that "whatever treaty we may make with the actual dynasty, we shall have to go over the same ground again to obtain it from the Ming, should the Tartar be conquered; particularly if we should have shown sympathy or partiality for the fallen dynasty." Which last, however, is scarcely likely. The Christian doctrines, too, deformed as they are, would be a bond of union between the Taipings and ourselves, and might afford a foothold for a truer and better development. The fact of any new doctrine at all, no matter what, being received by the Celestials, is a circumstance so immensely encouraging, that we may build almost any theory of hope we like upon it; and it does not seem too much to believe that a sect of bastard Christians may one day join the body of the truer Church, and make themselves one with the great family of civilised nations. If this should ever be the case, we shall have opened up China by a better means than fire and sword. It may be that the coincidence of these two historical actions—the uprising of a national party in a manner christianised, and the conquest of Peking by a christian Western nation—are intended to be the means by which Chinese exclusiveness is to be overcome, and the long isolated nation received into the brotherhood of the human family. If there is any political significance at all in this Ming party—and no one who understands the question has yet doubted the value of its ultimate tendency—it does seem the wisest thing for us to do to make common cause with the "rebels," and so serve humanity while helping forward our own designs. Would this be the first time in history when England's designs served the whole human race?

Anything is better than the present rule in China; any set of governors superior to the Tartar, with his stolid conceit, his treachery and love of lies, his vanity and puffed-up arrogance, his emptiness and pretension. Tigers at the gates of the Tartar barracks are set as signs and symbols of the dauntless spirits within; and the imperial guard, or "tigers" as they are called, wear the head and eyes of the creature painted on their yellow tunics, also as symbolic of their nature. They cover their heads with cats'-eared caps, to make them yet more thoroughly like the beasts they represent, and are altogether terrible fellows: fire-eaters, who expect their enemies to fall down and beg for life and mercy as soon as they come within eyeshot, and see what awful beings they have to deal with. Yet the Tartars are not really cowards, however boastful and arrogant. People who can tranquilly eat their rice while shot and shell are flying over their heads, who can calculate the exact range of fire and quietly hang out their clothes to dry just within the mark and straight in the line, who can cluster round the feet of the soldiers in the field and pick up their cartridge papers, and dart in and out among the war ships between cross fires everywhere,—a people so cool and calm and self-pos-

sessed are not wholly despicable, though they do boast so violently and lie so tremendously. Lie! It is the natural life both of a Tartar and a Chinaman: he draws it in with his mother's milk, and he exhales it in his last sigh. The very dead are lied to, and the ghosts themselves deceived. For is not gold and silver paper, in the form of ingots, strewed over the graveyard, so that when the bad spirits come prowling about to catch the ghosts taking an airing, they may be attracted by all this show of wealth, and, stopping to pick up the ingots, may thus give time to the poor hunted ghosts to slip back again into their graves, all snug and quiet? When a nation sets itself to cheat its dead we cannot wonder if it deceives the living. The rich dead are often kept for months, until the lucky moment arrives, or the right place is found for burying them; and one traveller tells us how old Howqua, the great tea man, at a dinner party, had several parcels of earth brought him, whence to choose the one where he would select to lie, and how he chose a gravelly one, and after as much matter-of-course deliberation as an English lady would have put into the selection of her wedding-gown.

This is only one of the many things in which the Celestials and the Westerns disagree. We wear black for mourning, they white; we reverence crowns and coronets, they boots and buttons; we build our walls solid, they hollow; we pull our boats, they push theirs; we have the orchestra in front of our stage, they put theirs behind; we feed the living, they the dead; we have a white flag for truce, they for war; we give our children games and our men business, they put their children to business and their full-grown men fly kites; we drink milk and sugar to our clear tea, they have neither to a cup half full of leaves; we hold one evidence of good breeding to consist in clean nails, well trimmed and filbert shaped, they in talons twelve inches long with bamboo sheaths to protect them; we pinch the waist, they the feet, of women; we make the right hand the place of honour, they of inferiority; we hold falsehood to be a shame, they count it a virtue, if successful and for a purpose. Wingrove Cooke's masterly summary may come in here, though every one has read it very likely more than once. But it is so clever that no one can object to reading it again, no matter how often before: "In a country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the labourer has no Sabbath and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads bear no vehicles and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honour is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning—we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet and a language without a grammar."

Great are the Chinese in business. Even their childish games are all of buying and selling, the tricks of trade, and how to best cheat their customers; and so keen are they it is next to impossible to cheat a Chinese child, whose trading faculty is developed to a point not often reached by the adult Western. The Chinese have always been forward in mechanical arts, and have had, as we all know, the germs—never the full fruition—of most of our great discoveries for many centuries among them. But they have been conservative, stationary, fossilised, and have mummified themselves and all about them by their conceit and stagnant pride. They are precisely, in all particulars, what they were when we sent our first embassy to them, with this sole difference, that Lord Macartney found them amicable, whereas they are now the reverse, and that their insolence was more endurable than than their insolence is now. But slowly as she has moved—so slowly as to be imperceptible to us by our own knowledge, China has a past, like the rest of us; and a past which, in some matters, went beyond the present. Odd as it sounds, China is absolutely in a state of decadence with respect to some of its arts, and the sons have not trodden in their fathers' steps: in one art, especially decaying—the porcelain manufacture. The porcelain manufacturers have lost their cunning, and the old ware is not equalled by the new. The secret of some of it is quite lost. The famous sea-green snackle, called Celadon by Louis the Fifteenth and his red-heeled shepherds and shepherdesses, is only to be found now among the Chinese old curiosity shops; so of the celebrated cream-coloured porcelain, worth a king's ransom when of perfect form and the true shade. They say that the art of these two special wares was known to but a few, and that the secret died with the last man of the set. Certain it is, that the modern productions are infinitely inferior to the ancient, and that collectors of virtue and brics-à-bracs would not give a straw for all the newly-baked cups and saucers in China. It is comforting to find even a backward movement in the midst of so much stagnation. If progress is the best thing, decadence comes next, as at all events evidencing a kind of life which the encrusted fossil has not got.

But the fact is, very much in China is decaying. The clay feet are crumbling at last, and soon the brazen image will come smashing to the dust. When our people entered Pekin they found the whole place in the most wonderfully ruinous condition. Private houses were mere hovels—masses of rottenness flushed over with a little paint and gilding to make them look tolerably decent; the public buildings were even worse, for they were masses of rottenness without that outside flush of superficial patching. The board of punishments, and all the other boards, were tumble-down sheds of lath and plaster; shams, hollowness, and lies, like so much else. Everything governmental is a sham. The tremendous battles fought and

gained by the Tigers, exist but on the papers given to the king to read; the overwhelming armies gathered everywhere, and the supplies necessary to feed and maintain them, are only so many figures representing the speculations of the mandarins, but having no existence in reality; those "troublesome insects," the rebels, have been exterminated—on paper—over and over again, at the very time, perhaps, when they were making their most rapid strides towards supremacy; and we, the red-haired barbarians, were driven into the sea, or howling in our chains, when the Tartar generals were fleeing before us, and the Taku forts were in our hands. "The one man," as they call their emperor, is the best deceived man in the empire. Truth cannot get at him, and if she could, she would most probably be soundly rated, and sent about her business as a loveless hag whom nobody cared to house—"the one man" least of all. But the Chinese prefer lies to truth. They would not thank you to be taught that it was no dog or dragon devouring the sun in an eclipse, who has to be frightened away by hideous music, and the drumming of pots and kettles; that toothache is not caused by a worm gnawing at the root, nor ophthalmia by a maggot lying beneath the eyelid; that good luck in life is not securable by spells and charms; and that the fatherly character of their government is not best shown by barbarous punishments and sanguinary massacres; they prefer to think all this, instead of learning better—they prefer darkness to day. Prayer to them is rolling so many yards of printed sentences out of a machine, at so much the yard, and to them Min Joss stands in the place of penitence and aspiration. With no mercy in the executive, no truth in the government, no prayer in the heart, no love for man, and no fear of God, what can we expect but cruelty and deceit, Yeh's massacre and ghosts cheated in the graveyard, a lie accounted an honourable word, the infernal revelations of the prisons, and the barbarous torture of prisoners of war? Tai-ping will perhaps show us better things in the days of the national Christianity to come.

THE FLIGHT.

With flying gleams, the moon of March
Beats on the wind-blown lattices,
Whose Norman casements flame and fade,
Vague lightnings through the chesnut-trees:
With tumult whitening on its skirts,
Rolls, to the west, one thunder cloud;
And, in the blue air overhead,
The stars sit in a golden crowd—
As, down the river, flowing fast,
With silence and the night we float,
A glory on the castle walls,
And darkness on our lonely boat.

Far up the levels of the flood,
Mid branching oak and sycamore,
A dizzy splendour floats and swims
Across the currents to the shore:
Bright, where the waters welter black,
In brimming spaces, dark and slow,

A blank, rich splendour in the tide,
The moon dips in an amber glow—
As down the river, drifting fast
With silence and the night we float,
A glory on the castle walls,
And darkness on our lonely boat.

At times, high up the lands of corn,
The roofs of sleeping villages,
Old chimneys, smoked and quaintly slacked,
Old tabards, swinging in the breeze,
Gray steeple-tops, and belfries brown,
Red tapers winking through the night,
And gables, overgrown with vine,
Rush past, like beacons on our flight—
As down the river, to the sea,
Amid the tranquil night we float,
Faint splendours on the castle walls,
And darkness round our lonely boat.

Like giant cities, to the south,
The peak'd hills prop the rifted cloud ;
And, through the gorges, dark with fern,
The mountain torrents thunder loud.
The plains are steaming to the moon,
The white ash glimmers by the stream,
And, in the meadows crisped with frost,
The cattle couch within the beam—
As down the river, broadening fast,
Thro' swathing foam, we swiftly float,
Dim, dimmer still, the castle walls,
And darkness on our lonely boat.

Far, in the north, where shifts and flits
Yon vexed brightness, in the skies,
The temple walls and mighty domes
Of the imperial city rise.
Hurrah ! the frothing rapids roar.
Along the forests on our lee ;
Back, like a phantom, reels the shore,
Our boat is on the wild fresh sea.
Out on the green and wrinkled tides,
'Mid silence and the stars we float ;
Prayer on our lips, peace in our hearts,
And moonlight on our lonely boat.

THE TABLE D'HÔTE.

It is curious how much one table d'hôte is like another. There is always the old gentleman with a rosette in his button-hole, who has dined there for fifteen years regularly, and who would be a very agreeable companion, if his throat and lungs were in better order, and required a less frequent and less noisy amount of clearing out. Then there is the particular gentleman, a foreigner too, who is neatly dressed, who wears gold spectacles, who inspects his plate very closely, who frowns at it, who wipes it with his napkin, with which he next proceeds to polish his wine-glass ; holding it up to the light afterwards, to see how the process has answered, and muttering to himself invectives against the uncleanness of the service. This gentleman is a connoisseur in cookery too, a cheap epicure, and openly disparages everything that is put before him, eating, however, very freely of each dish as it comes round. Then there is the newly married couple, natives of England ; the wife heavy, stupid, fair ; the husband one of that

class who may be disposed of in one word, that word being Goose ; a gentleman, with about an inch between the roots of his hair and his eyebrows, and the top of whose head would fit into a good-sized teacup. Then there is the old rascal whom one sets down instinctively as a scamp, with a grey moustache and a bald ring upon the top of his head, who perhaps drew his first breath in the Emerald Isle ; a country which has certainly given birth to the old lady who sits not far off, and who seems to consider herself, for some reason unexplained, the patroness of the meal. This old lady is so enveloped, so girt about, and fortified as to the head, with braids, and twists, and intertwinements of massive and hard-edged brown hair, in addition to certain gigantic outworks of cap, that she is fain, when desirous of observing her neighbours on either side—which is frequently the case—to screw her old eyes into complicated corner glances ; for she cannot get her neck to revolve under such a load. One would also say, to see how she crouches when a waiter hands anything over her head, that she is in some fear lest the whole structure which decorates it, hair, cap, ribbons, and flowers, should be knocked off into her neighbour's plate. It is a curious fact that the proprietors of fictitious heads of hair are always, as logicians say, for proving too much. They are not contented with the mere fact of having hair in great plenty at an advanced age—which one would think would be enough—but they are always going in for a degree of luxuriance which would be next to impossible even in youth. They are for ever adding more and more massive and redundant braids, and plaits, and festoons, to outrage all probability.

There is something very unsatisfactory about a table d'hôte, considered as a meal. You are always eating too much and always feeling as if you had had nothing. You reserve yourself for something that never comes, and reject condiments which you would gladly recal were that proceeding possible. Surely, too, there is something unsatisfactory in sitting—not in the same room merely, as you do at a restaurant—but at the same table, with a score or two of people, and not knowing one of them.

I have felt this to an excessive degree. For, it happened once that, owing to the irresistible force of a complication of unfortunate circumstances, I found myself dining at a table d'hôte on Christmas-day. The agencies which brought this about, need not be entered into. A slight degree of mismanagement bringing with it—as it not uncommonly does—a vengeance of untoward circumstances, all dovetailing in with each other to effect their terrific purpose—a missing of trains, a falling in of the term of my lodgings at an inconvenient season, a compulsory delay to give time for the reception of letters—these, and such-like matters, all combined, as stated above, with a certain amount of mismanagement, brought it about that, instead of eating my Christmas dinner among beloved and familiar faces, I had to partake of that meal in a

strange land, and surrounded by persons who did not care a wink of the eye whether I was alive or dead the next morning.

In looking forward to the day's dinner—an allowable thing, let us hope, always, but more particularly when, as on Christmas-day, that meal is looked upon as a kind of solemn rite—in looking forward to the dinner and speculating upon it, I had occupied myself a good deal with the nature of the company, wondering whether I should haply have the table to myself; whether, on the contrary, there would be a large gathering; whether I should be able to read on any faces of those who might be present the reason of their being there—away from friends and relatives, at that social season of the year. Above all, I occupied myself with wondering whether I should hear my own native language talked; whether there would be any English besides myself at the table d'hôte of the inn at Schnowen-berg.

To my surprise I found the table, long as it was, well filled with the class of persons that is usually found at such places. But over them all—and especially over those members of my own country who were present—there seemed to hang a cloud of melancholy which was very conspicuous, and a counterpart of which may have rested on my own countenance. We all looked ashamed of being there, and every one of us seemed to look upon his neighbour with suspicion. How the deuce was it that *he* was there on Christmas-day? That was the question which every Englishman present asked himself about every other Englishman. There was that young man with the moustache and his young wife—what did they do there on such an occasion? There must be a screw loose there. They have been living too expensively, and have an amount of debt hanging over them at home which renders it dangerous to return even to keep Christmas there. Or perhaps it is a runaway match—yes, that must be it. They have run away, and are keeping out of England for the present. It would never do to be acquainted with *them*. Then there is that Irish gentleman with the dyed moustache, and the rings and chains: he has an insolvent look about him: a sort of halo of impecuniosity surrounds him. It would never do to know *him*. A slight conversation with that gentleman would have dangerous results. You would hear, in the course of the evening, a gentle tap at your room door, and on crying "Come in!" the Irish gentleman would appear with a profusion of apologies for intruding, and would volubly inform you that it "was the most ridiculous thing in the world, but he had just received a tiligraphic despatch summoning him to England upon important business, that it happened that he was without sufficient money to pay his railway fare, and that he had felt the moment he saw your countenance that you were the kyind of man who would be only too glad to assist a gentleman and a fellow countryman at a pinch." Then, with regard to that mysterious family with the half-pay officer at its head, his wife looking

as if she spent all her time in crying, with the daughter so poorly dressed, and the insatiably hungry boy—that half-pay officer (I know him to be such at a glance) is not a man to know; he would never do in England as an acquaintance afterwards.

And how would the two middle-aged ladies who are travelling together without any protector—how would *they* do as acquaintances afterwards? They would do very well if one wanted, perchance, to know a couple of damsels who were never likely to see fifty again, and who, if they were not persuaded in their own minds that they were young girls, were fully persuaded that everybody took them to be so. They would do very well if one wanted to know two ladies who were determined to wear what they liked, and who liked, one a hood lined and turned back with scarlet, disclosing a wig parted at the side, and the other a juvenile brown hat with a childish brown feather and a profusion of brown curls showing beneath. Again, if your taste led you to admire a couple of spinsters who, being very open to criticism themselves, were in the habit of quizzing everybody with whom they were brought in contact, and giggling sportively behind their handkerchiefs at the young married lady opposite. If these characteristics gave you pleasure, and if you were interested in seeing two ladies, who, determining to be independent, would rush and push for all the comfortable places everywhere, turning other people out and trading upon the deference paid to their sex to secure the best of everything, and to indulge in every species of bargaining, haggling, and disputation—if these were your tastes, then would the lady in the hood and the lady in the innocent hat be the very acquaintances you would select, and your joy at finding them would be complete.

But if it happened that you associated with the idea of the feminine character certain graces of a modest and retiring kind; if, while you admired the display of courage and heroism in a woman when extraordinary circumstances rendered it necessary, you abhorred the assumption of such qualities where they had no place; then you would have done well to give the lady in the hood and the lady in the hat as wide a berth as possible.

We all, I say, looked upon each other with alarm and mistrust for being away from home on Christmas-day. The young Englishman with his English wife regarded the Irish gentleman with horror, while the half-pay lady watched the lady of the young Englishman with hardly disguised suspicion. Among the foreigners present there was of course no such feeling. They were all either Germans or French, and while the Germans were stolidly indifferent as to where they partook of their dinner, provided the meal was long enough, the Frenchmen were all proud of being there. A Frenchman is always proud of being anywhere where he is, and of doing anything that he is doing. He is proud of being at the play; he is proud of being on horseback; he is proud of being married, and will walk

about the town with his bride to show himself off; he is proud of making a purchase at a shop, of riding in a railway carriage, of being a prime minister, or of being a chiffonnier. Of all these things he is proud, and not too proud to show it.

There was one person who occupied the place next to my own at the table, in whom I could not help feeling much interested. Soberly and plainly dressed, and possessed neither of youth nor beauty, there was nothing in the lady that would at first sight be likely to attract attention, and yet in my survey of the table I found myself more occupied with my neighbour than with any of the other guests. When first I observed her she was occupied, as the dinner had not commenced at that time, in reading a letter, and when the meal began she placed it by the side of her plate, seeming to abandon it with some regret. I could not help speculating a little about this lady. I could just see that the prefix to her name on the envelope of the letter was *Mademoiselle*; so I was justified in concluding that she was not married, and I had gained, from something I heard her say, information as to the ultimate destination towards which she was journeying. She had for a neighbour on the other side the strong-minded lady in the flaming hood, and she could hardly have been seated next a more inquisitive, not to say a more impertinently curious, personage. Question followed question in the most rapid succession, and, as my neighbour was wanting either in the will or the power to defend herself, this "curious impertinent" soon learnt the leading particulars of her journey. She had come from a village which she named in the neighbourhood of Hereford—Eaton-Bishop it was called, if I remember rightly—and she was travelling across Germany on her way to Pesth, to which place she was bound, not with any pleasure-seeking object, but to fill the post of governess in a native family there, who wanted an English lady to teach their children. At this stage of the inquiry, the worthy lady in the hood abandoned her victim as unworthy of further notice, while I for my part could not help in my imagination dwelling on the narrative the rough outline of which I had just overheard. What a bleak and dismal tale it suggested! To be making a long journey in such weather and alone was bad enough; but to have no cheerful prospect at the end of it—a reception by strangers, people of a different nation, of different habits, whom she knew nothing about, who might be coarse, rough, or even treacherous—what a prospect this was with the memory of the home she had left to make it worse! I felt sure that of all the trials connected with her heroic act, this Christmas abroad was the worst, and I even fancied that this poor lady had placed the home letter by her plate with a purpose, to be a friend at the Christmas feast.

But surely to all us English this public meal was at such a time a severe ordeal enough. It was very well to try and brave it out; but it

would not do. The English gentleman with the contracted skull, and the half-pay officer, ordered expensive wines against each other in silent defiance, and the waiters brought them in bottles of *Macon ordinaire* placed in wicker cradles to keep them horizontal, and carried with elaborate caution. These expenses were indulged in vainly, as far as any happy result on the animal spirits was concerned. The gentleman from the Emerald Isle, determined not to be outdone, ordered a bottle of champagne, and glanced proudly around him as the cork flew up to the ceiling; but the only effect of this reckless behaviour was an increased depression on the part of him who had thus exceeded his means, and a tendency to sit moodily thinking of the bill during the intervals between the courses. Even an attempt on the part of the landlord to consult the prejudices of those English who were present by introducing roast beef and plum-pudding into his bill of fare, was not attended with success. The roast beef was tough and suggestive of cow, and the plum-pudding—concerning which the waiter whispered in every English ear that it was "like in England"—was a vague and squashy dish.

But, to rise from table and pay in ready money for a Christmas dinner—this was the culminating point of all. Having left the hotel the day before, and returning to take this one meal only, it actually happened that I was obliged to call a waiter aside to put into his hand, with an unhallowed chink, the money which this Christmas dinner had cost. What a sensation, at the moment when in so many households the guests were drawing round the fire to take their wine, with a host exhorting them not to spare the freely given cheer, to be rising from a table full of strangers, to be paying in hard cash for the dinner I had just swallowed, and to turn out into the dark and cold streets of Schnowenberg on my way to my lodging!

I have long had my doubts about the existence of what is commonly called a merry Christmas. Is there such a thing?

There may be, but I can only say that in my humble experience a merry Christmas is a phenomenon with which I am unacquainted. The fact is, that mirth is an ephemeral and wayward commodity, altogether irregular and unpunctual in its habits. It will come when it is not invited, when no one is courting it, when even it is not wanted; but it will not keep appointments that are made without its consent, and, like a conceited genius, it will refuse the invitations of its friends, and will drop in upon them when wholly unexpected, and when nobody is asked to meet it.

There are other reasons why Christmas is not generally a merry season.

How often are those assembled together at that time persons who seldom meet from choice, who, bearing each other no ill will, are yet not quite congenial spirits, nor even habitual associates. Nor is this all. How often must it happen when the same circle meets you year after year that there are unsightly gaps in it,

and that the sexton's book and the registrar's report can tell the reason why. Do these Banquo's seats, which every loving heart will fill with the ghosts of those who occupied them last year—do they help to make the feast a merry one?

Nor are these Banquo's seats all caused by death. Will not the mere absence of some dearly loved face, hundreds of miles away, spoil the family picture of which it was so bright an ornament? That lady who had been seated next me at the table d'hôte, was there no family circle in England in which the absence of her kind and honest face had made a blank?

And one again, to turn from the serious to the absurd—and they are ever cheek by jowl—is there never a more material reason for this depression, or shall we say *oppression*, of the animal spirits, than any which we have been considering? Is it not a fact that the feast on Christmas-day is preceded by a feast on Christmas-eve, and that the mince-pie and the sausage-trimmed turkey are known on both occasions? To put it then roundly—Is indigestion a thing unknown on Christmas-day, and can any merriment co-exist with that grim tormentor? Does the bilious eye see the funny side of things? Do yesterday's sausages, and yesterday's mince-pies, and yesterday's champagne, and yesterday's punch, combine to make to-day's stomach a calm and peaceable one? Oh, surely not. Surely there is in such a conglomeration the material for a gloomy morrow, and surely in the superadded sausages, mince-pies, champagne, and punch of the Christmas meal itself, there are found not uncommonly provocations to an after-dinner disputativeness, and even to a snappish tendency during the round game of the evening.

These were some of the thoughts with which I consoled myself as I turned out into the cold night air after my Christmas dinner at the table d'hôte. As I left the hotel, I glanced down the long corridor into which the doors of the smaller and cheaper class of bedrooms opened.

The English lady who had sat next me was just entering her solitary apartment, and I could see by the faint light of the lamp in the passage that she had still the letter in her hand.

MORE ABOUT SILKWORMS.

It is not surprising that our article "Silk for the Multitude"* should have brought in communications from correspondents. The storm which is hanging over the cotton-growing States of America, the stagnation of business, the unsettled condition of politics in India, and the manner in which China has hitherto fulfilled her treaties with the European, render the supply of textile material an important question at the present moment, and a serious consideration for the future. There is, besides, a great prize to be drawn. Whether individual speculators or the community at large are to reap the benefit,

does not much matter; but our mills and factories are insatiable; their iron teeth are ever craving for more; their capacious stomachs rapidly digest whatever alimentary substance is offered to them; and whoever can furnish them with a further supply at a cost of production remunerative to himself, will be certain to make fortune after fortune. The amount of silk imported from China, which was insignificant fifty years ago, is now so enormous and so constantly increasing, that it is well worth any one's trying to find, not perhaps a substitute, but certainly an auxiliary filament. Whatever it may be, if only of sufficient strength and sufficiently cheap, the skill of our manufacturers will be sure to turn it to good account.

As already stated in our previous article, ailanthine, or the silk of the bombyx which feeds on the leaves of the *Ailanthus glandulosus* (a perfectly hardy, robust, and vigorous tree), has been judged, on no light grounds, to promise well and to merit further cultivation in the warm and temperate regions of Europe. A sure and plentiful supply of raw material from abroad is undoubtedly a very good thing; but a plentiful home-growth is still surer and better. This is the point which gives such encouraging brightness to the prospects of the ailanthus silkworm. The pressing necessity, the urgent cry of all silkworms, of whatever species, is, "Food, food! Give us food, abundant and fresh! Half-fed, we perish; three-quarters fed, our produce is inferior, and our offspring feeble. Glut us, if you mean to profit by us. But you cannot glut us; our appetites are ravenous. Bring leaves again, ever fresh and fresh!"

The difficulty in silk-producing has hitherto lain in furnishing an army of silkworms with an adequate commissariat; it is now partially removed by the discovery that a very useful, if not a brilliant species of silkworm, feeds on the foliage of the ailanthus, from which a continued succession of substantial meals are obtainable all summer long. True, the ailanthus is late in leafing; but the mulberry-tree also is late. And by the peculiar mode of growing the ailanthus recommended when the subject is to feed silkworms—namely, as a copse-wood starting from permanent stools—the leafing will be earlier than it would be on tall forest-trees; it might also be forced by a top-dressing of manure, and likewise by planting a certain quantity of ailanthuses in the most sheltered and sunny nooks to afford the earliest food of the new-hatched worms. The hatching would be retarded, as with other silkworms, by keeping the eggs in a very cool place until the leaves which are to be their nourishment are sufficiently developed. After a certain time, indeed, it is almost impossible to prevent the hatching of the eggs; but except in exposed and rigorous localities, the ailanthus will be ready to receive them. Common sense will indicate *where* experiments are likely to be successful. Sanguine expectations could hardly be entertained respecting a trial in Caithness or Sutherland.

The history of the mulberry silkworm teaches

* See page 233 of the present volume.

us that it is impossible to tell beforehand what modifications in the produce of the new species, what improvements, perhaps, may be induced by the different soils and climates of the yet untried countries where it is grown. For instance, in mulberry silk, colour is of the utmost importance. Japan silk, the produce of a peculiar race or variety of worm, is naturally of a beautiful white, which gives it great value; Persian also and China silks are white. Bengal silk is yellow; Italy sends us both white and yellow. Bengal is a more even silk than China; Italian silk is better than either. And yet Italy is quite as much a foreign country to the mulberry silkworm as any part of Europe is both to the alanthus silkworm and to the alanthus itself. The vegetable flourishes and makes itself perfectly at home here; the insect promises to do the same. There is, therefore, good cause to make attempts, widely as well as with energy and spirit. Good can hardly fail to come of it, although we may be unable to predict where exactly, or in what shape it will come.

A correspondent, lately returned from Victoria, appears struck by the apathy, want of research, or what you will, on the part of the English government, in respect to the silk-producing worms which exist in, or might be introduced to, our Australian colonies. In the colony of Victoria, he says, not only does the castor-oil plant grow to the greatest possible perfection, propagating itself so abundantly by seed, that it is difficult to eradicate it from a garden when once established there; but it also carries on its ample foliage a goodly family of bombyx caterpillars. From the suitability of the climate to the cultivation of the tree (which is not seriously affected even by the hot winds of the country), it would really appear to be a project well worth the attention of the parties interested.

Again, on the common gum-tree, or eucalyptus, there lives a caterpillar which forms its cocoons in three or four dead leaves, and which hang pendent from the small branches of almost every tree and bush. The leafy covering which protects the silk much resembles in form the closed petals of a fuchsia. The cocoon is generally of the size of an almond with the shell on. The silk is very fine in quality, and exceedingly strong. Now, the gum-tree in Australia is one of the most hardy of indigenous plants. It is self-sowing and most tenacious of life, so much so that it will even resist the action of fire. Its leaves, too, are persistent—a circumstance of minor importance, as the gum-tree silkworm, like the others, would have its own due season commencing in early summer, after the young shoots of the year had made some growth.

Unfortunately, the gum-tree, like the castor-oil plant, is not hardy in England or in the north and the interior of France, and therefore cannot be looked to for a supply of silkworm food here to any useful or practical extent. And it is a question how far silkworm culture is suitable as

an occupation for a young and rising colony, which requires every available pair of hands for ruder labours and more important services. Roads, canals, bridges, forest clearing, the pasturage of flocks and herds, house building, self-defence, and even encroachments on native territory, leave little leisure for manly arms to bestow on such light work as the culture of silk, which yet might be made a source of great gain. Women and children are still too few. It is mainly amongst the redundant population of Europe, China, and Hindostan, that we may expect to find the number of light hands requisite to make silk-growing a profitable, nay, a possible speculation.

If our government would paternally and benevolently interfere in the matter, the means and the machinery are ready. We have costly botanic gardens, both at home and abroad, of which Kew may be taken to be the metropolis and the mother-garden, for the importation and distribution of rare, useful, or ornamental plants. The gardens in the British colonies and dependencies, such as Sydney, Trinidad, Calcutta, Bombay, Saharanpore (Mauritius), and Ascension Island, are maintained at an expense of many thousands a year. Their intention is to be depôts and half-way houses for the interchange of valuable tropical and other plants. Now, an insect whose very existence depends on the culture of a certain tree, can hardly be considered as an intruder, or as out of its proper place, in a botanic garden. Economic entomology is so thoroughly based on economic botany as to be a necessary growth and consequence from it, and not an unhealthily parasite or excrescence. Foreign botanic gardens have judged they acted rightly in maintaining a stock of cochineal insects on cactus plants in their hothouses. Bees are regarded as fitting inmates of a pleasure-ground planted with honey-giving flowers; and new-imported silkworms may surely claim a place where only they can obtain their natural nutriment. The cocoon is, in fact, almost as much the natural growth of the tree as the fruit, and silk clearly falls within the botanist's domain. Such capacious minds as those of Sir William and Doctor Hooker would hardly refuse to allow the public to watch the progress of a few scores of caterpillars at Kew; and as to the colonial gardens, a word from Dr. Lindley (who has given to the government wise suggestions and valuable advice on more than one occasion), would probably cause attention to be directed to the study of little-known silkworms abroad. We must not forget, however, that the English spirit is self-helping; we are not in the habit of depending upon imperial patronage; we do not wait for emperors to set the first step, and take the initiative in any likely project. Neither the Southdown and the Leicester sheep, nor the short-horn cattle, were derived from national flocks or royal farms. Individual energy and enterprise, often massed into the combined strength of a company, are most generally the agencies by which our grandest schemes are carried into execution.

The culture of the ricinus silkworm in Australia (and also at the Cape of Good Hope) is at least worth a thought; both the insect and the plant are settlers from an older country. Respecting the native caterpillar on the native gum-tree, we are less sanguine in our expectations; for no better reason, however, than that—without saying that no good indigenous thing can come out of Australia—the probabilities are much against it. It is even remarkable that so wide an area, so favourably situated in respect to latitude, should have yielded so few useful novelties to its discoverers. As Ophir furnished gold and peacocks, so Australia sends us gold and cockatoos, with love-birds and parrots of her own, but hardly a fruit or a vegetable fit to appear on a European table. Even a superior variety of mushroom is probably of foreign origin. From its neighbourhood we get little more than that very poor affair, New Zealand spinach. Very few of its ornamental plants and shrubs will bear the out-door climate of Northern and Central Europe. “Botany Bays,” as gardeners used to call Australian plants, are upon the list of gardeners’ plagues.

On the other hand, the natural productions of China and Japan appear to be endowed with an innate compatibility for the climate of the United Kingdom. The list of introductions from those regions which have thriven from the first with us, instead of being nearly null and void, as is the case with the Australian group, is most voluminous. It includes garden vegetables, flowering plants, shrubs, trees, deciduous and evergreen, beasts, birds, fishes, and insects. Every year is adding to our stock from those quarters; it will be extraordinary if our victorious mission in China do not bring back some useful and agreeable additions which will prove as thrifty with us as they are at home. Look at what has been done by one person alone, Robert Fortune, who will be one of the first to declare how much organic treasure still remains to be gathered. In short, if an untried plant or living creature is known to come from Northern China or Japan, there is a strong presumption in its favour that it will turn out an acquisition to Great Britain, Ireland, France, and Italy. From that home have been made to emigrate both the ailanthus-tree and the silkworm which it supports.

Another correspondent requests to be put in the way of obtaining a small supply of the new silkworms’ eggs, by being placed in communication with the persons who rear them. But it must be clear that no contributor to this journal—however willing to oblige, as the present writer is—can undertake to execute commissions, nor even to answer letters privately. If only one tenth of the readers of an article which excited people’s interest were individually to address its author, expecting an individual reply, the tax of time and postage stamps would be so heavy as to render periodical literature a losing speculation. In respect to both the eggs and the ready hatched silkworms, it will happen with them as with other marketable articles—a

demand will create a supply. According to the natural course of things, they will be obtainable for money. There are numerous persons in London and elsewhere who deal in live creatures for the stocking of zoological gardens, menageries, aviaries, aquariums, and private apartments, who will supply you with anything, from lions and tigers to toads and frogs; and it is more than likely that the bombyx of the ailanthus will be to be bought in Covent Garden Market during the coming summer. The rearing of a few of these useful insects would be quite as amusing, and may, perhaps, become as fashionable, as the tending a useless, though instructive and interesting, aquarium. But there should be no disputing about tastes, especially as one does not interfere with the other. What intending amateurs must do at once is to plant, as soon as the frost will allow, young ailanthus-trees in proportion to their projects.

If the London Zoological Society intends rearing a colony of the silkworms, their distribution will be greatly facilitated. At present, a large stock of eggs would be in the hands of the society who have founded the Jardin Zoologique d’Acclimatation, in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris; such eggs would be at the disposal of Monsieur Guérin-Mèneville, as would also be the produce from the Emperor’s five thousand ailanthuses in La Sologne. Madame La Comtesse Drouyn de Lhuys ought also to be possessed of a considerable quantity of eggs.

In the course of last December the writer visited the Acclimatising Garden in the Bois de Boulogne, with a view to the interests of this journal. The French scientific journals and the feuilletons of the newspapers had announced its opening as if it were complete and in working order: but it turned out to be as yet a very unfinished and half-empty shell. Immediately to the left, on entering, there is a hothouse, or greenhouse, to which you are not admitted; but it is probably not for show at all, but merely a propagating house for the increase of plants to fill up beds and corners that are gaping wide to receive them. There is an aquarium, which will be charming when the tanks are filled with water and fish; there are paddocks, stables, huts, kennels, only waiting for their occupants. It must be laid to the fault of the weather that, of those occupied, many of the tenants were invisible; whilst in others, a melancholy ostrich or a moping stag peeped sadly at you over a half-door, or through an open wicket, being prevented by their considerate keepers from running out in the rain and catching cold.

The garden was founded on the principle that (although very happy to receive strangers at a franc, and their carriages at three francs admission each) it is not to be a mere show or menagerie open to the public, like our Regent’s Park Garden; nor is it to embrace the whole of scientific zoology, like the Jardin des Plantes, with its attached museums and schools of comparative anatomy; but is to confine its operations to the introduction of living creatures

that promise to be useful to man in an alimentary, auxiliary, industrial, or ornamental way. Consequently, in the list of the species composing the collection, which is sold for two sous at the entrance gate, there are no beasts or birds of prey; no lions, no bears, although both might be regarded as alimentary, their flesh being eaten; no eagles nor condors. The society has here drawn a line which may be convenient, but which they will find difficult to observe. The vulture, the hyæna, and all off-eating creatures, are sanitary auxiliaries, and ought, therefore, to be admitted. Untamable species of horse are scarcely auxiliary, although they may be alimentary to hippophagists. Dogs, which are auxiliaries in England, are alimentaries in China; and if the society takes further lessons from the Flowery Land, it must welcome choice breeds of kindly-feeding rats, fine-flavoured earthworms and the profitable races of cats, which combine the highest merits of for and flesh. The ostriches of Africa and America and the Australian cassowary are classed as industrial (for their feathers) and alimentary. If the pelican and three of the kangaroos be received as alimentary, the chetah, or hunting leopard, the fishing cormorant of China, and the hawks employed in falconry ought likewise to be there. But time will settle many of these little matters, and the leading intention is evidently good.

Not so the name selected by the society, which is unfortunate and open to great objection; for it assumes the settlement in its favour of a most important and disputed point. What is acclimation? and is there such a thing as acclimation, in the obvious and literal sense of the word? The theoretic naturalists of the old generation say that there is; they hold that man, by his "cares," his arts, and his what-not, is able so to modify the constitution of plants and animals, as to make them support, in a new country, conditions which they could not bear at home; that he can, consequently, suit their constitutions to the country to which it may please him to transfer them. This would be true acclimation; and when the society has made the reindeer thrive through Parisian summers, and the castor-oil plant resist the winters of La Beauce, they may enjoy their title unenvailed at. Others hold that the so-called process of acclimatising is merely the testing how much cold and heat, how much exposure, drought, or hunger, an animal's or a plant's constitution will bear. A new flower, the *Dielytra spectabilis*, is brought from China; it is found to bear our severest winters; but it did so from the very first. We have only tested, not increased its hardiness. Another flower, the heliotrope, is introduced from Peru; the slightest frost scorches it. It has yet to be acclimatised, and we may wait a long time for that consummation. Pheasants and peafowl from the Himalayas and Japan are easily acclimatised here, because they were really acclimatised before they came; but all the learned societies in Europe cannot make a colony of love-birds take to the Black Forest as

a winter residence. A regiment of soldiers are sent to occupy a pestilential marsh; three-fourths of them die of fever. The survivors, men of iron constitution, are said to be inured to the climate, or to be acclimatised. In all these cases, there is a confusion of a result with a cause. A society of naturalisation would excite no criticism. An Englishman is naturalised in France; British weeds are naturalised in New Zealand; cocks and hens are naturalised nearly all the world over. The common nasturtium, or *Tropæolum majus*, with us a tender annual from South America, where it is perennial and woody-stemmed, is naturalised in European gardens, because it produces abundant seeds which retain (as seeds ripened in Mexico would retain) their vitality through European winters. The plant itself remains as tender as ever; it is naturalised, not acclimatised.

The first president of the new society is M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, the worthy son of the celebrated Etienne Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. A fixed idea with the association seems to be the power of man in modifying nature to the benefit of the whole community of mankind. They quote Buffon's saying, that man is not sufficiently aware either of nature's capabilities, or of man's influence over nature. They institute a committee of climatology, who are to study the mode of intervention of meteorological phenomena in the acclimation of animals and plants. They vote a medal (well deserved) to Commandant Maury of the National Observatory, Washington, for his climatological labours, which appear to have a direct bearing on the society's objects.

A portion of the Bois de Boulogne having been granted by the City of Paris, for the formation of a garden of applied zoology, its direction was confided to Mr. Mitchell, for many years the able secretary to the Regent's-park Garden. It was no easy task to remodel the plan with which he was familiar at home, and to arrange a collection of animals which should include those only from which we may expect to benefit by their strength, their flesh, their wool, or any other products that can be made available in agriculture, the arts, manufactures, or commerce, comprising even those whose utility is only of a secondary degree, as subservient to our recreative pleasures, in the way of ornament, the chase, or familiar pets. The landscape gardening and the buildings were in full activity when they were temporarily checked by Mr. Mitchell's sudden death. A provisional committee, however, was named, and its secretary, M. Albert Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, continued the works of the establishment. The City of Paris gave water for the ponds; habitations were built for deer, antelopes, moulons, bouquetins, chamois, Angora goats, lamas, and alpacas. A handsome magnanerie, or silkworm-house, was erected, so arranged as to allow visitors to inspect the insects without touching them. Around it are plantations of mulberry, ailanthus, oak, and, in summer, beds of the castor-oil plant.

Mr. Mitchell's decease is likely to prove a serious loss to the society in much more than meets the eye. It is hardly too much to say that it throws the society several years behind-hand. There are people in Paris quite capable of laying out a public garden and of designing elegant receptacles for the accommodation of foreign animals; but there is no one possessed of his knowledge of the possibilities and the capabilities of birds and beasts in general, and of his experience of what has been doing—what successes and what failures have taken place in the great English menageries during the last five-and-twenty years. From what we see in the garden, as far as it is completed, and from the critical flourishes of trumpets which we read in the French scientific journals, it would appear that the Acclimation Society have started with the dreams of domesticability that were current sixty years ago. They seem to have more faith in the theories of Buffon and Temminck, than they would put in the experience of Yarrell and Mitchell, were those gentlemen still spared to instruct them. Ostriches are to supply us with poultry-beef, and now and then treat our children and other light weights to pleasant trips on birdback. Hocos, guans, and curassows are to become a valuable addition to our poultry-yards. In short, all the zoological experiments ending in non-success are to be verified over again, forgetting that the taming of an individual and the ready multiplication of the race in domesticity are quite distinct and different processes. Our stock of domestic elephants would soon be at end, if we did not continually catch wild ones from the woods. It would hardly pay to replenish our poultry-yards in this way with curassows from South America. True, they *do* breed in captivity, exactly rarely enough, and in sufficiently small numbers to prove that their utility as domestic poultry is null. The Cracidæ, the whole family of guans, &c., have had their fair trial in the late Lord Derby's menagerie at Knowsley, and in the Regent's-park. The Acclimation Society may spare themselves the trouble of trying them again.

The society is rich in rare and valuable geese and bernicles, and also possesses a pair of that very elegant and pleasing bird the black-necked swan; but Mr. Mitchell would not have allowed a crowd of pairs of various species to throng together and bicker in the same small pond, if he had any intention of their propagating. For that, each pair must be as isolated and undisturbed as possible. In this department many a British park has attained greater success than is likely to befall the Bois de Boulogne. The weaker species of swan especially require to be protected from the bullying and the persecution of their stronger congeners. The graceful snow-white swan of our ornamental waters, the Cygnus olor, is a selfish and relentless tyrant. Were he introduced to the haunts of the black-necked swan in South America, he would probably exterminate the native species. Perhaps, after all, the society's bonâ fide utilitarian triumph may

be limited to the naturalisation of a useful silk-worm; and the society may well be content, seeing that a really new and really domestic creature is not introduced once in a hundred years. How many birds have been domesticated in Europe since the Christian era? Two or three only; the turkey, the China goose, and the musk duck; because it is doubtful whether we can allow you the guinea-fowl. Nor can we grant, as really domestic, birds which, like canaries, are kept in cages or aviaries, or which, though tame, as many geese and swans, are obliged to be pinioned to prevent their flying away to the wilderness. Of insects domesticated for their usefulness, we have bees and silk-worms; and what besides? The cochineal. Several domesticate themselves against our wills, and may have their utility; I do not dislike to see a spider or two about the house, particularly during a gnatty and fly-blown season; but my housekeeper remonstrates against the indulgence of this fancy. A learned physician has recommended the employment of a swarm of mosquitoes as a substitute for blisters and leeches combined, in cases of coma. But insects in general need no Society of Acclimation to care for them. In hot countries they are our masters rather than our slaves; on which account we may fairly congratulate ourselves upon living in a temperate climate.

The society is endeavouring to found a Philosophical Menagerie, to serve for the investigation of the laws in virtue of which animals pass from the wild to the domesticated state, and in which the public can follow the patient labours of man, who, "calling in the brute to the aid of nascent economy, gradually raises it to the dignity of being useful, and thus, by the benefits of domesticity, creates one by one the animated instruments of industry." Thus, if we take for example the most intelligent of these faithful and dumb auxiliaries, the dog which has been the least modified by man is the Australian dog. Scarcely emerged from the condition of a savage, this prick-eared animal has beneath his silky hair a sort of wool or down which is, as it were, the natural clothing of his race, and which our domestic dogs have entirely lost. He does not bark; barking, on the part of the *civilised* dog, is an acquired faculty. After the Australian dog would come that of the Esquimaux. If the former expresses by his ardent eye, his savage gait, his angular outline, and his gross habits (civilised dogs are never gross in their habits; the word *cynical* is applicable only to wild races of dogs), the social condition of the least industrious and the most debased human tribe on earth, the Esquimaux dog (whose instinct is limited, or nearly so, to the dragging of sledges over ice) manifests the wants of a civilisation still very slightly complicated, but already capable of appropriating the strength of that dog and of the animal kingdom to a certain order of services. After the Esquimaux would come, in their order of dignity, the dogs belonging to the barbarous or the semi-barbarous peoples of Africa and the New World; next, those of the

arrested civilisations of Thibet, China, Hindostan, and Persia. This canine series would thus bring the animal, successively modified, from the savage type to the type of our first-rate domestic dogs, the stewards and deputies of man, the companions of his labours, and the distributors of his action over other animals. The chain of living progress would terminate with the dog of the United States of America, who churns the butter, who fulfils various household functions, and whose form, cultivated by man, denotes an captive and superior state of society.

If the society will acclimate these latter dogs, there may be a hope of further training them to act as waiters at the restaurants and box-openers at the theatres. But—The elephant is scarcely less intelligent and useful than the dog, although his size unfits him to be the companion and the playfellow of man. Where is the elephantine series to show the successive progress which the mighty beast has made under the influence of human civilisation?

Of course no silkworms were to be seen at the Bois de Boulogne in the month of December; although our enthusiastic correspondent has been able to defy the seasons, having for years had them constantly living in the larva state, from January to December, by keeping them in boxes tied round his body. The building, however, and the fittings of the magnanerie are complete and in working order, and will be to be seen in full action soon after the trees have come into leaf. It will be a most interesting object for excursionists who care for something more than every-day sight-seeing. It demonstrates the solution of the problem how to keep silkworms in multitude; which must be done, if they are to be turned to any commercial account. Our correspondent, like many other amateurs, always succeeded well when keeping them in small quantities; but when having them in large numbers, and expecting perfect success, he failed, having lost millions in a day.

The ailanthus silkworm will have to be subjected to the same management as that of the mulberry; only, being a robust caterpillar, it will bear more exposure and freer ventilation; and, being larger, more room must be allotted to the same number of individuals. They are kept in the magnanerie on separate open shelves, well exposed to the light and air, and arranged in the same way as those in the piece of furniture called a what-not. To the worms on these shelves fresh leaves are distributed at regular intervals. The most healthy plan would be the open-air rearing of the worms on growing bushes, but it is attended with several inconveniences. During the long days of summer, these caterpillar colonies would have to be kept or watched, to protect them from enemies, not only all day long, but for several of those hours which are usually called night; for the proverb says that it is the early bird which gathers most worms. Another deadly enemy defies all watching—the ichneumon fly, or flies, for there are several, which lay their eggs in the caterpillar's body, by the maggots hatched from which the cater-

pillar is inevitably destroyed before it attains the age of spinning. Ichneumons may be kept out of buildings by covering the ventilators with wire-gauze, like that of meat-safes. They might also perhaps be diverted by other prey, if a clump of luxuriant cabbages, such as would serve for a bower for Smith O'Brien, were planted close to the silkworms' abode, and well stocked with larvæ of the cabbage butterfly. Stint of food and irregular feeding are the most deadly enemies of all.

Therefore must profuse planting be looked to as the first foundation of sericulture. In silk-growing districts many landed proprietors make large profits, not by rearing worms themselves, but by selling leaves to those who do. Mulberry foliage, with them, comes into the category of clover, hay, and other fodder; it is a crop for the maintenance of live stock. The same will be the case with ailanthus leaves on the spread and adoption of the new silkworm. This, if possible in England and Ireland, will have the merit of creating a national manufacture; unlike the cotton trade, we shall not have to send abroad for the raw material, but shall produce it ourselves. But even with an abundant supply of leaves, it is not advisable for the same person to attempt rearing on too large a scale; a moderate quantity is a safer speculation, on account of the number of attendants required. For no kind of live stock is the master's eye more indispensable than for the thriftiness of silkworms. It has the advantage of furnishing employment to labourers and their wives and children at a season of the year when the labours of the field are not yet very pressing. The spinning process affords occupation on the largest scale. But in all silk-growing countries the three principal steps of the process have been gradually separated and performed by different persons, so as to constitute that division of labour which is mostly so advantageous for all parties. One set of farmers plant mulberry-trees, and sell the leaves; another set buy the leaves, rear the worms, and sell the cocoons; and lastly, the spinners buy the cocoons, spin them, and sell the silk. Unfortunately, in the case of any newly introduced branch of industry, the same person is obliged to do all himself; he is compelled to be planter, rearer, and spinner, all at once, and it is extremely difficult to do all equally well.

To give a few concluding hints: ants are great enemies to silkworms, and must be kept away by the usual means, such as strewing guano in their runs. Rats and mice are very fond of silkworms, and especially of the chrysalises. They will sometimes get into a heap of cocoons without exciting any suspicion of their presence, and will gnaw into the cocoons one after the other, without sparing a single one, in order to feast on their contents. Noise is said to be disagreeable to silkworms, which may or may not be a prejudice; but the vibration attending loud long-continued noises is certainly better avoided. All offensive smells are extremely dangerous; and even aromatic perfumes

are probably offensive. The most reasonable treatment is to keep silkworms in a pure and inodorous atmosphere. Close weather, such as precedes a thunderstorm, with the barometer low and the air heated, is also dangerous. If the air be dry, and the dust blowing, the floor of the house should be sprinkled with water; but if the atmosphere be loaded with moisture, a stove should be lighted to dry the place, whatever may be the degree of heat at the time. A silkworm house should be furnished both with a thermometer and an hygrometer. Either drought or humidity in excess are productive of evil consequences. The best ordinary temperature to maintain is about twenty-five degrees centigrade, or seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit. Under these conditions, the rearing will be completed in thirty days. Crowding and heaping the worms on the shelves is a fatal circumstance; a yard square at least should be allowed to every thousand worms. They do not like obscurity, but manifest a fondness for light and heat. Cleanliness and ventilation are indispensable conditions of success. Feeding is most important; at the times of moulting, the worms eat little; but there is a period between each moult when they are insatiable. Frequent meals are of the greatest advantage. During the first three stages, the worms should have twelve meals in the twenty-four hours; from eight to ten during the fourth; and seven or eight in the fifth. The meals must not be interrupted at night. The attendants may divide themselves into two parties, one of whom will go to bed at nine in the evening to rise at three in the morning; the other half will keep watch till midnight. The leaves may be economised by chopping them into several pieces for worms in their first three stages. If the leaves are sodden by continued rains, the best way of drying them is by mixing them up with a sufficient quantity of coarse bran, which will absorb the moisture and be left untouched by the caterpillars. The leaves are best distributed by hand. It is more convenient to hatch the silkworms in successive batches rather than all at once, each batch being kept separate.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I WENT the next morning to take leave of Harpar before starting, but found to my astonishment that he was already off! He had, I learned, hired a small carriage to convey him to Bregenz, and had set out before daybreak. I do not know why this should have annoyed me, but it did so, and set me a thinking over the people whom Echstein, in his "Erfahrungen," says, are born to be dupes. "There is," says he, "a race of men who are 'eingeborne Narren'—'native numbskulls,' one might say—who muddy the streams of true benevolence by indiscriminating acts of kindness, and who, by always aiding the wrong-doer, make themselves accomplices of vice." Could it be that I was in this barren category? Harpar had told me,

the evening before, that he would not leave Lindau till his sprain was better, and now he was off, just as if, having no further occasion for me, he was glad to be rid of my companionship—just as if—I was beginning again to start another conjecture, when I bethought me that there is not a more deceptive formula in the whole cyclopædia of delusion than that which opens with these same words, "just as if." Rely upon it, amiable reader, that whenever you find yourself driven to explain a motive, to trace a cause, or reconcile a discrepancy, by "just as if," the chances are about seven to three you are wrong. If I was not in all the bustle of paying my bill and strapping on my knapsack, I'd convince you on this head, but as the morning is a bright, but mellow, one of early autumn, and my path lies along the placid lake, waveless and still, with many a tinted tree reflected in its fair mirror, let us not think of knaves and rogues, but rather dwell on the pleasanter thought of all the good and grateful things which daily befall us in this same life of ours. I am full certain that almost all of us enter upon what is called the world in too combative a spirit. We are too fond of dragon slaying, and rather than be disappointed of our sport, we'd fall foul of a pet lamb, for want of a tiger. Call it self-delusion, credulity, what you will, it is a faith that makes life very livable, and, without it,

We feel a light has left the world,
A nameless sort of treasure,
As though one pluck'd the crimson heart
From out the rose of pleasure.
I could forgive the fate that made
Me poor and young to-morrow,
To have again the soul that played
So tenderly in sorrow,
So buoyantly in happiness.
Ay, I would brook deceiving,
And even the deceiver bless,
Just to go on believing!

"Still," thought I, "one ought to maintain self-respect; one should not willingly make himself a dupe." And then I began to wish that Vaterchen had come up, and that Tintefleck was rushing towards me with tears in her eyes, and my money-bag in her hands. I wanted to forget them. I tried in a hundred ways to prevent them crossing my memory; but though there is a most artful system of artificial "mnemonics" invented by some one, the Lethan art has met no explorer, and no man has ever yet found out the way to shut the door against bygones. I believe it is scarcely more than five miles to Bregenz from Lindau, and yet I was almost as many hours on the road. I sat down, perhaps, twenty times, lost in reverie; indeed, I'm not very sure that I didn't take a sound sleep under a spreading willow, so that, when I reached the inn, the company was just going in to dinner at the table d'hôte. Simple and unpretentious as that board was, the company that graced it was certainly distinguished, being no less than the Austrian field-marshal in command of the district, and the officers of his staff.

To English notions, it seemed very strange to see a nobleman of the highest rank, in the proudest state of Europe, seated at a dinner-table open to all comers, at a fraction less than one shilling a head, and where some of the government officials of the place daily came.

It was not without a certain sense of shame that I found myself in the long low chamber, in which about twenty officers were assembled, whose uniforms were all glittering with stars, medals, and crosses; in fact, to a weak-minded civilian like myself, they gave the impression of a group of heroes fresh come from all the triumphant glories of a campaign. Between the staff which occupied one end of the long table and the few townsfolk who sat at the other, there intervened a sort of frontier territory uninhabited, and it was here that the waiter located me—an object of observation and remark to each. Resolving to learn how I was treated by my critics, I addressed the waiter in the very worst French, and protested my utter ignorance of German. I had promised myself much amusement from this expedient, but was doomed to a severe disappointment—the officers coolly setting me down for a servant, while the townspeople pronounced me a pedlar; and when these judgments had been recorded, instead of entering upon a psychological examination of my nature, temperament, and individuality, they never noticed me any more. I felt hurt at this, more indeed for their sakes than my own, since I bethought me of the false impression that is current of this people throughout Europe, where they have the reputation of philosophers deeply engaged in researches into character, minute anatomists of human thought and man's affections; "and yet," muttered I, "they can sit at table with one of the most remarkable of men, and be as ignorant of all about him, as the husbandman who toils at his daily labour is of the mineral treasures that lie buried down, beneath him.

"I will read them a lesson," thought I. "They shall see that in the humble guise of foot-traveller it may be the pleasure of men of rank and station to journey." The townsfolk, when the dessert made its appearance, rose to take their departure, each before he left the room making a profound obeisance to the general, and then another but less lowly act of homage to the staff, showing by this that strangers were expected to withdraw, while the military guests sat over their wine. Indeed, a very significant look from the last person who left the room conveyed to me the etiquette of the place. I was delighted at this—it was the very opportunity I longed for—and so, with a clink of my knife against my wine-glass, the substitute for a bell in use amongst humble hostels, I summoned the waiter, and asked for his list of wines. I saw that my act had created some astonishment amongst the others, but it excited nothing more, and now they had all lighted their pipes, and sat smoking away quite regardless of my presence. I had ordered a flask of Steinberger at four florins, and given most

special directions that my glass should have a "roped rim," and be of a tender green tint, but not too deep to spoil the colour of the wine.

My admonitions were given aloud, and in a tone of command, but I perceived that they failed to create any impression upon my moustaached neighbours. I might have ordered nectar or hypocras for all that they seemed to care about me. I raked up in memory all the impertinent and insolent things Henri Heine had ever said of Austria; I bethought me how they tyrannised in the various provinces of their scattered empire, and how they were hated by Hun, Slavac, and Italian; I revelled in those slashing leading articles that used to show up the great but bankrupt bully, and I only wished I was "own correspondent" to something at home to give my impressions of "Austria and her military system."

Little as you think of that pale sad-looking stranger, who sits sipping his wine in solitude at the foot of the table, that he is about to transmit yourselves and your country to a remote posterity. "Ay!" muttered I, "to be remembered when the Danube will be a choked up rivulet, and the park of Schönbrunn a prairie for the buffalo." I am not exactly aware how or why these changes were to have occurred, but Lord Macaulay's New Zealander might have originated them.

While I thus mused and brooded, the tramp of four horses came clattering down the street, and soon after swept into the arched doorway of the inn with a rolling and thunderous sound.

"Here he comes—here he is at last!" said a young officer, who had rushed in haste to the window, and at the announcement a very palpable sentiment of satisfaction seemed to spread itself through the company, even to the grim old field-marshal, who took his pipe from his mouth to say:

"He is in time—he saves 'arrest!'"

As he spoke, a tall man in uniform entered the room, and walking with military step till he came in front of the general, said, in a loud but respectful voice,

"I have the honour to report myself as returned to duty."

The general replied something I could not catch, and then shook him warmly by the hand, making room for him to sit down next him.

"How far did your royal highness go? Not to Coire?" said the general.

"Far beyond it, sir," said the other. "I went the whole way to the Splügen, and if it were not for the terror of your displeasure, I'd have crossed the mountain and gone on to Chivanna."

The fact that I was listening to the narrative of a royal personage was not the only bond of fascination to me, for somehow the tone of the speaker's voice sounded familiarly to my ears, and I could have sworn I had heard it before. As he was at the same side of the table with myself, I could not see him, but while he con-

tinued to talk, the impression grew each moment more strong that I must have met him previously.

I could gather—it was easy enough to do so—from the animated looks of the party, and the repeated bursts of laughter that followed his sallies, that the newly-arrived officer was a wit and authority amongst his comrades. His elevated rank, too, may have contributed to this popularity. Must I own that he appeared in the character that to me is particularly offensive? He was a “narrator.” That vulgar adage of “two of a trade” has a far wider acceptance when applied to the operations of intellect than when addressed to the work of men’s hands. To see this jealousy at its height, you must look for it amongst men of letters, artists, actors, or, better still, those social performers who are the bright spirits of dinner-parties—the charming men of society. All the animosities of political or religious hate are mild compared to the detestation this rivalry engenders; and now, though the audience was a foreign one, which I could have no pretension to amuse, I conceived the most bitter dislike for the man who had engaged their attention.

I do not know how it may be with others, but to myself there has always been this difficulty in a foreign language, that until I have accustomed myself to the tone of voice and the manner of a speaker, I can rarely follow him without occasional lapses. Now, on the present occasion, the narrator, though speaking distinctly, and with a good accent, had a very rapid utterance, and it was not till I had familiarised my ear with his manner that I could gather his words correctly. Nor was my difficulty lessened by the fact that, as he pretended to be witty and epigrammatic, frequent bursts of laughter broke from his audience and obscured his speech. He was, as it appeared, giving an account of a fishing excursion he had just taken to one of the small mountain lakes near Poppenheim, and it was clear enough he was one who always could eke an adventure out of even the most ordinary incident of daily life.

This fishing story had really nothing in it, though he strove to make out fifty points of interest or striking situations out of the veriest common-place. At last, however, I saw that, like a practised story-teller, he was hoarding up his great incident for the finish.

“As I have told you,” said he, “I engaged the entire of the little inn for myself; there were but five rooms in it altogether, and though I did not need more than two, I took the rest, that I might be alone and unmolested. Well, it was on my second evening there, as I sat smoking my pipe at the door, and looking over my tackle for the morrow, there came up the glen the strange sound of wheels, and, to my astonishment, a travelling carriage soon appeared, with four horses driven in hand, and I saw in a moment it was a *lohnkutscher*, who had taken the wrong turning after leaving Ragatz, and mistaken the road, for the highway

ceases about two miles above Poppenheim, and dwindles down to a mere mule-path. Leaving my host to explain the mistake to the travellers, I hastily re-entered the house, just as the carriage drove up. The explanation seemed a very prolix one, for when I looked out of the window, half an hour afterwards, there were the horses still standing at the door, and the driver, with a large branch of alder, whipping away the flies from them, while the host continued to hold his place at the carriage door. At last he entered my room, and said that the travellers, two foreign ladies—he thought them Russians—had taken the wrong road, but that the elder, what between fatigue and fear, was so overcome, that she could not proceed farther, and entreated that they might be afforded any accommodation—mere shelter for the night—rather than retrace their road to Ragatz.

“Well,” said I, carelessly, ‘let them have the rooms on the other side of the hall; so that they only stop for one night, the intrusion will not signify.’ Not a very gracious reply, perhaps, but I did not want to be gracious. The fact was, as the old lady got out, I saw something like an elephant’s leg, in a fur boot, that quite decided me on not making acquaintance with the travellers, and I was rash enough to imagine they must be both alike. Indeed, I was so resolute in maintaining my solitude undisturbed, that I told my host on no account whatever to make me any communication from the strangers, nor, on any pretext, to let me feel that they were lodged under the same roof with myself. Perhaps, if the next day had been one to follow my usual sport, I should have forgotten all about them, but it was one of such rain as made it perfectly impossible to leave the house. I doubt if I ever saw rain like it. It came down in sheets, like water splashed out of buckets, flattening the small trees to the earth, and beating down all the light foliage into the muddy soil beneath; meanwhile the air shook with the noise of the swollen torrents, and all the mountain-streams crashed and thundered away, like great cataracts. Rain can really become grand at such moments, and no more resembling a mere shower than the cry of a single brawler in the street is like the roar of a mighty multitude. It was so fine, that I determined I would go down to a little wooden bridge over the river, whence I could see the stream as it came down, tumbling and splashing, from a cleft in the mountain. I soon dressed myself in all my best waterproofs—hat, cape, boots, and all—and set out. Until I was fully embarked on my expedition I had no notion of the severity of the storm, and it was with considerable difficulty I could make head against the wind and rain together, while the slippery ground made walking an actual labour.

At last I reached the river, but of the bridge the only trace was a single beam, which, deeply buried in the bank at one extremity, rose and fell in the surging flood, like the arm of a drowning swimmer. The stream had completely filled the channel, and swept along, with frag-

ments of timber, and even furniture, in its muddy tide; farm produce, and implements too, came floating by, showing what destruction had been effected higher up the river. As I stood gazing on the current, I saw, at a little distance from me, a man, standing motionless beside the river, and apparently lost in thought; so at least he seemed, for though not at all clad in a way to resist the storm, he remained there, wet and soaked through, totally regardless of the weather. On inquiring at the inn, I learned that this was the lohnskutscher—the ‘vetturino’—of the travellers, and who, in attempting to ascertain if the stream were fordable, had lost one of his best horses, and barely escaped being carried away himself. Until that, I had forgotten all about the strangers, whom, it now appeared, were close prisoners like myself. While the host was yet speaking, the lohnskutscher came up, and in a tone of equality that showed me he thought I was in his own line of business, asked if I would sell him one of my nags then in the stable.

“Not caring to disabuse him of his error regarding my rank, I did not refuse him so flatly as I might, and he pressed the negotiation very warmly in consequence. At last, to get rid of him, I declared that I would not break up my team, and retired into the house. I was not many minutes in my room, when a courier came with a polite message from his mistress, to beg I would speak with her. I went at once, and found an old lady—she was English, as her French bespoke—very well mannered and well bred, who apologised for troubling me, but having heard from her vetturino that my horses were disengaged, and that I might, if not disposed to sell one of them, hire out the entire team, to take their carriage as far as Andeer—By the time she got thus far, I perceived that she, too, mistook me for a lohnskutscher. It just struck me what good fun it would be to carry on the joke. To be sure, the lady herself presented no inducement to the enterprise, and as I thus balanced the case, there came into the room one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She never turned a look towards where I was standing, nor deigned to notice me at all, but passed out of the room as rapidly as she entered; still, I remembered that I had already seen her before, and passed a delightful evening in her company at a little inn in the Black Forest.”

When the narrator had got thus far in his story, I leaned forward to catch a full view of him, and saw, to my surprise, and I own to my misery, that he was the German count we had met at the Titi-See. So overwhelming was this discovery to me, that I heard nothing for many minutes after. All of that wretched scene between us on the last evening at the inn came full to my memory, and I bethought me of lying the whole night on the hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately. If it were not that

his narrative regarded Miss Herbert now, I would have skulked out of the room and out of the inn, and out of the town itself, never again to come under the insolent stare of those wicked grey eyes, but in that name there was a fascination—not to say that a sense of jealousy burned at my heart like a furnace.

The turmoil of my thoughts lost me a great deal of his story, and might have lost me more, had not the hearty laughter of his comrades recalled me once again to attention.

He was describing how, as a “vetturino,” he drove their carriage with his own spanking grey horses to Coire, and thence to Andeer. He had bargained, it seems, that Miss Herbert should travel outside in the cabriolet, but she failed to keep her pledge, so that they only met at stray moments during the journey. It was in one of these she said laughingly to him,

“Nothing would surprise me less than to learn, some fine morning, that you were a prince in disguise, or a great count of the empire at least. It was only the other day we were honoured with the incognito presence of a royal personage; I do not exactly know who, but Mrs. Keats could tell you. He left us abruptly at Schaffhausen.”

“You can’t mean the creature,” said I, “that I saw in your company at the Titi-See.”

“The same,” said she, rather angrily.

“Why, he is a saltimbanque: I saw him the morning I came through Constance with some others of his troop dragged before the maire for causing a disturbance in a cabaret; one of the most consummate impostors, they told me, in Europe.”

“An infamous falsehood, and a base liar the man who says it,” cried I, springing to my legs, and standing revealed before the company in an attitude of haughty defiance. “I am the person you have dared to defame. I have never assumed to be a prince, and as little am I a rope-dancer. I am an English gentleman travelling for his pleasure, and I hurl back every word you have said of me with contempt and defiance.”

Before I had finished this insolent speech, some half-dozen swords were drawn and brandishing in the air, very eager, as it seemed, to cut me to pieces, and the count himself required all the united strength of the party to save me from his hands. At last, I was pushed, hustled, and dragged out of the room to another smaller one on the same floor, and the key being turned on me, left to my very happy reflections.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE,

WILL BE

CONCLUDED

With the present volume, in No. 100 of ALL THE YEAR ROUND, for the 23rd of March, 1861.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 95.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORNING made a considerable difference in my general prospect of Life, and brightened it so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind was the consideration that six days intervened between me and the day of departure; for, I could not divest myself of a misgiving that something might happen to London in the mean while, and that, when I got there, it would be either greatly deteriorated or clean gone.

Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. After breakfast, Joe brought out my indentures from the press in the best parlour, and we put them in the fire, and I felt that I was free. With all the novelty of my emancipation on me, I went to church with Joe, and thought, perhaps the clergyman wouldn't have read that about the rich man and the kingdom of Heaven if he had known all.

After our early dinner I strolled out alone, purposing to finish off the marshes at once, and get them done with. As I passed the church, I felt (as I had felt during service in the morning) a sublime compassion for the poor creatures who were destined to go there, Sunday after Sunday, all their lives through, and to lie obscurely at last among the low green mounds. I promised myself that I would do something for them one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon everybody in the village.

If I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive whom I had once seen limping among those graves, what were my thoughts on this Sunday, when the place recalled the wretch, ragged and shivering, with his felon iron and badge! My comfort was, that it happened a long time ago, and that he had doubtless been transported a long way off, and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead into the bargain.

No more low wet grounds, no more dykes and sluices, no more of these grazing cattle—though

they seemed, in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now, and to face round, in order that they might stare as long as possible at the possessor of such great expectations—farewell, monotonous acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness: not for smith's work in general and for you! I made my exultant way to the old Battery, and, lying down there to consider the question whether Miss Havisham intended me for Estella, fell asleep.

When I awoke, I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me, smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said:

"As being the last time, Pip, I thought I'd foller."

"And Joe, I am very glad you did so."

"Thankee, Pip."

"You may be sure, dear Joe," I went on, after we had shaken hands, "that I shall never forget you."

"No no, Pip!" said Joe, in a comfortable tone, "I'm sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap! Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round in a man's mind, to be certain on it. But it took a bit of time to get it well round, the change come so uncommon plump; didn't it?"

Somehow I was not best pleased with Joe's being so mightily secure of me. I should have liked him to have betrayed emotion, or to have said, "It does you credit, Pip," or something of that sort. Therefore, I made no remark on Joe's first head: merely saying as to his second that the tidings had indeed come suddenly, but that I had always wanted to be a gentleman, and had often and often speculated on what I would do if I were one.

"Have you though?" said Joe. "Astonishing!"

"It's a pity now, Joe," said I, "that you did not get on a little more, when we had our lessons here; isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Joe. "I'm so awful dull. I'm only master of my own trade. It were always a pity as I was so awful dull; but it's no more of a pity now, than it was—this day twelvemonth—don't you see?"

What I had meant was, that when I came into my property and was able to do something for Joe, it would have been much more agreeable if he had been better qualified for a rise in station. He was so perfectly innocent of my

meaning, however, that I thought I would mention it to Biddy in preference.

So, when we had walked home and had had tea, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and, after throwing out in a general way for the elevation of her spirits, that I should never forget her, said I had a favour to ask of her.

"And it is, Biddy," said I, "that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on, a little."

"How helping him on?" asked Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

"Well! Joe is a dear good fellow—in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived—but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners."

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

"Oh, his manners! Won't his manners do then?" asked Biddy, plucking a black currant leaf.

"My dear Biddy, they do very well here—"

"Oh! they *do* very well here?" interposed Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

"Hear me out—but if I were to remove Joe into a higher sphere, as I shall hope to remove him when I fully come into my property, they would hardly do him justice."

"And don't you think he knows that?" asked Biddy.

It was such a very provoking question (for it had never in the most distant manner occurred to me), that I said, snappishly, "Biddy, what do you mean?"

Biddy having rubbed the leaf to pieces between her hands—and the smell of a black currant bush has ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of the lane—said, "Have you never considered that he may be proud?"

"Proud!" I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

"Oh! there are many kinds of pride," said Biddy, looking full at me and shaking her head; "pride is not all of one kind—"

"Well? What are you stopping for?" said I.

"Not all of one kind," resumed Biddy. "He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill and fills well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is: though it sounds bold in me to say so, for you must know him far better than I do."

"Now, Biddy," said I, "I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect to see this in you. You are envious, Biddy, and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune, and you can't help showing it."

"If you have the heart to think so," returned Biddy, "say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so."

"If you have the heart to be so, you mean,

Biddy," said I, in a virtuous and superior tone; "don't put it off upon me. I am very sorry to see it, and it's a—it's a bad side of human nature. I did intend to ask you to use any little opportunities you might have after I was gone, of improving dear Joe. But after this, I ask you nothing. I am extremely sorry to see this in you, Biddy," I repeated. "It's a—it's a bad side of human nature."

"Whether you scold me or approve of me," returned poor Biddy, "you may equally depend upon my trying to do all that lies in my power, here, at all times. And whatever opinion you take away of me, shall make no difference in my remembrance of you. Yet a gentleman should not be unjust neither," said Biddy, turning away her head.

I again warmly repeated that it was a bad side of human nature (in which sentiment, waiving its application, I have since seen reason to think I was right), and I walked down the little path away from Biddy, and Biddy went into the house, and I went out at the garden gate and took a dejected stroll until supper-time; again feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this, the second night of my bright fortunes, should be as lonely and unsatisfactory as the first.

But morning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the tailor: who was having his breakfast in the parlour behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me in to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a hail-fellow-well-met kind of way. "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

Mr. Trabb had sliced his hot roll into three feather beds, and was slipping butter in between the blankets, and was covering it up. He was a prosperous old bachelor, and his open window looked into a prosperous little garden and orchard, and there was a prosperous iron safe let into the wall at the side of his fireplace, and I did not doubt that heaps of his prosperity were put away in it in bags.

"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property."

A change passed over Mr. Trabb. He forgot the butter in bed, got up from the bedside, and wiped his fingers on the tablecloth, exclaiming, "Lord bless my soul!"

"I am going up to my guardian in London," said I, casually drawing some guineas out of my pocket and looking at them; "and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them," I added—otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them, "with ready money."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respectfully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of

each elbow, "don't hurt me by mentioning that. May I venture to congratulate you? Would you do me the favour of stepping into the shop?"

Mr. Trabb's boy was the most audacious boy in all that country-side. When I had entered he was sweeping the shop, and he had sweetened his labours by sweeping over me. He was still sweeping when I came out into the shop with Mr. Trabb, and he knocked the broom against all possible corners and obstacles, to express (as I understood it) equality with any blacksmith, alive or dead.

"Hold that noise," said Mr. Trabb, with the greatest sternness, "or I'll knock your head off! Do me the favour to be seated, sir. Now this," said Mr. Trabb, taking down a roll of cloth, and tiding it out in a flowing manner over the counter, preparatory to getting his hand under it to show the gloss, "is a very sweet article. I can recommend it for your purpose, sir, because it really is extra super. But you shall see some others. Give me Number Four, you!" (To the boy, and with a dreadfully severe stare: foreseeing the danger of that miscreant's brushing me with it, or making some other sign of familiarity.)

Mr. Trabb never removed his stern eye from the boy until he had deposited number four on the counter and was at a safe distance again. Then, he commanded him to bring number five and number eight. "And let me have none of your tricks here," said Mr. Trabb, "or you shall repent it, you young scoundrel, the longest day you have to live."

Mr. Trabb then bent over number four, and in a sort of deferential confidence recommended it to me as a light article for summer wear, an article much in vogue among the nobility and gentry, an article that it would ever be an honour to him to reflect upon a distinguished fellow-townsmen's (if he might claim me for a fellow-townsmen) having worn. "Are you bringing numbers five and eight, you vagabond," said Mr. Trabb to the boy after that, "or shall I kick you out of the shop and bring them myself?"

I selected the materials for a suit, with the assistance of Mr. Trabb's judgment, and re-entered the parlour to be measured. For, although Mr. Trabb had my measure already, and had previously been quite contented with it, he said-apologetically that it "wouldn't do under existing circumstances, sir—wouldn't do at all." So, Mr. Trabb measured and calculated me, in the parlour, as if I were an estate and he the finest species of surveyor, and gave himself such a world of trouble that I felt that no suit of clothes could possibly remunerate him for his pains. When he had at last done and had appointed to send the articles to Mr. Pumblechook's on the Thursday evening, he said, with his hand upon the parlour lock, "I know, sir, that London gentlemen cannot be expected to patronise local work, as a rule: but if you would give me a turn now and then in the quality of a townsman, I should greatly esteem it. Good morning, sir; much obliged.—Door!"

The last word was flung at the boy, who had not the least notion what it meant. But I saw him collapse as his master rubbed me out with his hands, and my first decided experience of the stupendous power of money, was, that it had morally laid upon his back, Trabb's boy.

After this memorable event, I went to the hatter's, and the bootmaker's, and the hosier's, and felt rather like Mother Hubbard's dog whose outfit required the services of so many trades. I also went to the coach-office and took my place for seven o'clock on Saturday morning. It was not necessary to explain everywhere that I had come into a handsome property; but whenever I said anything to that effect, it followed that the officiating tradesman ceased to have his attention diverted through the window by the High-street, and concentrated his mind upon me. When I had ordered everything I wanted, I directed my steps towards Pumblechook's, and, as I approached that gentleman's place of business, I saw him standing at his door.

He was waiting for me with great impatience. He had been out early with the chaise-cart, and had called at the forge and heard the news. He had prepared a collation for me in the Barnwell parlour, and he too ordered his shopman to "come out of the gangway" as my sacred person passed.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, taking me by both hands, when he and I and the collation were alone, "I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved, well deserved!"

This was coming to the point, and I thought it a sensible way of expressing himself.

"To think," said Mr. Pumblechook, after snorting admiration at me for some moments, "that I should have been the humble instrument of leading up to this, is a proud reward."

I begged Mr. Pumblechook to remember that nothing was to be ever said or hinted, on that point.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "if you will allow me to call you so——"

I murmured "Certainly," and Mr. Pumblechook took me by both hands again, and communicated a movement to his waistcoat that had an emotional appearance, though it was rather low down, "My dear young friend, rely upon my doing my little all in your absence, by keeping the fact before the mind of Joseph.—Joseph!" said Mr. Pumblechook, in the way of a compassionate adjuration. "Joseph!! Joseph!!!" Thereupon he shook his head and tapped it, expressing his sense of deficiency in Joseph.

"But my dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a chicken had round from the Boar, here is a tongue had round from the Boar, here's one or two little things had round from the Boar, that I hope you may not despise. But do I," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again the moment after he had sat down, "see afore me, him as I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I—may I——?"

This May I meant, might he shake hands? I

consented, and he was fervent, and then sat down again.

"Here is wine," said Mr. Pumblechook. "Let us drink, Thanks to Fortune, and may she ever pick out her favourites with equal judgment!" And yet I cannot," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "see afore me One—and likewise drink to One—without again expressing—May I—may I—?"

I said he might, and he shook hands with me again, and emptied his glass and turned it upside down. I did the same; and if I had turned myself upside down before drinking, the wine could not have gone more direct to my head.

Mr. Pumblechook helped me to the liver wing, and to the best slice of tongue (none of those out-of-the-way No Thoroughfares of Pork now), and took, comparatively speaking, no care of himself at all. "Ah! poultry, poultry! You little thought," said Mr. Pumblechook, apostrophising the fowl in the dish, "when you was a young fledgling, what was in store for you. You little thought you was to be refreshment beneath this humble roof for one as—Call it a weakness, if you will," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "but may I? may I—?"

It began to be unnecessary to repeat the form of saying he might, so he did it at once. How he ever did it so often without wounding himself with my knife, I don't know.

"And your sister," he resumed, after a little steady eating, "which had the honour of bringing you up by hand! It's a sad picter, to reflect that she's no longer equal to fully understanding the honour. May—"

I saw he was about to come at me again, and I stopped him.

"We'll drink her health," said I.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Pumblechook, leaning back in his chair, quite flaccid with admiration, "that's the way you know 'em, sir!" (I don't know who Sir was, but he certainly was not I, and there was no third person present); "that's the way you know the noble minded, sir! Ever forgiving and ever affable. It might," said the servile Pumblechook, putting down his untasted glass in a hurry and getting up again, "to a common person, have the appearance of repeating—but may I—?"

When he had done it, he resumed his seat and drank to my sister. "Let us never be blind," said Mr. Pumblechook, "to her faults of temper, but it is to be hoped she meant well."

At about this time I began to observe that he was getting flushed in the face; as to myself, I felt all face, steeped in wine and smarting.

I mentioned to Mr. Pumblechook that I wished to have my new clothes sent to his house, and he was ecstatic on my so distinguishing him. I mentioned my reason for desiring to avoid observation in the village, and he lauded it to the skies. There was nobody but himself, he intimated, worthy of my confidence, and—in short, might he? Then he asked me tenderly if I remembered our boyish games at sums, and how we had gone together to have me bound

apprentice, and, in effect, how he had ever been my favourite fancy and my chosen friend? If I had taken ten times as many glasses of wine as I had, I should have known that he never had stood in that relation towards me, and should in my heart of hearts have repudiated the idea. Yet for all that, I remember feeling convinced that I had been much mistaken in him, and that he was a sensible practical good-hearted prime fellow.

By degrees he fell to reposing such great confidence in me, as to ask my advice in reference to his own affairs. He mentioned that there was an opportunity for a great amalgamation and monopoly of the corn and seed trade on those premises, if enlarged, such as had never occurred before in that, or any other neighbourhood. What alone was wanting to the realisation of a vast fortune, he considered to be More Capital. Those were the two little words, more capital. Now it appeared to him (Pumblechook) that if that capital were got into the business through a sleeping partner, sir: which sleeping partner would have nothing to do but walk in, by self or deputy, whenever he pleased, and examine the books—and walk in twice a year and take his profits away in his pocket, to the tune of fifty per cent—it appeared to him that that might be an opening for a young gentleman of spirit combined with property, which would be worthy of his attention. But what did I think? He had great confidence in my opinion, and what did I think? I gave it as my opinion. "Wait a bit!" The united vastness and distinctness of this view so struck him, that he no longer asked if he might shake hands with me, but said he really must—and did.

We drank all the wine, and Mr. Pumblechook pledged himself over and over again to keep Joseph up to the mark (I don't know what mark), and to render me efficient and constant service (I don't know what service). He also made known to me for the first time in my life, and certainly after having kept his secret wonderfully well, that he had always said of me, "That boy is no common boy, and mark me, his fortun' will be no common fortun'." He said with a tearful smile that it was a singular thing to think of now, and I said so too. Finally, I went out into the air with a dim perception that there was something unwonted in the conduct of the sunshine, and found that I had slumberously got to the turnpike without having taken any account of the road.

There, I was roused by Mr. Pumblechook's hailing me. He was a long way down the sunny street, and was making expressive gestures for me to stop. I stopped, and he came up breathless.

"No, my dear friend," said he, when he had recovered wind for speech. "Not if I can help it. This occasion shall not entirely pass without that affability on your part.—May I, as an old friend and well-wisher? May I?"

We shook hands for the hundredth time at least, and he ordered a young carter out of my way with the greatest indignation. Then, he

blessed me and stood waving his hand to me until I had passed the crook in the road; and then I turned into a field and had a long nap under a hedge before I pursued my way home.

I had scant luggage to take with me to London, for little of the little I possessed was adapted to my new station. But I began packing that same afternoon, and wildly packed up things that I knew I should want next morning, in a fiction that there was not a moment to be lost.

So, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, passed, and on Friday morning I went to Mr. Pumblechook's, to put on my new clothes and pay my visit to Miss Havisham. Mr. Pumblechook's own room was given up to me to dress in, and was decorated with clean towels expressly for the event. My clothes were rather a disappointment, of course. Probably every new and eagerly expected garment ever put on since clothes came in, fell a trifle short of the wearer's expectation. But after I had had my new suit on, some half an hour, and had gone through an immensity of posturing with Mr. Pumblechook's very limited dressing-glass in the futile endeavour to see my legs, it seemed to fit me better. It being market morning at a neighbouring town some ten miles off, Mr. Pumblechook was not at home. I had not told him exactly when I meant to leave, and was not likely to shake hands with him again before departing. This was all as it should be, and I went out in my new array: fearfully ashamed of having to pass the shopman, and suspicious after all that I was at a personal disadvantage, something like Joe's in his Sunday suit.

I went circuitously to Miss Havisham's by all the back ways, and rang at the bell constrainedly, on account of the stiff long fingers of my gloves. Sarah Pocket came to the gate, and positively reeled back when she saw me so changed; her walnut-shell countenance likewise, turned from brown to green and yellow.

"You?" said she. "You, good gracious? What do you want?"

"I am going to London, Miss Pocket," said I, "and want to say good-by to Miss Havisham."

I was not expected, for she left me locked in the yard, while she went to ask if I were to be admitted. After a very short delay, she returned and took me up, staring at me all the way.

Miss Havisham was taking exercise in the room with the long spread table, leaning on her crutched stick. The room was lighted as of yore, and at the sound of our entrance, she stopped and turned. She was then just abreast of the rotted bride-cake.

"Don't go, Sarah," she said. "Well, Pip?"

"I start for London, Miss Havisham, to-morrow," I was exceedingly careful what I said, "and I thought you would kindly not mind my taking leave of you."

"This is a gay figure, Pip," said she, making her crutched stick play round me, as if she, the

fairly godmother who had changed me, were bestowing the finishing gift.

"I have come into such good fortune since I saw you last, Miss Havisham," I murmured. "And I am so grateful for it, Miss Havisham!"

"Ay, ay!" said she, looking at the discomfited and envious Sarah with delight. "I have seen Mr. Jaggers. I have heard about it, Pip. So you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"And you are adopted by a rich person?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Not named?"

"No, Miss Havisham."

"And Mr. Jaggers is made your guardian?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

She quite gloated on these questions and answers, so keen was her enjoyment of Sarah Pocket's jealous dismay. "Well!" she went on; "you have a promising career before you. Be good—deserve it—and abide by Mr. Jaggers's instructions." She looked at me, and looked at Sarah, and Sarah's countenance wrung out of her watchful face a cruel smile. "Good-by, Pip!—you will always keep the name of Pip, you know."

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Good-by, Pip!"

She stretched out her hand, and I went down on my knee and put it to my lips. I had not considered how I should take leave of her; it came naturally to me at the moment, to do this. She looked at Sarah Pocket with triumph in her weird eyes, and so I left my fairy godmother, with both her hands on her crutched stick, standing in the midst of the dimly lighted room beside the rotten bride-cake that was hidden in cobwebs.

Sarah Pocket conducted me down as if I were a Ghost who must be seen out. She could not get over my appearance, and was in the last degree confounded. I said "Good-by, Miss Pocket;" but she merely stared, and did not seem collected enough to know that I had spoken. Clear of the house, I made the best of my way back to Pumblechook's, took off my new clothes, made them into a bundle, and went back home in my older dress, carrying it—to speak the truth, much more at my ease too, though I had the bundle to carry.

And now those six days which were to have run out so slowly, had run out fast and were gone, and to-morrow looked me in the face more steadily than I could look at it. As the six evenings had dwindled away to five, to four, to three, to two, I had become more and more appreciative of the society of Joe and Biddy. On this last evening, I dressed myself out in my new clothes for their delight, and sat in my splendour until bedtime. We had a hot supper on the occasion, graced by the inevitable roast fowl, and we had some flip to finish with. We were all very low, and none the higher for pretending to be in spirits.

I was to leave our village at five in the morning, carrying my little hand-portmanteau, and

I had told Joe that I wished to walk away all alone. I am afraid—sore afraid—that this purpose originated in my sense of the contrast there would be between me and Joe, if we went to the coach together. I had pretended with myself that there was nothing of this taint in the arrangement; but when I went up to my little room on this last night I felt compelled to admit that it might be so, and had an impulse upon me to go down again and entreat Joe to walk with me in the morning. I did not.

All night there were coaches in my broken sleep, going to wrong places instead of to London, and having in the traces, now dogs, now cats, now pigs, now men—never horses. Fantastic failures of journeys occupied me until the day dawned and the birds were singing. Then, I got up and partly dressed, and sat at the window to take a last look out, and in taking it fell asleep.

Biddy was astir so early to get my breakfast, that, although I did not sleep at the window an hour, I smelt the smoke of the kitchen fire when I started up with a terrible idea that it must be late in the afternoon. But long after that, and long after I had heard the clinking of the teacups and was quite ready, I wanted the resolution to go down stairs. After all, I remained up there, repeatedly unlocking and unstrapping my small portmanteau and locking and strapping it up again, until Biddy called to me that I was late.

It was a hurried breakfast with no taste in it. I got up from the meal, saying with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me, "Well! I suppose I must be off!" and then I kissed my sister who was laughing and nodding and shaking in her usual chair, and kissed Biddy, and threw my arms around Joe's neck. Then I took up my little portmanteau and walked out. The last I saw of them was when I presently heard a scuffle behind me, and looking back, saw Joe throwing an old shoe after me and Biddy throwing another old shoe. I stopped then, to wave my hat, and dear old Joe waved his

strong right arm above his head, crying huskily "Hooroar!" and Biddy put her apron to her face.

I walked away at a good pace, thinking it was easier to go than I had supposed it would be, and reflecting that it would never have done to have had an old shoe thrown after the coach, in sight of all the High-street. I whistled and made nothing of going. But the village was very peaceful and quiet, and the light mists were solemnly rising as if to show me the world, and I had been so innocent and little there, and all beyond was so unknown and great, that in a moment with a strong heave and sob I broke into tears. It was by the finger-post at the end of the village, and I laid my hand upon it, and said, "Good-by O my dear, dear friend!"

Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts. I was better after I had cried, than before—more sorry, more aware of my own ingratitude, more gentle. If I had cried before, I should have had Joe with me then.

So subdued I was by those tears, and by their breaking out again in the course of the quiet walk, that when I was on the coach, and it was clear of the town, I deliberated with an aching heart whether I would not get down when we changed horses, and walk back, and have another evening at home, and a better parting. We changed, and I had not made up my mind, and still reflected for my comfort that it would be quite practicable to get down and walk back, when we changed again. And while I was occupied with these deliberations, I would fancy an exact resemblance to Joe in some man coming along the road towards us, and my heart would beat high.—As if he could possibly be there!

We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world lay spread before me.

THIS IS THE END OF THE FIRST STAGE OF PIP'S EXPECTATIONS.

SCENERY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Of "the old thirteen" states, perhaps not one is generally so disregarded by American poets and novelists as North Carolina, in spite of its fierce Indian wars, and of Sir Walter Raleigh's attempts to colonise it; in spite of its stormy capes of Hatteras and Look-out, of its woodmen and turpentine-gatherers; in spite of its gold region and copper-lands, its shad fisheries, and its great Dismal Swamp. Though North Carolina was the first state that solemnly renounced allegiance to the English crown, that historical fact is not attractive to travellers, and they seldom venture up the Great Pedee and the Wateree rivers. Even the rocks that still show traces of Indian paintings, and the bold precipices of Hickory-nut Gap, fail to allure any one but the pedlar and the omnipresent bagman.

But South Carolina has claims that are already recognised by the poet and historian as well as by the trader and pedlar. In 1678, when the English first settled amid the great pine tracts and broad lagunes that girdle Charleston, Locke framed a constitution for the infant colony, and modelled it upon the Promised Land of Plato. Amid Shaftesbury's turbulent intrigues, and the vices of Whitehall, the mind of that amiable philosopher was absorbed in dreams of purer faith and purer life in the bright unstained new country, where men had room at once to widen their tents and enlarge their frontiers.

Twenty years later, and the brave sturdy men who felled the pines and irrigated the rice in South Carolina, were recruited by bands of honest French Huguenots, driven from Lanquedoc by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes,

and the cruel dragonnades that followed Louis the Fourteenth's senseless act of mad and suicidal bigotry. It is to this infusion of French blood—and pugnacious Camisard blood, too—that I attribute much of the peculiar fervour and almost reckless impetuosity that mark the character of the people of this state. On a frontier where they have had to grapple perpetually with bear and Indian, and to struggle for foothold with snake and panther—with a coast to defend as well as a land frontier—the Palmetto state naturally gave birth to men who were by instinct warriors. As the Spaniards were made chivalrous and bigoted by the long struggles for very existence with the Moors, so the Carolinians became generous and irascible: partly from climate, and partly from their long wars with the Yemassee Indians and with the Spaniards of Florida. Was it any wonder, that, when the revolution broke out, it found the rice-swamp people the first to run to arms and the last to leave the field? Was it any wonder that the rice-swamp people, beside their tepid lagoons and broad-scorched savannahs, fought with more persistence, self-sacrifice, and fierceness, than the people of almost any other state? Wherever you go in Carolina, whether on lagoons where you scare the alligator amid the cypress-trees, whether by maize-field or cotton tracts, you are shown some spot where English and Americans once met at push of bayonet. At Georgetown you see where that impetuous General Marion destroyed the English forts. You go to the Thicket Mountains, and they point out where Tarleton and the Britishers lost the battle of the Cowpens. Near Goshville you come upon the spot where we English fell back, after losing a thousand men and fifteen hundred stand of arms. A tulip-tree, on which it is said ten Tories were hung, and Hanging Rock where Hunter a partisan chief effected wonders, are two of the lions of this volcanic state. Here, too, near Pendleton, lived that fire-brand of the slave states, Mr. Calhoun, whom General Jackson, on his death-bed, half regretted he had not hanged.

But let me now, as my space is brief, throw my recollections of Carolina into a series of short panoramas: condensing into each of them as many days of travel as I can.

I am in Georgia, moving on to Carolina, and finally to Charleston, that city so dear to southern memories, which gave birth to Gadsden, Moultrie, Rutledge, Legaré, Lowndes, Poinsett, and other American celebrities. I am, this steaming hot yellow-feverish morning, turning my back on Savannah—one of the most extraordinary places I have ever been in, with its avenues of China-trees, its orange hedges, and its enormous magnolias, showering down their rose-coloured blossoms on silent funereal streets three feet deep in sand. I am on a small steamer that is to take me some hours up the river to Augusta. A thick feverish woolly fog wraps the quay of Savannah, with its mountains of coals, its bags of rice, and its bales of cotton; the great blocks of warehouses, where two tra-

velling friends of mine went last night after the firemen procession to book their passage for New York, loom out like palaces of Plutus in the blind white fog, that melts them into dreamy chaos and hopeless oblivion.

The boat is a very rude one, and only meant for day journeys. It has a raised cabin at one end, where prudent men retreat from the dangerous morning fog that now broods and smothers the river, and will do till the sun arises just as we cross into Carolina. The planks of the small steamer are dank with the mist. The boat is a dirty slovenly boat, and is to be given up in a few weeks, on the opening of some new branch Carolina railway. Its very funnel looks hopeless, and so do its few deck hands. Engineers there are none; the two rough men who attend to the engine, are amateurs who don't understand the fires, which is why we go so slowly. The captain, who eyes them in a careless and deprecatory way, is a drunken-looking man of fifty, with greasy coat and a red nose. He sings,

"I would I were in Mobile Bay,
Loading cotton all the day!"

as we throb down the steaming river towards the rice plantations, now in stubble.

As the Savannah newspaper of the morning, though noisy about the Irrepressible Conflict, is not only dull but very small, and is full of nothing but advertisements of rewards for runaway negroes, and offers of election lamps for night processions, and political banners, I look round the cabin for amusement, being afraid to brave that dangerous chilly fog. There is an old negress with a red-striped Creole handkerchief tied round her head, and gilt earrings in her ears, talking to her daughter over two basketfuls of eatables brought for the deck passengers' breakfast, for it is not yet six o'clock. They are busy and fussy and anxious, as negro people always are, and seem to be doing a great stroke of business. The only first-class passengers besides myself are the overseer of a rice plantation, and two turpentine merchants from North Carolina.

Up the thick yellow Savannah river, where the mud is earthy red, we push so quietly that the only sound that breaks the morning stillness is the "ugh, ugh" from our funnel, as if a sleeping giant were breathing somewhere down below. And now the fog looms whiter and more clarified, and slowly over the rice-swamps on the eastern bank (which is on our right-hand side) burns out the sun, like a red-hot coal that has fallen on a pile of cotton flock and has, at last, smouldered through it. It reminds me of Cuyp's golden mists, or still more of that admirable Dutch ballad of Browning's, *The Ride to Ghent*:

At Aerschott, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one.

For now the seething whiteness, so chill and damp, fires into yellow, then by quick stages melts into fiery orange. The golden orb glows

through at last, and the very alligator, fathom deep in the mud, awakes and knows that day has dawned in Carolina.

And now, too, as the river's banks with the tall brown reeds show themselves, I see a dead tree, and, on its highest scathed bough, two black specks which the captain tells me are bald-headed eagles; and yonder is a crane, "poor Joe," disconsolate, fishing on one leg—as if he had just felt the cramp, or symptoms of incipient gout in the other, and were thinking whether he should dine off fish to-day or not. Now I and the rest, warming ourselves in the sun, come down the steps from the high cabin and stand on the lower deck, at the head of the vessels just by the fires. There is a cask full of ashes at our feet, and a great littering heap of coals and pine-wood, together with a cogged wheel going to some rice-mill on the river, in care of those honest-looking engineers with hammers and tool bags, who stand near the engine-room door.

I am remarking to the captain, Mr. Noah Sickles, who has been upholding the excellence of alligator steaks, the curious fact, that every second woman you meet at Savannah is dressed in widow's weeds. Captain Noah replies, "Wall, it ain't nohow healthy, that's a fact," and looks over the ship's side, to see if he can show me an alligator; a "regular whaler" having been seen by him amusing himself on a log, just by General Oglethorpe's house, not ten days ago. Suddenly my eye falls on a square-looking case, carefully directed, that has been thrown carelessly down by some nigger stevedores, just by the dust heap, and half of it resting upon the litter of coals that strews the deck near the engine-room door. I think it is a grand piano, for it is labelled "Peabody's metallic hermetically sealed cases;" and directed to

Mrs. Esther Greeley, Richmond, Virginia.

With care.

Carriage paid.

It gives me rather a shudder to hear that what I have mistaken for a grand piano is really the body of

MR. JOSHUA GREELEY,

on his way home to the Richmond Cemetery, and his inconsolable wife. There is something ghastly in that pale man lying there, hid in his metallic ambush, under our gossip about fish, hawks, and alligators, and keeping all so imperceptibly to himself—yes, even to his (Mr. J. Greeley's) thoughts about my incorrect English pronunciation. But I see in it another proof of that recklessness and heedlessness of death that so specially marks the American, and which still remains a problem for the thinker. Perhaps the best solution of it is, that such heedlessness arises from no want of heart, but rather from that perpetual looking to the future instead of to the past which marks a new people, and from that fierce disregard of life that is always to be found in a frontier race, who are too busy and too warlike to waste much time in sentimental reflection.

The captain, turning round here, declares his belief that we shall see no "'gater to-day, for it is getting late in the year." He then launches out into stories of the 'gaters generally on this river, and of their almost "supernatural" cunning.

He declares that on one occasion some boys at a rice-plantation near Augusta came to him, and told him they had been shooting at a 'gater for three days running and yet could not kill him. They had found his nest in a swamp, and had been waiting near it. So off he went with his rifle, and aiming first at the soft pouches under the 'gater's eyes, then at the boss on the crown of the 'gater's head, turned the 'gater over with the third shot, and made steaks of his flesh and boots of his skin. Wall, I guess those boys told the captain that they see that 'gater one day pursue a deer across the river, and the second day come floating up near some pigeons, with a sort of garland of grape-vine twisted round his head to hide it; and the captain had reason to place some reliance in this, for, on opening the 'gater's body, he found inside it two pigeons whole and undigested. "Oh, he was a reg'lar whaler!" says the captain. On this immortal occasion of shooting the whaler, the captain had recourse to the old lure of all 'gater-hunters—to a dog trained to yelp, and so attract the 'gaters, who like dog above all other meats. When a 'gater is floating down a stream, half asleep, unless you catch the winking of his eye, it is almost impossible, the captain says, to distinguish the wretch from a rusty log that has drifted from the bank.

The captain is an odd drunken being, with much of the conversational traditions of the old English coachman. If you notice a bundle of fresh-caught cat-fish hanging, still panting with life, at the cabin-door, he begins about negroes fishing, and of the enormous weight of occasional cat-fish; and if I refer to the late Mr. Greeley in the large sardine-box, he has stories to tell of the cholera in Savannah, when there were dead-houses built in every quarter of the city, and when carts full of coffins were perpetually seen going round for bodies. But as to his boat, he takes no heed of it, except to lament occasionally that the engineers don't know how to feed engine fires with anything but pine-wood.

As to the passengers, he takes no care of them either, except now and then to stop a "'gater story," and assure the two millwrights that a dug-out with an old nigger will be sure to be waiting twenty miles further on, to paddle them to Mr. Laroche's rice-plantation: as indeed comes to pass.

Now we begin to get deeper among the rice-fields. They spread on either side of us, dotted here and there with negroes' cabins, and now and then by a planter's house. That wooden tower on the bank, with open sides and a pierced floor, is where they winnow the rice—the good grains fall below, the chaff and dust fly off above. Those green lined fields are the rice-fields, and those thin sharp green blades rising

among the stubby stalks are young rice-plants, soon to be cut off by frost. Those dams are the self-regulating dams that check the irrigation of the swampy fields, whose malaria white men can brave in winter only. It is the necessity of perpetually sluicing these rice-fields and laying them for days under water, that makes these rice districts of Carolina specially deadly to the European: so deadly, that every bale of Carolina rice may be said to cost a human life.

Fifteen days after sowing, these fields are laid under water, and again when the beautiful bunches of snowy nutritious seed are all but ripe; also, I believe, during some intermediate state as well. The great dread of the rice-planter is the rice-bird; just as the crop is ripe, these birds come in enormous flocks. The bird is a little bird with brown body and yellow wings, and, when the rice is over, goes to the north, just in time for the fruit season. Now, the captain explains to me that rice-land is very valuable, as it is only certain level tracts near rivers that are fit for the purpose of growing rice. That land there, mere ooze, half water and half mud, could be reclaimed into rice-land, though now it is all over wild oats and reeds; but it must be sufficiently drained, so that the negroes can leave it clear and warm at certain stages of ripening. That sloping land in the distance, up towards the pine-woods, would never grow rice. It is too far off for irrigation.

Here on the Savannah river, as often in Charleston afterwards, I take pains to ascertain the truth of the common Southern assertion, that white labour could not be used in the feverish rice-grounds. Irishmen have not been tried at it, but they have been tried in the equally dangerous irrigation of marshy lands on the banks of the Mississippi. There, fired with bad whisky, these reckless, hardy sons of toil work in gangs under a burning sun which even a negro at noon-day cannot and is not allowed to face, engaged in piling up those huge ramparts or *levees*, as the Southerners call them, which each district along the river is obliged to keep in repair, to save the whole country round from perpetual floods. "Why do they not employ the slaves?"

My dear friend, for this simple and intelligible reason: *Slaves are too valuable to be employed in such dangerous labour.*

But I must away with speed. Imagine me, then, a day or two after this, on a Carolina railway, racing on to Charleston, through leagues of aromatic pine-woods. A planter sitting next to me has been telling me, with infinite quaintness, quite unconscious of the cruelty that coloured the story, of a fat dropsical nigger he once hired, who would sleep all day, and used to torment his overseer by talking in an absurd way about dying of fever. "Waal, what did the overseer, who was a cute man, do, but go and buy a bundle of green cow-hides, and every day for a fortnight that overseer made that dropsical nigger walk round the shed where the cotton-press was kept,

he welting him all the time with the cow-hide. But such was the 'tarnal obstinacy of that dropsical nigger, that, would I believe it, he would not get well, and had eventually to be sent home? Oh, those niggers! they are the pig-headedest critturs in the world."

More pines—a coppery red on their scaly serpent-like trunks—their foliage dark and saturnine; no birds sing among their branches, but at their feet red bramble-stalks, arching and stunted crimson undergrowth of maple and glossy arbutus. At every station are great sacrificial altars of split pine-logs, distilling resin; and as we stop to take in fuel I hear the clump and clump of the logs as they are thrown into the fireman's tender. Everywhere rise delicious breathings of aroma from pine-woods, till I begin almost to believe with Bacon and the empirical doctors that "such resinous smells do specially fortify the brain, and recruit the wasted spirits;" all resinous smells, from pitch and turpentine, being peculiarly grateful to me. The fragrance reminds me, too, of the woods about the mountains that wall in Attica; for, by that old trick of the mind, the past seems always to me to have been golden, and the present to be lead: such a strange alchemist is Memory.

But now I find more attractive metal than the quaintly cruel planter, in a pretty Baltimore girl (the Baltimore women are the wonders of America), who, artless and unaffected as Imogene or Miranda, is playing with a pretty grey squirrel she has tamed, and which now leaps and glides all over the long railway carriage, to everybody's amusement and my special delight. It flies over the backs of our seats, skims down the centre way, sidles under my arm, nibbles at a bit of "corn dodger," some one throws him, but always, sooner or later, with little staring timid eye, with bushing tail and pretty supplicative paws, hurries back, and slips quietly into his mistress's pocket, out of which every now and then his inquiring head and bright beady eyes peer out.

Let us leave the seaboard, and pass to the high sandy bluffs that further northward give way to mountain ledges, granite crags, and the splashing silver of such falls as those of Slicking. There, listening to stories of Indian chiefs and revolutionary combats, you may, from some rocky nest high up near the eagle, look down on sweet little coves of greensward, patches of maize, and rude log-cabins. But it is in such scenery as you find in the lowland of Carolina, round Midwarry, that the roaming Englishman specially delights. There, you can find pine-woods, every third tree gashed and scarred to bleed out its turpentine, and further on, the huge bald cypress; with its boughs hung with beards of the grey dead-looking Spanish moss; there, bushes of the laurel, green and glittering in the sun, with spear-headed leaves. Here, too, are the fragrant bay-tree and the murderous ivy; here, amid this tropical vegetation, which in summer breathes deadly airs fatal to all but negroes, who alone remain all the year among it. The live oak

and orange grow side by side. On these trees the wild grape-vine, laden with fruit, hangs in fibrous festoons thick and strong as cables. Or, strolling on the banks of the river, you may hear the raftmen blowing their signal horns; or you may wander by the negro cabins, each with its garden and dovecot, for the negro is allowed to sell his master vegetables, fruit, and poultry. But often my own taste led me to the wild swamps round Turtle Cove, or to some of the more retired inlets and bayous. Here, stepping cautiously, for fear of snakes or alligators, you stride over some fallen tree that bridges the water, and pierce through avenues of ghostly cypresses, from which the moss hangs down in hoary drifts, like shreds of funeral banners in a chancel vault. Everywhere, is a sense of desolation, terror, despair, and death.

But let me tell one of my Southern dreams, after a week's roaming in South Carolina.

I am at a planter's house towards sunset, and I pass by the negro quarters, on my way to see a negro wedding—Mr. Sambo Smith and Miss Clara Brown. Everywhere I hear the banjo and the "Yah, yah!" of the dancers. Tired of the noise and tumult of boisterous happy fun, I wander on towards a cypress swamp. I pass into the wood—a blaze of tropical colour, with autumn leaves, that now echo with the voices of the mocking-bird, most versatile of floriturist singers. I leap into a dry rut, and push through the arching cypress roots deeper into the swamp. Suddenly it gets darker and deeper. The owl hoots above me, for here it is perpetual twilight. The snake hisses, the bull-frog groans like a half-lost spirit. No birds sing in this poisonous den of death. The foliage seems to drip baneful dews; the earth is dank wet; as those wild-ducks fluster up along the lagoon, a huge sleeping alligator rouses from the sedgy grass; and as "the skeleton crane" flies off shrieking, the steel-backed monster slides back into the green ooze that slowly absorbs him. Yonder he goes, steering slowly with his ridgy back, and now only his long head shows above the stream.

Heaven above us! Is that fire that bars the sky between the dark cypress-trees—broad widening veins of blood-colour like so many avenging angels' swords? No. That is the great conflagration of sunset commencing, rehearsal of the Last Day, beautiful yet terrible!

It is not the fire of burning towns yet: the region of the South still slumbers in peace. Yet who shall say for how long?

Do not let me forget that, though violent and impetuous as when they once before revolted from the union and were "whipped back," even northern American writers love to extenuate the faults of the Carolina people, and allow them to be—to use their own words—remarkable for "an ease, a grace, a generosity, and largeness of character, incompatible with the daily routine of the petty occupations and struggles of modern commercial life." Further, that the Carolina planters are men of an

old stock, accustomed to live in the country alone, uncontrolled, and habituated for generations to the institution of slavery.

MR. SINGLEMAN ON TEA.

LET there be no misunderstanding. Here is to be no scandal about Queen Howqua, no cowardly vilification of the tender wiry-leaved Pekoe, not a word against the exquisite essence and elegant extract, no cowardly stabbing in the dark! The man who could unhandsonably take advantage of the present sour temperament of the public mind towards the Celestials, inflamed as it is by war and loot and taels and rich indemnities, and turn this popular fury to the disparagement of an innocent and harmless beverage, is fit for those hackneyed treasons, stratagems, and spoils. For him may some sly nymph covertly moisten a third, nay, a fourth time, exhausted grounds, and fill him forth a pale solution with a winning smile! Blasphemy against Bohea, soothing cheerer and no inebriator? No, not for worlds!

I must be permitted to set myself rectus in curia and above suspicion. Let me fortify myself in advance by loud praises and vehement protests of admiration. For it will come to pass that later in this paper I shall have to say what savours of hostility to the delectable beverage, more, indeed, in the manner of mild remonstrance—in sorrow rather than in anger—as one might chide a well-beloved but wayward child.

Alas! I am as a preacher who loveth his own sin. Confidentially and by way of confession, I own to a tenderness amounting almost to the illicit for this seductive extract. For the alcoholic sisterhood, your "spirits," whiskies, brandies, gins—above all, for the hot miscellany produced by intermarriage or admixture of hot waters with those distilled others—I have no manner of toleration. I fancy those stimulants only with a qualification: exceptionally that is, as a familiar whom I should be glad to see drop in now and then. But, for that softer maiden, so fair, so equable in temperament, so constant and habitual, yet never cloying, who waits on us neat-handed every morning and every evening from the cradle to the grave, I have not words to glorify her decent virtues. And yet I love my love with a qualification, and shall protest against her anon.

Tea is of Arcadia tea, and has an innocent pastoral flavour. I suspect it was popular in the Garden of Eden before the Fall. The stronger drinks have all the glare and guilt, the educated villany of the cities. Only consider her of the mornings, when the world is stretching itself wearily, and putting off its sleep; Mr. Singleman's boots and slippers lie in symmetrical rank and file; Mr. Singleman's garments, upper and nether, repose speckless in a neat bale upon contiguous chair; Mr. Singleman himself, struggling desperately with a dripping sponge, is as an antique statue or athlete rising from his tin tray, and cannot be too much saturated with the refreshing fluid. But while he

is busy with an energetic course of dry-towel-ling, almost making the sparks fly with the vigour of his friction, let us lift the warm portière which hangs before the "chambers," and see what entertainment awaits the antique statue when he shall descend, draped according to the rigorous superfluity of the age. Observe the coziness, the warmth, the colouring, the orderly disorder, the newness of the early morn upon all things. Phyllis has been with her besom, and has burnished and brightened all things. But the fire is surely the most enticing object; it hath now a clearness, a *cleanliness*, a bold brilliant contrast of ebony jet cubes with glowing red, which at a later time it wholly misses. It contracts, at a later time, a dusty rakish look, acquiring the raggedness and decay of ages, and is no longer a clean trim dandy fire, careful of its person. That snowy sheet which lies upon the ground, "got up" like fine linen, limp, damp, and by mortal fingers not yet unfolded, holds the morning's news, fresh from its oven—like the thin rolls upon the table. The arm-chair is drawn close, the white service is laid, and the kettle performs its Pan pipes music upon a little fanciful iron step made for it, and projecting from the bars.

Now, when I descend as a draped athlete (for I will no longer support the poor pretence of Singleman and myself being different persons), the very first object on which my eye falls with a species of affection is this musical kettle. For is it not in posse as to tea?—a vessel holding a familiar and homely component, which waits only the proper incantation, a few passes necromantic, to become a glorified fluid and transfigured liquor. I love this domestic hocus-pocus. My eye next falls with a pleased recognition on my Loysel. A word here in favour of my trusty Loysel, his power, properties, and beauties. I allude to the sort of burnished racing-cup, hermaphrodite engine, semi-urn, half teapot, yet not wholly either, which has sprung from the brain of an ingenious Frenchman.

It cost me a pang to be unfaithful to the older pot, the traditional vehicle with the spout and loop handle, associated with the breakfast Arcadia of block-tin, or Britannia metal, or of shining silver (and yet it seemed to come with a greater richness from the block-tin, but this may have been fanciful); there was a simplicity, a sweet uncivilisation, a pastoralness almost Pauline and Virginian, that enticed. There was an unerring certitude in the process, an unflinching confidence in the result. Three spoonfuls (was it?) for the beverage; one added beneficently as largesse for the pot; one perhaps added with a lingering hand to make all sure—and the product came out as a conclusion from logical premises. I own to a distrust of the costlier metal; I always fancied the interior to be slippery, and devoid of that richer adhesiveness; and it seems to generate (but in this I may do the nobler metal injustice) only a poor, thinnish fluid, known contemptuously among tea-bibbers as swash. And yet even now, for the

old brown enamelled pot—eminently plebeian—holding no more than a reasonably break-fast-cupful, overlaid with a rich varnish of a distinct mahogany colour, with a wilfulness in the lid to fall off and be smashed—for this ignoble vessel, I say, I have longings indefinable. It worked its office best of them all. The stream it spouted so full, so tawny, so brave, so strong, so fragrant, positively took away the breath; it imparted an earthy flavour which somehow the others could not reach to. I never knew wherein lay its mystery, in the material or in the globular formation. But then it was eminently a selfish pot, not by any means conjugal, wholly bachelorial. It did not reach beyond a cup; it broke down with ignominy when there was pressure put upon its resources. You might conveniently bake your beverage before the slow fire in its tempered clay. But for my Loysel.

It is the ingeniousness that takes the fancy—the mechanical pleasure of working a little distillery every morning. Above all, the certainty. After all, that was but a rude Hot-tentotide fashion, that flinging in of your three spoonfuls, and the saturation following, guided by no surer direction than the eye. A doubtful uncertain process, resulting but too often in painful miscarriage. A tea-making in the rough on backwoods principles, and surely unworthy of the enlarged science of our times. This was the first cloud that stole in between me and my little brown pot. By-and-by, I basely deserted her, like a double-dyed Pekoe villain as I was: I became the thrall of Loysel. I became my own miller under the new system, and in a little mill of my own grind my own grain into a fine black flour. It is brought to the mill gauged nicely in a little measure, like other flour. This introduction of human labour, this working for one's own support by the sweat of one's brow, imparts an indescribable zest to the process. I declare I would not pretermitt that operation (by my own hands) for any pretence whatsoever; and once was very wroth—very wroth—when neat-handed Phyllis, not then precisely "my only joy," thought to gratify me by presenting this farinaceous matter already ground and in a state of fine detrition. After this useful labour and honest toil, I seem to partake of my humble means by a sort of agricultural title: having, as it were, come in from the fields a brave husbandman. Then I take off the lid of my Loysel—note that muffin discs, charged with butter and glistening oleaginous, are simmering into a golden brown before the fire, and that Phyllis will be up by-and-by with a round bulbous china dish, in which is imprisoned a rasher—then, inverting my Loysel lid upon his own apex, I bring over the kettle, and with a steady hand begin to pour. For me has this operation the charm of an eternal novelty. It never clogs. I look out wistfully, still pouring, for the first swelling of the golden beer-tinted flood—mark you, the tea is already made—as it wells and wells gently upward through the perforated sieve, deepening yet deepening in

tint, until it becomes a full mahogany brown. A sigh of relief as the flood reaches high-water mark—carefully replace the inverted cover—and Loysel is ready.

Take it that we have been abroad last night hearing chimes at midnight, and such unbecoming music, and that we wake with a new and artificial palate made of heated copper. How gratefully we drain the bowl—for bowl it must be—a satisfying immensity—a small tea ocean—which we may swill and swill again, irrigating the parched surfaces. There is nothing comparable to that matutinal refreshment. There is a purity and innocence about that intemperance, compared with which your sharp stinging garish sodas sound mundane and guilty. Rowing gentlemen rave of that frothy decapitation of their first “head” of porter (so it runs in their low phrase) after a protracted training abstinence. Yet it cannot compare with this early draught. Who was it in the novels that spoke unctuously of a “dish” of tea? I love the word. “Another dish of tea, madam!” It was the elderly gentleman of the party—the benevolent monitor in smalls—say Mr. Woodville. One of the tenderest recollections of childhood, a green patch amid the brakes and briars of school days, is associated with the beverage. Nauseating at last the rough coarse substantial fare of the place, the lumps of good ploughman’s feeding of the first quality, the strong milks and stronger meats, we fly of an evening to the awful presence of authority, and with fear crave leave to retire to those bright paradisaical regions of warm fires and matronly care known as the Infirmary. And passing an awful probation—not without suspicion and a searching examination into the genuineness of those symptoms—alas, at that guileless age, but too often simulated!—we fly exulting to the warm chamber of beatitude, the nectar made and served by Hebe, the glorified elderly matron; the buttered toast, conveying more accurately than any earthly similitude the exact savour of manna.

After the tempest, when the stormy winds have been blowing cruelly, oh, welcome comes the first draught of tea—even of that poor diluted wash which Phyllis serves to us for sixpence from behind the refreshment counter. Gratefully it soothes its way downwards after that bitter labour. It warms and invigorates. It works its office domestically. It does not restore with violence, as is the fashion with brandies, and such rude awakeners.

And now remains that unpleasing duty of protest alluded to delicately but a few minutes since. I must lift up my voice, temporarily, against this sweet consoler and dear delight. The seductive drink is demoralising our women. Not putting too fine a point upon it—calling a spade a spade—making no bones about it—in short, putting it as plainly and grossly as possible—they have grown addicted to this liquor, and are uproarious over their cups. The practice is growing monstrous, and cries out for repression. Permit me to illustrate

my meaning by a little tableau drawn from our hearths and altars.

The little tableau is in this wise: Straying carelessly, as it might be, in the capacity of a child of nature—a capacity which I take on me as the shades of visiting-time close in slowly—into particular drawing-room pastures, where I am always welcome to browse (colloquially), I am in the habit of taking the strain off the overwrought mind by easy and familiar converse with the ladies of our islands. In this rôle of a lord of the creation, enthroned in an easy-chair—specially when not constrained by the presence of competing lords of the creation—the mind takes a healthy diversion, and homage is done to that complacent superiority in most gratifying fashion. It is what may be termed the lull of the day; the toils of morn and of noon are spent, and the mind is drawing back and gathering itself up for a further spring, in the direction of dinner. Over the whole plays the lurid half-light of the crackling fire. Pretty tableau!

And yet the scene has been blighted. This fair picture of innocence has been ravaged and laid waste. The demon of drink has penetrated, and is demoralising our women fast. A system of gigantic dram-drinking has grown up, and the virgins are addicted to hyson. I stray into my accustomed pastures, expecting the familiar partial solitude, the selected few, the half light, the ready chair; and, above all, that pleasing monopoly and exclusive patent of conversation which no one is willing to infringe. I find, instead, that I have strayed into a meeting of lay women—a whole flower-bed of bonnets—a glare of colours (unrelieved by any bold masculine black) perfectly offensive to the eye. It is a dwelling-house overcrowded; and I think the Common Lodging-house Act would apply. Looking round, and wholly overborne by the hum of excited voices and exaggerated gesticulation, and that putting home of favourite views and theories by the illogical aid of profuse affectionate endearments, I collect my wandering senses, and must be blind indeed not to see that other influences besides a pure feminine hilarity have been at work. No disrespect is here intended, I solemnly protest; but whence this suspicious unloosing of tongues? The lady at the bar—fair tapster!—who is “drawing” the brown stout liquor with a professional deftness, can barely meet the requirements of the demand. There is a run upon the beverage, and a clatter of silver upon china, and an importunate persistency. I can see my dear sisters mellowing perceptibly. As with that other intemperance, it hurries to the cheeks and to the extremity of the little facial mountain, flushing them suggestively.

I admire the ineffable relish, the luscious gulp, with which some despatch their dram; it is not, so to speak, tossed off—I cannot bring myself to the barbarism “swigged,” and yet it verges most nearly on that muscular act—but slowly absorbed in large exhaustive draughts. The mouth is well filled, the heat and strength

enjoyed, in transitu, by an exquisite anticipation, and then forced by a sort of mechanical action in the thorax down to its long home below.

There is a frightful panorama, imagined by Mr. Cruikshank, embodying the descending stages of degradation induced among the lower classes by a fatal excess in drink: it is called *The Bottle*. I would invite that inimitable artist to illustrate in a corresponding series the no less fatal consequences of an immoderate indulgence in the cheering and inebriating fluid, the subject of this paper. Let the inimitable artist style it *THE TEAPOT*. Let him deal with his matter progressively. Let his first plate be *The Happy Home*—the abode of peace and innocence, and crochet, and slipper working, and smoking-cap embroidering, and quiet enlightenment by that stray lord of creation, the instructive lay preacher, who wanders ere yet the tocsin has sounded for dinner-dressing, tells his simple story, and goes his way. *That* is their present stimulant. They shall look back hereafter, with a pang, to those hours of easy converse. Second plate: *The Tempter*. Miss Jenkinwaters has dropped in—who has spirits (mark the prophetic significance of the word)—such lively spirits—and who has been yesterday—only yesterday, my dears—with Lady Mary Greymalkin—who (the funniest notion in the world—'twill kill her with laughing!) had in Tea—absolutely Tea! It was the nicest, prettiest, most comical and diverting idea in the world! So out of the way—so odd! But these innocent girls, not yet wholly vitiated by that corruption in which Miss Jenkinwaters may be said to be steeped, pause and check themselves on the brink of a precipice. Yet, soon follows the playful suggestion of Tempter Jenkinwaters, to follow in an humble way the exemplar of the illustrious Lady Mary, and have in by way of pure joke the vessels and materials and compound, just for the sake of trying the thing; the innocent eyes are downcast, the voice falters; Mephistopheles Jenkinwaters presses them noisily, laughs away their idle scruples, goes herself to ring the bell, and the fatal materials are had in. Third Tableau: *The Gentle Sisters* have become *Habitual Topers*. Fearing lest the unusual swelling of the grocer's account should betray their secret practice, they have recourse to denying themselves small articles of wearing apparel and ornament, and devoting the proceeds to the purchase of the horrid stimulant. A sort of moral Pawnbroking goes on. The own maid goes out surreptitiously to establishments which have a reputation, and brings home choice and costly growths—green and otherwise. The strength of the drams is daily intensified. They begin to laugh at the early indiscretion. The number of glasses—cups, I mean—is increased daily. They become seasoned casks—I mean teapots—no, vessels. The youngest has become a notorious tea drunkard. She takes her "morning" before rising, besides numerous glasses—no, cups—up and down, at uncertain

intervals during the day. She has already a decayed green-tea look. Her eye is restless. Public works are suspended: no more slippers or smoking-caps. She is restless and unsettled. Last Tableau of all: should portray the drawing-room after one of these orgies, with female Bacchantes in possession, and broken-spirited grey-haired parent with hands uplifted to heaven, bemoaning the degradation of his children, as, hardened in guilt, they say, with brazen effrontery, to their boon sisters, "Don't mind, it's only papa!" One will presently thrust a glass—cup, I mean—into his trembling fingers, and offer to fill him out drink. They have no shame of the servants; and those familiars come to and fro with kettles and urns. Servants! Nay, little infants at the mother's knee have seething jorums placed in their tiny fingers, and have a taste for vice implanted in them at their early age.

To this affecting series (greatly needed) Mr. Singleman will, with a sad joy, subscribe. On the principle of the charitable offers occasionally advertised in the newspapers, he hereby announces that he will take fifty thousand copies if anybody else will.

THE SACRED CITY.

THE northern winter was over and gone
From the stormy Scandinavian shore,
And the brief bright summer all brilliantly shone,
And the voice of the tempest was heard no more,
When a galley was launched on the northern seas.
A gallant company she bore,
Sturdy warriors, women meek;
A shout went after them from the shore,
For they were pilgrims bound to seek
The holy city of Asgard.

The holy city of Asgard stands
(So the northern legends tell),
Built by other than mortal hands,
For the Scandinavian gods to dwell
In its mighty palaces.
In the very centre of all the world,
In the eye of the earth it stands alone,
And from thence o'er the trembling nations are hurled
The thunders that issue from Odin's throne
In the holy city of Asgard.

The mightiest mountain the round world owns
Is but a hillock beside that throne,
And thence great Odin's terrible ken
Watches the thoughts and deeds of men,
To him nothing is left unknown.
Around him is gathered his court divine,
The Ases, all gods and goddesses,
In immortal strength and beauty they shine,
Dwelling in endless blessedness,
In the holy city of Asgard.

Thor is there, and Balder, and Tyr,
Freir, Niorder, and Braga, and Loke—
Thirteen gods (so the legends aver)—
Whose aid and protection men should invoke.
And there are goddesses, fair as day,
Frigga, Lara, Eira, Var,
Vora and Sinia, Gefonia and Linia—
Eighteen in all round great Odin's car,
In the holy city of Asgard.

Furthermore, the legend declares
That Odin has not forbidden to men

To seek his dwelling; nay, more, who dares
To brave the dangers by fiord and fen,
By sea and land, by mountain and river
That compass it round, for his noble endeavour
Shall dwell 'mid the Ases in glory for ever
In the holy city of Asgard.

And thus it was on that glad May-day
That the band of pilgrims sailed away;—
Sailed away, strong in hope and faith,
Brave to encounter danger and death,
Unknown terrors by field and flood,
Dragons and giants athirst for blood—
And all to see the face of their god
In his holy city of Asgard.

They travelled by day, they travelled by night,
Danger and terror and pain they met;
The women fainted, the strong men's might
Daily weakened and waned, and yet
They struggled along the dubious path
That was leading them onward to certain death,
Supported still by their earnest faith
In the holy city of Asgard.

All of them perished: their corpses strewed
Many a valley and mountain and flood;
Not one returned to repeat the tale
How all their labour could nought avail;
How woman's love and how manhood's strength
Had all been wasted, and spent in vain
On a sheer delusion; and how at length
They were never the nearer, for all their pain,
To the holy city of Asgard.

We read the story, and calmly smile
At those foolish Norsemen in times of old,
Who could let such childish legends beguile
Their senses, and strongly hold
Their minds enthralled at such baseless dreams,
Such wild, impossible phantom gleams;
We wonder how human destinies
Could ever be swayed by fables like these
Of the holy city of Asgard.

Granted, they died in a foolish cause,
They were heathens, my friend, rank pagans all,
Their light was darkness, their creed, their laws
Of religion and morals could but enthrall
Their souls in bondage. But you and I,
Who know where the city of God doth lie,—
As those pagans strove, do we Christians strive
With body and heart and soul to arrive
At the heavenly city of Asgard?

THE FROZEN-OUT POOR LAW.

We have seen, during this hard winter, general and utter practical condemnation of the working of our Poor Law system. Thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children, hungered and shivered at our doors. Every heart was touched with sympathy for the widespread distress, and men inquired of each other where or how to give out of their abundance, or out of their own more tolerable poverty, something towards feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, sheltering the houseless. But it does not appear that it once occurred even to any maniac that, as our Poor Law system is a great national system expressly formed to carry out those ends, and furnished with a large staff of administrators, we had but to pour freely our voluntary offerings into the hands of the Poor Law guardians,

and rely upon the proper guardianship of the poor. Private associations of all kinds were formed and proposed. It rained money on the desks of police magistrates, who, to the best of their ability, separated cases of destitution from cases of mock destitution besetting the doors of the police-courts. At the Mansion House alone (representing a district where comparatively few poor people dwell), three thousand destitute persons were relieved during the three weeks of severest pressure. At the Thames police-court, pressure was still greater, and it was great elsewhere. Soup kitchens were formed by knots of families; bread went out of pantries; people with leisure enough, by whom heretofore the duty had been overlooked, sought the homes of the suffering; even prudence yielded to the irresistible temptation to give almost indiscriminate alms in the streets.

What was the Poor Law system doing all this time? Discouraging, as usual, appeals for help; making the bread of the poor given in charity—say rather due from human justice—bitter, in order that as many stomachs as were not too hungry to be turned, might turn from it. The principle upon which relief is administered under the law that taxes us for succour of the poor appears to be, to make the help rendered so distasteful, that they must be far gone indeed in wretchedness who will apply for it; and the high-hearted poor will starve rather than take it, will die instead of coming on the rates. From the Poor Law Commissioners down to the most ignorant relieving officer, reduction in the number of paupers, saving in the rates levied for poor relief, is acknowledged as the final aim to which the work of the three-and-twenty thousand Poor Law officers must point and which the twelve thousand reports annually sent in to the Poor Law Board must illustrate as far as possible. The report of the Poor Law Board issued this year, strikes this key-note in its opening sentence. "We are happy," it says, "to be able to state, that since the Poor Law Amendment Act came into operation, the sum annually expended for 'Relief to the Poor' has very largely decreased, and that this expenditure is in a diminishing ratio when compared with the population and wealth of the country."

Did this blessed Board, considered as a Board, keep happy Christmas on this thought? Did it see the shivering Christmas of the lanes and hovels, looking everywhere but to the workhouse for the hand of fellowship to comfort them; the "wealth and population of the country" looking everywhere but to the workhouse officials for trustworthily almoners in men who know and understand the poor? Did it see its whole system swept aside with contempt as useless for its purpose in the hour of need, and did it consider as a Board what it might say in its next year's report, about its own skill in effecting savings of the public alms? For the Poor Law Board, charity is a nursing mother who puts alms on her nipple. In the report before us, there is not a syllable suggestive of the noble human duty underlying the whole law of poor relief,

not the remotest hint of a desire to ask whether the duty is performed, whether there is helplessness and destitution, which the strong arm of the most generous and charitable nation upon earth, has yet failed to support. No. The sole and whole inquiry is, How many pounds less have been paid, how many pounds more are to be saved?

The Poor Law Amendment Act came into operation in the autumn of 1834. During the twenty-two last years of the old system, an average of six millions and a half a year was given by England to the poor. Since the Amendment Act, the yearly average has been less than five millions and a quarter; in a quarter of a century, more than thirty-three millions of pounds have been deducted from the sum that would, under the old system, have been paid; and of the remainder, twenty millions have been spent in building workhouses and paying salaries of union officers. These count, of course, as items of poor relief: the sum now spent in England for national poor relief being a little more than five millions and a half, yielded by the poor-rate. The poor-rate includes borough or police-rate, law expenses, cost of registries; more than a fourth of the sum raised under the name of poor-rate, having, in fact, no connexion whatever with relief of the poor. "More than a fourth is the estimate of the Board." We think they might have said more than a third.

And still the cry is, lo, how much we save! The average rate per head on the population for support of its destitute poor, used to be ten and fourpence; now, glory be to us, it is six and a halfpenny. Increase of population being considered, if we had gone on at the same rate per head, ninety-one millions would have been spent on the poor over and above what we have asked you for. In proportion to the increased wealth of the country, the charge on your pockets, people of England, is half what it used to be before we, the mighty Poor Law Board, began to look after the paupers. Looking at the matter in regard to proportion with the comparison of commerce, you are now saving three shillings out of four. In spite of the increase since the act came into force of from fourteen to twenty million of population, we, the Board, have actually diminished by three-quarters of a million the yearly national dole to the destitute. Kiss the red tape on the hem of our garments!

But we, for the public, cannot read with patience the felicitations founded on such figures. It is not true, it is notoriously and manifestly false, that they mean simply a proportionate ceasing of the poor from among us. Six million more people, and yet no more poor, yet even fewer poor? Turn out of any street of London into its by-lanes and alleys; see dense towns within the town, Agar Town, Bethnal-green, Rotherhithe, Radcliffe, Wapping, small cities of hunger; ask any country doctor whether there are rural poor, and how much suffering they learn to regard as but the natural wear and tear of a life that is one long ache of privation; and then join in the congratulations of the Poor Law Board at the decrease of poverty.

The Poor Law Board cannot require to be told what its figures really mean. We all know in what way the unpatronised pauper is kept off the rates as long as possible. Here, for example, is a piece of experience so matter of course that it may be wondered why we cite it. A woman, during the intense frost, was met in the evening carrying home her weekly quarter loaf from Saint Pancras Workhouse. (Was it not there that guardians of the poor, not long ago, excited wrath among parishioners by putting themselves on the parish for hot dinners at their weekly meetings?) The woman was met shivering with cold; she had been waiting for her dole, from twelve o'clock till half-past four, in a room with a stone floor, which she declared had not been warmed in any way. "I could have stood it better," she said, "if there hadn't been such a dreadful cold draught from them ventilating places all round the floor." The "ventilators" out of which the cold blast came, were the pipes of the disused warming apparatus. It was not desirable to use that apparatus for the benefit of paupers, even when the thermometer wavered between freezing and zero. Everybody who waited would get deservedly pinched for coming, and, though half a dozen, or a dozen, or a score, would feel it afterwards in their lungs, or be plagued with rheumatic pains when they desired to be industrious, the whole gain of so much discouragement to the demand for parish bread was not to be sacrificed on that account. A vestryman is asked whether this woman's story, not the first or the tenth of its kind, could be true; were the poor really exposed to so much suffering when they came for relief? "Yes," he replied, "and wilfully. I have tried to effect a change, but only three would side with me. The rest thought that if the poor creatures were made too comfortable, more would come." We take our illustration from St. Pancras simply because it is natural for anybody to look to St. Pancras of evil repute, when he wishes to lay his hand on any sort of abuse incident to the administration of the Poor Law. But the illustration serves for the whole system, which makes workhouses discouragements to poverty, and gaols encouragements to crime. It is because everybody knows that by this system of encouragement practised in a hundred petty ways, there has been secured, not only a constant lessening of the amount of relief given to the poor, but a constant increase of the repugnance with which it is taken; it is because of this, that in the late days of extreme suffering, *it was everywhere but to the ordained almoners of the public that the public sent its alms for distribution.*

We say that the Poor Law Board is a costly abuse, and a pernicious sham. We believe that there is scarcely one public department, if one, under the unfortunate necessity of having to do business with it, that does not know it to be a heap of troublesome and complacent rottenness. It is in fairness to be observed, on the other hand, that there are some Boards of Guardians, chiefly composed of ignorant and noisy men,

the most pestilent persons in their parish, who systematically oppose themselves to any languid efforts towards the improvement of their proceedings made by the Board, and for whose misdeeds the Board is not to be held responsible. This is perfectly true. But when the Board is so mighty complacent on the reduction of the amount spent in relieving the poor, does it tell us of these vestrymen, of its inability to strive against their pot-valiant demonstrations, of its knowledge that they are the wrong order of men for their trust, of its very strong suspicions that they sometimes relieve their own tenants and customers more freely than other poor, and thus convert their bad debts into good? If the Board were what it ought to be, and did its duty, would it not favour us with a hint or so of its inability to deal with these hucksters, instead of tamely and lamely singing songs of rejoicing over their works, and making itself Air, when most needed?

But, it is said, rates must be kept down. They are already ruinous in the poor parishes. The truth is—a truth we have urged again and again—rates must be equalised. While each parish maintains its own poor, what is to become of paupers who almost make up a parish of their own, and have to pay the most enormous rates out of the smallest means? On the other hand, in polite regions, inhabited by wealth and fashion, there are so few poor, that of the wealthiest the law asks but a mite. Clearly this is worse than absurd; in practice it is iniquitous; and the one remedy is an uniform rate diffused over large areas, if not one national rate. The London parishes pay rates varying from one penny to eight shillings, the highest being invariably levied on the poorest men. It has been calculated that the whole work of relief might be done by one uniform levy of twopence in the pound upon all rateable property. Whatever the amount in the pound of such a rate might be, it would be fairly distributed, and, we are certain, cheerfully borne. Speculative objections to this plan chiefly run in the favourite groove of economy. It is said that the strong local interest in keeping down the rates would be lost, and waste would follow.

But the fiction of economy is the next great source of the failure of the Poor Law system. Because of it we may almost believe that every penny given to the poor rate has been wasted. Had there been no workhouses, and no commissioners congratulating themselves on decrease of the amounts spent in poor relief, could our streets have been more thronged with miserable creatures than they have been; could our police magistrates have been more hungrily surrounded; could the columns of the Times record a greater sense of uneasiness on the part of the charitable; could the details of want suffered by the well deserving, have been much more dreadful; than they were when the year began on which we have now entered with the faintest hope that it may bring some remedy for all this grief?

Admit, that the local administration of parish

funds falls sometimes into the hands of noisy and jobbing vestrymen who ape all the accidents of evil in self-government, and nearly make us blind to its essential good; admit that these men, who would be simply ridiculous if they were less mischievous, do not represent the merciful and generous nature of the contributors with whose money they deal; admit that there is creeping into English public affairs the vice so obvious in American public affairs, to wit, that the best disposed people are too apt to leave them alone,—these are but lesser branches of the evil that grows, spreads, and overshadows us. At the root of all, is that Board, with an immense machinery and a costly staff, over the institution of which Board there were such pæans sung as were never sung in parliament yet, and such politico-economical rejoicings raised as never were raised before under heaven. Where was this wonderful Board when the people were perishing of want and cold? Why was its machinery not instantly set in motion for the spiriting up of lazy vestries, for the seeking out of misery, for the administration of the Poor Law—which is law for the relief of the distressed—and for stern enforcement of that law upon little authorities that will not even see starvation when it lies at their gate in the very article of death?

Until there is equalisation of poor rates it is in the known course of nature that certain poor parishes, such as those along the Thames by Ratcliffe and Wapping, must have in some seasons nearly their whole population thrown out of work, and must become bankrupt parishes of paupers. The necessity is occasional, but not exceptional. It is a misery to be foreseen; and is it no part of the Board's duty to regard it as a misery to be provided for, a matter at least of special representation and of special counsel to the government? If the Board, in short, when a few weeks of frost gave it something to live for, gave no signs of life, was nowhere to be seen or heard of, had no previous existence marked enough even to bring it at that crisis into people's minds, if it was dead and buried under the twelve thousand annual reports sent in by its officials, or entirely lost in abstract compilation from the twelve thousand reports of its own annual report of the happy continuance of decrease in the number of poor succoured through its agency, of what use is the Board, and why is it maintained?

The time will soon come when the renewal of this Board must be discussed and decided on in parliament. Let the generous people who have been sending money to poor-boxes, to refuges, to the Times, and where not, be wise for the future, and insist on the settlement of these questions before the next time that the wolf comes, as it is inevitable that he will come, to our door. We want as a system of poor relief, not that which gives coldly to the poor who come for aid in spite of all discouragement, but that which embodies the true mind of a really and truly charitable nation. What we

all want to see in the report of the Poor Law Board is not, "Lo, we have spent so little upon, and have saved so much as compared with the year preceding out of, so many paupers;" but, "Lo, we have really and efficiently relieved in this Christian country so much undoubted distress, and our help is still so much short of completeness." The public would pay anything for the real relief of the poor. An equalised rate, even if it were ten times more than the tax it would be, would be borne thankfully if it did really remove the shame of beggars from the streets, and did really purchase for us the real "Christian knowledge," that no moderately deserving and striving person could possibly die of cold and hunger. The Englishman is always liberal in payment for a service he secures. He looks first at efficiency, and secondly at cost; and as he sees need of very much further amendment in a Poor Law system that cannot stand the climate of the country, to say nothing of its other faults, he grudges the cost of bad service, and will grudge it, though in course of years it be reduced until the Board rejoices in the expenditure of half its present outlay on a doubled population.

But the Board will not live to do that. It must live with the life of the people whom it serves, or it must inevitably die soon and give place to something sturdier and wiser than itself—something mindful above all things of the solemn duty to be done.

PEDLARS' CONGRESS.

VATTEL informs us that there are three varieties of congresses known in diplomacy. First, there is the Congress of Princes, such as that of Verona, where the regnants settle how insurrections are to be put down; next, we have the Congress of Plenipotentiaries, as that of Aix-la-Chapelle; and lastly, the mixed Congress, where princes and ambassadors form a diplomatic pot-pourri. The erudite writer has entirely omitted another Congress: the German Pedlars' Congress, held every January and June.

Ehningen, the place where the Congress is held, is situated at the foot of the Rauhe Alp, in Würtemberg. It is possibly a shade dirtier than other German villages, and an unusual number of masterless pigs roam about its narrow streets. Though assumed to contain five thousand inhabitants, if you visit it at any other period than that of the half-yearly Congress, you will probably only meet the parish priest's swineherd; for the entire population lives by hawking. The Teutonic Cheap Jack hails from Ehningen, and he and his fellows attend every fair for hundreds of miles around.

As the period for the Congress arrives, all the roads leading to Ehningen are thronged with homeward-bound pedlars, their wives, and children. They have to reckon up the profits of the year, attend to parochial matters, marry their daughters, and last, but not least, lay in their wares for the coming season. The Congress, in a word, is composed of commercial

gentlemen, who arrive from all parts of the civilised world, to do business with men who can scarcely write their own names, and find it a hard matter to make both ends meet. Still, many of these pedlars have a yearly credit amounting to five thousand pounds. The traveller to any large wholesale house would be supposed to have neglected the interests of his masters unless he took orders for at least twenty thousand pounds at each Congress. As at least two hundred travellers annually arrive at Ehningen for orders, Vattel might have mentioned the Congress without any derogation to diplomacy. The most curious thing is, that, though this enormous amount of credit is granted to men only one remove from pauperdom, very few bad debts are made. The pedlars have their pride as well as the richest merchant, and starve themselves in order to meet their payments.

There is only one inn at Ehningen, where the travellers dine together, lodging in the private houses. German commercial gents represent the fast type of the nation, and though this class is much alike all over the world, indulging to an extreme in loud patterns and heavy jewellery, the Germans surpass their brethren by their insane love of smashing everything. Mine host of the Traube can tell you many a quaint story about his guests: how, on one occasion, four of them destroyed property valued at eight hundred and thirty florins, which they paid for without a murmur.

So soon as the commercial gentleman has established himself, he hires a young girl, representing the Boots of civilisation, who leads him to the houses of his various customers. The female population of Ehningen are peculiar for a damp umbrella smell, by which you can know them all through Germany. Båbele then wades along through the slush, and stops before the first house, where the new arrival forms the end of a long queue of travellers standing on the rickety wooden ladder leading to the door. It is the fashion at Ehningen that the gentlemen bagmen should pay their respects to their customers, and inquire at what hour they will be pleased to look at samples.

At length, our special traveller's turn arrives, and he enters the low-roofed smoky sleeping-room. Here the host probably offers him a hand odorous of the pigsty, while madame is tidying herself at the glass, in short petticoats which have once been cleaner. The traveller begins by inquiring after the health of all the family, gradually working round to the object of his visit. Can Hans Michel, or, as the case may be, do anything in calicoes? Hans Michel appeals to Matchen for his advice, and she replies that they are full of calico up to the eyes, but there can be no harm in having a look. Thereupon Hans consults a very dirty piece of paper covered with hieroglyphics, and at length expresses his opinion that the traveller may call next Thursday week at two P.M. The traveller books the hour, and proceeds to the next house on the same errand. When all the visits have been paid, the traveller generally finds that he

has a week's leisure before business commences, for the worthy pedlars are not at all disposed to hurry. A holiday is such a rarity to them that they enjoy it to their hearts' content.

While the pedlars are busied in regulating their domestic affairs and bothering their brains over the different currencies which represent their floating capital, the commercial gentlemen indulge in their sole recreation—drinking and playing at skittles. How large their consumption of liquids might be is proved by the fact that nine host of the Traube is enabled to keep his house open, year out year in, on his six weeks' receipts. No one would visit Ehningen save on compulsion. The quantity of champagne consumed in those six weeks would run the Widow dry, but, fortunately for her, the rhubarb juice answers the purpose indifferently well. With the German commercial travellers quantity is the rule, quality the exception.

When business begins in earnest, it is satisfactory. If the pedlar wants your article he gives you a large order; if already overstocked, he tells you so at once. There is no beating about the bush, no buying job lots at a discount, because the hawker has no ready money: that is swallowed up by back debts. He simply lives from hand to mouth, and never can become rich, because he must pay what the wholesale houses think proper to charge in order to cover the risk. The traveller advises his house, the goods are delivered at various points on the pedlar's round, and so soon as the last order has been obtained the Congress breaks up. There is no signing of parchments.

So soon as the commercial travellers have departed, the pedlar sets his house in order, puts a clumsy padlock on the door, and recommences his life's dull round. The articles in which he deals are principally laces, calico, shawls, ribbons, silk handkerchiefs, woollens of every description, and, at times, mock jewellery. So soon as the fair is over, he packs his traps on his own and his family's back and trudges off to the next town. It was always a puzzle why every German almanack contained such an accurate list of fairs, but Pedlars' Congress solves the riddle. The list is drawn up for the special information of the pedlars.

Pedlars' Congress goes to prove how far back the Germans still remain on the path of progress. Among us, a pedlar is a rarity; his place is occupied by the tallyman or the duffer, who sells cotton-backed silks as smuggled French goods, and takes silly women in. In Germany, we see that the pedlars are a very important trade factor. But the cream has been skimmed from the Ehningen Congress. German peasants, ignorant though they may be in other respects, have a keen eye for a kreutzer saved. With modern progress, and increased locomotive advantages, they learn that it is cheaper to buy at the Residenz, and the pedlars are gradually finding goods left on their hands, the payment for which depends on quick returns. Hence, before long, there will be a grand com-

mercial crisis in Germany, and Pedlars' Congress will come to be reckoned among the things of the past.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I HAD no writing materials, but I had just composed a long letter to the Times on "the outrageous treatment and false imprisonment of a British subject in Austria," when my door was opened by a thin, lank-jawed, fierce-eyed man, in uniform, who announced himself as the Rittmeister von Mahony, of the Keyser Hussars.

"A countryman—an Irishman," said I, eagerly, clasping his hand with warmth.

"That is to say, two generations back," replied he; "my grandfather Terence was a lieutenant in Trenck's Horse, but since that none of us have ever been out of Austria."

If these tidings fell coldly on my heart just beginning to glow with the ardour of home and country, I soon saw that it takes more than two generations to wash out the Irishman from a man's nature. The honest Rittmeister, with scarcely a word of English in his vocabulary, was as hearty a countryman as if he had never journeyed out of the land of Bog.

"He had heard 'all about it,'" he said, by way of arresting the eloquent indignation that filled me; and he added, "And the more fool myself to notice the matter;" asking me, quaintly, if I never had heard of our native maxim that says, "One man ought never to fall upon forty"? "Well," said he, with a sigh, "what's done can't be undone; and let us see what's to come next? I see you are a gentleman, and the worse luck yours."

"What do you mean by that?" asked I.

"Just this: you'll have to fight; and if you were a 'Gemeiner'—a plebeian—you'd get off."

I turned away to the window to wipe a tear out of my eye; it had come there without my knowing it, and, as I did so, I devoted myself to the death of a hero.

"Yes," said I, "*she* is in this incident—*she* has her part in this scene of my life's drama, and I will not disgrace her presence. I will die like a man of honour rather than that her name should be disparaged."

He went on to tell me of my opponent, who was brother to a reigning sovereign, and himself a royal highness—Prince Max of Swabia. "He was not," he added, "by any means a bad fellow, though not reputed to be perfectly sane on certain topics." However, as his eccentricities were very harmless ones, merely offshoots of an exaggerated personal vanity, it was supposed that some active service, and a little more intercourse with the world, would cure him. "Not," added he, "that one can say he has shown many signs of amendment up to this, for he never makes an excursion of half a dozen days from home without coming back filled with the resistless passion of some young queen or archduchess for him. As he forgets these as fast as he imagines them, there is usually nothing to

lament on the subject. Now you are in possession of all that you need know about *him*. Tell me something of yourself; and first, have you served?"

"Never."

"Was your father a soldier, or your grandfather?"

"Neither."

"Have you any connexions on the mother's side in the army?"

"I am not aware of one."

He gave a short, hasty cough, and walked the room twice with his hands clasped at his back, and then, coming straight in front of me, said, "And your name? What's your name?"

"Potts! Potts!" said I, with a firm energy.

"Potztausend!" cried he, with a grim laugh; "what a strange name!"

"I said Potts, Herr Rittmeister, and not Potztausend," rejoined I, haughtily.

"And I heard you," said he; "it was involuntary on my part to add the termination. And who are the Pottses? Are they noble?"

"Nothing of the kind—respectable middle-class folk; some in trade, some clerks in mercantile houses, some holding small government employments, one, perhaps the chief of the family, an eminent apothecary!"

As if I had uttered the most irresistible joke, at this word, he held his hands over his face and shook with laughter.

"Heilige Joseph!" cried he, at last, "this is too good! The Prince Max going out with an apothecary's nephew, or, maybe, his son!"

"His son upon this occasion," said I, gravely.

He did not reply for some minutes; and then, leaning over the back of a chair, and regarding me very fixedly, he said:

"You have only to say who you are, and what your belongings, and nothing will come of this affair. In fact, what with your little knowledge of German, your imperfect comprehension of what the prince said, and your own station in life, I'll engage to arrange everything and get you off clear!"

"In a word," said I, "I am to plead in formâ inferioris—isn't that it?"

"Just so," said he, puffing out a long cloud from his pipe.

"I'd rather die first!" cried I, with an energy that actually startled him.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "I think it's very probable that will come of it; but, if it be your choice, I have nothing to say."

"Go back, Herr Rittmeister," cried I, "and arrange the meeting for the very earliest moment."

I said this with a strong purpose, for I felt if the event were to come off at once, I could behave well.

"As you are resolved on this course," said he, "do not make any such confidences to others as you have made to me; nothing about those Pottses in haberdashery and dry goods, but just simply you are the high and well-born Potts of Pottshcim. Not a word more."

I bowed an assent, but so anxious was he to

impress this upon me, that he went over it all once more.

"As it will be for me to receive the prince's message, the choice of weapons will be yours. What are you most expert with? I mean, after the pistol?" said he, grinning.

"I am about equally skilled in all. Rapier, pistol, or sabre are all alike to me."

"Der Teufel!" cried he; "I was not counting upon this; and as the sabre is the prince's weakest arm, we'll select it."

I bowed again, and more blandly.

"There is but one thing more," said he, turning about just as he was leaving the room.

"Don't forget that in this case the gross provocation came from *you*, and therefore he satisfied with self-defence, or at most a mere flesh wound. Remember that the prince is a near connexion of the royal family of England, and it would be irreparable ruin to you were he to fall by your hand." And with this he went out.

Now, had he gravely bound me over not to strangle the lions in the Tower, it could not have appeared more ridiculous to me than this injunction, and if there had been in my heart the smallest fund of humour, I could have laughed at it; but, Heaven knows, none of my impulses took a mirthful turn at that moment, and there never was invented the drollery that could wring a smile from me.

I was sitting in a sort of stupor—I know not how long—when the door opened, and the Rittmeister's head peered in.

"To-morrow morning at five!" cried he. "I will fetch you half an hour before." The door closed, and he was off.

It was now a few minutes past eight o'clock, and there were therefore something short of nine hours of life left to me. I have heard that Victor Hugo is an amiable and kindly disposed man, and I feel assured, if he ever could have known the tortures he would have inflicted, he would never have signed the terrible record entitled *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*. I conclude it was designed as a sort of appeal against death punishments. I doubt much of its efficacy in altering legislation, while I feel assured that if ever it fall in the way of one whose hours are numbered, it must add indescribably to his misery.

When, how, or by whom my supper was served, I never knew. I can only remember that a very sleepy waiter roused me out of a half-drowsy reverie about midnight by asking if he were to remove the dishes, or let them remain till morning. I bade him leave them, and me also, and when the door was closed I sat down to my meal. It was cold and unappetising. I would have deemed it unwholesome, too, but I remembered that the poor stomach it was destined for would never be called on to digest it, and that for once I might transgress without the fear of dyspepsia. My case was precisely that of the purposeless traveller, who, we are told, can sing before the robber, just as if want ever suggested melody, or that being poor was a

reason for song. So with me any excess was open to me just because it was impossible!

"Still," thought I, "great criminals—and surely I am not as bad as they—eat very heartily." And so I cut the tough fowl vigorously in two and placed half of it on my plate. I filled myself out a whole goblet of wine, and drank it off. I repeated this, and felt better. I fell to now with a will, and really made an excellent supper. There were some potted sardines that I secretly resolved to have for my breakfast, when the sudden thought flashed across me that I was never to breakfast any more. I verily believe that I tasted in that one instant a whole lifelong of agony and bitterness.

There was in my friendless, lone condition, my youth, the mild and gentle traits of my nature, and my guileless simplicity, just that combination of circumstances which would make my fate peculiarly pathetic, and I imagined my countrymen standing beside the gravestone and muttering "Poor Potts!" till I felt my heart almost bursting with sorrow over myself.

"Cut off at three-and-twenty!" sobbed I; "in the very opening bud of his promise!"

"Misfortune is a pebble with many facets," says the Chinese adage, "and wise is he who turns it around till he find the smooth one."

"Is there such here?" thought I. "And where can it be?" With all my ingenuity I could not discover it, when at last there crossed my mind how the event would figure in the daily papers, and be handed down to remote posterity. I imagined the combat itself described in the language almost of a lion-hunt. "Potts, who had never till that moment had a sword in his hand—Potts, though at this time severely wounded, and bleeding profusely, nothing dismayed by the ferocious attack of his opponent—Potts maintained his guard with all the coolness of a consummate swordsman." How I wished my life might be spared just to let me write the narrative of the combat. I would like, besides, to show the world how generously I could treat an adversary, with what delicacy I could respect his motives, and how nobly deal even with his injustice.

"Was that two o'clock?" said I, starting up, while the humming sound of the gone bell filled the room. "Is it possible that but three hours now stand between me and——" I gave a shudder that made me feel as if I was standing in a fearful thorough draught, and actually looked up to see if the window were not open; but no, it was closed, the night calm, and the sky full of stars. "Oh!" exclaimed I, "if there are Pottses up amongst you yonder, I hope destiny may deal more kindly by them than down here. I trust that in those glorious regions a higher and purer intelligence prevails, and, above all things, that duelling is proclaimed the greatest of crimes." Remnant of barbarism! it is worse ten thousand times; it is the whole suit, costume, and investiture of an uncivilised age. "Poor Potts!" said I; "you went out upon your life-voyage with very generous intentions towards posterity. I wonder how it

will treat *you*? Will it vindicate your memory, uphold your fame, and dignify your motives? Will it be said in history, 'Amongst the memorable events of the period was the duel between the Prince Max of Swabia and an Irish gentleman named Potts?' To understand fully the circumstance of this remarkable conflict, it is necessary to premise that Potts was not what is vulgarly called constitutionally brave; but he was more. He was—— Ah! there was the puzzle. How was that miserable biographer ever to arrive at the secret of an organisation fine and subtle as mine? If I could but leave it on record—if I could but transmit to the ages that will come after me the invaluable key to the mystery of my being—a few days would suffice—a week certainly would do it—and why should I not have time given me for this? I will certainly propose this to the Rittmeister when he comes. There can be little doubt but he will see the matter with my own eyes."

As if I had summoned him by enchantment, there he stood at the door, wrapped in his great white cavalry cloak, and looking gigantic and ominous together.

"There is no carriage-road," said he, "to the place we are going, and I have come thus early that we may stroll along leisurely, and enjoy the fresh air of the morning."

Until that moment, I had never believed how heartless human nature could be! To talk of enjoyment, to recal the world and its pleasures, in any way, to one situated like I, was a cold and scarcely credible cruelty; but the words did me good service—they armed me with a sardonic contempt for life and mankind—and so I protested that I was charmed with the project, and out we set.

My companion was not talkative; he was a quiet, almost depressed man, who had led a very monotonous existence, with little society among his comrades; so that he did not offer me the occasion I sought for of saying saucy and sneering things of the world at large. Indeed, the first observation he made was that we were in a locality that ought to be interesting to Irishmen, since an ancient shrine of St. Patrick marked the spot of the convent to which we were approaching. No remark could have been more ill timed; to look back into the past, one ought to have some vista of the future. Who can sympathise with by-gones when he is counting the minutes that are to make him one of them?

What a bore that old Rittmeister was with his antiquities, and how I hated him as he said, "If your time was not so limited, I'd have taken you over to St. Gallen to inspect the manuscripts." I felt choking as he uttered these words. How was my time so limited? I did not dare to ask. Was he barbarous enough to mean that if I had another day to live, I might have passed it pleasantly in turning over musty missals in a monastery?

At last we came to a halt in a little grove of pines, and he said, "Have you any address to give me of friends or relatives, or have you any peculiar directions on any subject?"

"You made a remark last night, Herr Rittmeister," said I, "which did not at the moment produce the profound impression upon me that subsequent reflection has enforced. You said that if his royal highness were fully aware that his antagonist was the son of a practising chemist and apothecary——"

"That I could have put off this event; true enough, but when you refused that alternative, and insisted on satisfaction, I myself, as your countryman, gave the guarantee for your rank, which nothing will now make me retract. Understand me well—nothing will make me retract."

"You are pleased to be precipitate," said I, with an attempt to sneer; "my remark had but one object, and that was my personal disinclination to obtain a meeting under a false pretext."

"Make your mind easy on that score. It will be all precisely the same in about an hour hence."

I nearly fainted as I heard this, it seemed as though a cold stream of water ran through my spine and paralysed the very marrow inside.

"You have your choice of weapons," said he, curtly; "which are you best at?"

I was going to say the "javelin," but I was ashamed, and yet should a man sacrifice life for a false modesty; while I reasoned thus, he pointed to a group of officers close to the garden wall of the convent, and said,

"They are all waiting yonder, let us hasten on."

If I had been mortally wounded, and was dragging my feeble limbs along to rest them for ever on some particular spot, I might have, probably, effected my progress as easily as I now did. The slightest inequality of ground tripped me, and I stumbled at every step.

"You are cold," said my companion, "and probably unused to early rising, taste this."

He gave me his brandy-flask, and I finished it off at a draught. Blessings be on the man who invented alcohol! all the ethics that ever were written cannot work the same miracle in a man's nature as a glass of whisky. Talk of all the wonders of chemistry, and what are they to the simple fact that two-pennyworth of cognac can convert a coward into a hero?

I was not quite sure that my antagonist had not resorted to a similar sort of aid, for he seemed as light-hearted and as jolly as though he was out for a pic-nic. There was a jauntiness, too, in the way he took out his cigar and scraped his lucifer match on a beech-tree, that quite struck me, and I should like to have imitated it if I could.

"If it's the same to you, take the sabre, it's his weakest weapon," whispered the Rittmeister in my ear, and I agreed. And now there was a sort of commotion about the choice of the ground and the places, in which my friend seemed to stand by me most manfully. Then there followed a general measurement of swords, and a fierce comparison of weapons. I don't know how many were not thrust into my hand, one saying, "Take this, it is well balanced in the

wrist, or if you like a heavy guard, here's your arm!"

"To me, it is a matter of perfect indifference," said I, jauntily. "All weapons are alike."

"He will attack fiercely, and the moment the word is given," whispered the Rittmeister, "so be on your guard; keep your hilt full before you, or he'll slice off your nose before you are aware of it."

"Be not so sure of that till you have seen my sword play," said I, fiercely; and my heart swelled with a fierce sentiment that must have been courage, for I never remember to have felt the like before. I know I was brave at that moment, for if, by one word, I could have averted the combat, I would not have uttered it.

"To your places," cried the umpire, "and on your guard! Are you ready?"

"Ready," re-echoed I, wildly, while I gave a mad flourish of my weapon round my head that threw the whole company into a roar of laughter; and, at the same instant, two figures, screaming fearfully, rushed from the beech copse, and, bursting their way through the crowd, fell upon me with the most frantic embraces, amidst the louder laughter of the others. O shame and ineffable disgrace! O misery never to be forgotten! It was Vaterchen who now grasped my knees, and Tintefleck who clung round my neck and kissed me repeatedly. From the time of the Laocoon, no one ever struggled to free himself as I did, but all in vain—my efforts, impeded by the sword, lest I might unwillingly wound them, were all fruitless, and we rolled upon the ground inextricably commingled and struggling.

"Was I right?" cried the prince. "Was I right in calling this fellow a saltimbanque? See him now with his comrades around him, and say if I was mistaken."

"How is this?" whispered the Rittmeister. "Have you dared to deceive me?"

"I have deceived no one," said I, trying to rise, and I poured forth a torrent of not very coherent eloquence, as the mirth of my audience seemed to imply; but, fortunately, Vaterchen had now obtained a hearing, and was detailing in very fluent language the nature of the relations between us. Poor old fellow, in his boundless gratitude I seemed more than human; and his praises actually shamed me to hear them. How I had first met them, he recounted in the strain of one assisted by the gods in classic times; his description made me a sort of Jove coming down on a rosy cloud to succour suffering humanity; and then came in Tintefleck with her broken words, marvellously aided by "action," as she poured forth the heap of gold upon the grass and said it was all mine!

Wonderful metal, to be sure, for enforcing conviction on the mind of man: there is a sincerity about it far more impressive than any vocal persuasion. The very clink of it implies that the real and the positive are in question, not the imaginary and the delusive. "This is all his!" cried she, pointing to the treasure with the air of one showing Aladdin's cave; and though her

speech was not very intelligible, Vaterchen's "vulgate" ran underneath and explained the text.

"I hope you will forgive me. I trust you will be satisfied with my apologies, made thus openly," said the prince, in the most courteous of manners. "One who can behave with such magnanimity can scarcely be wanting in another species of generosity." And ere I could well reply, I found myself shaking hands with every one, and every one with me; nor was the least pleasurable part of this recognition the satisfaction displayed by the Rittmeister at the good issue of this event. I had great difficulty in resisting their resolution to carry me back with them to Bregenz. Innumerable were the plans and projects devised for my entertainment. Field sports, sham fights, rifle-shooting, all were displayed attractively before me; and it was clear, that if I accepted their invitations, I should be treated like the most favoured guest. But I was firm in my refusal; and, pleading a pretended necessity to be at a particular place by a particular day, I started once more, taking the road with the "vagabonds," who now seemed bound to me by an indissoluble bond; at least so Vaterchen assured me by the most emphatic of declarations, and that, do with him what I might, he was my slave till death.

"Who is ever completely happy?" says the sage; and with too good reason is the doubt expressed. Here, one might suppose, was a situation abounding with the most pleasurable incidents. To have escaped a duel, and come out with honour and credit from the issue; to have refund not only my missing money, but to have my suspicions relieved as to those whose honest name was dear to me, and whose discredit would have darkened many a bright hope of life,—these were no small successes; and yet—I shame to own it—my delight in them was dashed by an incident so small and insignificant, that I have scarce courage to recal it. Here it is, however. While I was taking a kindly farewell of my military friends, hand-shaking and protesting interminable friendships, I saw, or thought I saw, the prince, with even a more affectionate warmth, making his adieu to Tintefleck! If he had not his arm actually round her waist, there was certainly a white leather cavalry glove curiously attached to her side, and one of her cheeks was deeper coloured than the other, and her bearing and manner seemed confused, so that she answered, when spoken to, at cross purposes.

"How did you come by this brooch, Tintefleck? I never saw it before."

"Oh, is it not pretty? It is a violet; and these leaves, though green, are all gold."

"Answer me, girl! who gave it thee?" said I, in the voice of Othello.

"Must I tell?" murmured she, sorrowfully.

"On the spot—confess it!"

"It was one who bade me keep it till he should bring me a prettier one."

"I do not care for what he said, or what you promised. I want his name."

"And that I was never to forget him till then—never."

"Do you say this to irritate and offend me, or do you prevaricate out of shame?" said I, angrily.

"Shame!" repeated she, haughtily.

"Ay, shame or fear."

"Or fear! Fear of what, or of whom?"

"You are very daring to ask me. And now, for the last time, Tintefleck—for the last time, I say, who gave you this?"

As I said these words we had just reached the borders of a little rivulet, over which we were to cross by stepping-stones. Vaterchen was, as usual, some distance behind, and now calling to us to wait for him. She turned at his cry, and answered him, but made no reply to me.

This continued defiance of me overcame my temper altogether, sorely pushed as it was by a stupid jealousy, and seizing her wrist with a strong grasp, I said, in a slow, measured tone, "I insist upon your answer to my question, or——"

"Or what?"

"That we part here, and for ever."

"With all my heart. Only remember one thing," said she, in a low, whispering voice: "you left me once before—you quitted me, in a moment of temper, just as you threaten it now. Go, if you will, or if you must; but let this be our last meeting and last parting."

"It is as such I mean it—good-by!" I sprang on the stepping-stone as I spoke, and at the same instant a glittering object splashed into the stream close to me. I saw it, just as one might see the lustre of a trout's back as it rose to a fly. I don't know what demon sat where my heart ought to have been, but I pressed my hat over my eyes, and went on without turning my head.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VERY conflicting and very mixed were my feelings, as I set forth alone. I had come well, very well, out of a trying emergency. I was neither driven to pretend I was something other than myself, with grand surroundings and illustrious belongings, nor had I masqueraded under a feigned name and a false history; but as Potts, son of Potts the apothecary, I had carried my head high and borne myself creditably.

"Magna est veritas," indeed! I am not so sure of the "prævalebit semper," but assuredly where it does succeed, the success is wonderful.

Heaven knows into what tortuous entanglements might my passion for the "imaginative"—I liked this name for it—have led me, had I given way to one of my usual temptations. In more than one of my flights have I found myself carried up into a region, and have had to sustain an atmosphere very unsuited to my respiration, and now, with the mere prudence of walking on the terra firma, and treading the common highway of life, I found I had reached my goal safely and speedily. Flowers do not assume to be shrubs,

nor shrubs affect to be forest trees; the limestone and granite never pretend that they are porphyry and onyx. Nature is real, and why should man alone be untruthful and unreal? If I liked these reflections, and tried to lose myself in them, it was in the hope of shutting out others less gratifying; but, do what I would, there before me arose the image of Catinka, as she stood at the edge of the rivulet, that stream which seemed to cut me off from one portion of my life, and make the past the irrevocably gone for ever.

I am certain I was quite right in parting with that girl. Any respectable man, a father of a family, would have applauded me for severing this dangerous connexion. What could come of such association except unhappiness? "Potts," would the biographer say—"Potts saw, with the unerring instinct of his quick perception, that this young creature would one day or other have laid at his feet the burnt-offering of her heart, and then, what could he have done? If Potts had been less endowed with genius, or less armed in honesty, he had not anticipated this peril, or, foreseeing, had undervalued it. But he both saw and feared it. How very differently had a libertine reasoned out this situation!" And then I thought how wicked I might have been; a monster of crime and atrocity. Every one knows the sensation of lying snugly a-bed on a stormy night, and, as the rain plashes and the wind howls, drawing more closely around him the coverlet, and the selfish satisfaction of his own comfort, heightened by all the possible hardships of others outside. In the same benevolent spirit, but not by any means so reprehensible, is it pleasant to imagine oneself a great criminal, standing in the dock, to be stared at by a horror-struck public, photographed, shaved, prison costumed, exhorted, sentenced, and then, just as the last hammer has driven the last nail into the scaffold, and the great bell has tolled out, to find that you are sitting by your wood fire, with your curtains drawn, your ancient volume beside you, and your peculiar weakness, be it tea, or sherry-cobbler, at your elbow. I constantly take a "rise" out of myself in this fashion, and rarely a week goes over that I have not either poisoned a sister or had a shot at the Queen. It is a sort of intellectual Russian bath, in which the luxury consists in the exaggerated alternative between being scalded first and rolled in the snow afterwards. It was in this figurative snow I was now disporting myself, pleasantly and refreshingly, and yet remorse, like a sturdy dun, stood at my gate, and refused to go away.

Had I, indeed, treated her harshly? had I rejected the offer of her young and innocent heart? Very puzzling and embarrassing question this, and especially to a man who had nothing of the coxcomb in his nature, none of that prompting of self-love that would suggest a vain reply. I felt that it was very natural *she* should have been struck by the attractive features of my character, but I felt this without a particle of conceit. I even experienced a sense of sorrow

as I thought over it, just as a conscientious syren might have regretted that Nature had endowed her with such a charming voice; and this duty—for it was a duty—discharged, I bethought me of my own future. I had a mission, which was to see Kate Herbert and give her Miss Crofton's letter. In doing so, I must needs throw off all disguises and mockeries, and be Potts, the very creature she sneered at, the man whose mere name was enough to suggest a vulgar life and a snob's nature! No matter what misery it may give, I will do it manfully. *She* may never appreciate—the world at large may never appreciate—what noble motives were hidden beneath these assumed natures, mere costumes as they were to impart more vigour and persuasiveness to sentiments which, uttered in the undress of Potts, would have carried no convictions with them. Play Macbeth in a paletot, perform Othello in "pegtops," and see what effect you will produce! Well, my pretended station and rank were the mere *gaudes* and properties that gave force to my opinions. And now to relinquish these, and be the actor, in the garish light of the noonday, and a shabby-genteel coat and hat! "I will do it," muttered I, "I will do it, but the suffering will be intense!" When the prisoner sentenced to a long captivity is no more addressed by his name, but simply called No. 18, or 43, it is said that the shock seems to kill the sense of identity within him, and that nothing more tends to that stolid air of indifference, that hopeless inactivity of feature, so characteristic of a prison life; in the very same way am I affected when limited to my Potts nature, and condemned to confine myself within the narrow bounds of that one small identity. From what Prince Max had said at the table d'hôte at Bregenz, it was clear that Mrs. Keats had already learned I was not the young prince of the House of Orleans; but, in being disabused of one error, she seemed to have fallen into another, and it behoved me to explain that I was not a rope-dancer or a mountebank. "She too shall know me in my Potts nature," said I; "she also shall recognise me in the 'majesty of myself.'" I was not very sure of what that was, but I found it in Hegel.

And when I have completed this task, I will throw myself like a waif upon the waters of life. I will be that which the moment or the event shall make me—neither trammelled by the past nor awed by the future. I will take the world as the drama of a day. Were men to do this, what breadth and generosity would it impart to them! It is in self-seeking and advancement that we narrow our faculties and imprison our natures. A man fancies he owns a palace and a demesne, but it is the palace that owns *him*, obliges him to maintain a certain state, live in a certain style, surrounded with certain observances, not one of which may be perhaps native to him. It is the poor man, who comes to visit and gaze on his splendours, who really enjoys them; *he* sees them without one detracting influence—not to say that in *his* heart are no corroding jealousies of some other rich man, who has a finer Claude,

or a grander Rubens. Instead, besides, of owning one palace and one garden, it is the universe he owns: the vast Savannah is his race-ground; Niagara his own private cascade.

My heart bounded with these buoyant fancies, and I stepped out briskly on my road. Now that I had made this vow of poverty to myself, I felt very light-hearted and gay. So long as a man is struggling for place and pre-eminence in life, how can he be generous, how even gracious? Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's ox, says the commandment, but surely it must have been your neighbour's before it was yours, and if you have striven for it, it is likely that you have coveted it. Now, I will covet nothing—positively nothing—and I will see if in this noble spirit there will not be a reward proportionately ample and splendid.

My road led through that wild and somewhat dreary valley by which the Upper Rhine descends, fed by many an Alpine stream and torrent, to reach the fertile plains of Germany. It was a desolate expanse of shingle, with here and there little patches of oak scrub, or, at rare intervals, small enclosures of tillage, though how tilled, or for whom, it was hard to say, since not a trace of inhabitant could be seen, far or wide. Deep fissures, the course of many a mountain-stream, cut the road at places, and through these the foot traveller had to pass on stepping-stones; while wheel carriages, descending into the chaos of rocks and stones, fared even worse, and incurred serious peril to spring and axle in the passage. On the mountain-sides, indeed, some chalets were to be seen, very high up and scarcely accessible, but ever surrounded with little tracts of greener verdure and more varied foliage. From these heights, too, I could hear the melodious ring of the bells worn by the cattle—sure signs of peasant comfort. "Might not a man find a life of simple cares, and few sorrows, up yonder?" asked I, as I gazed upward. While I continued to look, the great floating clouds that soared on the mountain-tops began to mass and to mingle together, thickening and darkening at every moment, and then, as though overweighted, slowly to descend, shutting out chalet and shady copse and crag, as they fell, on their way to the plain beneath. It was a grievous change from the bright picture a few moments back, and not the less disheartening that the heavily charged mist now melted into rain, that soon fell in torrents. With not a rock nor a shrub to shelter under, I had nothing for it but to trudge onward to the nearest village, wherever that might be. How speedily the slightest touch of the real will chase away the fictitious and imaginary! No more dreams nor fancies now, as wet and soaked I plodded on, my knapsack seeming double its true weight, and my stick appearing to take root each time it struck the ground. The fog, too, was so dense that I was forced to feel my way as I went. The dull roar of the Rhine

was the only sound for a long time; but this at length became broken by the crashing noise of timber carried down by the torrents, and the louder din of the torrents themselves as they came tumbling down the mountain. I would have retraced my steps to Bregenz, but that I knew the places I had passed dryshod in the morning would by this time have become impassable rivers. My situation was a dreary one, and not without peril, since there was no saying when or where a mountain cataract might not burst its way down the cliffs and sweep clean across the road towards the Rhine.

Had there been one spot to offer shelter, even the poorest and meanest, I would gladly have taken it, and made up my mind to await better weather; but there was not a bank, nor even a bush, to cover under, and I was forced to trudge on. It seemed to me at last that I must have been walking many hours; but having no watch, and being surrounded with impenetrable fog, I could make no guess of the time, when at length a louder and deeper sound appeared to fill the air, and make the very mist vibrate with its din. The surging sound of a great volume of water, sweeping along through rocks and fallen trees, apprised me that I was nearing a torrent; while the road itself, covered with some inches of water, showed that the stream had already risen above its embankments. There was real danger in this; light carriages—the great lumbering diligence itself—had been known to be carried away by these suddenly swollen streams, and I began seriously to fear disaster. Wading cautiously onward, I reached what I judged to be the edge of the torrent, and felt with my stick that the water was here borne madly onward, and at considerable depth. Though through the fog I could make out the opposite bank, and see that the stream was not a wide one, I plainly perceived that the current was far too powerful for me to breast without assistance, and that no single passenger could attempt it with safety. I may have stood half an hour thus, with the muddy stream surging over my ankles, for I was stunned and stupified by the danger, when I thought I saw through the mist two gigantic figures looming through the fog, on the opposite bank. When and how they had come there, I knew not, if they were indeed there, and if these figures were not mere spectres of my imagination. It was not till having closed my eyes, and opening them again beheld the same objects, that I could fully assure myself of their reality.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE, WILL BE CONCLUDED

With the present volume, in No. 100 of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*, for the 23rd of March, 1861.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 96.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XX.

THE journey from our town to the metropolis, was a journey of about five hours. It was a little past mid-day when the four-horse stage-coach by which I was a passenger, got into the ravel of traffic frayed out about the Cross-Keys, Wood-street, Cheapside, London.

We Britons had at that time particularly settled that it was treasonable to doubt our having and our being the best of everything: otherwise, while I was scared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubts whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow, and dirty.

Mr. Jaggers had duly sent me his address; it was Little Britain, and he had written after it on his card, "just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office." Nevertheless, a hackney-coachman, who seemed to have as many capes to his greasy great-coat as he was years old, packed me up in his coach and hemmed me in with a folding and jingling barrier of steps, as if he were going to take me fifty miles. His getting on his box, which I remember to have been decorated with an old weather-stained pea-green hammercloth, motheaten into rags, was quite a work of time. It was a wonderful equipage, with six great coronets outside, and ragged things behind for I don't know how many footmen to hold on by, and a harrow below them, to prevent amateur footmen from yielding to the temptation.

I had scarcely had time to enjoy the coach and to think how like a straw-yard it was, and yet how like a rag-shop, and to wonder why the horses' nose-bags were kept inside, when I observed the coachman beginning to get down, as if we were going to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, whereon was painted MR. JAGGERS.

"How much?" I asked the coachman.

The coachman answered, "A shilling—unless you wish to make it more."

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more.

"Then it must be a shilling," observed the coachman. "I don't want to get into trouble.

I know him!" He darkly closed an eye at Mr. Jaggers's name, and shook his head.

When he had got his shilling, and had in course of time completed the ascent to his box, and had got away (which appeared to relieve his mind), I went into the front office with my little portmanteau in my hand and asked, Was Mr. Jaggers at home?

"He is not," returned the clerk. "He is in Court at present. Am I addressing Mr. Pip?"

I signified that he was addressing Mr. Pip.

"Mr. Jaggers left word would you wait in his room. He couldn't say how long he might be, having a case on. But it stands to reason, his time being valuable, that he won't be longer than he can help."

With those words, the clerk opened a door, and ushered me into an inner chamber at the back. Here we found a gentleman with one eye, in a velveteen suit and knee-breeches, who wiped his nose with his sleeve on being interrupted in the perusal of the newspaper.

"Go and wait outside, Mike," said the clerk.

I began to say that I hoped I was not interrupting—when the clerk shoved this gentleman out with as little ceremony as I ever saw used, and tossing his fur cap out after him, left me alone.

Mr. Jaggers's room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place; the skylight eccentrically patched, like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it. There were not so many papers about, as I should have expected to see; and there were some odd objects about, that I should not have expected to see—such as an old rusty pistol, a sword in a scabbard, several strange-looking boxes and packages, and two dreadful casts on a shelf of faces peculiarly swollen, and twitchy about the nose. Mr. Jaggers's own high-backed chair was of deadly black horsehair, with rows of brass nails round it like a coffin; and I fancied I could see how he leaned back in it, and bit his forefinger at the clients. The room was but small, and the clients seemed to have had a habit of backing up against the wall: for the wall, especially opposite to Mr. Jaggers's chair, was greasy with shoulders. I recalled, too, that the one-eyed gentleman had shuffled forth against the wall when I was the innocent cause of his being turned out.

I sat down in the cliental chair placed over against Mr. Jaggers's chair, and became fascinated by the dismal atmosphere of the place. I called to mind that the clerk had the same air of knowing something to everybody else's disadvantage, as his master had. I wondered how many other clerks there were up-stairs, and whether they all claimed to have the same detrimental mastery of their fellow-creatures. I wondered what was the history of all the odd litter about the room, and how it came there. I wondered whether the two swollen faces were of Mr. Jaggers's family, and, if he were so unfortunate as to have had a pair of such ill-looking relations, why he stuck them on that dusty perch for the blacks and flies to settle on, instead of giving them a place at home. Of course I had no experience of a London summer day, and my spirits may have been oppressed by the hot exhausted air, and by the dust and grit that lay thick on everything. But I sat wondering and waiting in Mr. Jaggers's close room, until I really could not bear the two casts on the shelf above Mr. Jaggers's chair, and got up and went out.

When I told the clerk that I would take a turn in the air while I waited, he advised me to go round the corner and I should come into Smithfield. So I came into Smithfield, and the shameful place, being all asmeared with filth and fat and blood and foam, seemed to stick to me. So I rubbed it off with all possible speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of Saint Paul's bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a bystander said was Newgate Prison. Following the wall of the jail, I found the roadway covered with straw to deaden the noise of passing vehicles; and from this, and from the quantity of people standing about, smelling strongly of spirits and beer, I inferred that the trials were on.

While I looked about me here, an exceedingly dirty and partially drunk minister of justice asked me if I would like to step in and hear a trial or so: informing me that he could give me a front place for half-a-crown, whence I should command a full view of the Lord Chief Justice in his wig and robes—mentioning that awful personage like waxwork, and presently offering him at the reduced price of eighteenpence. As I declined the proposal on the plea of an appointment, he was so good as to take me into a yard and show me where the gallows was kept, and also where people were publicly whipped, and then he showed me the Debtors' Door, out of which culprits came to be hanged: heightening the interest of that dreadful portal by giving me to understand that "four on 'em" would come out at that door the day after to-morrow at eight in the morning, to be killed in a row. This was horrible, and gave me a sickening idea of London: the more so as the Lord Chief Justice's proprietor wore (from his hat down to his boots and up again to his pocket-handkerchief inclusive) mildewed clothes, which had evidently not belonged to him originally, and which, I took it into my head, he had

bought cheap of the executioner. Under these circumstances I thought myself well rid of him for a shilling.

I dropped into the office to ask if Mr. Jaggers had come in yet, and I found he had not, and I strolled out again. This time I made the tour of Little Britain, and turned into Bartholomew Close; and now I became aware that other people were waiting about for Mr. Jaggers, as well as I. There were two men of secret appearance lounging in Bartholomew Close, and thoughtfully fitting their feet into the cracks of the pavement as they talked together, one of whom said to the other when they first passed me, that "Jaggers would do it if it was to be done." There was a knot of three men and two women standing at a corner, and one of the women was crying on her dirty shawl, and the other comforted her by saying, as she pulled her own shawl over her shoulders, "Jaggers is for him, 'Melia, and what more *could* you have?" There was a red-eyed little Jew who came into the Close while I was loitering there, in company with a second little Jew whom he sent upon an errand; and while the messenger was gone, I remarked this Jew, who was of a highly excitable temperament, performing a jig of anxiety under a lamp-post, and accompanying himself, in a kind of frenzy, with the words, "Oh Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth! all otherth ith Cag-Maggerth, give me Jaggerth!" These testimonies to the popularity of my guardian made a deep impression on me, and I admired and wondered more than ever.

At length, as I was looking out at the iron gate of Bartholomew Close into Little Britain, I saw Mr. Jaggers coming across the road towards me. All the others who were waiting saw him at the same time, and there was quite a rush at him. Mr. Jaggers, putting a hand on my shoulder and walking me on at his side without saying anything to me, addressed himself to his followers.

First, he took the two secret men.

"Now, I have nothing to say to *you*," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at them. "I want to know no more than I know. As to the result, it's a toss-up. I told you from the first it was a toss-up. Have you paid Wemmick?"

"We made the money up this morning, sir," said one of the men, submissively, while the other perused Mr. Jaggers's face.

"I don't ask you when you made it up, or where, or whether you made it up at all. Has Wemmick got it?"

"Yes, sir," said both the men together.

"Very well; then you may go. Now, I won't have it!" said Mr. Jaggers, waving his hand at them to put them behind him. "If you say a word to me, I'll throw up the case."

"We thought, Mr. Jaggers—" one of the men began, pulling off his hat.

"That's what I told you not to do," said Mr. Jaggers. "*You* thought! I think for you; that's enough for you. If I want you, I know where to find you; I don't want you to

find me. Now I won't have it. I won't hear a word."

The two men looked at one another as Mr. Jaggers waved them behind again, and humbly fell back and were heard no more.

"And now *you*!" said Mr. Jaggers, suddenly stopping, and turning on the two women with the shawls, from whom the three men had meekly separated.—"Oh! Amelia, is it?"

"Yes, Mr. Jaggers."

"And do you remember," retorted Mr. Jaggers, "that but for me you wouldn't be here and couldn't be here?"

"Oh yes, sir!" exclaimed both women together. "Lord bless you, sir, well we knows that!"

"Then why," said Mr. Jaggers, "do you come here?"

"My Bill, sir!" the crying woman pleaded.

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Once for all. If you don't know that your Bill's in good hands, I know it. And if you come here, bothering about your Bill, I'll make an example of both your Bill and you, and let him slip through my fingers. Have you paid Wemmick?"

"Oh yes, sir! Every farden."

"Very well. Then you have done all you have got to do. Say another word—one single word—and Wemmick shall give you your money back."

This terrible threat caused the two women to fall off immediately. No one remained now but the excitable Jew, who had already raised the skirts of Mr. Jaggers's coat to his lips several times.

"I don't know this man!" said Mr. Jaggers, in the same devastating strain. "What does this fellow want?"

"Ma thear Mithter Jaggerth. Hown brother to Habraham Latharuth!"

"Who's he?" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let go of my coat."

The suitor, kissing the hem of the garment again before relinquishing it, replied, "Habraham Latharuth, on thuthpithion of plate."

"You're too late," said Mr. Jaggers. "I am over the way."

"Holy father, Mithter Jaggerth!" cried my excitable acquaintance, turning white, "don't they you're again Habraham Latharuth!"

"I am," said Mr. Jaggers, "and there's an end of it. Get out of the way."

"Mithter Jaggerth! Half a moment! My hown cuthen'th gone to Mithter Wemmick at thith prethent minute, to hoffer him hany termth. Mithther Jaggerth! Half a quarter of a moment! If you'd have the condethenthun to be bought off from the t'other thide—at hany thuperior prithe!—money no object!—Mithter Jaggerth—Mithter—!"

My guardian threw his supplicant off with supreme indifference, and left him dancing on the pavement as if it were red-hot. Without further interruption, we reached the front office, where we found the clerk and the man in velvet with the fur cap.

"Here's Mike," said the clerk, getting down from his stool, and approaching Mr. Jaggers confidentially.

"Oh!" said Mr. Jaggers, turning to the man, who was pulling a lock of hair in the middle of his forehead, like the Bull in Cock Robin pulling at the bell-rope; "your man comes on this afternoon. Well?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," returned Mike, in the voice of a sufferer from a constitutional cold; "arter a deal o' trouble, I've found one, sir, as might do."

"What is he prepared to swear?"

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," said Mike, wiping his nose on his fur cap this time; "in a general way, anyhow."

Mr. Jaggers suddenly became most irate. "Now I warned you before," said he, throwing his forefinger at the terrified client, "that if you ever presumed to talk in that way here, I'd make an example of you. You infernal scoundrel, how dare you tell me that?"

The client looked scared, but bewildered too, as if he were unconscious what he had done.

"Spooney!" said the clerk, in a low voice, giving him a stir with his elbow. "Soft Head! Need you say it face to face?"

"Now, I ask you, you blundering booby," said my guardian, very sternly, "once more and for the last time, what the man you have brought here is prepared to swear?"

Mike looked hard at my guardian, as if he were trying to learn a lesson from his face, and slowly replied, "Ayther to character, or to having been in his company and never left him all the night in question."

"Now, be careful. In what station of life is this man?"

Mike looked at his cap, and looked at the floor, and looked at the ceiling, and looked at the clerk, and even looked at me, before beginning to reply in a nervous manner, "We've dressed him up like——" when my guardian blustered out:

"What? You WILL, will you?"

("Spooney!" added the clerk again, with another stir.)

After some helpless casting about, Mike brightened and began again:

"He is dressed like a 'spectable pieman. A sort of a pastrycook."

"Is he here?" asked my guardian.

"I left him," said Mike, "a settin on some door-steps round the corner."

"Take him past that window, and let me see him."

The window indicated was the office window. We all three went to it, behind the wire blind, and presently saw the client go by in an accidental manner, with a murderous-looking tall individual, in a short suit of white linen and a paper cap. This guileless confectioner was not by any means sober, and had a black eye in the green stage of recovery, which was painted over.

"Tell him to take his witness away directly," said my guardian to the clerk, in extreme dis-

gust, "and ask him what he means by bringing such a fellow as that."

My guardian then took me into his own room, and while he lunched, standing, from a sandwich-box and a pocket flask of sherry (he seemed to bully his very sandwich as he ate it), informed me what arrangements he had made for me. I was to go to "Barnard's Inn," to young Mr. Pocket's rooms, where a bed had been sent in for my accommodation; I was to remain with young Mr. Pocket until Monday; on Monday I was to go with him to his father's house on a visit, that I might try how I liked it. Also I was told what my allowance was to be—it was a very liberal one—and had handed to me from one of my guardian's drawers, the cards of certain tradesmen with whom I was to deal for all kinds of clothes, and such other things as I could in reason want. "You will find your credit good, Mr. Pip," said my guardian, whose flask of sherry smelt like a whole cask-full, as he hastily refreshed himself, "but I shall by this means be able to check your bills, and to pull you up if I find you outrunning the constable. Of course you'll go wrong somehow, but that's no fault of mine."

After I had pondered a little over this encouraging sentiment, I asked Mr. Jaggers if I could send for a coach? He said it was not worth while, I was so near my destination; Wemmick should walk round with me, if I pleased.

I then found that Wemmick was the clerk in the next room. Another clerk was rung down from up-stairs to take his place while he was out, and I accompanied him into the street, after shaking hands with my guardian. We found a new set of people lingering outside, but Wemmick made a way among them by saying coolly yet decisively, "I tell you it's no use; he won't have a word to say to one of you;" and we soon got clear of them, and went on side by side.

CHAPTER XXI.

CASTING my eyes on Mr. Wemmick as we went along, to see what he was like in the light of day, I found him to be a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer and the instrument finer, but which, as it was, were only dints. The chisel had made three or four of these attempts at embellishment over his nose, but had given them up without an effort to smooth them off. I judged him to be a bachelor from the frayed condition of his linen, and he appeared to have sustained a good many bereavements; for, he wore at least four mourning rings, besides a brooch representing a lady and a weeping willow at a tomb with an urn on it. I noticed, too, that several rings and seals hung at his watch-chain, as if he were quite laden with remembrances of departed friends. He had glittering eyes—small, keen, and black—and thin wide mottled

lips. He had had them, to the best of my belief, from forty to fifty years.

"So you were never in London before?" said Mr. Wemmick to me.

"No," said I.

"I was new here once," said Mr. Wemmick.

"Rum to think of now!"

"You are well acquainted with it now?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wemmick. "I know the moves of it."

"Is it a very wicked place?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than for information.

"You may get cheated, robbed, and murdered, in London. But there are plenty of people anywhere who'll do that for you."

"If there is bad blood between you and them," said I, to soften it off a little.

"Oh! I don't know about bad blood," returned Mr. Wemmick; "there's not much bad blood about. If there's anything to be got by it."

"That makes it worse."

"You think so?" returned Mr. Wemmick.

"Much about the same, I should say."

He wore his hat on the back of his head, and looked straight before him: walking in a self-contained way as if there were nothing in the streets to claim his attention. His mouth was such a post-office of a mouth that he had a mechanical appearance of smiling. We had got to the top of Holborn Hill before I knew that it was merely a mechanical appearance, and that he was not smiling at all.

"Do you know where Mr. Matthew Pocket lives?" I asked Mr. Wemmick.

"Yes," said he, nodding in the direction. "At Hammersmith, west of London."

"Is that far?"

"Well! Say five miles."

"Do you know him?"

"Why, you're a regular cross-examiner!" said Mr. Wemmick, looking at me with an approving air. "Yes, I know him. I know him!"

There was an air of toleration or depreciation about his utterance of these words, that rather depressed me; and I was still looking sideways at his block of a face in search of any encouraging note to the text when he said here we were at Barnard's Inn. My depression was not alleviated by the announcement, for I had supposed that establishment to be an hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, to which the Blue Boar in our town was a mere public-house. Whereas I now found Barnard to be a disembodied spirit, or a fiction, and his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for Tom-cats.

We entered this haven through a wicket-gate, and were disgorged by an introductory passage into a melancholy little square that looked to me like a flat burying-ground. I thought it had the most dismal trees in it, and the most dismal sparrows, and the most dismal cats, and the most dismal houses (in number half a dozen or so), that I had ever seen. I thought the windows of the sets of chambers

into which these houses were divided, were in every stage of dilapidated blind and curtain, crippled flower-pot, cracked glass, dusty decay and miserable makeshift; while To Let To Let To Let, glared at me from empty rooms, as if no new wretches ever came there, and the vengeance of the soul of Barnard were being slowly appeased by the gradual suicide of the present occupants and their unholy interment under the gravel. A frouzy mourning of soot and smoke attired this forlorn creation of Barnard, and it had strewn ashes on its head, and was undergoing penance and humiliation as a mere dust-hole. Thus far my sense of sight; while dry rot and wet rot and all the silent rots that rot in neglected roof and cellar—rot of rat and mouse and bug and coaching-stables near at hand besides—addressed themselves faintly to my sense of smell, and moaned, “Try Barnard’s Mixture.”

So imperfect was this realisation of the first of my great expectations, that I looked in dismay at Mr. Wemmick. “Ah!” said he, mistaking me; “the retirement reminds you of the country. So it does me.”

He led me into a corner and conducted me up a flight of stairs—which appeared to me to be slowly collapsing into sawdust, so that one of these days the upper lodgers would look out at their doors and find themselves without the means of coming down—to a set of chambers on the top floor. MR. POCKET, JUN., was painted on the door, and there was a label on the letter-box, “Return shortly.”

“He hardly thought you’d come so soon,” Mr. Wemmick explained. “You don’t want me any more?”

“No, thank you,” said I.

“As I keep the cash,” Mr. Wemmick observed, “we shall most likely meet pretty often. Good day.”

“Good day.”

I put out my hand, and Mr. Wemmick at first looked at it as if he thought I wanted something. Then he looked at me, and said, correcting himself,

“To be sure! Yes. You’re in the habit of shaking hands?”

I was rather confused, thinking it must be out of the London fashion, but said yes.

“I have got so out of it!” said Mr. Wemmick—“except at last. Very glad, I’m sure, to make your acquaintance. Good day!”

When we had shaken hands and he was gone, I opened the staircase window and had nearly beheaded myself, for the lines had rotted away, and it came down like the guillotine. Happily it was so quick that I had not put my head out. After this escape, I was content to take a foggy view of the Inn through the window’s encrusting dirt, and to stand dolefully looking out, saying to myself that London was decidedly over-rated.

Mr. Pocket, Junior’s, idea of Shortly was not mine, for I had nearly maddened myself with looking out for half an hour, and had written my name with my finger several times in the dirt of

every pane in the window, before I heard footsteps on the stairs. Gradually there arose before me the hat, head, neckcloth, waistcoat, trousers, boots, of a member of society of about my own standing. He had a paper-bag under each arm and a pottle of strawberries in one hand, and was out of breath.

“Mr. Pip?” said he.

“Mr. Pocket?” said I.

“Dear me!” he exclaimed. “I am extremely sorry; but I knew there was a coach from your part of the country at mid-day, and I thought you would come by that one. The fact is, I have been out on your account—not that that is any excuse—for I thought, coming from the country, you might like a little fruit after dinner, and I went to Covent Garden Market to get it good.”

For a reason that I had, I felt as if my eyes would start out of my head. I acknowledged his attention incoherently, and began to think this was a dream.

“Dear me!” said Mr. Pocket, Junior. “This door sticks so!”

As he was fast making jam of his fruit by wrestling with the door while the paper-bags were under his arms, I begged him to allow me to hold them. He relinquished them with an agreeable smile, and combated with the door as if it were a wild beast. It yielded so suddenly at last, that he staggered back upon me, and I staggered back upon the opposite door, and we both laughed. But still I felt as if my eyes must start out of my head, and as if this must be a dream.

“Pray come in,” said Mr. Pocket, Junior. “Allow me to lead the way. I am rather bare here, but I hope you’ll be able to make out tolerably well till Monday. My father thought you would get on more agreeably through to-morrow with me than with him, and might like to take a walk about London. I am sure I shall be very happy to show London to you. As to our table, you won’t find that bad, I hope, for it will be supplied from our coffee-house here, and (it is only right I should add) at your expense, such being Mr. Jaggers’s directions. As to our lodging, it’s not by any means splendid, because I have my own bread to earn, and my father hasn’t anything to give me, and I shouldn’t be willing to take it, if he had. This is our sitting-room—just such chairs and tables and carpet and so forth, you see, as they could spare from home. You mustn’t give me credit for the tablecloth and spoons and castors, because they come for you from the coffee-house. This is my little bedroom; rather musty, but Barnard’s is musty. This is your bedroom; the furniture’s hired for the occasion, but I trust it will answer the purpose; if you should want anything, I’ll go and fetch it. The chambers are retired, and we shall be alone together, but we shan’t fight, I dare say. But, dear me, I beg your pardon, you’re holding the fruit all this time. Pray let me take these bags from you. I am quite ashamed.”

As I stood opposite to Mr. Pocket, Junior,

delivering him the bags, One, Two, I saw the starting appearance come into his own eyes that I knew to be in mine, and he said, falling back :

"Lord bless me, you're the prowling boy !"

"And you," said I, "are the pale young gentleman !"

CHARLESTON CITY.

It seems but yesterday that I was standing on the pleasant battery terrace at Charleston, looking out across the tumbling green waves towards the forts that guard the harbour ; and now here I am, in a dull house, buried, as all London just now is, deep under a dumb flood of yellow opaque fog, above which I see St. Paul's alone rising enormous, as a floating ark breasting the murky deluge.

Let me retrace those steps, and imagine myself again at Charleston. I am staying at the "Mill's House," a noble palace of an hotel, in the chief street of the city. I have left my two travelling companions, Paul Allan and Silas Allan, of Washington county, Texas, to play at billiards, while I stroll out on the battery, to get an appetite for the four o'clock hotel dinner.

What a delicious July morning. What a blue serene tide of warm melted azure floats above the palmetto trees, and flowering magnolias of this metropolis of South Carolina. How pleasantly and with how lover-like a whisper the immense waves coquettishly run up and kiss the broad square rampart stones of the terrace on which I stand. How deftly the little fishing-boats scud in, with a sweep and a swirl, taking down and huddling up their blowzy brown sails, as they float calmly into the inner harbour, where idle craft rock and flap in the tepid green water !

And now, as

I am off to Charleston

Early in the morning,

let me look seaward, and note what catches my vagrant eye, first premising that Charleston, founded in 1670, and deriving its name from that black-wigged debauchee Charles II., pleasantly displays its houses on a point of land where the Ashley and Cooper rivers meet to form its harbour, and lave the shining coppered keels of its Northern shipping with seventeen feet of deep rolling brine.

I do not wonder that the Charleston people love their sea-side walk, for the heat bursts on you here, as from a burning fiery furnace suddenly thrown open, and all beyond the Ashley river, among the white cotton-fields, the heat is African—as the labourers are also. And as for Augusta way, the glare from the white sand tracts there would blister your face if it were not for the green coolness of the pine boughs above, that you look up at and snatch comfort from, in the eager manner in which a Southern glutton drinks gulps of ice water between his spoonfuls of intolerably delicious pepper-soup. Here, up and down the embasured terraces, at right angles to each other, the fair yellow mulattoes and shiny

black negress nurses wander, with their faces turned to the sea, wooing the fluttering breeze that fans black cheeks and white cheeks with Divine impartiality.

I am leaning over the clean-cut warm stones of the battery wall, only the faintest beads of the spray now and then reaching my hot face, and am dying to map in my mind the chief features of the land-locked bay. I hear from the public gardens behind me, where the pines grow so tall and massy, the laughing voices of the playing children. Suddenly the deep bay of a large St. Bernard dog arouses me from my brown study. I look round, and see a gentleman-like well-dressed man, with two large dogs riotous at his heels, one of whom, as he flings his stick into the leaping waves, dashes in with the boisterous alacrity of a faithful body-guard, not with the lazy sullenness of a demoralised slave.

The dog reappears with the stick, and shaking himself till he looks like a trundled mop, half drenches us in the triumph of his joy.

The master's apologies for his thoughtless companion, and my regrets that any apologies should be thought needful, lead to a friendly conversation.

Venatico, as I will call him, begins to talk about the fishing vessels that lie in flocks and spots out yonder to the west, fishing for a fish with a wonderful Indian name that I can neither spell nor pronounce, and which is only found in the sea round Charleston. The crews are all hired negroes, he says, and are very profitable to their temporary masters. Venatico bids me also remark that, like Venice, at first view Charleston city seems growing out of the waves.

He points me out the chief features of the harbour. The low dark lines of shore, the white houses of Mount Pleasant, and the low light-coloured forts, black-dotted where the cannons' eyes look out for the enemy blankly.

That block of a fort there, full at the entrance, is Fort Pinckney. It is built on what was formerly a dangerous shoal, but I believe is not strong, or was not when Carolina first seceded. Close by this fort is the only true channel, for, nearer to the right, by Sullivan's Island, where Fort Moultrie stands, it is impassable to any but fishing-boats, the water runs so shallow.

That rising ground to the left is Mount Pleasant, where the Charleston people retreat to bathe and sleep during the midsummer, when King Yellow Fever too often hoists his sickly banner over this low-lying city. Nor must I forget James's Island, with its old ruined fort, or threatening Fort Sumter, that can, if it choose, sweep the bay with its fire-breathing cannon.

Venatico points me out also, the sandy corner of Mount Pleasant behind which lie sea-side country-houses, the quiet joys of which he expatiates on. Nearer to the left are the low swamps that render the city at times so unhealthy ; for they breathe out their poison at night, and the great heat is by day perpetually distilling fever from their steamy vapour.

Do I see that steamer, that blows and

puffs and yet seems scarcely to move, out there in the offing between Fort Sumter and Mount Pleasant?

I do. "Well, sir." It is the New York steamer. The pilot, trying to make a quicker passage than usual, and so get puffed and advertised in the local newspapers, has tried to push by a near cut over a famous shoal, which every fishing urchin in the city knows. These men are so reckless!—if the tide goes down, and he is not off, he will have to wait there many hours.

It does not look far, but it must be five miles to where the steamer is, for it is six miles to the fort at the mouth of the bay. Now, the steamer sends up a red palmetto flag-signal, and the telegraph goes to work—I suppose she wants a tough little tug to drag her off the sucking sand. What a fluster and fuss she is in! breathing out white smoke as if she were quite blown by her exertions. Now, her wheels toss the froth forward as she tries to back off; but all in vain: the reckless pilot's imprudence must be expiated by the loss of a day.

Now, Venatico, walking to a fresh point of view, shows me which way the Cooper river, and which way the Ashley runs. The Cooper river—the Etiwando of the Indians—is bordered by rice-fields, and in its stream bossy alligators float and wallow. The Ashley, broad and grand, flowing between green banks, once regions of great wealth, boasts its ancient mansions dating back to the time when the Red Skins beleaguered this rich city of the South. It is these two rivers—both named, I believe, after that dangerous friend of liberty, Lord Shaftesbury—that bear up to the long piers and quays of Charleston her bags of rice, her padded bales of cotton, her brown sheaves of tobacco, her piles of pine lumber, and her black casks of tar, pitch, and turpentine, from North Carolina and the western forests. They bring up, too, all the food that goes to feed the sixty-five thousand inhabitants of Charleston, the dangerous minority of whom (nearly thirty thousand) are slaves. It is the farms on these twin rivers that contribute all the spring food of New York and other northern cities; for South Carolina, it must be remembered, grows more rice on its river-banks and swamps than any other state in the Union; and all this rice comes to Charleston, to be propelled thence by steam to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and even to Havannah and Florida.

This rich and learned city (Charleston), so proud of her many public libraries, museums, and schools, is a great depôt for the West—a station for the transit trade to the great interior. No city on the Atlantic had more commerce than Charleston once had, but it has undergone many fluctuations. The trade is now reviving and spreading forth its branches, if this impending intestine war do not lay the axe to its spreading roots. The American writers say that "Charleston is slowly building up a marine of her own that will one day challenge the famous grease-keeled clippers of Baltimore, 'the city of monuments.'"

When I recur to those azure mornings that I passed in the battery at Charleston, looking out across the waves at the little yellow embrasures on Mount Pleasant and on Sullivan's Island—on Fort Moultrie and Fort Sumter, all sleeping in the sunshine like so many basking turtle—as from the city came to me over the gardens the clash and chime of an election band, "Death or Douglas!"—I can scarcely credit that it is the same city that I now read of, where, as I hear, thin yellow faces peer all day through embrasures—where the lurid port fires cast blue glimmers by night upon the harbour waves roaring between Sullivan and Long Islands—where armed brigantines of the Northern states stand "off and on," willing to wound and yet afraid to strike—where nightly signal-rockets fire the sky, and where by day inflammatory red palmetto flags flutter out over the town.

But here to go back to the azure morning, let me follow Venatico as he rhapsodises on the coolness and healthiness of the forest drives round Mount Pleasant, and of the three miles' hard beach, so grateful to horses' hoofs, along the shores of the east end of Sullivan's Island, where the sea struggles with the shoals, and tries to work its roaring aggressive way, fierce as rebellion, ruthless as tyranny, into the estuaries between the two islands.

Near Fort Moultrie, on the sea line, he tells me, with all the chivalrous exultation of a Charleston man justly proud of his city, is where Colonel Thompson, with only seven hundred Carolina Rifles, defeated, in 1776, our Sir Henry Clinton: what time Fort Moultrie bruised and beat off our Sir Peter Parker from the southern end of the island.

In fact, there is no want of memories in this city to keep awake remembrances of the War of Independence. At the Haddril headland you can still trace the old lines (now nearly covered by Mount Pleasant) that defended the city eighty years ago from our bayonet and cannon. Three times our unlucky armies beleaguered Charleston, which surrendered at last, but only after a two months' siege, when half the city was burnt to mere black planks and shattered stones, and when the people were dying by cartfuls of famine.

Here, too, in the inner city, the poorest negro is proud to show the old Custom House where the Britishers imprisoned the patriots; it was from this building that one of them (Hayne, a saint in the American calendar) was led to execution.

Of these and such things as these, Venatico talks (kind cicerone that he is) as we wander round the city, once of wood, now of brick. He tells me how the Indians once poured from the pine woods and hemmed the city in; then, how the Spanish and French fleets girdled the harbour. He plans me out drives to-day to the Magnolia Cemetery, a beautiful grave-place on the Cooper river, where the live oak, bearded with Spanish moss, grows luxuriant. Hence I am to cross the Ashley river, and "sail out" as far as the old parish church of St. Andrew

(the work of the early colonists), and, beyond, into the cotton plantations and "lovely farmsteads."

I am not either, to forget the great avenue from Charleston into the country, which is lined with live oaks and huge flowering magnolias, with tree myrtles, jessamines, and gardens of flowers.

I am not vexed or chafed by seeing Venatico's eyes kindle and his chest heave, as he relates the repulse of Sir Peter Parker and the slaughter of Clinton's men. For I sympathise with the Americans in that unjust war. Though I lament the blood my country then uselessly shed, I cannot but rejoice that an oppressed colony became free, and, by the freedom that it won, proved the right to freedom.

Now we leave the seaward-looking houses, with the external green blinds to every window, and the trim gardens, so crowded of afternoons, and follow Venatico into the pleasant but narrow streets of Charleston. Being of an historical and antiquarian turn of mind, he explains to me that in one respect his dear city is much inferior to other Southern cities. It has few squares; there is one, I think, with a monument (as at Savannah), the reason of which defect—for "such defect cometh by cause"—is that the city was originally (in 1670) laid out according to the plan furnished to the young colonists from England.

The plan was a magnificent plan, doubtless, according to the lights of Charles the Second's architects (Wren could have had no hand in it, for he had grand Babylonian rectangular views on such matters), but now, in the full common-sense daylight of our modern time, the streets, though regular, look narrow, and the result is unsatisfactory.

But Charleston, in many ways, improves constantly. Repeated scourges of fire have taught the citizens not to rear houses of frail burnable plank, however cheap it may be; and they now use good honest brick, as the Baltimore people do. Then the city is being loosely built; I mean with plenty of room for ventilation between the houses; and with large gardens.

These gardens, and the huge verandahs, like vast half-open external rooms, form the special characteristic features of Charleston. When I look up the great street in which Mill's Hotel is situated, I look up a street of gardens and detached houses. The verandahs are of enormous size, and hang on to the walls by all sorts of contrivances: now from the first floor, now from the second, now resembling huge open-air conservatories, now real apartments, without any walls but trellised railings.

But Venatico has a special object in guiding me by quiet by-streets of gardens towards the famous St. Michael's tower, famous in Charleston tradition. I have been expressing to him my astonishment and delight at seeing the real classic laurel growing wild in the pine-woods of Georgia, spreading green and immortal as when Apollo first plucked its leaves for a wreath in the forests round Parnassus. Ve-

natico smiles at my enthusiasm, and with the true relying unselfish courtesy of a true American gentleman, offers to show me a peculiar species of flowering laurel, that grows to great perfection in Charleston, and in Charleston and its district only.

Through some streets (as of an English country town), all silent and grave, and wearing a rather stern aristocratic aspect, and we reached the house we were in search of. There was the tree some thirty feet high, with green evergreen leaves, a profusion of flowers, and a pulpy red blood drop of a berry, with which it had besprinkled the road. Still it was not what we English call the laurel; and, indeed, for flowers and trees, as well as for beasts and birds, the Americans have quite a different nomenclature. The tree was not half as beautiful either, as the huge magnolia trees I had seen growing round New Orleans, where their vast bushes of pink flowers shine out like colossal roses in the twilight; but still its very existence seemed to realise to me at once the far southern country I was in, more than all else I had seen; and even still more did I feel this in one of the more busy streets when I suddenly came to a tropical-looking palmetto-tree growing through a square orifice in the pavement just opposite a hardware shop. The dead saplings covered with sheets of tin-tacks (where tiles have been fastened) I had been accustomed to, even in the Broadway of New York: where, indeed, there is a legend that one last *stump* still exists; but a palm in an European city—yea, in the very streets—was a novelty.

Yet there it stood, grazed by cart-wheels and dusty with environing traffic, a palm-tree of the tropics; its trunk sheathed, fold on fold, and its fan-like leaves, as I had seen them, mere bushes, in the swamps round Lake Pontchartrain. "How can we expect to find cold, phlegmatic, staid, calculating, dollar-loving people," thought I, "in a burning region where the palmetto grows in the streets, and where folks eat green peppers at dinner?"

But I have no room to describe all the Charleston sights that Venatico took me to see. I particularly rejoiced, however, in the old houses, for it is not in many parts of America you can see houses old enough to boast of ghosts or legends. There is the St. Michael's Church, with the much-admired tower aforesaid; the old Custom-house, where the patriots were imprisoned—a place with really a gloomy dignity above it; and the State House, now employed for the courts of justice, a massy building. The new Custom-house is all of marble, and, though monotonous, is not without beauty; as for the churches, they are all creditable—two of them, St. Finsbar (who knows anything of this saint's antecedents?), a Catholic church, boasts a tower like that of St. Philip's (Episcopalian), and there is a Baptist church with a spire more than two hundred feet high. This is the country where all creeds meet.

The Charleston people, Venatico told me, in the days we spent together visiting these

places, are proud of their public charities, especially the South Carolina, Fellowship, Hibernian, Hebrew, German, &c., all of which have large endowments and fine central buildings. Their College Museum stands all but first in the United States. The College Library boasts ten thousand volumes; the Charleston, thirty thousand; the Apprentices, twelve thousand. Both the Library and Medical College are also much esteemed. The Orphan Asylum, too, is a great "lion" for those people of the two Carolinas who visit Charleston. It contains nearly two hundred and fifty orphans—half boys, half girls; and dread King Yellow Fever finds it abundant inmates. I conversed also with many of the students, to whom Venatico introduced me, from the Military Academy in the citadel. They seemed smart well-dressed lads, with a sort of French vivacity about them, not unmingled with chivalrous impulses. This academy is a state institution; half its hundred and eighty members are beneficiary. The system of education is borrowed, partly from the Ecole Polytechnique of Paris, and partly from the admirable Military Training School at West Point, on the Hudson. The graduates are the best taught and the most successful young officers of the day. As I looked at them, and heard their stories as we sat over our Lager-beer, I prayed God to keep their lives for nobler purposes than to be squandered at the cannon's mouth in a fratricidal civil war.

CONCERNING DINING.

"SIR!" said the great Dictionary maker, in his own surly and deliciously dogmatic way of putting down a truth—as though he were willing to do battle for it at so many pounds a side—"SIR! I LIKE TO DINE!"

No doubt the glasses jingled noisily as the great palm was brought down with loud bang upon the table, thus driving home that rough tenpenny nail of a proposition: "SIR! I LIKE TO DINE!"

See how much may be behind so simple a text. A pregnant aphorism, truly!—a precious apophthegm after the Rochefoucault manner, croak the smaller snarlers; and yet I will venture to say that there was in the lexicographer's mind, not so much a mere complacent annunciation that he found satisfaction in the pure repletion of his own proper stomach, but a sort of protest, a loud reassertion as it were, of a mighty principle fallen into desuetude. There are seasons when pure truisms become exalted into the axioms of a faith. They have to be proclaimed abroad noisily, with the brazenness that belongs only to established conclusions. It is plain there were schismatics in his day who did *not* dine—who, at least, found no relish in that enjoyment—and who preached it down as a nuisance, necessary perhaps, and almost unavoidable, but still to be pruned and curtailed, and in practice nullified. So may obstructive judge or magistrate clog the wheels of a useful act of parliament. They strove, no doubt, to

bring what he would have called respectable deglutition into contempt. It was a waste of precious hours, a making a deity of a particular organ of the person. No wonder, then, that the brave lexicographer bursts into his generous remonstrance, Sir, I like to dine! Sir, whether these heresiarchs shall prevail, and ultimately bring about abolition of the familiar sedentary meal, substituting in its room a sort of run-and-read-and-eat movement, mere succulent joys snatched hurriedly (and standing) at a side-board, worse even than that insecurity of viands rife at the supper-table, and very much akin to that five minutes allowed here for refreshment at the railway counter, still, whatever be the result, SIR! I LIKE TO DINE!

That miserable heresy fell back from the huge rock. Those rotten branches were lopped away, and the old true and pure principles prevailed. Not alone, surely, oh great lexicographer, in that enunciation!—no monopoly in thy unctuous relish of that daily meal! Still lives in our own times that holy faith, with a trusting belief, a firm clinging to that creed which holds affectionately by the altar of the dinner-table, and which neither scoffs nor persecutions have been able to eradicate. Little ones at their mother's knee lisp out a plaintive aspiration for their noonday manna, and as they wax old and stronger, drink in a yet firmer adherence to the great palladium of nutrition. The brave men and women of England—shall we say Old England?—cherish this precious inheritance along with Habeas Corpus, Magna Charta, Trial by Jury, and the other immortal elements of our glorious constitution. It is not to be torn up—it is imperishably implanted in our hearts; and so we shall marry, be born, bury, be elected into vestry and parliament, and dine, unto the end!

In those remote early days when we all lived among the trees in a delightful freedom, and in what is called a state of nature, and went out sporting every day in a light hunting uniform of a few leaves strung together, and returned home late, very much fagged, and with our savage blood well up, taking it well out of those persons who waited on us, and whom we called our squaws—after this cheerful pastime, we did not, properly so to speak, dine—we only ate. Appetite being whetted by the day's exertion, we were in the habit of flinging ourselves on our victuals with a fierce competition, rending it, for the sake of expedition, with skilful fingers, and dispensing with superfluous aid of knife and fork and general dinner-service. There was an internal craving very clamorous, and the sole aim in view was to stay by all speedy means an importunity too long resisted. Usually, we did not wait for the slower process which the degeneracy of modern days has introduced among its artificial wants—connoisseurs among us holding that the flavour and relish is only impaired by the extraction of those juices to which civilised times have so unaccountable a repugnance. We had no tolerance for succession in the order of our repast, but took our food in unseemly junks, simultaneously and promiscuously from

this and that gory joint. We were fearful of being late, of a famine induced by speedier and more execrable jaws; but we did not dine. It was an animal business, and, so far, sufficed for its end; and we lay out at full length afterwards, painfully gorged, and slumbered the post-prandial nap: but we did not dine. It was an indecent aldermanic process. There were no fond memories associated with it, no pleasing anticipations, no exquisite surprises, such as wait on the progress of the modern banquet. No!—thank Heaven for it!—we do not eat now, but we dine: and like to dine, too, as well as the lexicographer.

It is the fashion to inveigh against the more solemn ceremonial feasts, those sumptuous but decently conducted orgies to which our friends bid us periodically. We array ourselves for this funeral banquet with a sober resignation, and our women, specially, rank it among those reformatory duties which the Draconian laws of their society impose. It is usual for the lady of the mansion to break in upon the quiet retreat of the working, ratepaying, householding, feeding, domestic Clothing-Colonel, who sits in the study and is called husband, with the strongest expression of repugnance upon her countenance, holding a little billet folded like a Venetian blind. "There!" she will exclaim, "another of those odious Jenkinswater dinners! So grim, and stiff, and formal; so stupid and spun out!" For her part, she could not so much as *think* of going, but does eventually think of and go, upon reasons of state and fine diplomatic policy, put forward by the gentle Clothing-Colonel. For my part, I do not share in this affectation of repugnance; I own to a feeling of complacency, a subdued and mellow anticipation, when I see that the honour of Mr. Singleman's society is desired at dinner that day fortnight, at half-past eight o'clock. I have no objection to this playing of Heliogabalus for a short time and at an humble distance, moderated, of course, by the Christian precepts. I like the state, the temporary kingship of the thing, this banqueting in dreamland, and sumptuous stage dinners, if I may so call them. A not inappropriate image, for the waiters are no more than supernumeraries proper, taken on for the piece, who flit about in the fanciful dresses of their order, and minister to the temporary banqueters! We have all but a usufruct merely in these fine things, and stand in about the same relation to the gold and silver properties we are permitted to finger, as Mr. Hicks, of the Royal Victoria Theatre, does to the magnificent Regalia he dons upon occasions of kingly state. Nay, when, enthroned at one of his own entertainments, this monarch calls for wine, and quaffs a deep draught of air from a radiant pasteboard goblet, I trace a fanciful analogy between his and our proceedings; for it has been whispered that much of this gorgeous ornamentation, these lights and epergnes—nay, even the clear-cut crystal which hisses and bubbles with the tempestuous wines—make a surreptitious entry into the house, and are borne away privily

next morning. It is abnormal, a thrusting of prandial greatness, an edible Aladdin's Lamp vision, where we batten in our sleep upon the soups (white and brown), the cutlets, the cunning entrées, the iced puddings, and wake up over the cold simplicity, the barbarous conventionalism of the domestic joint! It is the coming back to the cobbler's shop in the Devil to Pay, or le Diable à Quatre, the introduction by Duke D'Aranza and Claude Melnotte of their respective brides into their humble mansions. As a whole, I should say that for weakly minds easily thrown off their centre it is demoralising. Few temperaments can stand these violent revulsions.

I can not bring myself to vilipend these noble institutions. I like the stately ceremonial—not devoid of a certain morne and melancholy grandeur—in all its stages, which recur in a sort of grand monotony, which the tradition of ages has hallowed. I like these starched auxiliaries, mercenaries of waitersdom, who hang about the hall as videttes when you enter, faces unfamiliar, and yet familiar, too, as whom we have met in other halls. I like the discomforting embarrassment of reception up-stairs; the cordiality of the host, which I know to be overdone; his listlessness and absence of mind when I address him on the probability of to-morrow's being wet, but which I can well pardon, for I know that his heart is far away: down below, beside inflamed cook, at the furnace mouth where the flames are raging: a chasing of the deer—that is, quaking for his venison.

It was before remarked that in the primitive hunting days no one dined, but every one ate. There lurks here a nice distinction. That pleasure of banqueting is not so wholly earthy as would be supposed. It lies more in the intellects, and hath almost a fine spiritual sense. When I sit at the feasts of the heroes, it is not in the low carnal sense that I reckon on being entertained (of course it would be affectation to pretend a full superiority to this weakness), a finer and more exalted process is in progress. With me the brain works in harmonious tides. This I take to be the true exposition of that complex notion, dining, as distinguished from eating; in this lies the chief triumph of civilisation. That exquisite sense of protraction; that linked sweetness long drawn out; the making of the prandial journey by stages, resting a span, and then taking on fresh horses; in short, a decent, orderly march, marked by a sweet complacency and tranquil acceptance of the goods the gods provide,—these are the characteristics of the newer moral order, as distinguished from the wild impatience of unregulated man. See, too, the virtues—prudence, temperance, knowledge, fortitude—that are brought into healthy play; a thoughtful speculation as to what new delights are being borne round, and a calm and regulated resignation to the will of Providence, as accident has turned a longed-for dainty out of its course, or made it pass by hurriedly, never to return, or by some awkward little fatality has well-nigh snatched it from our lips. Was it not at the board of

Bibulus, host as he is of the educated palate, who sent again for that dish of quails, treated after a doctrine expounded to him by the inimitable Carême himself—the divinest mixture—that the dish, alack! came to me, with all the rich matter drained away, and a solitary arid stump of the bird derelict in the middle? A bitter trial! The premature falling short of the green peas is a sore chastening too. See, too, what a school for noble self-abnegation and training of the will. Greedy, impatient souls, rough untamed diners, will fasten on the first toothsome dish, and spend their whole energies on the earlier contingent of the feast. Exhausted, then, and prostrate through this foolish lack of economy of appetite, they lie there, spent and incapable, before the battle is half won. I have seen many such awful instances, which should be taken to heart by the young and unwary.

This hints to me to improve the occasion by setting out in this place a short Irish legend, which comes in with a singular à propos.

Two Irish judges were proceeding on that solemn biennial progress called circuit, through certain wild districts of the country, and weary with hanging, and the milder forms of punishment, found a certain agreeable solace in the prospect of a grand pastoral dinner, which the Catholic archbishop of the diocese had fixed for the following Sunday, in their honour. It is astonishing what a gratification the judicial mind found in anticipating this treat, it being well understood that such archiepiscopal symposia, though a little in the rough, are based on all that is sound, substantial, and of the best. No refinements of cooking were to be looked for, but there would be ample atonement in the shape of all that was primest in the range of joint and fowl and succulent produce of the earth. On the day appointed, the judicial minds repaired to the banquet, full of hope and noble aspiration, and sat down on the archiepiscopal right and left respectively, flanked by twelve clergymen of the diocese. The judicial minds were helped to soup; but, curious to say, a thin, watery fluid. The fact was, there had been a miscarriage in the soup; such accidents will happen; and the delicate culinary tissues will break down under the strain of a heavy archiepiscopal dinner. Such are very pardonable, and to be excused by generous minds. Fish? What a miscarriage in the fish, too. This looks serious. There was here a carelessness not quite so excusable. In a fishing country, my lord archbishop, not far from those prolific streams of the west, such *laches* is culpable. But let it pass, the rest will atone. First cover: a pale-blue fowl, very leggy and sinewous, unmated, in a solitude all his own: a melancholy, blighted bird. Second cover: a dwindled dappled mixture, undefinable, but which, on private archiepiscopal information, was discovered to be calf's head. The judicial minds were now quite dazed. A small cube of bacon, with some other light matter, filled in the flanks, and made the banquet symmetrical. Such blank faces could

not be imagined. From that moment their faith in archiepiscopal catering was cast down and shivered to atoms. It was with a melancholy desperation that one judicial mind, seeing his hopes thus shipwrecked, sent again for the calf's head, and made shift to dine off that delicacy. Remnants of the azure bird, of the cube of bacon—portions of which did unaccountably seem to survive the powers of the twelve clergymen—were carried out, and the field cleared for a second course. Yet mark what a second course! Enter first familiar, staggering under a superb piece of beef, golden in its fat, unctuous in its juices, which is set down in the place of honour due to knighted persons. Him follows a trio of ducklings, redolent, acceptable to the nostrils, hinting while yet afar off of exquisite mysteries of stuffing hidden away under that—is it not called, technically, the skirt? whom follows lamb—a matchless fore-quarter—tender infant, ward of sheep's chancery, with other dainties not to be particularised. Ah! wary twelve clergymen, ye had foreknowledge of this abnormal dispensation, and barely tickled the appetite with those earlier delicacies. But for that luckless judicial mind who had so rashly leaped at foregone conclusions, who had let, so to speak, all his apartments to poor unremunerative lodgers, and was now obliged to turn away from the door a crowd of profitable tenants, really desirable persons, how was it with him? Ill-omened calf's head!

Neither can I join in stigmatising these barbaric feasts, where those of one sex exclusively meet together, and are joyous. They have sent their squaws up-stairs, and the souls of the chieftains are glad. Why should not those who have laboured all day long in the heats of the parliament and the courts where law is fought for, and who have now returned home with strings of scalps at their waists—why should not they meet together, and read and unfold to each other their prowess and deeds of glory? I like this herding together in a strong band—say twenty-two—of the “worthier blood,” as Mr. Justice Blackstone puts it—this agglomeration of black coats, this rank and file of the one dark uniform. I observe always that there is a broader freedom, less of that civilised restraint which the company of the finer clay of nanking induces. Where note, too, that the most incorrigible vituperators of these feasts of the heroes are to be found among that excluded sex—among the heroes' own wives, sisters, mothers, and cousins. In such quarters language unbecomingly strong is used in reference to these harmless revels. Is this to be set to the account of an unworthy jealousy, this too rigid enforcement of a dining Salic law, or to a return home of the noisy truants far in the night, stimulated by rare and costly fluids, and inconveniently noisy?—or could it be, if a broader reciprocity should spring up, and *they* were privileged to meet in a corresponding revelry, this practice would meet with a gentler toleration? It is hard to disentangle the mingled yarn of motives twisted in female bosoms. What I relish in it

is the savage state and assumption of the thing—these twenty-two haughty lords of creation being waited on so obviously in the Eastern manner by slaves. I even accept, as a gratifying tribute to my sovereignty, that gentle propulsion of the soft leathern chair (padded at the *back*, mark you, and gliding on castors) by an unseen bondman as I take my seat. I am commander of the faithful, and temporary satrap. I luxuriate and grow wanton on my dignity, and feel tempted to clap my hands when I want my slaves to appear.

But commend me, 'fore all the shapes which this delectable form of entertainment may take, to the more contracted area and selecter few, to the snowy circus which spreads out within the plaisance of the Round Table. Within that witches' ring lies true dining felicity. The party of three, of four, or stretch it even to five—free tongues, youth—yes, above all, youth—no superfluity or overloading of viands,—these are the fitting elements. When young Wenham Lake Smith asks me home in a "domestic humdrum way—the old thing, you know"—as he puts it, I am glad; for I *do* know what "the old thing" means. If I happen to be bound hand and foot to a barbaric feast of the heroes, I contrive to be taken ill suddenly—only, however, in relation to the barbaric feast. I know that Wenham Lake Smith and Mrs. Wenham Lake Smith keep the daintiest little ménage in the world, that their mutual relations have not as yet suffered by that sad conjugal wear and tear, that the bloom is still on the nuptial rye, that they are not as yet entered in the great Sahara of sameness and reacting ennui. He has a little bijou of a service, *white* Dresden with white candlesticks shown off by red candles, and flowers, and choice ornaments. Choiceest of all is Mrs. Wenham Lake Smith. When, therefore, he bids me, I am glad. I know, again, that both are not above a little cooking, and have each a *spécialité* for a particular dish. I know that we shall be served on purely Russian principles, but on a miniature Tom Thumb Muscovite principle, and that our eyes shall rest on crystallised fruits from the first scene to the end. I know that there will be present another gentleman not old, yet scarcely young, but youngish, of the clubs, clubby, of the world, worldish; a lady, not youngish, but young; a cousin perhaps, of hers,—and we are then complete. I know, too, that the other gentleman, not young, but youngish, a dried, well-saved man, with an imperial who should, according to the laws of colour, be grey, but, curiously enough, is not, will presently flash, and sparkle, and rebound, squib-like, from edge to edge of that small dining circus, becoming a temporary prandial thing of beauty and joy for ever. Not by any means a man of anecdote, a man of histories and travels, who, at best, are a tedious sort of people; anything in the shape of monologue or recitation, or talk monopoly, being distasteful in the highest degree. No, at the dispersion of our elements I often cannot recollect a single

legend told, but there remains upon the intellectual palate a taste as of many good things said—of things, it may be accidents, rising naturally out of the forward progress of dining events, being taken up and placed in lights irresistibly comic, and being banded about—the very shuttlecocks of *bons mots*—from side to side, not suffered to drop for a good spell. We have no liking for your "remarkably well informed person." We don't want his stories or his information.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN BENGAL.

WHEN a very distinguished diplomatist once suggested some very obvious and useful changes in the department over which he presided, he was met by the reply that though his suggestions were admirable, and the reforms called for, they would not be approved by the "Office."

It is a very singular fact that, go where you will in our public service; take the Horse Guards, or the Admiralty, step into the "Colonial," or the Board of Trade; and you will find that there is a spirit of bureaucracy strong enough to resist reformation, and perfectly capable of baffling the best-intentioned reformer who ever engaged in the correction of abuse. Is it that as a people we are over-enterprising and adventurous? Are we inherently rash, headstrong, and uncalculating? Do we rush madly into speculations, and are we so much the sport of our temerity that we need all the obstructive watchfulness of our "departments" to save us from our rashness? This certainly is not the way in which foreigners would depict us, nor are these precisely the traits they would ascribe to the "nation of shopkeepers."

Whatever and how great may be our shortcomings, it would be hard to say that we are not a patient people. We saw our soldiers half starved, and our ships half rotten; we read of the most shameful frauds by contractors, and dreadful shipwrecks in unworthy transports; and yet, when the Office assured us that all precaution was exercised and all system observed, not an order unattended to nor a voucher missing, we accepted our misfortunes as inevitable, and persuaded ourselves that the infliction was one against which human sagacity was powerless to compete.

There was, however, one condition of our fortunes which we never felt disposed to concede to the Office. Whenever, from non-success at home, the pressure of unlooked-for calamity, or any of those reverses which sap prosperity, we were driven to emigrate, to seek out life in a new colony, we little brooked interference or dictation. As pioneers in the bush, or diggers in the mines, we insisted on the free use of our thews and sinews, and proclaimed that, however drilled and marshalled in the old country, we expected in the new to be left to the untrammelled employment of our resources. Indeed, it is to the exercise of this individual energy that we owe our national success in

colonisation. It is essentially to the great freedom from restraint that we are indebted for those proud results which have placed England far in advance of all European nations in the skill of colonising.

While the French organise, arrange, plan, and systematise, *we* settle. While with them years are wasted in preparing the ground-plan of civilisation we run up the whole edifice: not very architectural always, but enough for our purpose, and an excellent shelter until we have time to build better. No one will presume to say that our system has not its disadvantages; all we assert is, that it suits our people, is well adapted to their ways and habits, and has had immense success. It is only fair to add that our governing powers have wisely adapted themselves to the exigencies of the situation, and by forbearance have avoided many of the grave embarrassments that a spirit of meddling interference had been certain to create.

While we can point to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand as proud illustrations of our system, how can we explain the fact that the richest and greatest of our possessions, India, should be the marked exception—India, the traditional land of wealth to all fortunate enough to be engaged in her service; India, whose resources appealed to every form of enterprise, not alone inviting the merchant and the trader, but holding out vast promises of gain to the man of capital and the agriculturist?

It is true that the charter of the East India Company gave them absolute power in excluding settlements—a power which, rightfully or wrongfully, they believed essential to the maintenance of their rule, and of which their servants never hesitated to declare the absolute necessity. Thus, in 1775, Mr. Francis asserted in a formal minute “that Europeans in Bengal, beyond the number the service of the government required, are a useless weight, and an embarrassment to the government and an injury to the country, and that they are people to whom no encouragement should be given.” Later on, we have Lord Cornwallis assured by the Company, that licenses to go to India should not exceed five or six, or at most ten, in the year! And so recently as 1818 we find an elaborate remonstrance to Mr. Canning, from certain agents of the Company, to restrict those licenses, setting forth that “British residents in India were too prone to assert what they conceive to be their constitutional and indefeasible rights, were disposed to a leaning towards each other, and a common jealousy of the authority of government.”

This was the traditional policy of the Company, and it survived the Company in the prejudices and instincts of her civil servants. When, by the expiration of the lease, the East India Company's rule was terminated, the old agents of her policy still remained: the rancour of their prejudices only the more embittered by the change thus forced upon them. The English despot in the East now saw himself, for the first time in his life, beneath the control of the parliament and face to face with public opinion;

he saw, besides, his social ascendancy menaced in a land where he had never before acknowledged an equal, and where the right of the new settler to establish himself was now as unimpeachable as his own. They could no longer be excluded; it only remained, therefore, to discourage them from coming, and to harass them when they did come. How perfectly this system has been carried out, how skilfully devised and successfully effected, there is at this moment an instance before us in the case of the indigo planters of Bengal.

The indigo culture, though subject to all the vicissitudes of climate, and eminently critical in many of its details, was supposed to be so remunerative as to attract the attention of English capitalists in India, and to induce them to speculate largely in it. From time immemorial, this cultivation has been carried on in one way. The ryot, or peasant, borrows on the security of the coming crop, whatever is required for the tillage. He is miserably poor, and has neither carts nor bullocks, nor the implements of agriculture, unless he borrows funds to purchase them; and even for the very seed he must mortgage his industry. The usurious Indhājūn, or native merchant and money-lender, to whom he has recourse, charges him most iniquitously for everything—frequently cent per cent is exacted—so that the ryot's condition is hopelessly wretched. In the words of one who has described his state, “he is housed and fed, and nothing more.”

The English settler in India found this system in operation, and, however injurious both to proprietor and peasant, saw how difficult it would be to change it. The ryot had always lived by means of advances, and it was not possible, even if prejudices had permitted it, at once to abrogate the mode of life he had inherited from his fathers. It could, however, be modified and improved; the loan could be rendered less onerous; timely aid could be afforded in seasons of pressure or distress; due allowance made for years of failure. These were all within the power of the new settler, who brought to his enterprise not only the wealth of the capitalist but the clear intelligence of a man of business, and who thoroughly appreciated the greater security for property and the better remuneration for outlay, that will accrue where the labourer is neither debased by servitude nor enslaved by misery. Schools, workshops, hospitals—all the blessings, in fact, of a Western civilisation—now arose in what had once been the lair of the wild-boar or the tiger, and the gentle beneficence that graces the happy homes of our English life might be seen dispensing its blessings among the dark sons of the East. The planter's home has not only its well-earned reputation for a generous and graceful hospitality; but as the centre of those daily charities by which, far more than by legislation, the humbler classes are drawn to love and respect their brethren above them.

Still, as we have said, the improver could not do all. The unhappy system of advances was the

"peculiar institution," which he could not help accepting, and could only modify by his use of it. In doing this, however, he established a glaring contrast between the native planter and himself: a contrast which Eastern jealousy could little brook, and which Eastern subtlety would soon seek to avenge. These men, Zemindars, are landed native gentry. It has been the latter-day policy of our rulers in India to conciliate them, fully as much as to discourage and discountenance the English settler. With all an Oriental's cunning, they studied to make the position of the planter untenable; insubordination was excited amongst the ryots, the spirit of litigation was fostered, agents were sent amongst them with pretended stories of rights of which they were defrauded and gross hardships to which they were subjected. Poverty has sharp ears for its imputed wrongs, and it was not a difficult task to make these poor peasants imagine themselves injured and aggrieved. They were told, among other things, that indigo was only remunerative to the capitalist, and was ruinous to the peasant; and that rice, the food of the people, was the only crop that repaid labour. Former tales of cruelties, stories of oppression in days long past, were raked up against men not born when the acts occurred.

To make these atrocities matter of accusation against men in our day would be about as fair as to arraign the present landlords of Ireland for the barbarous illegalities practised in the middle of the last century. The English settler in India was, however, to be discouraged. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal proceeded in the year just elapsed, to institute a commission of inquiry into the cultivation and manufacture of indigo in Bengal. A brief acquaintance with such commissions enables any one, from the name and character of the individuals composing it, to anticipate the report. Let us quote two of the recommendations, and leave them to the appreciation of our readers. By one, they advise that no indigo planter should ever be an honorary magistrate—pretty much like declaring that the only squire in the parish shall not be a justice of the peace. By another, they decide that no summary legislative enactment is required for the planter's protection. And this where twenty-four hours may jeopardise a crop worth tens of thousands of pounds. A cheap and easy redress, however, would facilitate British settlement in India.

The schism which now threatens the disruption of the North American Union is pregnant with the gravest consequences to our own manufacturers. There is no limit to the disastrous results to ourselves, that would ensue from a failure in the supply of cotton. The soil and climate and labour of India would furnish not alone all the cotton that we need, but enough for the consumption of the whole of Europe. English intelligence, capital, and enterprise, would not long delay to develop the new field. The railroads now planned or in progress offer further facilities for the project. Everything in the material condition of India is highly favour-

able to it. But if the English settler in India can be surrounded with embarrassments by the civil servants of the administration, if his property can be jeopardised, and the operations of his industry interfered with, is it likely or unlikely that British capitalists will subject themselves and their fortunes to the capricious wisdom of a lieutenant-governor of Bengal?

EPISCOPACY IN THE ROUGH.

It is only quite of late that the attention of the English people has been turned to the Pacific side of America. There was a kind of vague feeling of Indians, sands, big rocks, buffaloes, pine forests, bears, and the Hudson's Bay Company out there, but nothing more. English pluck was equal to Toronto and Quebec; but the Far West—Vancouver's Island, Columbia, and all that wide region of the Hudson's Bay—remained in illimitable shadow, and appalled even the hardy. The Company did their best to keep up the delusion. According to them, the place was sterile, full of wolves and desert plains and wicked Indians; an inhospitable shore, on a par with Labrador, worth no one's visiting; certainly worth no one's attempt to colonise. This might have gone on for generations yet to come—as long, indeed, as the monopoly could be renewed, or the tide of emigration kept out—but for the lucky chance which one day discovered certain round, bright, shining particles, called by men gold. This discovery brought crowds of worshippers to the shrine, and broke down the hedges of the Company's garden of the Hesperides. The quiet valleys were invaded by crowds from all parts of the world; Chinamen jostled Indians round the cradles of the gold-washers; South Americans bandied oaths and pistol-shots with New Yorkers and Londoners; the restless said that there was no elbow-room left in California, and a man could not mark out a "claim" in the Australian diggings without running into his neighbour's hole; and the scum of the floating populations drafted off on the top of the tide: Vancouver's Island was made to go through the same social phase as the valley of the Sacramento and the gold region of the Southern Land had gone through before.

And what did these adventurers find? How far true were the reports and superstitions which the Company had spread about, that it might preserve the monopoly of furs, and keep out all other men from a trade in beaver skins and mink? A climate very nearly equal to that of England, only a little more moderate, having a Gulf stream of its own to make it so; a soil thick, loamy, fertile, producing most of our English fruits and flowers, perhaps a trifle bettered; apple-trees yielding enormous crops, and hops and hemp growing wild; turnips as large as hassocks, radishes as large as beets, and great clusters of potatoes to a single stalk; abundance of coal to the very surface; a fine land for all sorts of grain; furry creatures with costly skins; fisheries inexhaustible, and game

of all kinds; magnificent timber, excellent breeding-grounds for cattle; bears truly, and Indians, and tremendous rains, and a want of hands to work the ground, but capabilities of all kinds, agricultural and commercial, and an evident future before the colony: this was the true state of the country which had been so dismally represented: these the fruits found behind those terrible hedges set up to keep in what was in, and to keep out what was out, that the beavers and martens and minks and sables might go through only one net—that of the Hudson's Bay Company—and no skins be dropped on the highway for stragglers.

After the discovery of gold, the whole face of things was changed. A full flow of emigration set in, carrying all sorts of people with it, good and bad indifferently; and where the land had been dead and barren for want of human life, it now became burdened and oppressed by excess. The virtues practised there were not of the most primitive character; and it was felt that if the "untutored heathen" were to be reclaimed from their vices, it must be by a somewhat purer agency than the hideous influence of these lawless goddess whites, only occupied in digging up the earth for gold. It was resolved to erect Columbia into a bishopric at once, that the teaching of the Church might be made under proper authority, and the Mother be seated in her chair from the beginning. A lady, whose wealth is only equalled by her munificence, and who has already founded two other colonial bishoprics, came forward with twenty-five thousand pounds, which she laid down as the nucleus of the English episcopal establishment in Columbia. That lady is Miss Burdett Coutts; the new bishop, the youngest of the prelatic body, is Dr. Hills, formerly rector of Great Yarmouth, and in a singular manner well fitted for his position—one of the muscular, Livingstonian men given to doing, not to talking only, and trusting as much to practice as to precept. "He is a real man, he does not only soil his episcopal knees by praying, but uses his hands and works," said a friend of his, emphatically; a graphic touch worth whole pages of elaborate description. He had need be such a man, for he has rough work before him; and, if he feared to dirty his hands, the very purpose and aim of his life there would be frustrated. The luxuries of civilisation are not very plentiful about him at home or abroad. His episcopal palace is a small wooden hut, the outer door of which opens into his sitting-room; there is no hall or passage; so, when people knock he answers the door himself, and in this way dispenses with puce-coloured plush and powder. Victoria—Vancouver's Island—where this luxurious palace is to be found, is, says the bishop, "the most lovely and beautifully situated place in the world. In the summer it must be exquisite; there is every sort of scenery, sublime mountains, placid sea, noble forest trees, undulating park-like glades, interspersed with venerable oaks, inland lakes and rivers abounding with fish. The climate is thoroughly English, a little milder."

Things are dearer there yet than in England; servants and house-rent are high; meat is extravagant, so is butter, so is all wearing apparel; tea and sugar are cheap, and excisable articles escape the well-known brand. A great trade is to be done in fishing; and here Dr. Hills is eminently qualified to speak, for he learnt all about this subject at Great Yarmouth:

"A famous trade might be done in this country in herrings; they are plentiful beyond measure. The present catchers are Indians, who go out and scoop them in along shore with nets and boats. If they were to go farther out they would get larger ones. As it is, many they catch there are as large as those at Yarmouth. One gentleman has turned to curing them, and he makes four hundred per cent. of his outlay. There would be a vast market all down the coast of the Pacific. Wood, for curing, is of course in great plenty. There are several other kinds of fish—sturgeon and salmon, for instance. This latter, of the finest description, you can have daily for a mere song—twopence or threepence a pound. These are cured also. I will welcome any fishermen who will come out with introductions, and can promise them a lucrative business."

On the mainland the scenery is exquisite. The Fraser river—navigable for steamers for a hundred miles, but with a tremendous barrier of sand and surf at the mouth—is studded with islands; so, indeed, is the sea "a very archipelago of islands," offering lovely subjects for the artist—who has never gone to sketch them. There are mountains glacier clad, little streams and rivers rising in all directions, and, above all, mighty forests of pines, some four hundred feet in height, and of corresponding girth. The bishop is very graphic on the subject of trees. It is only fair to let him speak of them in his own words:

"Every wind brings down many trees. The fall of a tree is like the report of a cannon. There are huge trees in all stages of decay, some standing erect without a leaf and without bark, others on the ground. I have stepped upon what seemed the firm trunk of a large tree, and my foot sank in, and split open the soft body almost as pulp. One trunk lay its long length of some one hundred and fifty feet, with a diameter of five, entirely rotten, but complete in shape, and a row of young trees growing upon the old one—not shoots, but new trees. The whole soil for a considerable depth is vegetable substance, very rich, thus continually renewed, and sending forth with rapid growth a vigorous supply of young trees. The forest is the settler's enemy. He tries to get rid of it in every way. In the autumn fires are lighted round and inside the trees, and they will burn for days, and then come down with a crash. The fall of a tree is a fine sight, I may say impressive. Two men will take a day for some of the largest. They use their axes with great precision. Every stroke tells, and they can lay the tree in any direction they please. They cut behind and before; the side on which the tree

is to fall has the lower cut. When the time comes there is a crack, then a quivering of the mighty thing to the topmost twig, which is up in the clouds almost, then slowly and reluctantly it moves over—crack, crack—on, on—and down terribly on the earth; and again, in settling, it strikes and beds itself, and the branches stand up like arms, and shake convulsively, as in the agonies of death: and then the giant is still, and the vacant sky is seen through where for ages he has proudly stopped the light and warmth of heaven's orb from the earth beneath."

Besides the felling of trees, the bishop has had to cut down a few prejudices, and those gigantic weeds of life, misrepresentations, which need keener axes than your pines and oaks. The idea of a bishop engendered the not illogical idea of a state Church and its corresponding taxes, and when Dr. Hills arrived, he found the papers full of warfare about the "attempt" to have a "state Church." It took a good deal to calm this agitation and satisfy the non-episcopal citizens that they had not stepped into taxes, tithes, church-rates, pew-rates, and Easter offerings, as necessary adjuncts of their existence. In other things, too, the bishop has come out in a large, generous, free-handed way. There are many negroes in the island, and the Americans of course are unanimous in demanding that they shall be put to worship God in a separate place. The same roof must not echo to negro prayers and American supplications; and God must not be insulted by the mingling together of His white children and His black. Of course, too, the American ministers have given in to this demand; so have some others—Romanists, Congregationalists, and Methodists—who ought to have known better. One independent minister, however, upheld the English and Christian sentiment of union and brotherhood; but he was thrown over by his masters, the British Colonial Missionary Society, and the bishop, who stands no nonsense, recorded the fact scathingly. This led to a disturbance amongst the denominations at home, and has recently drawn out severe resolutions from the worthy society, denouncing the very Mr. M'Eyre whom they had previously upheld.

One very instructive lesson is taught by these mixed mission-places—the greater liberality of what it pleases people to call "the heathen," than of the different sects of the Christian Church itself. Here, in Victoria, a Chinese merchant, a Mr. Quong-Hing, gave ten pounds, and then five pounds, towards the erection of two Christian and episcopal churches. The Roman Catholics were forward in the mission. The Sisters of Mercy being the only educators of girls, and their bishop, Demas, having the only well organised schools. Most of the better class youth of the town attended, Protestant as well as Catholic. The Americans greatly value education, and above all English education, which is more substantial and less superficial than their own, and our English bishop desired to see the education of the youth taken out of these dan-

gerous hands, and put under the care of English Protestantism. In this he has greatly prospered, having founded two colleges, with such a combination of learning that even Jews are delighted in having their boys taught Hebrew by the Christian professor.

The Chinese are flowing into Vancouver's Island and the mines by thousands. They are peaceably conducted, as a rule; funny, rather immoral, full of good humour, and very friendly. They respect the English much, and are the universal clothes-washers everywhere. "At one place I came to a pretty bridge over a river," writes the bishop. "It had been built by a Chinaman named Ah Soo. He takes the tolls. On our approach he ran forward with cool waters to drink, and told us we were free of the bridge: 'No Englishes pay over de bridge and no poor Chinaman. Me make no chargee to de English; me chargee Boston man' (American). 'Boston man chargee Chinaman very high in Californy—Chinaman now chargee Boston man—ha! ha!'" But indeed strangely mixed are the populations of these new towns. In Douglas, a "rising town on the route to the upper mines," there were eight coloured men, twenty-nine Mexicans and Spaniards, thirty-seven Chinese, sixteen French and Italians, four men from Central, and four from Northern Europe, seventy-three citizens of the United States, and thirty-five British subjects: two hundred and six souls in all. Of these, two hundred and four were males, and two females; and one of those females was a child. The miners are in a sadly destitute state so far as opportunities for spiritual culture are concerned. They have no churches, no clergy—or at least had not, till the bishop sent them two Church of England clergymen,—and some of them have not heard a prayer, or attended public service, for ten or fourteen years. They have no sinecure of it, these hard-worked Columbia miners. The want of all roads makes their labour doubly severe, and their gains have never been so exorbitant as to compensate them for what they must have undergone. The average earnings have not exceeded one hundred a year since 1858, when mining first began in Columbia, and the average cost of living has been sixty pounds for each. Forty pounds, then, do not quite reward a man for the immense risk, toil, hardship, and suffering of such a career as the Columbia miner; and many have made even less. They are a fine hardy race of men, of all nations, but with a terrible lack of women, and other softening influences, among them. At the mines, the average is one woman to every two hundred men. It is not to be wondered at, then, if property is somewhat insecure, if morals are of the lowest, or if life is more rough than polished in such a society. How any way can be made is wonderful, considering the want of a central bond among such incongruous shifting materials. But the bishop seems to be setting his mark, and doing a notable work. The iron church and mission-house were taken out all safe, and it was a pretty sight to see the captain and crew,

mostly Yarmouth men, going up in a body like a great school, to hear their former rector. His old servant headed the procession, marching before them to show them the way; by no means an unnecessary precaution over roads with mud above the ankle. The church is now put up and is full to overflowing; so full, that the funds for another are being raised by subscription. The bishop has got nearly a thousand pounds towards it, including Mr. Quong-Hing's fifteen: by no means an unpromising beginning, even for a more settled society. We shall next hear of the Indians subscribing—if, indeed, they have not done so already—under the gentle persuasion of their white fathers. Dr. Hills is sanguine about the Indians, and other authors speak of them as useful servants, sometimes honest (only to their employer), and always serviceable and ingenious. They are hospitable when at home, and teachable when dwelling among the whites, courageous and intelligent, good-looking, with fine aquiline features, and, as guides, huntsmen, and fishermen, invaluable. They are notorious for their great power of locality: give an Indian a pencil and a sheet of paper and he will draw you a map of any country he may have passed through. Great gamblers, they are also great traders, and not easily taken in. In fact, they have all kinds of capabilities for civilisation, not omitting their love of strong drinks and finery—round hats and voluminous crinoline being common adjuncts now to red ochre and wampum—while other kindred vices, such as swearing and the like, attest their aptness of imitation, and their delight in the white man's ways. The men are universally employed, and get from ten to twelve shillings a week.

In a more recent letter of the bishop, he gives some very interesting particulars of a visit to an Indian village where Ilcochan, a chief known for his magnificent voice, took immense interest in what was said, and afterwards repeated it again to the people; the bishop hearing his loud clear voice explaining to the listening tribe all that their Father had told them in the morning. In the evening there was another meeting, which Dr. Hills must give in his own words: "Towards dusk, Indians began again to assemble. My two companions were gone to some distance, and I was alone with the Indians, who came up one after the other unobserved, except now and then when a greater glare from the fire revealed more faces. The Indian is stealthy in his movements. Amongst others who had come and taken a more prominent place, but wrapped this time in a blanket, was Ilcochan. I took my seat on a fallen tree in front of him; there was now a large gathering. I stood up and commenced devotions. Our talk was long; the evening grew darker; the fire blazed brighter. Ilcochan became very excited. He stood up, and with great vehemence and gesticulation, reiterated my words in Quayome. The scene was striking; my companions returned. As they approached they felt a slight alarm; they thought there was trouble, and were much relieved to

see me sitting in the midst of the circle watching Ilcochan. I was deeply interested, indeed, affected, to see the evident impression on these poor Indians. I was also eager to note the pantomime of gesture with which Ilcochan sought to move the spirits of his people."

During this visit the bishop asked how many children there were in the tribe. Two young men consulted together, then started off on the errand, Dr. Hills supposed, of counting the children; but presently, after a little more hesitation and consulting and evident perplexity, they returned, bringing back with them a crowd of Indians, each of whom held a child. The poor little dusky naked creatures had been dragged up out of bed to show themselves to the White Father who cared so much about them. What a picturesque, what a strange, presentation! When the bishop went away, every man and woman shook hands with him, and even the little copper-coloured papooses were brought to him to tender their tiny hands.

The bishop's latest expedition was to Barclay Sound, on the west coast, a bay of about twelve miles in width and twelve in depth, studded with several small islands; at the head of Barclay is a canal extending twenty miles; at the head of this canal is another bay about two miles in diameter. A London firm, James Thompson and Co., have already established a new settlement here for getting spars and timber out of the forest. This colony consists of forty persons, among whom are two "ladies"—all women here, the bishop remarks, claiming that title. Near the bay is the river Cleestachuit. The banks of this river are lined with trees, rich grass, plants, &c. Noble trees cover the banks—Douglas pines from one to two hundred and fifty feet in height. The river swarms with all kinds of wild-fowl, ducks, geese, and salmon. A great many salmon are killed by the Indians for winter use; they stand up in the canoe, and either knock the fish on the head, or spear them. The Indians are a fine race. The women make oil, and cook, and make mats. Instead of boiling their food over the fire, they get square wooden boxes, in which they put the articles to be cooked; then they add water, which is made to boil by dropping red-hot stones into it. The lake Cleecot is five or six miles wide, and twenty-five miles in length. An Indian who had committed some crime was taken on board the Grappler, which happened to be cruising off the coast, and ordered to be flogged. His friends, who were on board, drew their knives, and seemed to meditate a rescue; and the wife of the captured Indian began to upbraid her husband for want of spirit. "Why don't you fight? Fight for the honour of your race and be a man! Die rather than be disgraced!" The aggrieved white man at last begged the Indian off; three chiefs then came forward with seal-skins as an atonement for the injury committed by their countryman. The tribes near Barclay Sound are almost the only tribes that have not imitated the vices of Europeans. Drunkenness is unknown here.

Dr. Hills believes that the Indians are fitted for Christianity and Civilisation. We string the words the other way; believing that Civilisation should come first. Savages may learn off a few names by heart, and may assent to a few circumstances which they accept as so many historic facts; but this kind of religion—the end and aim and crowning glory of a missionary's life—does no earthly good unless prefaced, supported, and vivified by civilisation. The Red man accepts Moses in the place of Hiawatha, and calls Kitchi Manitou by another name; but he must be taught the practical good of civilisation before he can possibly understand the real meaning of the Christianity he professes, or can judge of the superiority of the white man's law. It is a mistake to assume that the spiritual comes first; and that we can elevate a man's soul before enlightening his mind. We can teach him cant, but not truth, unless we build up from material foundations. After all, industrious and intelligent colonists are the best missionaries to the native "heathen." Example is the best teacher; intercourse, the best school. In the more special path of mission teaching, those men have had the greatest success who have been powerful, handy, common-sense men—enlightened citizens of the world rather than passionate and exclusive sectarians. Dr. Livingstone's manhood has done more for him than his mission-hood; so, we venture to say, will it prove with the courteous, practical, and earnest Christianity of the free-handed Bishop of Columbia.

But Columbia is not interesting only as a mission place; its chief value lies in its capabilities for successful colonisation, and the historical future before it. For all persons who can teach anything, for all handy persons, and men with nerve, courage, and strength; for small capitalists, who think twenty-five or thirty per cent a good investment; and for practical farmers; British Columbia affords admirable opening. Domestic servants, and all manner of female workers, can make their own terms there: from twenty to thirty-five—in the case of cooks, eighty—dollars a month, being the ordinary rate of wages. It is curious to notice the startling value of muscle in new countries. A drayman gets from fifty to seventy dollars per month; a hodman from two to three dollars a day; a bricklayer from five to seven; a blacksmith four dollars a day; with others in like ratio; great monetary respect being paid to well-developed thews and sinews. But any one who can do anything, will find a fair field and countless opportunities in Columbia, which seems to be a fine swarming place for our old overstocked hive at home.

Several harbour towns and islands bid fair to become of great ultimate importance. There is Nanaimo, on the north shore of an excellent harbour, backed by a range of hills some three thousand feet high, with a capital stock of salmon in the inland rivers and harbour, and such facilities for shipping coal, that a thousand tons a week may easily be removed: in fact, it is the seat of

the coal district, and a rapidly advancing town. Esquimalt Harbour, and Victoria, are of first-rate capacities for harbourage and building, but Victoria is less easy of access than Esquimalt, because of a light bar of sand across the mouth, passable only at certain tides. Other valleys and islands of great beauty and improbability wait the coming of the colonists who are to people them, and develop their resources.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XL.

THE two great figures I had seen looming through the fog while standing in the stream, I at last made out to be two horsemen, who seemed in search of some safe and fordable part of the stream to cross over. Their apparent caution was a lesson by which I determined to profit, and I stood a patient observer of their proceedings. At times I could catch their voices, but without distinguishing what they said, and suddenly I heard a plunge, and saw that one had dashed boldly into the flood, and was quickly followed by the other. If the stream did not reach to their knees, as they sat, it was yet so powerful that it tested all the strength of the horses and all the skill of the riders to stem it; and as the water splashed and surged, and as the animals plunged and struggled, I scarcely knew whether they were fated to reach the bank, or be carried down in the current. As they gained about the middle of the stream, I saw that they were mounted gendarmes, heavy men, with heavy equipments, favourable enough to stem the tide, but hopelessly incapable to save themselves if overturned. "Go back—hold in—go back! the water is far deeper here!" I cried out at the top of my voice; but either not hearing, or not heeding my warning, on they came, and, as I spoke, one plunged forward and went headlong down under the water, but, rising immediately, his horse struck boldly out, and, after a few struggles, gained the bank. The other, more fortunate, had headed up the stream, and reached the shore without difficulty.

With the natural prompting of a man towards those who had just overcome a great peril, I hastened to say how glad I felt at their safety, and from what intense fear their landing had rescued me; when one, a corporal, as his cuff bespoke, muttered a coarse exclamation of impatience, and something like a malediction on the service that exposed men to such hazards, and at the same instant the other dashed boldly up the bank, and with a bound placed his horse at my side, as though to cut off my retreat.

"Who are you?" cried the corporal to me, in a stern voice.

"A traveller," said I, trying to look majestic and indignant.

"So I see; and of what nation?"

"Of that nation which no man insults with impunity."

"Russia?"

"No; certainly not—England."

"Whence from last?"

"From Bregenz."

"And from Constance by Lindau?" asked he quickly, as he read from a slip of paper he had just drawn from his belt.

I assented, but not without certain misgivings, as I saw so much was known as to my movements.

"Now for your passport. Let me see it," said the corporal again. "Just so," said he, folding it up. "Travelling on foot, and marked 'suspected.'"

Though he muttered these words to his companion, I perceived that he cared very little for my having overheard them.

"Suspected of what, or by whom?" asked I, angrily.

Instead of paying any attention to my question, the two men now conversed together in a low tone and confidentially.

"Come," said I, with an assumed boldness, "if you have quite done with that passport of mine, give it to me, and let me pursue my journey."

So eager were they in their own converse, that this speech, too, was unheeded; and now, grown rasher by impunity and impatience, I stepped stoutly forward, and attempted to take the passport from the soldier's hand.

"Sturm und Gewitter!" swore out the fellow, while he struck me sharply on the wrist, "do you mean to try force with us?" And the other drew his sabre, and flourishing it over his head, held the point of it within a few inches of my chest.

I cannot imagine whence came the courage that now filled my heart, for I know I am not naturally brave, but I felt for an instant that I could have stormed a breach; and, with an insulting laugh, I said, "Oh, of course, cut me down. I am unarmed and defenceless. It is an admirable opportunity for the display of Austrian chivalry."

"Bey'm Henker! It's very hard not to slice off his ear," said the soldier, seeming to ask leave for this act of valour.

"Get out your cords," said the corporal; "we're losing too much time here."

"Am I a prisoner, then?" asked I, in some trepidation.

"I suspect you are, and likely to be for some time to come," was the gruff answer.

"On what charge—what is alleged against me?" cried I, passionately.

"What has sent many a better-looking fellow to Spielberg," was the haughty rejoinder.

"If I am your prisoner," said I, haughtily—"and I warn you at once of your peril in daring to arrest a British subject travelling peacefully—You are not going to tie my hands! You are not going to treat me as a felon?" I screamed out these words in a voice of wildest passion, as the soldier, who had dismounted for the purpose, was now proceeding to tie my wrists together with a stout cord, and in a

manner that displayed very little concern for the pain he occasioned me.

As escape was totally out of the question, I threw myself upon the last resource of the injured. I fell back upon eloquence. I really wish I could remember even faintly the outline of my discourse; for though not by any means a fluent German, the indignation that makes men poets converted me into a great master of prose, and I told them a vast number of curious, but not complimentary, traits of the land they belonged to. I gave, too, a rapid historical sketch of their campaigns against the French, showing how they were always beaten, the only novelty being whether they ran away or capitulated. I reminded them that the victory over me would resound through Europe, being the only successful achievement of their arms for the last half-century. I expressed a fervent hope that the corporal would be decorated with the "Maria Theresa," and his companion obtain the "valour medal," for what they had done. Pensions, I hinted, were difficult in the present state of their finances, but rank and honour certainly ought to await them. I don't know at what exact period of my peroration it was that I was literally "pulled up," each of the horsemen holding a line fastened to my wrists, and giving me a drag forward that nearly carried me off my feet and flat on my face. I stumbled, but recovered myself; and now saw that, bound as I was, with a gendarme on each side of me, it required all the activity I could muster to keep my legs.

Another whispered conversation here took place across me, and I thought I heard the words Bregenz and Feldkirch interchanged, giving me to surmise that they were discussing to which place they should repair. My faint hope of returning to the former town was, however, soon extinguished, as the corporal, turning to me, said, "Our orders are to bring you alive to head-quarters. We'll do our best; but if, in crossing these torrents, you prefer to be drowned, it's no fault of ours."

"Do you mean by that," cried I, "that I am to be dragged through the water in this fashion?"

"I mean that you are to come along as best you may."

"It is all worthy of you, quite worthy!" screamed I, in a voice of wildest rage. "You reserve all your bravery for those who cannot resist you—and you are right, for they are your only successes. The Turks beat you"—here they chuckled me close up, and dashed into the stream. "The Prussians beat you!" I was now up to my waist in water. "The Swiss beat you!" Down I went over head and ears. "The French always—thrashed you"—down again—"at Ulm—Auster—litz—Aspern"—nearly suffocated, I yelled out, "Wagram!"—and down I went, never to know any further consciousness till I felt myself lying on the soaked and muddy road, and heard a gruff voice saying, "Come along—we don't intend to pass the night here!"

CHAPTER XLI.

BENUMBED, bedraggled, and bewildered, I entered Feldkirch late at night, my wrists cut with the cords, my clothes torn by frequent falls, my limbs aching with bruises, and my wet rags chafing my skin. No wonder was it that I was at once consigned from the charge of a gaoler to the care of a doctor, and ere the day broke I was in a raging fever.

I would not if I could preserve any memory of that grievous interval. Happily for me, no clear traces remain on my mind—pangs of suffering are so mingled with little details of the locality, faces, words, ludicrous images of a wandering intellect, long hours of silent brooding, sound of church bells and such other tokens as cross the lives of busy men in the daily walk of life, all came and went within my brain, and still I lay there in fever.

In my first return of consciousness I perceived I was the sole occupant of a long arched gallery, with a number of beds arranged along each side of it. In their uniform simplicity, and the severe air of the few articles of furniture, my old experiences at once recalled the hospital; not that I arrived at this conclusion without much labour and a considerable mental effort. It was a short journey, to be sure, but I was walking with sprained ankles. It was, however, a great joy and a great triumph to me to accomplish even this much. It was the recognition to myself that I was once more on the road to health, and again to feel the sympathies that make a brotherhood of this life of ours; and so happy was I with the prospect, that when I went to sleep at night my last thought was of the pleasure that morning was sure to bring me. And I was not disappointed; the next day, and the next, and several more that followed, were all passed in a calm and tranquil enjoyment. Looking back upon this period, I have often been disposed to imagine that when we lie in the convalescence that follows some severe illness, with no demands upon our bodily strength, no call made upon our muscular energies, the very activity of digestion not evoked, as our nourishment is of the simplest and lightest, our brain must of necessity exercise its functions more freely, untrammelled by passing cares or the worries incident to daily life, and that at such times our intellect has probably a more uncontested action than at any other period of our existence. I do not want to pursue my theory, or endeavour to sustain it, my reader has here enough to induce him to join his experience to my own, or reject the notion altogether.

I lay thus, not impatiently, for above a fortnight. I regained strength very slowly; the least effort or exertion was sure to overcome me. But I wished for none; and as I lay there, gazing for whole days long at a great coat of arms over the end of the gallery, where a huge double-headed eagle seemed to me screaming in the agony of strangulation, but yet never to be choked outright, I revelled in many a strange rambling as to the fate of the land of

which it was the emblem and the shield. Doubtless some remnant of my passionate assault on Austria lingered in my brain, and gave this turn to its operations.

My nurse was one of that sisterhood whose charities call down many a blessing on the Church that organises their benevolence. She was what is called a "graue Schwester;" and of a truth she seemed the incarnation of grey-ness. It was not her dress alone, but her face and hands, her noiseless gait, her undemonstrative stare, her half-husky whisper, and her monotonous ways, had all a sort of pervading greyness that enveloped her, just as a cloud mist wraps a landscape. There was besides a kind of fog-like indistinctness in her few and muttered words that made a fitting atmosphere of drowsy uniformity for the sick-room.

Her first care, on my recovery, was to supply me with a number of little religious books—lives of saints and martyrs, accounts of miracles, and narratives of holy pilgrimages—and I devoured them with all the zest of a devotee. They seemed to supply the very excitement my mind craved for, and the good soul little suspected how much more she was ministering to a love for the marvellous than to a spirit of piety. In the Flowers of St. Francis, for instance, I found an adventure seeker after my own heart. To be sure, his search was after sinners in need of a helping hand to rescue them, but as his contests with Satan were described as stand-up encounters, with very hard knocks on each side, they were just as exciting combats to read of, as any I had ever perused in stories of chivalry.

Mistaking my zest for these readings for something far more praiseworthy, "the grey sister" enjoined me very seriously to turn from the evil advisers I had formerly consorted with, and frequent the society of better-minded and wiser men. Out of these counsels, dark and dim at first, but gradually growing clearer, I learned that I was regarded as a member of some terrible secret society, banded together for the direst and blackest of objects; the subversion of thrones, overthrow of dynasties, and assassination of sovereigns being all labours of love to us. She had a full catalogue of my colleagues, from Sand, who killed Kotzebue, to Orsini, and seemed thoroughly persuaded that I was a very advanced member of the order. It was only after a long time, and with great address on my part, that I obtained these revelations from her, and she owned that nothing but witnessing how the holy studies had influenced me would ever have induced her to make these avowals. As my convalescence progressed, and I was able to sit up for an hour or so in the day, she told me that I might very soon expect a visit from the Staats Procurator, a kind of district attorney-general, to examine me. So little able was I to carry my mind back to the bygone events of my life, that I heard this as a sort of vague hope that the inquiry would strike out some clue by which I could connect myself with the past, for I was sorely puzzled to learn what and who I had been before I came there. Was

I a prosecutor or was I a prisoner? Never was a knotty point more patiently investigated, but, alas! most hopelessly. The intense interest of the inquiry, however, served totally to withdraw me from my previous readings, and "the grey sister" was shocked to see the mark in my book remain for days long unchanged. She took courage at length to address me on the subject, and even went so far as to ask if Satan himself had not taken occasional opportunity of her absence to come and sit beside my bed? I eagerly caught at the suggestion, and said it was as she suspected; that he never gave me a moment's peace, now, torturing me with menaces, now, asking for explanations, how this could be reconciled with that, and why such a thing should not have prevented such another?

Instead of expressing any astonishment at my confession, she appeared to regard it as one of the most ordinary incidents, and referred me to my books, and especially to St. Francis, to see that these were usual and every-day snares in use. She went further, and in her zeal actually showed a sort of contempt for the Evil One in his intellectual capacity that startled me; showing how St. Jude always got the better of him, and that he was a mere child when opposed by the craft of St. Anthony of Pavia.

"It is the truth," said she, "always conquers him. Whenever, by any chance, he can catch you concealing or evading, trying to make out reasons that are inconsistent, or affecting intentions that you had not, then, he is your master."

There was such an air of matter of fact about all she said, that when—our first conversation on this theme over—she left the room, a cold sweat broke over me at the thought that my next visitor would be the "Lebendige Satan" himself.

It had come to this, that I had furnished my own mind with such a subject of terror that I could not endure to be alone, and lay there trembling at every noise, and shrinking at every shadow that crossed the floor. Many and many times, as the dupe of my own deceivings, did I find myself talking aloud in self-defence, averring that I wanted to be good, and honest, and faithful, and that whenever I lapsed from the right path, it was in moments of erring reason, sure to be followed after by sincere repentance.

It was after an access of this kind, "the grey sister" found me one morning bathed in cold perspiration, my eyes fixed, my lips livid, and my fingers fast knotted together.

"I see," said she, "he has given you a severe turn of it to-day. What was the temptation?"

For a long while I refused to answer; I was weak as well as irritable, and I desired peace, but she persisted, and pressed hard to know what subject we had been discussing together.

"I'll tell you, then," said I, fiercely, for a sudden thought, prompted perhaps by a sense of anger, flashed across me: "he has just told me that you are his sister."

She screamed out wildly, and, rushing to the end of the gallery, threw herself at the foot of a little altar.

Satisfied with my vengeance, I lay back and

said no more. I may have dropped into a half-slumber afterwards, for I remember nothing till, just as evening began to fall, one of the servants came up and placed a table and two chairs beside my bed, with writing materials and a large book, and shortly after two men dressed in black, and with square black caps on their heads, took their places at the table and conversed together in low whispers.

Resolving to treat them with a show of complete indifference, I turned away and pretended to go asleep.

"The Herr Staats Procurator Schlüssel has come to read the act of accusation," said the shorter man, who seemed a subordinate; "take care that you pay proper respect to the law and the authorities."

"Let him read away," said I, with a wave of my hand, "I will listen."

In a low, sing-song, dreary tone, he began to recite the titles and dignities of the Emperor. I listened for a while, but as he got down to the Banat and Herzegovine, sleep overcame me, and I dozed away, waking up to hear him detailing what seemed his own greatness, how he was "Ober" this and "Unter" that, till I fairly lost myself in the maze of his description. Judging from the monotonous, business-like persistence of his manner, that he had a long road before him, I wrapped myself comfortably in the bed-clothes, closed my eyes, and soon slept.

There were two candles burning on the table when I next opened my eyes, and my friend the procurator was reading away as before. I tried to interest myself for a second or two; I rubbed my eyes and endeavoured to be wakeful; but I could not, and was fast settling down into my former state, when certain words struck on my ear and aroused me:

"The well-born Herr von Rigges further denounces the prisoner Harpar—"

"Read that again," cried I, aloud, "for I cannot clearly follow what you say."

"The well-born Herr von Rigges," repeated he, "further denounces the prisoner Harpar as one of a sect banded together for the darkest purposes of revolution!"

"Forgive my importunity, Herr Procurator," said I, in my most insinuating tone, "but in compassion for the weakness of faculties sorely tried by fever, will you tell me who is Rigges?"

"Who is Rigges? Is that your question?" said he, slowly.

"Yes, sir; that was my question."

He turned over several pages of his voluminous report, and proceeded to search for the passage he wanted.

"Here it is," said he, at last; and he read out: "The so-called Rigges, being a well-born and not-the-less-from-a-mercantile-object-engaging pursuit highly-placed and much-honoured subject of her Majesty the Queen of England, of the age of forty-two years and eight months, unmarried, and professing the Protestant religion. Is that sufficient?"

"Quite so; and now, will you, with equal urbanity, inform me who is Harpar?"

"Who is Harpar? Who is Harpar? You surely do not ask me that?"

"I do; such is my question."

"I must confess that you surprise me. You ask me for information about yourself!"

"Oh, indeed! So that I am Harpar?"

"You can, of course, deny it. We are in a measure prepared for that. The proofs of your identity will be, however, forthcoming; not to add, that it will be difficult to disprove the offence."

"Ha, the offence! I'm really curious about that. What is the offence with which I am charged?"

"What I have been reading these two hours. What I have recited with all the clearness, brevity, and perspicuity that characterise our imperial and royal legislation, making our code at once the envy and admiration of all Europe."

"I'm sure of that. But, what have I done?"

"With what for a dulness-charged and much-beclouded intellect are you afflicted," cried he, "not to have followed the greatly-by-circumstances-corroborated and in-various-ways-by-proofs-brought-home narrative that I have already read out?"

"I have not heard one word of it!"

"What a deplorable and all-the-more-therefore-hopeless intelligence is yours! I will begin it once more." And with a heavy sigh he turned over the first pages of his manuscript.

"Nay, Herr Procurator," interposed I, hastily. "I have the less claim to exact this sacrifice on your part, that even when you have rendered it, it will be all fruitless and unprofitable. I am just recovering from a severe illness. I am, as you have very acutely remarked, a man of very narrow and limited faculties in my best of moments, and I am now still lower in the scale of intelligence. Were you to read that lucid document till we were both grey-headed, it would leave me just as uninformed as to imputed crime as I now am."

"I perceive," said he, gravely. Then, turning to his clerk, he bade him write down, "'And the so-called Harpar having duly heard and with decorously-lent attention listened to the foregoing act, did thereupon enter his plea of mental incapacity and derangement.'"

"Nay, Herr Procurator, I would simply record that, however open to follow some plain narrative, the forms and subtleties of a legal document only bewilder me."

"What for an ingeniously-worded and with-artifice-cunningly-conceived excuse have we here?" exclaimed he, indignantly. "Is it from England, with her seventeen hundred and odd volumes of an incomplete code, that the imperial and royal government is to learn legislation? You are charged with offences that are known to every state of civilisation: highway assault and molestation—attack with arms and deadly implements, stimulated by base and long-heretofore and with-bitterness-imagined plans of vengeance on your countryman and former associate, the so-named Rigges. From him, too, proceeds the information as to your political

character, and the ever-to-be-deplored and only-with-blood-expiated error of republicanism by which you are actuated. This brief but not-the-less-on-that-account lucid exposition, it is my duty first to read out and then leave with you. With all your from-a-wrong-impulse-proceeding and a-spirit-of-opposition-suggested objections, I have no wish nor duty to meddle. The benign and ever-paternal rule under which we live, gives even to the most-with-accusation-surrounded and with-strong-presumption-implicated prisoner, every facility of defence. Having read and matured this indictment, you will, after a week, make choice of an advocate."

"Am I to be confronted with my accuser?"

"I sincerely hope that the indecent spectacle of insulting attack and offensive rejoinder thus suggested, is unknown to the administration of our law."

"How then can you be certain that I am the man he accuses of having molested him?"

"You are not here to assail, nor I to defend, the with-ages-consolidated and by-much-tact-accumulated wisdom of our imperial and royal code."

"Might he not say, when he saw me, 'I never set eyes on this man before'?"

He turned again to his clerk, and dictated something of which I could but catch the concluding words—"And thereby imputing perjury to the so-called Rigges."

It was all I could do to repress an outburst of anger at this unjustifiable system of inference, but I did restrain myself, and merely said, "I impute nothing, Herr Procurator; I simply suggest a possible case, that everything suffered by Rigges was inflicted by some other than I."

"If you had accomplices, name them," said he, solemnly.

This overcame all my prudent resolves. I was nowise prepared for such a perversity of misconception, and losing all patience and all respect for his authority, I burst out into a most intemperate attack on Austria, her code, her system, her ignorant indifference to all European enlightenment, her bigoted adherence to forms either unmeaning or pernicious, winding up all with a pleasant prediction that in a few short years the world would have seen the last of this stolid and unteachable empire.

Instead of deigning a reply, he merely bent down to the table, and I saw by the movement of his lips and the rapid course of the clerk's pen, that my statement was being reduced to writing.

"When you have completed that," said I, gravely, "I have some further observations to record."

"In a moment—in a moment," patiently responded the procurator; "we have only got to 'the besotted stupidity of her pretentious officials.'"

The calm quietude of his manner as he said this threw me into a fit of laughter, which lasted several minutes.

"There, there," said I, "that will do; I will

keep the remainder of my remarks for another time and place."

"Reserving to himself," dictated he, "the right of uttering still more bitter and untruthful comments on a future occasion." And the clerk wrote the words as he spoke them.

"You will sign this here," said he, presenting me with the pen.

"Nothing of the kind, Herr Procurator. I will not lend myself to any, even the most ordinary, form of your stupid system."

"And refuses to sign the foregoing," dictated he, in the same unmoved voice. This done, he arose and proceeded to draw on his gloves. "The act of allegation I now commit to your hands," said he, calmly, "and you will have a week to reflect upon the course you desire to adopt."

"One question before you go: Is the person called Rigges here at this moment, and can I see him?"

He consulted for a few seconds with his subordinate, and then replied: "These questions we are of opinion are irrelevant to the defence, and need not be answered."

"I only ask you, as a favour, Herr Procurator," said I.

"The law recognises no favours, nor accepts courtesies."

"Does it also reject common sense?—is it deaf to all intelligence?—is it indifferent to every appeal to reason?—is it dead to——"

But he would not wait for more, and having saluted me thrice profoundly, retired from the gallery, and left me alone with my indignation.

The great pile of paper still lay on the table next me, and in my anger I hurled it from me to the middle of the room, venting I know not what passionate wrath at the same time on everything German: "This the land of primitive simplicity and patriarchal virtues, forsooth! This the country of elevated tastes and generous instincts! Why, it is all Bureau and Barrack!" I went on for a long time in this strain, and I felt the better for it. The operative surgeons tell us that no men recover so certainly or so speedily after great operations as the fellows who scream out and make a terrible uproar. It is your patient, self-controlling creature who sinks under the suffering he will not confess; and I am confident that it is a wise practice to blow off the steam of one's indignation, and say all the most bitter things one can think of in moments of disappointment, and, so to say, prepare the chambers of your mind for the reception of better company.

After a while I got up, gathered the papers together, and prepared to read them. Legal amplifications and circumlocutions are of all lands and peoples; but for the triumph of this diffusiveness commend me to the Germans. To such an extent was this the case, that I reached the eighth page of the precious paper before I got finally out of the titular description of the vice-governor in whose district the event was laid. Armed, however, with heroic resolution, I persevered, and read on through the entire

night—I will not say without occasional refreshers in the shape of short naps—but the day was already breaking when I turned over the last page, and read the concluding little blessing on the Emperor under whose benign reign all good was encouraged, all evil punished, and the Hoch-gelehrter—Hoch wohl-geborener Herr der Hofrath, Ober Procurators-fiscal-Secretär, charged with the due execution of the present decree.

In the language of *précis* writing the event might be stated thus: "A certain Englishman, named Rigges, travelling by post, arrived at the torrent of Dornbirn a short time before noon, and while waiting there for the arrival of some peasants to accompany his carriage through the stream, was joined by a foot-traveller, by whom he was speedily recognised. Whatever the nature of the relations previously subsisting between them—and it may be presumed they were not of the most amicable—no sooner had they exchanged glances than they engaged in deadly conflict. Rigges was well armed; the stranger had no weapon whatever, but was a man of surpassing strength, for he tore the door of the carriage from its hinges, and dragged Rigges out upon the road before the other could offer any resistance. The postilion, who had gone to summon the peasants, was speedily recalled by the report of fire-arms; three shots were fired in rapid succession, and when he reached the spot it was to see two men struggling violently in the torrent, the stranger dragging Rigges with all his might towards the middle of the stream, and the other screaming wildly for succour. The conflict was a terrible one, for the foot-traveller seemed determined on self-destruction, if he could only involve the other in his own fate. At last Rigges's strength gave way, and the other threw himself upon him, and they both went down beneath the water.

"The stranger emerged in an instant, but one of the peasants on the bank struck him a violent blow with his ash pole, and he fell back into the stream. Meanwhile, the others had rescued Rigges, who lay panting, but unconscious, on the ground. They were yet ministering to his recovery when they heard a wild shout of derisive triumph, and now saw that the other, though carried away by the torrent, had gained a small shingly bank in the middle of the Rhine, and was waving his hat in mockery of them. They were too much occupied with the care of the wounded man, however, to bestow more attention on him. One of Rigges's arms was badly fractured, and his jaw also broken, while he complained still more of the pain of some internal injuries: so severe, indeed, were his sufferings that he had to be carried on a litter to Feldkirch. His first care on arriving was to denounce the assailant, whose name he gave as Harpar, declaring him to be a most notorious member of a "Rouge" society, and one whose capture was an object of European interest. In fact, Rigges went so far as to pretend that he had himself perilled life in the attempt to secure him.

"Detachments of mounted gendarmes were immediately sent off in pursuit, the order being to arrest any foot-traveller whose suspicious appearance might challenge scrutiny."

It is needless to say how much I appeared to fulfil the signs they sought for, not to add that the intemperance of my language, when captured, was in itself sufficient to establish a grave charge against me. It is true, there was in the act of allegation a lengthened description of me with which my own appearance but ill corresponded. I was described as of middle age, of a strong frame and muscular habit, and with an expression that denoted energy and fierceness. How much of that vigour must they imagine had been washed away by the torrent, to leave me the poor helpless-looking thing I now appeared!

I know it is a very weak confession, I feel as I make it how damaging to my character is the acknowledgment, and how seriously I compromise myself in my reader's estimation; but I cannot help owning that I felt very proud to be thought so wicked, to be classed with those Brutuses of modern history, who were scattering explosive shells like bonbons, and throwing grenades broadcast like "confetti" in a carnival. I fancied how that miserable Staats Procurator must have trembled in his inmost heart as he sat there in close proximity with such an infuriate desperado as I was. I hoped that every look, every gesture, every word of mine struck terror into his abject soul. It must also unquestionably do them good, these besotted, self-satisfied, narrow-minded Germans, to learn how an Englishman, a born Briton, regards their miserable system of government, and that poor and meagre phantasm they call their "civilisation." Well, they have had their opportunity now, and I hope they will make much of it.

As I pondered over the late incident as recorded in the allegation, I remembered the name of Rigges as that of the man Harpar mentioned as having "run" or escaped with their joint finances, and had very little difficulty in filling up the probable circumstances of their rencontre. It was easy to see how Rigges, travelling "extra-post," with all the appearance of wealth and station, could impute to the poor wayfarer any criminality he pleased. Cunningly enough, too, he had hit upon the precise imputation which was sure to enlist Austrian sympathies in the pursuit, and calling him a "Socialist and a Rouge" was almost sealing his fate at once. How glad I felt that the poor fellow had escaped, even though it cost me all the penalty of personating him; yes, I really was generous enough for that sentiment, though I perceive that my reader smiles incredulously as I declare it. "No, no," mutters he, "the arrant snob must not try to impose upon us in that fashion. He was trembling to the very marrow of his bones, and nothing was further from his thoughts than self-sacrifice or

devotion." I know your opinion of me takes this lively shape, I feel it, and I shrink under it; but I know, besides, that I owe all this depreciating estimate of me to nothing so much as my own frankness and candour. If my reader, therefore, scruples to accord me the merit of the generosity that I lay claim to, let him revel in the depreciating confession that I am about to make. I knew that when it was discovered I was not Harpar, I must instantly be set at liberty. I felt this, and could therefore be at any moment the arbiter of my own freedom. To do this, of course, would set in motion a search after the real delinquent, and I determined I would keep my secret till he had ample time to get away. When I had satisfied myself that all pursuit of him must be hopeless, I would declare myself to be Potts, and proudly demand my liberation.

My convalescence made now such progress that I was able to walk about the gallery, and indeed occasionally to stroll out upon a long terrace which flanked the entire building, and gaze upon a garden, beyond which again I could see the town of Feldkirch and the open Platz in which the weekly market was held. By the recurrence of these—they always fell upon a Saturday—was I enabled to mark time, and I now reckoned that three weeks had gone over since the day of the Herr Procurator's visit, and yet I had heard nothing more of him, nor of the accusation against me. I was seriously thinking whether my wisest plan might not be to take French leave and walk off, when my gaoler came one morning to announce that I was to be transferred to Innsbruck, where, in due course, my trial would take place.

"What if I refuse to go?" said I; "what if I demand my liberation here on the spot?"

"I don't imagine that you'd delay your journey much by that, my good friend," said he; "the Imperial and Royal Government takes little heed of foolish remonstrances."

"What if the Imperial and Royal Government, in the plenitude of its sagacity, should be in the wrong? What if I be not the person who is accused of this crime? What if the real man be now at liberty? What if the accuser himself will declare, when he sees me, that he never met me before, nor so much as heard of me?"

"Well, all that may happen; I won't say it is impossible, but it cannot occur here, for the Herr Von Rigges has already set off for Innsbruck, and you are to follow him to-morrow."

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 97.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE pale young gentleman and I stood contemplating one another in Barnard's Inn, until we both burst out laughing. "The idea of its being you!" said he. "The idea of its being *you*!" said I. And then we contemplated one another afresh, and laughed again. "Well!" said the pale young gentleman, reaching out his hand good humouredly, "it's all over now, I hope, and it will be magnanimous in you if you'll forgive me for having knocked you about so."

I derived from this speech that Mr. Herbert Pocket (for Herbert was the pale young gentleman's name) still rather confounded his intention with his execution. But I made a modest reply, and we shook hands warmly.

"You hadn't come into your good fortune at that time?" said Herbert Pocket.

"No," said I.

"No," he acquiesced: "I heard it had happened very lately. I was rather on the look-out for good fortune then."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Miss Havisham had sent for me, to see if she could take a fancy to me. But she couldn't—at all events, she didn't."

I thought it polite to remark that I was surprised to hear that.

"Bad taste," said Herbert, laughing, "but a fact. Yes, she had sent for me on a trial visit, and if I had come out of it successfully, I suppose I should have been provided for; perhaps I should have been what-you-may-called it to Estella."

"What's that?" I asked, with sudden gravity.

He was arranging his fruit in plates while we talked, which divided his attention, and was the cause of his having made this lapse of a word. "Affianced," he explained, still busy with the fruit, "Betrothed. Engaged. What's-his-named. Any word of that sort."

"How did you bear your disappointment?" I asked.

"Pooh!" said he, "I didn't care much for it. *She's a Tartar.*"

"Miss Havisham?" I suggested.

"I don't say no to that, but I meant Estella. That girl's hard and haughty and capricious to the last degree, and has been brought up by Miss Havisham to wreak revenge on all the male sex."

"What relation is she to Miss Havisham?"

"None," said he. "Only adopted."

"Why should she wreak revenge on all the male sex? What revenge?"

"Lord, Mr. Pip!" said he. "Don't you know?"

"No," said I.

"Dear me! It's quite a story, and shall be saved till dinner-time. And now let me take the liberty of asking you a question. How did you come there that day?"

I told him, and he was attentive until I had finished, and then burst out laughing again, and asked me if I was sore afterwards? I didn't ask him if *he* was, for my conviction on that point was perfectly established.

"Mr. Jaggers is your guardian, I understand?" he went on.

"Yes."

"You know he is Miss Havisham's man of business and solicitor, and has her confidence when nobody else has?"

This was bringing me (I felt) towards dangerous ground. I answered with a constraint I made no attempt to disguise, that I had seen Mr. Jaggers in Miss Havisham's house on the very day of our combat, but never at any other time, and that I believed he had no recollection of having ever seen me there.

"He was so obliging as to suggest my father for your tutor, and he called on my father to propose it. Of course he knew about my father from his connexion with Miss Havisham. My father is Miss Havisham's nephew; not that that implies familiar intercourse between them, for he is a bad courtier and will not propitiate her."

Herbert Pocket had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen any one then, and I have never seen any one since, who more strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do anything secret or mean. There was something wonderfully hopeful about his general air, and something that at the same time whispered to me he would never be very successful or rich. I don't know how this was. I became imbued with the notion on that first occasion before we

sat down to dinner, but I cannot define by what means.

He was still a pale young gentleman, and had a certain conquered languor about him in the midst of his spirits and briskness, that did not seem indicative of natural strength. He had not a handsome face, but it was better than handsome: being extremely amiable and cheerful. His figure was a little ungainly, as in the days when my knuckles had taken such liberties with it, but it looked as if it would always be light and young. Whether Mr. Trabb's local work would have sat more gracefully on him than on me, may be a question; but I am conscious that he carried off his rather old clothes much better than I carried off my new suit.

As he was so communicative, I felt that reserve on my part would be a bad return unsuited to our years. I therefore told him my small story, and laid stress on my being forbidden to inquire who my benefactor was. I further mentioned that as I had been brought up a blacksmith in a country place, and knew very little of the ways of politeness, I would take it as a great kindness in him if he would give me a hint whenever he saw me at a loss or going wrong.

"With pleasure," said he, "though I venture to prophesy that you'll want very few hints. I dare say we shall be often together, and I should like to banish any needless restraint between us. Will you do me the favour to begin at once to call me by my christian name, Herbert?"

I thanked him, and said I would. I informed him in exchange that my christian name was Philip.

"I don't take to Philip," said he, smiling, "for it sounds like a moral boy out of the spelling-book, who was so lazy that he fell into a pond, or so fat that he couldn't see out of his eyes, or so avaricious that he locked up his cake till the mice ate it, or so determined to go birds'-nesting that he got himself eaten by bears who lived handy in the neighbourhood. I tell you what I should like. We are so harmonious, and you have been a blacksmith—would you mind it?"

"I shouldn't mind anything that you propose," I answered, "but I don't understand you."

"Would you mind Handel for a familiar name? There's a charming piece of music by Handel, called the Harmonious Blacksmith."

"I should like it very much."

"Then, my dear Handel," said he, turning round as the door opened, "here is the dinner, and I must beg of you to take the top of the table, because the dinner is of your providing."

This I would not hear of, so he took the top, and I faced him. It was a nice little dinner—seemed to me then, a very Lord Mayor's Feast—and it acquired additional relish from being eaten under those independent circumstances, with no old people by, and with London all around us. This again was heightened by a certain gipsy character that set the

banquet off: for while the table was, as Mr. Pumblechook might have said, the lap of luxury—being entirely furnished forth from the coffee-house—the circumjacent region of sitting-room was of a comparatively pastureless and shifty character: imposing on the waiter the wandering habits of putting the covers on the floor (where he fell over them), the melted butter in the arm-chair, the bread on the bookshelves, the cheese in the coal-scuttle, and the boiled fowl into my bed in the next room—where I found much of its parsley and butter in a state of congelation when I retired for the night. All this made the feast delightful, and when the waiter was not there to watch me, my pleasure was without alloy.

We had made some progress in the dinner, when I reminded Herbert of his promise to tell me about Miss Havisham.

"True," he replied. "I'll redeem it at once. Let me introduce the topic, Handel, by mentioning that in London it is not the custom to put the knife in the mouth—for fear of accidents—and that while the fork is reserved for that use, it is not put further in than is necessary. It is scarcely worth mentioning, only it's as well to do as other people do. Also, the spoon is not generally used over-hand, but under. This has two advantages: You get at your mouth better (which after all is the object), and you save a good deal of the attitude of opening oysters, on the part of the right elbow."

He offered these friendly suggestions in such a lively way that we both laughed and I scarcely blushed.

"Now," he pursued, "concerning Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham, you must know, was a spoiled child. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father denied her nothing. Her father was a country gentleman down in your part of the world, and was a brewer. I don't know why it should be a crack thing to be a brewer; but it is indisputable that while you cannot possibly be genteel and bake, you may be as genteel as never was and brew. You see it every day."

"Yet a gentleman may not keep a public-house; may he?" said I.

"Not on any account," returned Herbert; "but a public-house may keep a gentleman. Well! Mr. Havisham was very rich and very proud. So was his daughter."

"Miss Havisham was an only child?" I hazarded.

"Stop a moment, I am coming to that. No, she was not an only child; she had a half-brother. Her father privately married again—his cook, I rather think."

"I thought he was proud," said I.

"My good Handel, so he was. He married his second wife privately, because he was proud, and in course of time *she* died. When she was dead, I apprehend he first told his daughter what he had done, and then the son became a part of the family, residing in the house you are acquainted with. As the son grew a young man, he turned out riotous, extravagant, un-

dutiful—altogether bad. At last his father disinherited him; but he softened when he was dying and left him well off, though not nearly so well off as Miss Havisham. Take another glass of wine, and excuse my mentioning that society as a body does not expect one to be so strictly conscientious in emptying one's glass, as to turn it bottom upwards with the rim on one's nose."

I had been doing this, in an excess of attention to his recital. I thanked him and apologised. He said, "Not at all," and resumed.

"Miss Havisham was now an heiress, and you may suppose was looked after as a great match. Her half-brother had now ample means again, but what with debts and what with new madness wasted them most fearfully again. There were stronger differences between him and her than there had been between him and his father, and it is suspected that he cherished a deep and mortal grudge against her, as having influenced the father's anger. Now, I come to the cruel part of the story—merely breaking off, my dear Handel, to remark that a dinner-napkin will not go into a tumbler."

Why I was trying to pack mine into my tumbler, I am wholly unable to say. I only know that I found myself, with a perseverance worthy of a much better cause, making the most strenuous exertions to compress it within those limits. Again I thanked him and apologised, and again he said in the cheerfullest manner, "Not at all, I am sure!" and resumed.

"There appeared upon the scene—say at the races, or the public balls, or anywhere else you like—a certain man, who made love to Miss Havisham. I never saw him, for this happened five-and-twenty years ago (before you and I were, Handel), but I have heard my father mention that he was a showy-man, and the kind of man for the purpose. But that he was not to be, without ignorance or prejudice, mistaken for a gentleman, my father most strongly asseverates; because it is a principle of his that no man who was not a true gentleman at heart, ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner. He says, no varnish can hide the grain of the wood; and the more varnish you put on, the more the grain will express itself. Well! This man pursued Miss Havisham closely, and professed to be devoted to her. I believe she had not shown much susceptibility up to that time; but all she possessed, certainly came out then, and she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolised him. He practised on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father) at an immense price, on the plea that when he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. Your guardian was not at that time in Miss Havisham's councils, and she was too haughty and too much in love, to be advised by any one. Her relations were poor and scheming, with the exception of my father;

he was poor enough, but not time-serving or jealous. The only independent one among them, he warned her that she was doing too much for this man, and was placing herself too unreservedly in his power. She took the first opportunity of angrily ordering my father out of the house, in his presence, and my father has never seen her since."

I thought of her having said "Matthew will come and see me at last when I am laid dead upon that table;" and I asked Herbert whether his father was so inveterate against her?

"It's not that," said he, "but she charged him in the presence of her intended husband with being disappointed in the hope of fawning upon her for his own advancement, and, if he were to go to her now, it would look true—even to him—and even to her. To return to the man and make an end of him. The marriage day was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding tour was planned out, the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He wrote her a letter——"

"Which she received," I struck in, "when she was dressing for her marriage? At twenty minutes to nine?"

"At the hour and minute," said Herbert, nodding, "at which she afterwards stopped all the clocks. What was in it, further than that it most heartlessly broke the marriage off, I can't tell you, because I don't know. When she recovered from a bad illness that she had, she laid the whole place waste, as you have seen it, and she has never since looked upon the light of day."

"Is that all the story?" I asked, after considering it.

"All I know of it; and indeed I only know so much, through piecing it out for myself; for my father always avoids it, and, even when Miss Havisham invited me to go there, told me no more of it than it was absolutely requisite I should understand. But I have forgotten one thing. It has been supposed that the man to whom she gave her misplaced confidence, acted throughout in concert with her half-brother; that it was a conspiracy between them; and that they shared the profits."

"I wonder he didn't marry her and get all the property," said I.

"He may have been married already, and her cruel mortification may have been a part of her half-brother's scheme," said Herbert. "Mind! I don't know that."

"What became of the two men?" I asked, after again considering the subject.

"They fell into deeper shame and degradation—if there can be deeper—and ruin."

"Are they alive now?"

"I don't know."

"You said just now, that Estella was not related to Miss Havisham, but adopted. When adopted?"

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. "There has always been an Estella, since I have heard of a Miss Havisham. I know no more. And now Handel," said he, finally throwing off the

story as it were, "there is a perfectly open understanding between us. All that I know about Miss Havisham, you know."

"And all that I know," I retorted, "you know."

"I fully believe it. So there can be no competition or perplexity between you and me. And as to the condition on which you hold your advancement in life—namely, that you are not to inquire or discuss to whom you owe it—you may be very sure that it will never be encroached upon, or even approached, by me, or by any one belonging to me."

In truth, he said this with so much delicacy, that I felt the subject done with, even though I should be under his father's roof for years and years to come. Yet he said it with so much meaning, too, that I felt he as perfectly understood Miss Havisham to be my benefactress, as I understood the fact myself.

It had not occurred to me before, that he had led up to the theme for the purpose of clearing it out of our way; but we were so much the lighter and easier for having broached it, that I now perceived this to be the case. We were very gay and sociable, and I asked him, in the course of conversation, what he was? He replied, "A capitalist—an Insurer of Ships." I suppose he saw me glancing about the room in search of some tokens of Shipping, or capital, for he added, "In the City."

I had grand ideas of the wealth and importance of Insurers of Ships in the City, and I began to think with awe of having laid a young Insurer on his back, blackened his enterprising eye, and cut his responsible head open. But, again, there came upon me, for my relief, that odd impression that Herbert Pocket would never be very successful or rich.

"I shall not rest satisfied with merely employing my capital in insuring ships. I shall buy up some good Life Assurance shares, and cut into the Direction. I shall also do a little in the mining way. None of these things will interfere with my chartering a few thousand tons on my own account. I think I shall trade," said he, leaning back in his chair, "to the East Indies, for silks, shawls, spices, dyes, drugs, and precious woods. It's an interesting trade."

"And the profits are large?" said I.

"Tremendous!" said he.

I wavered again, and began to think here were greater expectations than my own.

"I think I shall trade, also," said he, putting his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, "to the West Indies, for sugar, tobacco, and rum. Also to Ceylon, specially for elephants' tusks."

"You will want a good many ships," said I.

"A perfect fleet," said he.

Quite overpowered by the magnificence of these transactions, I asked him where the ships he insured mostly traded to at present?

"I haven't begun insuring yet," he replied. "I am looking about me."

Somehow, that pursuit seemed more in keeping with Barnard's Inn. I said (in a tone of conviction) "Ah-h!"

"Yes. I am in a counting-house, and looking about me."

"Is a counting-house profitable?" I asked.

"To—do you mean to the young fellow who's in it?" he asked, in reply.

"Yes; to you."

"Why, n-no: not to me." He said this with the air of one carefully reckoning up and striking a balance. "Not directly profitable. That is, it doesn't pay me anything, and I have to—keep myself."

This certainly had not a profitable appearance, and I shook my head as if I would imply that it would be difficult to lay by much accumulative capital from such a source of income.

"But the thing is," said Herbert Pocket, "that you look about you. *That's* the grand thing. You are in a counting-house, you know, and you look about you."

It struck me as a singular implication that you couldn't be out of a counting-house, you know, and look about you; but I silently deferred to his experience.

"Then the time comes," said Herbert, "when you see your opening. And you go in and you swoop upon it and you make your capital, and then there you are! When you have once made your capital, you have nothing to do but employ it."

This was very like his way of conducting that encounter in the garden; very like. His manner of bearing his poverty, too, exactly corresponded to his manner of bearing that defeat. It seemed to me that he took all blows and buffets now, with just the same air as he had taken mine then. It was evident that he had nothing around him but the simplest necessities, for everything that I remarked upon, turned out to have been sent in on my account from the coffee-house or somewhere else.

Yet, having already made his fortune in his own mind, he was so unassuming with it that I felt quite grateful to him for not being puffed up. It was a pleasant addition to his naturally pleasant ways, and we got on famously. In the evening we went out for a walk in the streets, and went half-price to the Theatre; and next day we went to church at Westminster Abbey, and in the afternoon we walked in the Parks; and I wondered who shod all the horses there, and wished Joe did.

On a moderate computation, it was many months, that Sunday, since I had left Joe and Biddy. The space interposed between myself and them, partook of that expansion, and our marshes were any distance off. That I could have been at our old church in my old church-going clothes, on the very last Sunday that ever was, seemed a combination of impossibilities, geographical and social, solar and lunar. Yet in the London streets so crowded with people and so brilliantly lighted in the dusk of evening, there were depressing hints of reproaches for that I had put the poor old kitchen at home so far away; and in the dead of night, the footsteps of some incapable impostor of a porter mooning about Barnard's Inn, under

pretence of watching it, fell hollow on my heart.

On the Monday morning at a quarter before nine, Herbert went to the counting-house to report himself—to look about him, too, I suppose—and I bore him company. He was to come away in an hour or two to attend me to Hammersmith, and I was to wait about for him. It appeared to me that the eggs from which young Insurers were hatched, were incubated in dust and heat, like the eggs of ostriches, judging from the places to which those incipient giants repaired on a Monday morning. Nor did the counting-house where Herbert assisted, show in my eyes as at all a good Observatory; being a back second floor up a yard, of a grimy presence in all particulars, and with a look into another back second floor rather than a look out.

I waited about until it was noon, and I went upon 'Change, and I saw fluey men sitting there under the bills about shipping, whom I took to be great merchants, though I couldn't understand why they should all be out of spirits. When Herbert came, we went and had lunch at a celebrated house which I then quite venerated, but now believe to have been the most abject superstition in Europe, and where I could not help noticing, even then, that there was much more gravy on the tablecloths and knives and waiters' clothes, than in the steaks. This collation disposed of at a moderate price (considering the grease, which was not charged for), we went back to Barnard's Inn and got my little portmanteau, and then took coach for Hammersmith. We arrived there at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and had very little way to walk to Mr. Pocket's house. Lifting the latch of a gate, we passed direct into a little garden overlooking the river, where Mr. Pocket's children were playing about. And unless I deceive myself on a point where my interests or prepossessions are certainly not concerned, I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Pocket's children were not growing up or being brought up, but were tumbling up.

Mrs. Pocket was sitting on a garden chair under a tree, reading, with her legs upon another garden chair; and Mrs. Pocket's two nursemaids, were looking about them while the children played. "Mamma," said Herbert, "this is young Mr. Pip." Upon which Mrs. Pocket received me with an appearance of amiable dignity.

"Master Alick and Miss Jane," cried one of the nurses to two of the children, "if you go a bouncing up against them bushes you'll fall over into the river and be drowned, and what'll your pa say then?"

At the same time this nurse picked up Mrs. Pocket's handkerchief, and said, "If that don't make six times you've dropped it, Mum!" Upon which Mrs. Pocket laughed and said, "Thank you, Flopson," and settling herself in one chair only, resumed her book. Her countenance immediately assumed a knitted and intent expression as if she had been reading for a week, but before she could have read half a

dozen lines, she fixed her eyes upon me, and said, "I hope your mamma is quite well?" This unexpected inquiry put me into such a difficulty that I began saying in the absurd way that if there had been any such person I had no doubt she would have been quite well and would have been very much obliged and would have sent her compliments, when the nurse came to my rescue.

"Well!" she cried, picking up the pocket-handkerchief, "if that don't make seven times! What ARE you a doing of this afternoon, Mum?" Mrs. Pocket received her property at first with a look of unutterable surprise as if she had never seen it before, and then with a laugh of recognition, and said, "Thank you, Flopson," and forgot me, and went on reading.

I found, now I had leisure to count them, that there were no fewer than six little Pockets present, in various stages of tumbling up. I had scarcely arrived at the total when a seventh was heard, as in the region of air, wailing dolefully.

"If there ain't Baby!" said Flopson, appearing to think it most surprising. "Make haste up, Millers."

Millers, who was the other nurse, retired into the house, and by degrees the child's wailing was hushed and stopped, as if it were a young ventriloquist with something in its mouth. Mrs. Pocket read all the time, and I was curious to know what the book could be.

We were waiting, I supposed, for Mr. Pocket to come out to us; at any rate we waited there, and so I had an opportunity of observing the remarkable family phenomenon that whenever any of the children strayed near Mrs. Pocket in their play, they always tripped themselves up and tumbled over her—always very much to her momentary astonishment, and their own more enduring lamentation. I was at a loss to account for this surprising circumstance, and could not help giving my mind to speculations about it, until by-and-by Millers came down with the baby, which baby was handed to Flopson, which Flopson was handing it to Mrs. Pocket, when she too went fairly head-foremost over Mrs. Pocket, baby and all, and was caught by Herbert and myself.

"Gracious me, Flopson!" said Mrs. Pocket, looking off her book for a moment, "everybody's tumbling!"

"Gracious you, indeed, Mum!" returned Flopson, very red in the face; "what have you got there?"

"I got here, Flopson?" asked Mrs. Pocket.

"Why, if it ain't your footstool!" cried Flopson. "And if you keep it under your skirts like that, who's to help tumbling! Here! Take the baby, Mum, and give me your book."

Mrs. Pocket acted on the advice, and inexpressibly danced the infant a little in her lap, while the other children played about it. This had lasted but a very short time, when Mrs. Pocket issued summary orders that they were all to be taken into the house for a nap. Thus I made the second discovery on that first occasion, that the

nurture of the little Pockets consisted of alternately tumbling up and lying down.

Under these circumstances, when Flopson and Millers had got the children into the house like a little flock of sheep, and Mr. Pocket came out of it to make my acquaintance, I was not much surprised to find that Mr. Pocket was a gentleman with a rather perplexed expression of face, and with his very grey hair disordered on his head as if he didn't quite see his way to putting anything straight.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

THERE is only one way of getting men, true men and plenty of them, into the service of the country, whether as soldiers or sailors, in the present day. It is, to secure for them in either service the reception due to those who spend their lives and energies in any work, to treat them with confidence, spare them vexations and puerile restraints, keep faith with them, and enable them to feel that they who are set over them work with them, understanding them and respecting them, in order that they may be themselves also understood and respected. Where a private soldier who has anything to ask of his officer, is marched up to him by a corporal, who cries Halt! when he comes to the right speaking distance, and stands by, ready to cry Right about face, quick, march! when he has done—and this is no imaginary case—there cannot be the best of army discipline. When men who have sacrificed some prejudice to enter for the ten years' service in the navy, for the benefit of the small pension and other advantages held out to them, are, without their consent, paid off in the course of the term, and told when they rejoin the service that their ten years must begin afresh, faith is not kept with them, and the service of the navy is discredited. It is in a multitude of small matters, many of them smaller even than these, that the unpopularity of the services, and especially of the navy, among the men who would make good soldiers and sailors, chiefly consists. The highest and the strictest reasonable discipline is, above all others, consistent with justice, thoughtfulness, and a wise recognition of the human relations that bind men of all ranks who are engaged in any common work. Does any shrewd man of business attempt to carry on his enterprises without taking what pains he can, to establish relations of kindness and mutual understanding between himself and those on whom he depends? In these days, few but the idle are illiterate, and men who years ago might have allowed themselves to be considered, not as machines, but as mere nails or screws in a machine, now try to understand what they are about: becoming thereby better servants but worse slaves. It is the element of slavery in the condition of the private soldier and the common seaman, that keeps out the better class of recruits; that, to speak of the navy only, has caused the conspicuous degradation of the class of seamen lately enlisted; and that defeats spasmodic

efforts to secure the proper manning of the navy.

There is a book before us by a Common Soldier, called *Army Misrule*; with *Barrack Thoughts* and other Poems. It is disfigured by fine writing and party politics, and it is less pleasant in its way of meditation than the delicious turn of salt-water reasoning that we get from the sailors. Two seamen riggers, for example, and a boatswain's mate being examined as to their grievances before a parliamentary commission, one of the riggers was asked whether seamen would like their mess traps to belong to the ship, and only be charged to the mess when lost or thrown overboard? The rigger under examination thought the change would be liked, but the boatswain's mate interposed with this proviso: "Without anything should occur, that the thing should be expended; if you could bring it to a true account." We relish the profoundness of such observations even when we cannot make out all their bearings. The Common Soldier—who has bought his discharge—is quite another sort of man. He handles my Lord Palmerston with a contemptuous familiarity, and has no doubt that the curses of the men in the ranks are what he would "facetiously phrase cursory remarks." But whatever his manner, this writer has facts to tell. He has lived in Chatham barracks as a private in a regiment reckoned to be above the average in comfort; his facts have been produced and reproduced, not only without contradiction but with the comment of some readers that they were too notorious to be worth telling. To a remark of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, that while disclosing many evils in the army he has proposed no cure, the soldier's answer is to point to this matter and that, but to add, "still, I must confess, that the chief points of censure have root, as it seems to me, in the supercilious bearing and dictatorial assumption of the executive." In fact, the feeling of caste among different grades of the army and navy, is at odds with the temper of the days in which we live.

On the day that he first entered a barrack-room, the writer was told, he says, by a soldier of eleven years' experience, that he had "better have gone and hung himself at once than do what he had done." He found hatred of officers by men, too common a source of barrack conversation; and to this the non-commissioned officers expose themselves even more frequently than those bearing commissions. (But it must be always remembered that they are more liable to hostility, as being the immediate executants of orders.) So in the navy there seems to be nobody so unpopular as the sergeant-at-arms, who is in the habit of turning to his own account the petty authority he has as an underhand ship's shopkeeper as well as chief of ship's police. "I was once taking a comrade's dinner to the hospital," says the soldier, "when I was ordered back by one of these non-commissioned officers because I dared to cross the barrack square without my regimental stock. The parade-ground was empty

at the time, nevertheless I had to go back and 'get myself up;' while a sick man's meal was getting cold." With all respect to the ineffable subtilities of Routine, this is nonsense. And in the midst of all debate over the effect of measures upon men, it would be well if we heard more of the immense power of this sort of nonsense in excluding good men from the ranks of the army and navy. A young recruit, whose previous education had not taught him better, was seen by his colonel or lieutenant-colonel drinking a glass of ale after parade with his chin-strap up, on one of the few hot days of last summer. Because his chin-strap was above his nose, he was ordered to the guard-room; but as this was the first offence of the neophyte, he was only disgraced by having his hair cropped. In the face of this, or anything approaching to this, is it to be expected that the efficiency of the ranks in an English army and navy is to be maintained?

It is a preposterous opinion that discipline and reason are two different things, yet that seems to be the opinion of some disciplinarians. It is an equally preposterous opinion that discipline and genial human fellowship are two different things, yet that is an opinion held by thousands. We humbly venture to assert that the officer who cannot show personal interest in the well-being of his men, regard for their natural feelings, sympathy even to some extent for their individual humours and cares, without loss of authority, has yet a great deal to learn before he is entitled to consider himself fit to hold her Majesty's commission. It is not only in the army and navy that men are to be found who have a blind notion that they lower themselves by winning their subordinates into relations of direct personal kindness; who have so mean an opinion of themselves as to believe that the less intimately they are known, the more they are likely to be respected. But of the true officer and true gentleman we hold that the more he is known the more he will be honoured; the more ready he is to find out worth in his subordinates, the more ready will all the men who serve under him be to recognise worth in him, and to be led by him in the performance of their duty.

Our common soldier reckons among his griefs, that he and five other men had eighteenpence among them for dragging a great roller up and down a cricket-ground for half a day at the command of their officers. It is obvious that, in a well-ordered service, the men would on request have dragged the roller for a day with or without gratuity, and would have had no other thought about the matter than one of satisfaction at having been able to return kindness for kindness. As matters stand, it is known that the Horse Guards does not control the levelling of cricket-grounds. The soldier, except where there are wise officers in power, hears only a "you must," direct or indirect, and every grain of injustice grates on the sore heel with which he treads his path of life.

With the worst filthiness incident to bar-

rack life, we shall not offend nice ears, but here is a small matter that may speak for all. "While," says the common soldier, "it is a grievous offence to appear upon parade with a spot of rust upon the sword-blade, or the slightest stain upon a belt, nothing in the shape of a dish-clout is provided for the barrack-rooms, whereby the men might be enabled to clean their plates and basins, or their soup cans. A filthy rag (hidden away before the inspection rounds—generally in the coal-box—for the gorge of the officer on duty would rise at it) suffices not only for utensils, but also for dusting table and forms—which latter must be scrubbed daily, by order, with brushes for the purpose. So scarce, and, consequently, so precious do these rags become, that when a migration takes place among the men, from one barrack-room to another, they are invariably taken with them—precious heirlooms that they are—unless when the advent of a recruit indicates the probability of gaining possession of some clean unregimental shirt, which could be appropriated without danger or fear of punishment. . . . I can speak almost lightly of these things now; they were not trifling matters to me once. Often, when the inner man was busy with me, have I secretly picked out a plate and polished it, before dinner, with the tail of my tunic, placing it at a particular spot, and anxiously keeping my eye upon it, while the non-commissioned officer portioned out the mess. And many a time has it been borne off by some other soldier who little knew how dear it was to me." It is in the multitude of little faults like this want of a dish-clout, that bad management especially consists; they go further, perhaps, than conspicuous errors of main policy, towards securing the unpopularity of her Majesty's service in the army and the fleet. Blindness to everything but routine, is a calamity in all who command men. Living and thinking men, again and again we repeat, are not to be managed by routine alone: though they will gladly maintain with its full strictness the system of which they are part, under considerate and kindly guidance. The orderly or cook's mate of the day had given himself up to laborious scrubbing and cleaning, that his barrack-room might, on inspection, "take," as he said, "the shine out of his next door neighbour." The officer on duty paid his visit, and all that he said to the crestfallen zealot was, "Why don't you have the ends of those forms on a line with the end of that table?"

Discipline asks a sick soldier to be ill only at nine in the morning, when he can parade to be marched to hospital. He may go in at another hour if his case be urgent enough; be there on sufferance in soiled hospital clothing—he may not take in his regimentals, or receive clean hospital linen without an order—and with a small chance of medicine till the stated time comes in the morning for the doctor's round. The common soldier to whose experience we have referred, went into hospital with a burnt foot, at three in the afternoon. A medical

student was found, who looked at the wound, suggested that "oil and cotton would be the right sort of thing," and left him. There was no written order, and neither oil nor cotton were in store. "Next day," he says, "at nine o'clock, my wound was dressed by the principal (and really kind-hearted) medical officer, who sent into the town for necessaries. In course of time I left the hospital, and waited on the adjutant to obtain my discharge, which was expected. He, seeing from my appearance that I had been on the sick list, went so far as to inquire into the nature of my injury, which I explained; and directed me to wait on him again at a certain hour in the afternoon. I did so, and was kept standing, by his order, for fully twenty minutes, while he sat perusing some papers of an official kind, and while a non-commissioned officer was engaged in procuring the important document which I sought. 'Stand to attention, sir!' said the adjutant, 'while you are before me,' or 'before an officer,' or words to that effect, when he observed me shifting my feet. It was extremely painful for me to remain, just at that time, standing at all, much more so to remain in a regimental position; and he could not fail, moreover, to see that it was so, even had he not made any previous inquiry, for I wore a slipshod shoe."

In no other army in Europe, we believe not even in the Russian, does the military sense of caste and obstinate adherence to routine, part soldier from officer so widely as in England. While it is so, the recruiting officer with beard and pipe, unbuckled belt, and chin-strap anywhere—with all the lying air of ease that he is able to assume—must go to the besotten men in pot-houses for his material, and must mislead even them into enlistment.

But the soldier when he enlists receives his outfit from the country, and enters at once into such prosperity as his new state of life can furnish. The sailor has been asked for many years to begin his life in the navy with debt and discomfort. The evidence taken before Lord Hardwicke's Committee of the year 'fifty-eight, upon the subject of the manning of the navy, although all question of Admiralty management was kept out of it, and there was a great want of thoroughness in investigation of the feelings or prejudices of the men, revealed more than enough reason for the fact, that the best class of men no longer can be got to serve her Majesty at sea. Some of the least evils that admitted of prompt remedy were remedied by the Admiralty while the commission sat, and without waiting for the recommendations made in its report.

The Lords of the Admiralty have been very often indeed, able hardworking men, anxious to do all their hands can find to do for the improvement of the service; but unhappily it has been seldom given them to know where they could lay their hands, or how long they could keep their hands on anything. They come in and go out with every wave of party. There is no continuous oversight, no individual responsibility, even for the few months or years during which

an Admiralty board can represent an unchanged government. There are six lords and two secretaries, of whom only one is permanent. The first lord is a high politician, who, probably, if turned loose on a ship, could not make out his own way either to the quarter-deck or the gun-room. The next four lords are sailors, the next in rank to the first lord being the senior sea lord; but the junior may be a civilian. These six gentlemen meet on a change of ministry with all their work to learn; they divide among themselves the immense masses of work to be done, but no one lord takes single responsibility for what he does. They have under them, a surveyor of the navy, whose entire responsibility they take on their own shoulders; and they work on in the dark, or, if in the light, impeded by the stumbling of others, struggling sometimes with a rare energy to remove abuses and establish wholesome changes, but knocked down like so many ninepins by this or that throw of the political ball—knocked down so often that in the last thirty years there have been one hundred and three changes in the officers managing the affairs of the navy! It is wonderful that the navy itself, so managed, is not in the worst of plights. It has rubbed on somehow, though not earning credit with the population of seafarers. That the few changes made, upon discovery in eighteen forty-eight and nine of many causes of unpopularity, have not sufficed for the recovery of credit, is evident from the fact that of the thirty thousand Royal Naval Volunteers who were to begin to enrol themselves on the first of January last year, only three thousand have offered. These volunteers were invented by the present Admiralty. The men were to be called out for service, only in case of great emergency or actual war; they may remain in what service they please, only they must not go out on long voyages without a special leave; they receive six pounds a year as retainer, and come up for drill on twenty-eight days in the year, during which they are victualled and paid wages and lodging money. There is also the prospective advantage of a pension of twelve pounds a year for life, after the age of sixty. Liberal and tempting as the terms are, men have not entered, because they do not believe in the Admiralty. What one board does, another undoes. They see sailors paid off not seldom from men-of-war under conditions that virtually amount to breach of contract. They hear of ungenerous gripings of small things, and a profuse offer is distrusted. A year ago, an extract from a speech in the House, by Lord Clarence Paget, Secretary to the Admiralty, spoken to be placarded, was placarded in half the seaport towns of the united kingdom. Its purport was to assure men that her Majesty's government has no sort of intention to kidnap them into the navy. It began thus: "I know what seamen are. They are fine, noble, hearty creatures, but men of remarkably suspicious character; and if there are any people they are suspicious of, it is the Admiralty." The author of an excellent volume upon Admiralty administration, lately published, in discuss-

ing what has not been done, hits the right nail on the head when he says, "Every one must see that the efficiency of the navy cannot be maintained by the frequent infliction of severe punishments; but it does not appear to be so fully understood that other influences must be found to supply its place if discipline is to be maintained without it. Suppose," he says, "the remedy were to be tried, of endeavouring to make the navy generally preferred as the favourite service, and discharge from it a sufficient punishment for most minor offences? then the peace establishment would fulfil the two conditions of being both highly attractive and perfectly efficient, but not till then."

Twenty years ago, when there was an imminent risk of conflict with France, and ships were to be in readiness for instant service, it was a six months' labour to man them. Since that time, the manning of a ship for service has always been an affair of weeks or months in the navy; in the merchant service it is an affair of a day. In eighteen fifty-two, the Admiralty of the day appointed a committee of naval officers "to investigate and consider the subject of manning the navy in all its bearings." They were to recommend the most efficient way of getting men, both for the actual service and the reserve for defence of the country, upon which we might depend at once in case of emergency. The committee demonstrated that the state of things it found, was very bad, and that against a French reserve force of forty-four thousand, we had nothing to show but fifteen hundred coast-guardsmen and three or four hundred seamen riggers. When the report was presented, there occurred a change of government, and the recommendations, which did not at all affect the inner-spirit of the service, were little regarded. Then came the Russian war, when all existing powers of raising men were exhausted for the Baltic fleet. The senior sea lord, Sir Maurice Berkeley, said afterwards from his place in parliament, "We were at the end of our tether, and if we had had a naval war he did not know what we should have done." The review of our fleet in eighteen fifty-six included the last man we had in reserve, yet officers and men, marines and boys, numbered but thirty thousand. The show over, reckless reduction of the force began, notwithstanding. The indiscriminate way in which new men of such character as could be got, had been admitted to the ten year entries then proved a serious matter; for the new men had to be kept, while there were old trained sailors who had been abroad when the new system came into force and were not entered. And thus thousands of our best seamen were turned adrift.

In fifty-three, a reserve force was formed by Act of Parliament, called the Naval Coast Volunteers. It includes now, seven thousand men, to all of whom the country is pledged that they shall not serve more than a hundred leagues away from our own coast. That condition makes them valueless in time of war.

The last effort to conquer all these difficulties

began with the Royal Commission in 'fifty-eight, which issued its report with a thick volume of evidence in the year following. The advice as to the training of boys in schoolships and so forth, upon which it laid chief stress, has been neglected. But the lesser grievances disclosed, which in truth are the most vital, have in a very few instances received the wise attention of the Admiralty. Among witnesses examined, were some common seamen who had ventured to send in protest and petition. They all testified their preference for a well-disciplined ship. Where discipline is lax, the boys run riot and leave no peace to the men, and the lazy hands throw double work upon the willing. It is noticeable that one petitioner was a boatswain, who revolted from the duty of administering the lash, and a great case was made against this indignity—of giving, not receiving, the lash—which it was testified had kept many men of the best class from accepting boatswain's duty. Let the ship's police do it, said the sailors.

Admirals and captains examined before the late commission, showed how a man who had gone for a sailor was in the first place taken on board a dirty hulk, to stay there in confusion and misery till his ship was fitted and the complement of her men made up. From the hulk he must go to and fro daily to his work, in a boat, under all weathers, through all sorts of seas, frequently drenching clothes that he may have no means of changing, frequently detained by wind and wave from his warm dinner. He gets, they said, no pay until his ship is ready; and whereas the soldier is clothed by the state, the sailor upon entering has to run into debt for the duck and cloth and thread, of which he makes his clothes. If the new seaman be a married man, said Sir Charles Napier, his wife must pawn or sell her clothes in order to subsist. The ship may be one, two, three, four, or five months before she is ready for sea. Before the man receives any pay, he gets into debt, he goes to the bumboat man for his little articles, for which he pays, I suppose, twenty-five or fifty per cent more than the value of them. Upon the point of starting he gets, not the several months' pay he may have earned, but an advance of two months on the pay that will be earned. After that he gets no more money until he has been about six months in the ship, then he gets his monthly money, and the wife has her allotment, and can get on very well." Sir Charles Napier was wisely emphatic in declaring his opinion that a sailor should be paid his money weekly as he earned it. "I know," he said, with a home stroke at the hidden source of all the trouble of the Admiralty, "I know it will be said that the man will desert if he has got his clothing and is in debt for it to the Crown. That is the objection. The first act we do, indeed all our acts, tend to convince the man from the very beginning that he is suspected to be a rogue who intends to run away with his clothes: these ideas possess the man's mind, and we ought to do everything

to make him honest by placing confidence in him instead of treating him like a rogue from the beginning."

Even when the poor fellow has scraped together for himself and paid for a good bag of clothes, he cannot trust in his continued right to wear them. As seaman rigger Burney put it to the gentlemen of the commission, "One ship will, perhaps, be paid off, and you have a good bag of clothes, according to that captain's uniform; and then you may have jackets in another vessel instead of the cloth frock or loose serge, and a man has not got those things, and it runs away with a pound or two from his pocket, and that is taken out of his advance." Thus the men pay for the whims of their captains.

Then again the recruit was compelled to fit out his own little mess by contributing his share to the utensils. Sometimes the ship is paid off in a week after the four or five shillings have been spent upon this, and then there is so much dead loss to be complained of. But we mention the mess traps, chiefly to connect with them a little narrative which shall serve as our last illustration of the way to make sure that you don't get the right men. We are fairly embarrassed by the variety and extent of our material: which is, indeed, co-extensive with our whole military and naval system: but let this suffice.

One of the discoveries made by the commission of 'fifty-eight, was, that her Majesty's seamen did not—and they still do not—get enough to eat. Routine had not perceived it, either on board ship or in any office; even the men accepted the short rations as a law of fate, and made the best of them. A pound of bread a day and a pound of meat weighed with the fat and bone before cooking, was, in no other English sea service, reckoned to be food sufficient for a working sailor. With perfect unanimity, the common seamen examined before the commission owned that they could eat more bread, and told how the bread served out twice a week had sometimes been all eaten up on delivery, and was not seldom all gone on the Saturday night: leaving them without any food but their dinner meat, till Monday evening. The men were supposed to eat part of the pound of bread with their breakfasts, part with their dinners, and part when they drank their evening tea; all going to bed supperless.

To be sure, as seaman rigger Burney said, "The next thing is your vegetables; you are allowed half a pound—what is that? It is only pumpkins what you get in a foreign place." The good fellows did not whine over the matter, but they told the facts, as they were accepted on board ship. The pound of meat shrinks in the copper, and the ship's law is that when the shrinkage is of a pound to half a pound, or less, more may be served out. But if there be an ounce less than half the original weight gone, the sailors must take what they have and be thankful. Then, if the mess is accustomed to put back some of its meat, as it often will, denying itself some of the salt pork to get the value of it, and spend that at the next port on

little dainties for which the stomach naturally craves—oranges, milk, and fresh potatoes—the habit of putting back is assumed in evidence that the men have more than they can eat, and they get no redress of short commons by appeal to quarter-deck. It is upon the prevalent habit among messes of taking money instead of a small part set aside out of the ship's food, in order that a little fund may be made for furnishing the mess with fruits and other solaces—for which, in fact, it is Nature herself that craves—it is upon this habit that Routine founds its absurd belief in the actual overfeeding of ships' crews. The men of the Royal Albert, said a triumphant pamphleteer the other day, take a daily average of three-halfpence a piece for the food they do not eat. The argument requires no answer. The commission, indeed, distinctly recommended the addition (which has not been made) of a quarter of a pound to the men's daily rations of meat, and recited, for the purpose of refuting it, this very argument of "savings." One fact ascertained by the commissioners was, that "a considerable proportion of the savings is due, not to the men, but to the officers, who very generally save the whole, or nearly the whole, of their allowance." But there was Sir John Liddell, Director-General of the Medical Department of the Navy, who had only to read the dietary, and think over it for one quarter of a minute, to be perfectly assured that it was under-feeding the young working seamen, ready to testify that he thought the system of dieting very good; there might be improvement, he thought, as to preserved fruits and dried vegetables. He owned that salt pork dwindles in boiling to almost a third, but he thought the supply adequate. What was lost, went into the soup.

Not so. Much of the loss is of fat removed as cum, which clearly belongs to the sailors; two witnesses showed how, by the sale of it as kitchen stuff, not only had the men been able to obtain their "mess-traps," but also a variety of little comforts. "The expense," said Captain Mends, "of fitting out the messes is no small item out of a man's pay, and is of course a mortgage on his two months' advance. Why should not a fund be raised out of the sale of the skimmings, which is the absolute property of the men, arising as it does out of the fat of their own meat? Before the present regulations respecting it were issued, I proved it sufficient, in a ship of the line, to provide all their mess-traps, including the tin soup-kettles and pie-dishes, and two block-tin cases for writing-paper, and odds and ends for each mess. I was able, also, out of the same fund, to make good to the men all losses or injuries sustained by them in their clothing, such as hats or caps blown off at sea, or clothes injured on the lines, or blown away, or clothes torn while at work aloft in the zealous execution of their duty. This system was greatly appreciated by the men."

Of course it was. It was a true part of the art of getting men, born of the spirit that alone can bind men heartily to any service.

But the witness went on to say: "Now the

skimmings are ordered to be collected in casks, and returned into store for the benefit of the crown!"

ON SPEC.

ONE day last Midsummer twelvemonth, I, sitting in Melbourne, sighed over the commercial column of the *Argus*. Most things were to be had in large quantity below cost price; the sacrifices being genuine they really were alarming. Then I struck on the paragraph that follows:

"The engineer of the Bendigo Waterworks has reported favourably of the progress of the works, and that gold has been struck whilst making some excavations in the Golden-square reservoir reserve. In consequence of which the shares of the company have risen to four pounds." (Their first cost was two pounds.)

A fortnight before, only want of money had prevented me from speculating in those waterworks. A friend and shareholder who presently looked in upon me said that people about town were astonished, and that holders who preferred a bird in the hand were realising as fast as they could at five or six pounds a share. Unfortunate me! All my money was sunk in a team of horses then upon the road, though two days overdue in Melbourne! At any rate I could go and witness the excitement of others; so I went out, and saw brokers and merchants, clerks and land speculators and auction jobbers, Jew and Gentile, warmly discussing waterworks one with another. There was great stir at the offices of stock and share brokers. As the day advanced, the excitement began to pervade all our streets, and when friends met, instead of asking one another how they did, they said, "Any Bendigo Waterworks?"

I looked in at the Diggers' Bank and Stock and Share Exchange. The bland proprietor smiled pleasantly at an excitement very profitable to himself. Nervous people faintly inquired how Bendigo Waterworks were selling; jaunty people, who affected to regard the whole stir as a joke, playfully asked quotations, and were told that there were no quotations, but that a few shares were on the books at seven pounds ten. I went home bitten with the mania, and met on the way a friend, who placed in my hand a transfer slip for some shares he had purchased at five pounds on joint account. That was well; for upon those shares profit could be made immediately.

But my team had not come in. A jingle and tramp that evening caused me to rush out into my yard, only to see the arrival of my neighbour's team from Adelong. It had made a journey in mid-winter of three hundred and sixty miles, over unfrequented ground, in five weeks, to and fro. My neighbour had taken up three and a half tons of crushing machinery, carrying also hard food for his horses, and had no shelter but the skeleton shelter of his own waggon or shelter of winter trees, by night or day, upon the road. The road was not road but

only wheel track for some part of the way; he went alone, too, and he had never been that way before. Thirty-five pounds per ton was the price that tempted him to do what other dragmen had refused. He was a kindly old man-of-war's man, heedless of danger. I was glad to see him well back, and we supped together. What a glorious thing it was for him to come home with money in his pocket just in time to buy "Bendigo Waterworks" and make his fortune at a stroke!

I went to bed, and dreamed of waterworks all night. Next day, chafed at the absence of the team, I went to bed again, and dreamed of waterworks. I woke to chafe again, all through a Sunday, for was I not losing a fortune by the delay? The next day was Monday. Waterworks shares went up to nine pounds. Many men realised at nine pounds; many preferred waiting until the shares should get up to five hundred. Others were sensible and practical. They would sell, they said, at a hundred. Didn't we remember how the *Argus* Flat Company's shares went up from ten to one hundred and sixty? On the other hand, there were men selling all they had, that they might lay up treasure in Bendigo, and every original shareholder rose one thousand per cent. in the estimation of his business friends. What an acute man he had shown himself to be! There was forethought! There was prudence! Look at him! He bought *his* shares at two pounds.

It was weary work for me to "wait for the waggon." But who is this who at two p.m. walks into my office with a stolid face and takes his pipe out of his mouth to speak to me? It is Jos, my waggoner. His horses had been stolen on the return journey. He had tracked them for three days before he came upon them in a copse. Where is the money he brings? Without stopping to ask questions; without half an hour's delay; before the Waterworks can rise another shilling, I run out and spend all in shares at nine pounds each.

Since the English railway mania of 'forty-eight, there never had been anything like it. During the next week, these shares rose to sixteen pounds ten, cash, and twenty pounds at three months.

On a Saturday night, therefore, I said to myself, "If all go well, I will sell on Monday." It was likely, I thought, that twenty pounds would be a climax, and I spent Sunday in dread of a too sudden reaction.

On Monday there was a reprint in the Melbourne daily papers, of an article from the Bendigo Mercury calling us all lunatics. It showed that whatever gold there might be in the Golden square Reservoir, would be required to pay for finishing the works of the Company, which, calculating on that chance of gold, had raised but sixty thousand pounds of capital to pay a hundred thousand pounds of expenses. Furthermore, four hundred shares, unallotted, were advertised to be tendered for. Large speculators did all they could, in their own clever way, to keep the market up; but shares dropped suddenly

to twelve pounds each—a misfortune I bore well, as I had instantly sold at thirteen ten.

But speculative men at the Antipodes, perhaps also elsewhere, have a financial genius of their own. I was on my way home, with my money in my pocket, when I was stopped with the question,

"Have you any Chewtons?"

"Never heard of them."

"Then I pity you. Why, my dear fellow, I applied for a hundred, and had only eight allotted. Bought at ten shillings, and now they are three pounds ten."

Chewtons became the rage, though nobody seemed to know anything more about them than that they were famous things for going up. A knowing man was known to be director, a man deep in Bendigos, who understood both speculations well. "No gammon in that!" he said of the Chewtons. But he had nothing to sell. Nobody seemed to have the Chewton Sluicing Company's shares to sell; for, to sell them at three ten, would be throwing them away. However, some were extorted from unwilling holders at that price, and at four pounds.

While the iron was hot, "The Scarzborough Mining, Crushing, Pumping, Sluicing, and Drainage Company" struck in with a subscription list on 'Change. Nothing was known of this company by the scramblers for allotment letters, but its comprehensive title. Nobody doubted that it was a good thing, because leading merchants were large speculators in it. There was a rush to enter names and pay deposits of five shillings per share. Nearly every clergyman within reach, had his name down among the sixty thousand people by whom fifteen thousand pounds' worth of deposits were paid in. Hereupon the directors, surprised at their own success, advertised their entire ignorance of the parties who had dared to open the list for them, and immediately afterwards resumed their hold of all the shares. Brokers and purchasers were duly indignant; everybody understood the trick; nevertheless, expectation ran so high that shares were again purchased of the directors, freely enough, at twenty shillings premium. The game thus fairly set on foot, prospectuses of mining companies appeared every day, with great advantage to their authors. Men of mark sold their names to prospectus makers, and cashed their respectability, in the form of shares, saleable at high rates to their especial friends, while they still had it to trade upon.

Those were fine times for Bagshot. Two thousand acres of auriferous ground at Bagshot were a source of speculation. But where *is* Bagshot? Where's Bagshot! Why, Bagshot's at ten pounds premium. Bagshot was created for the use of speculators, by a bank manager and a few influential merchants. Before men had found time to do more than wonder about Bagshot, up went the Bolinda Mining Company. Bolindas were at only two pounds premium upon two pounds paid up. The Bolinda company went forward in a solid quiet way; it was a

neatly contrived thing of two thousand acres; quality of yield certified by some real ore in a shopkeeper's window. Smaller schemes were at the same time growing and blowing on all sides, like flowers in spring, with plenty of leaves in the shape of reports of mining engineers. But the new companies cropped up so fast, that they began to choke one another. Before the shares of the scheme of the day were half allotted, the scheme of to-morrow called men away from it; Shares became very plentiful, and premiums at last proportionately scarce.

While this was going on, the press was silent. Innumerable prospectuses were being advertised, editors, own reporters, printers, and their very devils, were among the speculators. Within one week, eighteen schemes were born, of which nine first saw the light on the same morning. All outshone predecessors in the colouring of their details, in the vastness of the capital to be subscribed, in the respectability of their provisional directors, in promise of wealth to the original shareholders.

Somebody got the gold, but most people lost the gold that they had pinched themselves to find, for the sake of parting with it in exchange for speculative paper. There was a sense of doubt following the drain of money, when a shareholder of one of the most promising companies, "the Old Specimen Reef," went to the Tidler's ground in question, came home, and bluntly declared the statements in the prospectus to be Lies. There was consternation and wrath. The most trustworthy of the directors was deputed to make an official visit and report. He came back and reported, so far honestly, that there was nothing to be done but recommend that discontented shareholders might have their subscriptions back, less sixpence a share for preliminary expenses. So the ruin began.

Pass over a twelvemonth, and the Pumping of the Companies is at an end; the crushing has come into season. Distress warrants, for overdue calls, begin to come out, and beggary stares in the face of the adventurer who preferred a blind risk to the sure gains of his industry.

GUESSES.

I KNOW a maiden; she is dark and fair,

With curvèd brows and eyes of hazel hue,

And mouth, a marvel, delicately rare,

Rich with expression, ever quaint yet new.

O happy fancy! there she, leaning, sits,

One little palm against her temples pressed,

And all her tresses winking like brown elves;

The yellow fretted laurels toss in fits,

The great laburnums droop in swoons of rest,

The blowing woodbines murmur to themselves.

What does she think of, as the daylight floats

Along the mignonietted window-sills,

And, flame-like, overhead, with ruffled throats,

The bright canaries twit their seeded bills?

What does she think of? Of the jasmine flower

That, like an odorous snowflake, opens slow,

Or of the linnet on the topmost briar

Or of the cloud that, fringed with summer shower,

Floats up the river spaces, blue and low,

And marged with lilies like a bank of fire?

Ah, sweet conception! enviable guest,
 Lodged in the pleasant palace of her brain,
 Summoned a minute, at her rich behest,
 To wander fugitive the world again,
 What does she think of? Of the dusty bridge,
 Spanning the mallow shadows in the heat,
 And porching in its hollow the cool wind;
 Or of the poplar on the naked ridge;
 Or of the bee that, clogged with nectared feet,
 Hums in the gorgeous tulip-bell confined.
 At times, her gentle brows are archly knit
 With tangled subtleties of gracious thought;
 At times, the dimples round her mouth are lit
 By rosy twilights from some image caught.
 What does she think of? Of the open book
 Whose pencilled leaves are fluttering on her knee;
 Or of the broken fountain in the grass;
 Or of the dumb and immemorial rock,
 Perched like a winged darkness on the tree,
 And watching the great clouds in silence pass?
 I know not; myriad are the phantasies
 That trouble the still dreams of maidenhood,
 And wonderful the radiant entities
 Shaped in the passion of her brain and blood.
 O Fancy! through the realm of guesses fly,
 Unlock the rich abstraction of her heart
 (Her soul is second in the mystery);
 Trail thy gold meshes thro' the Summer sky;
 Question her tender breathings as they part,
 Tell me, Revealer, that she thinks of me.

UNDER THE SEA.

WE have most of us, in our youth, been amused and instructed by colouring and filling up outline maps; and it is natural enough for dwellers on land to study the sinuosities of terra firma. But land constitutes only the minor portion of the surface of our globe, which is made up of about one-third dry land and two-thirds deep water. Moreover, we are wayfarers, almost dwellers even, on the ocean. Were a census of the world's "floating population," in the literal sense of the word, taken, it would amount to many tens of thousands. And yet how few of us direct our attention to the condition of this enormous area! Charts are scarcely admitted into the educational course of the terrestrial multitude; and passengers on board an outward-bound vessel are helpless babes born full-grown into an unknown world of waters. It will be our own fault, now, if we continue ignorant of the Physical Geography of the Sea—a modern science, of which Captain Maury, of the United States navy, has been, and continues to be, the persevering pioneer.

The great and interesting work which he has given to the world grew out of the researches connected with his Wind and Current Charts, in which the experience of many navigators was collected. By putting down on a chart the tracks and the observations of numerous vessels on the same voyage, but at different times, in different years, and at all seasons, it was plain that future navigators would have for their guide the combined experience of all whose tracks were thus recorded. The young mariner, instead of groping his way along in uncertainty

and hesitation, would here find at once the teachings of a thousand navigators to guide him. He might set out upon his first voyage with as much confidence in his own knowledge of the winds and the currents to be encountered as though he himself had already been that way a thousand times before.

Such a chart could not fail to commend itself to intelligent ship-masters, and such a chart was constructed for them. They took it to sea; they tried it; and, to their surprise and delight, they found that, with the knowledge it afforded, the remote corners of the earth were brought closer together, in some instances, by many days' sail. The passage hence to the equator alone was shortened ten days. Before the commencement of this undertaking the average passage to California was one hundred and eighty-three days; but, with these charts for their guide, navigators have reduced that average, and brought it down to one hundred and thirty-five days. Between England and Australia the old average time was one hundred and twenty-four days going out, and about the same coming back, making the round voyage one of about two hundred and fifty days. But by these charts, and the system of research to which they have given rise, the outward passage has been reduced to ninety-seven days on the average, and the homeward passage has been made in sixty-three days under *canvas alone*, completing a round voyage of only one hundred and sixty days' duration, or ninety days less than formerly. In Bombay it has been estimated that this system of research, if extended to the Indian Ocean, and embodied in a set of charts for that sea, would produce an annual saving to British commerce, in those waters alone, of one or two millions of dollars, and in all seas, of ten millions.

The quick practical mind of the enterprising ship-master saw the advantages of the scheme at once. In a little while there were more than a thousand navigators engaged day and night, in all parts of the ocean, in making and recording observations according to uniform plan, and in furthering this attempt to increase our knowledge as to the winds and the currents of the sea, and other phenomena that relate to the safe navigation of its waters, and to its physical geography. All who use the sea are equally interested in the undertaking. The government of the United States, so considering the matter, invited all the maritime states of Christendom to a conference, which met in Brussels, in August, 1853, and which recommended a plan of observations to be followed on board the vessels of all friendly nations.

The sea has thus been brought regularly within the domains of philosophical research, and also crowded with observers. In peace and war alike these observations are to be carried on; and, in the case of any of the vessels on board of which they are conducted being captured, the Abstract Log—as the journal which contains these observations is called—is to be held sacred. It is a comforting spectacle

to behold all nations co-operating to carry out, according to the same plan, one system of philosophical research with regard to anything. Though they may be enemies in all else, here, as to the oceans which connect them, they are to be friends. Every ship that navigates the high seas with these charts and blank abstract logs on board may henceforth be regarded as a floating observatory. The system costs nothing additional. The instruments which these observations at sea call for, are such as are already in use on board of every well-conditioned ship; and the observations that are required are precisely those which are necessary for her safe and proper navigation.

Captain Maury grasps his subject in the boldest and most comprehensive manner. He tells us that our planet is invested with two great oceans of Air and Water, one visible, the other invisible. One is underfoot, the other overhead. All the water of the one weighs about four hundred times as much as all the air of the other. It is at the bottom of this lighter ocean where the forces to be studied are brought into play. This place of meeting is the battlefield of nature, the dwelling-place of man; it is the scene of the greatest conflicts which he is permitted to witness; for here rage in their utmost fury the powers of sea, earth, and air. Therefore we must necessarily refer to the phenomena which are displayed at the meeting of these two oceans. Both are in a state of what is called unstable equilibrium; hence the currents of the one and the winds of the other, which have existed from the beginning and will exist unto the end.

It would be scarcely fanciful to carry the remark further, and to regard the aerial and the aqueous oceans as living entities. Unstable equilibrium is life; stable equilibrium is death. A man walking erect on the earth is in a state of unstable equilibrium; a corpse lying in its coffin is in a state of stable equilibrium, temporarily only, for it decomposes, floating away in gases and falling piecemeal into dust. There is therefore no real death on earth, only change.

As to the depth of the upper and the under oceans, we know very little more of the one than of the other; but the conjecture that the average depth of the sea does not much exceed four miles is probably as near the truth as is the commonly received opinion that the height of the atmosphere does not exceed fifty miles. If the air were, like water, non-elastic and not more compressible than this non-elastic fluid, we could sound the atmospherical ocean with the barometer, and gauge it by its pressure. But the air is elastic. That at the bottom is pressed down by the superincumbent air with the force of about fifteen pounds to the square inch, while that at the top is inconceivably light. If, for the sake of explanation, we imagine the lightest down in layers of equal weight and ten feet thick, to be carded into a pit several miles deep, we can readily perceive that the bottom layer, though it might have been ten feet thick when it first

fell, would now, the pit being full, be compressed into a layer of only a few inches in thickness by the weight of the accumulated and superincumbent mass, while the top layer of all, being uncompressed, would be exceedingly light, and still ten feet thick; so that a person ascending from the bottom of the pit would find the layers of equal weight thicker and thicker until he reached the top. So it is with the barometer and the atmosphere: when it is carried up in the air through several strata of given thickness, the observer does not find that it falls in the same proportion as its elevation is increased.

More than three-fourths of the matter contained in the entire atmosphere lies below the tops of the highest mountains; the other fourth is rarefied and expanded in consequence of the diminished pressure, until the height of many miles be attained. From the reflection of the sun's rays after he has set, or before he rises above the horizon, it is calculated that this upper fourth part must extend at least forty or forty-five miles higher. Sir John Herschel has shown that, at the height of eighty or ninety miles, there is a vacuum far more complete than any we can produce by any air-pump. In 1783, a large meteor, computed to be half a mile in diameter and fifty miles from the earth, was heard to explode. As sound cannot travel through vacuum, it was inferred that the explosion took place within the limits of the atmosphere. Herschel concludes that the aerial ocean is at least fifty miles deep.

The average depth of the ocean has been variously computed by astronomers, from such data as lay within their reach, to be from eleven to twenty-six miles. About ten years ago, Captain Maury was permitted to organise in the American navy a plan for "sounding out" the ocean with the plummet. Other navies, especially the English, have done not a little in furtherance of that object. Within this brief period, though not a tenth part of the undertaking has been yet completed, more knowledge has been gained concerning the depths and bottom of the *deep* sea, than all the world had before acquired in all previous time. The result does not thus far authorise the conclusion that the average depth of ocean water is more than three or four miles, nor have any reliable soundings yet been made in water over five miles deep.

In very shallow pools, where the water is not more than a few inches deep, the ripples or waves, as all of us when children have observed, are small; their motion also is slow. But when the water is deep, the waves are larger and more rapid in their progress, thus indicating the existence of a numerical relation between the depth of the water and the breadth, height, and velocity of waves. If, therefore, we knew the size and velocity of certain waves, we could compute the depth of the ocean. Such a computation has been made; Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, has given us tables of the velocities with which waves of given breadths will travel in

water of certain depths. An earthquake in Japan, in 1854, gave an opportunity of practically applying these formulæ; and the deduction is that the average depth of the North Pacific between Japan and California is two miles and a half.

Such is the inequality in the distribution of land over the surface of the globe, that the world may be divided into hemispheres consisting, the one with almost all the land in it except Australia, and a bit of South America; England is the centre of this, the dry hemisphere. The other, or aqueous hemisphere, contains all the great waters except the Atlantic Ocean; New Zealand is the nearest land to its centre. There is also in the northern hemisphere more fresh water, more atmospheric air, and a longer annual duration of sunlight than there is in the southern. This unequal distribution is highly suggestive. To it we owe in a measure the different climates of the earth. Were it different, they would be different also; were it not for the winds, the vapours that rise from the sea would, from the clouds, be returned in showers back to the same places in the sea whence they came. On an earth where no winds blew, we should have neither green pastures, still waters, nor running brooks to beautify the landscape. Were there no currents in the sea nor vertical movements in the air, the seasons indeed might change; but climates would be a simple affair, depending solely on the sun's position in the sky.

About two-thirds of all the fresh water of the earth is contained in the great American lakes; and though there be in the northern, as compared in the southern hemisphere, so much less sea surface to yield vapour—so much more land to swallow up rain, and so many more plants to drink it in—yet the fresh-water courses are far more numerous and copious on the north than they are on the south side of the equator. These facts have suggested the comparison in which the southern hemisphere has been likened to the boiler, and the northern to the condenser of a steam-engine. This vast amount of vapour, rising up in the extra-tropical regions of the south, expels the air thence; for the fact seems now to be clearly established that the atmosphere is very unequally divided on opposite sides of the equator, and that there is a mild climate in the unknown regions of the Antarctic circle. The atmosphere which hangs over the extra-tropical regions of our planet, from latitudes forty degrees, north and south respectively, to either pole, is so unequally divided as to produce an average pressure, according to the parallel, of from ten to fifty pounds less upon the square foot of sea surface in southern than upon the square foot of sea surface in northern latitudes. The whole weight of the atmosphere is equal to that of a solid globe of lead sixty miles in diameter.

If we imagine the whole mass of the earth to be divided into seventeen hundred and eighty-six equal parts by weight, then the weight of all the water in the sea would, according to Sir

John Herschel, be equivalent to one of such parts. This volume of water, to which such important offices, such manifold and multitudinous powers have been assigned, is divided into three great oceans, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Arctic; for, in the rapid survey we are taking, the Indian and Pacific oceans may be regarded as one. The Atlantic Ocean, with its arms, extends perhaps from pole to pole; but, measuring from the icy barrier of the north to that of the south, it is about nine thousand miles in length, with a mean breadth of two thousand seven hundred miles. It lies between the Old World and the New; passing beyond the stormy capes, there is no longer any barrier, but only an imaginary line, to separate its waters from that great southern waste in which the tides are cradled.

The Atlantic is a deep ocean, and contrasts very strikingly with the Pacific. The greatest length of the one, lies east and west; of the other, north and south. The currents of the Pacific are broad and sluggish, those of the Atlantic swift and contracted. The Mozambique current, as it is called, has been found by navigators in the South Pacific to be upwards of sixteen hundred miles wide—nearly as broad as the Gulf Stream is long. The principal currents in the Atlantic run to and fro between the equator and the Northern Ocean. In the Pacific, they run between the equator and the Southern Seas. In the Atlantic, the tides are high; in the Pacific, they are low. The Pacific feeds the clouds with vapours, and the clouds feed the Atlantic with rain for its rivers. If the volume of rain which is discharged into the Pacific and on its slopes, be represented by one, that discharged upon the hydrographical basin of the Atlantic into the Atlantic would be represented by five. The Atlantic is daily crossed by steamers, the Pacific rarely. The Atlantic washes the shores of the most powerful, intelligent, and Christian nations; the countries to which the Pacific gives drainage, support heathen or pagan populations who are like the sands upon its shores for multitude. The Atlantic is the most stormy sea in the world, the Pacific the most tranquil.

From the top of Chimborazo, the highest of the Andes, to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in that ocean, the distance, in a vertical line, is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off so as to expose to view this great sea-gash, which separates continents and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand, and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us in one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "a thousand fearful wrecks," with that array of "dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearls," which, in the poet's eye, lie scattered on the bottom of the sea. To measure the elevation of the mountain-top above the sea, and to lay down upon our maps the elevated ranges of the earth, is regarded in geography

as an important thing, and rightly so. Equally important is it, in bringing the physical geography of the sea within the domains of science, to map out the bottom of the ocean, so as to show the depressions of the solid parts of the earth's crust there, below the sea-level. Captain Maury has attempted such a map. The bottom of the Atlantic is given with as much accuracy as the best geographers have attained in showing, on maps, the elevations above the sea-level of the interior either of Africa or Australia. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. Of the North Atlantic the deepest part is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks; but how deep it may be, yet remains for the cannon-ball and sounding-line to determine.

"What is the use of these deep-sea soundings?" is a question that often occurs; and it is as difficult to be answered off-hand as Franklin's question, "What is the use of a new-born babe?" Every physical fact, every expression of nature, every feature of the earth, is interesting and instructive. Until we get hold of a group of physical facts, we do not know what bearing they may have on man's utilitarian purposes. Already we are obtaining practical answers to the question as to the use of deep-sea soundings, in the schemes for submarine telegraphs across the Atlantic. There is at the bottom of this sea, between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau, and has already been made famous by the attempts to run a telegraphic cable across the ocean upon it. Whether messages can ever be *successfully* sent, in a commercial sense, through such a continuous submarine wire is by no means certain; but that the wires of 1858 so soon ceased to pass any current at all, was no doubt owing to the fact that the cable was constructed upon erroneous principles. Its projectors, in planning its construction, did not, unfortunately, avail themselves of the light which deep-sea soundings had cast upon the bed of the ocean.

It was upon this plateau that Lieutenant Brooke's sounding apparatus brought up its first trophies from the bottom of the sea. Nearly all the specimens belong to the animal, few to the mineral or vegetable kingdom. The late Professor Bailey, of West Point, with his microscope, could detect scarcely a single particle of sand or gravel among these little mites of shells, many of them quite perfect, fished up from the great telegraphic plateau. The inference is that there, if anywhere, the waters of the sea are at rest. There was not motion enough to abrade these very delicate organisms, nor current enough to sweep them about and mix up with them a grain of the finest sand nor the smallest particle of gravel torn from the loose beds of debris that here and there strew the bottom of the sea. This plateau is not too deep for the wire to sink down and rest upon, yet it is not so shallow that currents, or ice-

bergs, or any abrading force, can derange the wire after once it is lodged there.

Brooke's lead and the microscope, therefore, teach us to regard the ocean in a new light. Its bosom, which so teems with animal life, its face, upon which time writes no wrinkles, are, it would now seem, as obedient to the great law of change as any other department of nature.

Henceforward, we must view the surface of the sea as a nursery teeming with nascent organism; its depths as the cemetery for families of living creatures that outnumber the sands in multitude. Where there is a nursery, hard by will be found a graveyard; such is the condition of the world. But it never before occurred to us to consider the surface of the sea as one wide nursery, its every ripple a cradle, and its bottom one vast burial-place. Now, the space occupied by the different families of animals and their remains seems to be inversely as the size of the individual. The smaller the animal, the greater space occupied by its remains. Take the elephant and his remains, or a microscopic animal and his, and compare them. The graveyard holding the remains of the coral insect is larger than the graveyard that would hold those of the elephant.

The study of these sunless treasures, recovered with so much ingenuity from the bottom of the sea, conducts us to the very chambers of the deep. Our investigations go to show that the roaring waves and the mightiest billows of the ocean, repose, not upon hard or troubled beds, but upon cushions of still water; that, everywhere at the bottom of the deep sea the solid ribs of the earth are protected, as with a garment, from the abrading action of its currents; that, the cradle of its restless waves is lined by a stratum of water at rest, or so nearly at rest, that it can neither wear nor move the lightest bit of drift that once lodges there.

The uniform appearance of these microscopic shells, and the almost total absence among them of any sediment from the sea or foreign matter, suggest most forcibly the idea of perfect repose at the bottom of the deep sea. Some of the specimens are as pure and as free from sea-sand, as the fresh-fallen snow-flake is from the dust of the earth. Indeed, these soundings almost prove that the sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of these minute shells; and we may readily imagine that the wrecks which strew its bottom are, in the process of ages, hidden under this fleecy covering, presenting the rounded appearance which is seen over the body of the traveller who has perished in the snowstorm. The ocean, especially within and near the tropics, swarms with life. The remains of its myriads of moving things are conveyed by currents, and scattered and lodged in the course of time all over its bottom. This process, continued for ages, has covered the depths of the ocean as with a mantle, consisting of organisms as delicate as hoar-frost, and as light in the water as down is in the air.

The tooth of running water is very sharp.

See how the Niagara has cut its way through layer after layer of solid rock. But what is the Niagara, with all the fresh-water courses of the world, by the side of the great currents of ocean? And what is the pressure of fresh water upon river beds, in comparison with the pressure of ocean water upon the bottom of the deep sea? It is not so great by contrast as the gutters in the streets are to the cataract. Then why have not the currents of the sea worn its bottom away? Simply because they are not permitted to get down to it.

Suppose that the currents, which we see at and near the surface of the ocean, were permitted to extend all the way to the bottom, in deep as well as shallow water, let us see what the pressure and scouring force would be where the sea is only three thousand fathoms deep—for, in many places, the depth is even greater than that. It is equal there, in round numbers, to the pressure of six hundred atmospheres, or of six hundred and forty-eight tons upon every square foot of solid matter. The better to comprehend the amount of such a pressure, let us imagine a column of water just one foot square, where the sea is three thousand fathoms deep, to be frozen from the top to the bottom, and that we could then, with the aid of some mighty magician, haul this shaft of ice up, and stand it on one end for inspection and examination. It would be eighteen thousand feet high; the pressure on its pedestal would be more than a million and a quarter of pounds; and if placed on a ship of six hundred and forty-eight tons burden, it would be heavy enough to sink her. There are currents in the sea where it is three thousand fathoms deep, and some of them run with a velocity of four miles an hour, and more. Every square foot of the earth's crust, at the bottom of a four-knot current three thousand fathoms deep, would have, in round numbers, no less than half a million of such columns of water daily dragging, rubbing, scouring, and chafing over it, under a continuous pressure of six hundred and forty-eight tons.

How frail yet how strong, how light yet how firm, are the foundations of the sea! Its waves cannot fret them, its currents cannot wear them; for the bed of the deep sea is protected from abrasion by a cushion of still and heavy water. There it lies—that beautiful arrangement—spread out over the bottom of the deep, and covering its foundations so that they may not be worn.

There is a river in the ocean: in the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows; its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. It takes its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, and empties itself into Arctic seas. This mighty river is the Gulf Stream; there is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked

that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in gulf-stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea—so sharp is the line and such the want of affinity between those waters.

At the salt-works of France, and along the shores of the Adriatic, where the "salines" are carried on by the process of solar evaporation, there is a series of vats or pools through which the water is passed as it comes from the sea, and is reduced to the briny state. The longer it is exposed to evaporation, the saltier it grows, and the deeper is the hue of its blue, until crystallisation is about to commence, when the deep blue puts on a reddish tint. Now, the water of the Gulf Stream is saltier than the shore water of the sea through which it flows, and hence we can account for the deep indigo blue which all navigators observe in Gulf Stream water off the Carolina coasts. The salt-makers are in the habit of judging of the richness of sea-water in salt by its colour; the greener the hue, the fresher the water. We have in this, perhaps, an explanation of the contrasts which the waters of the Gulf Stream present with those of the Atlantic, as well as of the light green of the North Sea and other Polar waters; also of the dark blue of intertropical seas, and especially of the Indian Ocean, which poets have described as the "black" waters. What is the cause of the Gulf Stream has always puzzled philosophers. Many are the theories and numerous the speculations that have been advanced with regard to it. Late investigations are beginning to throw some light upon the subject, though all is not yet entirely clear.

Modern ingenuity has suggested a mode of warming houses in winter. It is done by means of hot water. The furnace and the caldron are sometimes placed at a distance from the apartments to be warmed. On reaching their intended scene of action, the hot water pipes are flared out, so as to present a large cooling surface; after which, they are united into one again, through which the water, being now cooled, returns of its own accord to the caldron. The cool water is returning and flowing in at the bottom of the caldron all the while that hot water is continually flowing out at the top. Now, to compare small things with great, we have, in the warm waters which are contained in the Gulf of Mexico, just such a heating apparatus for Great Britain, the North Atlantic, and Western Europe.

The furnace is the torrid zone; the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea are the caldrons; the Gulf Stream is the conducting pipe. Such an immense volume of heated water cannot fail to carry with it beyond the seas a mild and moist atmosphere. And this it is which so much softens the climate of France and the British Islands. Every west wind that blows, crosses this stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the northern winds of winter. It is the influence

of this stream upon climate that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes, while in the same latitude on the American side the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice. In 1831, the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice as late as the month of June; yet who ever heard of the port of Liverpool, though two degrees further north, being closed with ice, even in the dead of winter? Scott, in one his novels, tells us that the ponds in the Orkneys are not frozen in winter. The people there owe their soft climate to this grand heating apparatus, and to the latent heat of the vapours from it, which is liberated during their precipitation upon the regions round about. Driftwood from the West Indies is occasionally cast upon the islands of the North Sea and Northern Ocean by the Gulf Stream. A few years ago, great numbers of bonita and albercore (tropical fish), following the Gulf Stream, entered the English Channel, and alarmed the fishermen of Cornwall and Devon by the havoc which they made among the pilchards.

As the Gulf Stream is a hot sea-river constantly running out in one direction across the surface of the Atlantic, the water so discharged is replaced by cold submarine sea-rivers from sundry quarters. At the very bottom of the Gulf Stream, when its surface temperature was eighty degrees, the deep-sea thermometer of the Coast Survey has recorded a temperature as low as thirty-five degrees of Fahrenheit. These cold waters doubtless come down from the north to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream to moderate the cold of Spitzbergen. Perhaps the best indication as to these cold currents may be derived from the fish of the sea. The whales, by avoiding its warm waters, pointed out to the fishermen the existence of the Gulf Stream. Not less than six or eight thousand vessels, of all sizes and flags, are engaged in fisheries; but of all the industrial pursuits of the sea, the whale fishery is the most valuable. Wherefore, in treating of the physical geography of the sea, Captain Maury rightly judged that a map for the whales would be useful; it has so proved itself. The sperm whale is a warm-water fish. The *right* whale delights in cold water. An immense number of log-books of whalers have been inspected, with the view of detecting the parts of the ocean in which the whales are to be found at the different seasons of the year. In the course of these investigations, the discovery was made that the torrid zone is, to the right whale, as a sea of fire, through which he cannot pass; that the right whale of the northern hemisphere and that of the southern are two different animals; and that the sperm whale has never been known to double the Cape of Good Hope—he doubles Cape Horn.

It seems to be a physical law that cold water fish are more edible than those of warm water. Bearing this fact in mind as we study Captain Maury's plate of the movements of the sea as indicated by the thermometer, we see at a glance

the places which are most favoured with good fish markets. Both shores of the North America, the east coast of China, with the west coasts of Europe and South America, are all washed by cold waters, and therefore we may infer that their markets abound with the most excellent fish. The fisheries of Newfoundland and New England, over which nations have wrangled for centuries, are in the cold water from Davis's Strait. The fisheries of Japan and Eastern China, which almost, if not quite, rival these, are situated also in the cold water. Neither India, nor the east coasts of Africa and South America, where the warm waters are, are celebrated for their fish. The temperature of the Mediterranean is four or five degrees above the ocean temperature of the same latitude, and the fish there are, for the most part, very indifferent. On the other hand, the temperature along the American coast is several degrees below that of the ocean, and from Maine to Florida tables are supplied with the most excellent of fish. The "sheep's-head" of this cold current, so much esteemed in Virginia and the Carolinas, loses its flavour and is held in no esteem when taken on the warm coral banks of the Bahamas.

The same is the case with other fish: when taken in the cold water of the coast, they have a delicious flavour; but when caught in the warm water on the other edge of the Gulf Stream, though but a few miles distant, their flesh is soft and unfit for the table. The temperature of the water at the Balize reaches ninety degrees. The fish taken there are not to be compared with those of the same latitude in this cold stream. New Orleans, therefore, resorts to the cold waters on the Florida coasts for her choicest fish. The same is the case in the Pacific. A current of cold water from the south sweeps the shores of Chili, Peru, and Columbia, and reaches the Gallipagos Islands under the equator. Throughout this whole distance, the world does not afford a more abundant or excellent supply of fish. Yet out in the Pacific, at the Society Islands, where coral abounds, and the water preserves a higher temperature, the fish, though they vie in gorgeousness of colouring with the birds and plants and insects of the tropics, are held in no esteem as an article of food. Sailors, even after long voyages, have been known still to prefer their salt beef and pork to a mess of fish taken there. The few facts which we have bearing upon this subject lead to the inquiry whether the habitat of certain fish does not indicate the temperature of the water; and whether these cold and warm currents of the ocean do not constitute the great highways through which migratory fishes travel from one region to another. Why should not fish be as much the creatures of climate as plants, or as birds and other animals of sea, land, and air? Indeed, we know that some kinds of fish are found only in certain climates; i.e. they live where the temperature of the water ranges between certain degrees.

Midway the Atlantic, in the triangular space

between the Azores, Canaries, and the Cape de Verd Islands, is the great Sargasso Sea. Covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi Valley, it is so thickly matted with the Gulf weed (*Fucus natans*) that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought it marked the limits of navigation, and became alarmed. To the eye, at a little distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are generally to be seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream. The seaweed always "tails to" a steady or constant wind, so that it serves the mariner as a sort of marine anemometer, telling him whether the wind as he finds it has been blowing for some time, or whether it has but just shifted, and which way. Columbus first found this weedy sea on his voyage of discovery; there it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position, like the calms of Cancer, according to the seasons, the storms, and the winds. Exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time.

Seaweed is frequently mentioned, also, by the homeward-bound Australian traders on their way to Cape Horn. It now appears that there really exist five true sargassos. The one which lies to the west of the Cape of Good Hope, though small, is, perhaps, the best defined of them all. The weedy space about the Falkland Islands is probably not a true sargasso. The seaweed reported there probably comes from the Straits of Magellan, where immense masses of it grow. These straits are so encumbered with seaweed that steamers find great difficulty in making their way through it. It so encumbers their paddles as to make frequent stoppages necessary.

Navigators have often met with vast numbers of young sea-nettles, or jelly-fish, drifting along with the Gulf Stream. They are known to constitute the principal food of the whale; but whither bound by this route has caused much curious speculation, for, as we have seen, the habits of the right whale are averse to the warm waters of this stream. An intelligent sea-captain informed Captain Maury that, several years ago, in the Gulf Stream off the coast of Florida, he fell in with such a "school of young sea-nettles as had never before been heard of." The sea was covered with them for many leagues. He likened them, as they appeared on near inspection in the water, to acorns floating in a stream; but they were so thick as completely to cover the sea, giving it the appearance, in the distance, of a boundless meadow in the yellow leaf. He was bound to England, and was five or six days in sailing through them. In about sixty days afterwards, on his return, he fell in with the same school off the Western Islands, and here he was three or four days in passing them again. He recognised them as the same, for he had never before seen any like them; and on both occasions he frequently hauled up buckets full and examined them.

Now the Western Islands is the great place of resort for whales; and at first there is something curious to us in the idea that the Gulf of Mexico is the harvest-field, and the Gulf Stream the gleaner which collects the fruitage planted there, and conveys it thousands of miles off to the hungry whale at sea. But how perfectly in unison is it with the kind and providential care of that great and good Being that caters for the sparrow and feeds the young ravens when they cry!

As with the land, so with the sea; some parts of it are as untravelled and as unknown as the great Amazonian wilderness of Brazil, or the inland basins of Central Africa. To the south of a line extending from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope is an immense waste of waters. None of the commercial thoroughfares of the ocean lead through it; only the adventurous whaler finds his way there now and then in pursuit of his game; but for all the purposes of science and navigation, it is a vast unknown region. But were the prevailing winds of the South Atlantic northerly or southerly instead of easterly or westerly, this unploughed sea would be an oft-used thoroughfare. Nay more, the sea supplies the winds with food for the rain which they convey away to the springs in the valleys among the hills. Therefore the history of the sea is closely connected with the functions of the atmosphere. The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one varies with the elevation above, the other with the depression below the sea-level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation; but the chief regulators are, on the one hand, winds; on the other, currents. The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so have its currents, and so so, too, its inhabitants. Consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order and the evidences of design.

When we look out upon the face of this beautiful world, we may admire its lovely scenery; but our admiration can never grow into adoration, unless we take the trouble to look behind and study, in some of its details, at least, the system by which such beautiful results are brought about. To him who does this, the sea, with its physical geography, becomes as the mainspring of a watch; its waters, and its currents, and its salts, and its inhabitants, with their adaptations, as balance-wheels, cogs, and pinions, and jewels in the terrestrial mechanism. Thus he perceives that they, too, are according to design—parts of the physical machinery that are the expression of One Thought—a unity with harmonies which One Intelligence, and One Intelligence alone could utter. And when he has arrived at this point, then he feels that the study of the sea, in its physical aspects, is

truly sublime. Captain Maury should be honoured for having thus far led the way to a pursuit which elevates the mind and ennobles man.

A NEW CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

THE time has now arrived for a new Chamber of Horrors; a room not veiled under the thin apologetic title of "A Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy," but a fearful national apartment, supported out of the national taxation, and standing as a national monument of disgrace and shame. It shall not be filled with the sullen faces of murderers and regicides; it shall not be so broad in design that it may exhibit horrors of all countries; and it shall not be merely a wax-work holiday show for gaping rustics. It shall be a Poor-law Museum of men, women, and children starved to death; it shall be set up on the waste ground usually devoted to heroic statues in Parliament-street, Westminster, and it shall be the standing curse of the Poor-Law Board, and every poor-law official throughout the country. The world is too busy, the newspapers are too universal in their aspirations, and our statesmen are thinking far too much of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, to devote more than a passing glance to these most awful deaths, unless they are brought before them in a blunt material shape. The dead man is hurried away in the parish coffin, the usual curt line is recorded in the registrar's book, the paragraph in the newspaper corner is read and forgotten, and the whole thing is buried in eternal night. This is not enough; and, for the sake of those strugglers who are left, we require more. Per-centages, averages, and all the hocus pocus of statistics are only mists, fogs, curtains, and sleeping-draughts, except to the official mind; but we, the public, require something more gross—and more palpable. The deaths from "privation," "deaths from want of breast-milk," "deaths from neglect," "deaths from cold"—or, in plain unsavoury words, from utter starvation—increase every year. They were 222 (in London only) in 1848, they were 516, within the same area, in 1857, and this, without questioning how many of the returns under the head of "fever," ought to be classed as starvation. Here is a country that spends one hundred millions sterling a year in government, and yet allows hundreds of its children, in its metropolis alone, to be annually starved to death!

The first stone of the New Chamber of Horrors must be laid at once; its architecture must be in keeping with its contents; famished paupers must support its entablature, in the shape of caryatides, and the death's head must blossom on every column. The first full-length model that shall stand in its dark rooms shall be that of the poor old woman of seventy years of age, who was found dead at the Marylebone Workhouse door, on Christmas night, 1860. The next grim model shall be that of the deaf and dumb man who was picked up, on the same day, in the same parish, cold and famished, and who died in the arms of the workhouse surgeon

during the night. This shall form the basis of the show in the north transept.

In the south transept a full-length model shall be placed of the starved navigator who dropped dead in Manor-street, Clapham, on the 11th of January, 1861, while begging with some companions. He saved himself from being classed as a "noisy impostor," but he lost his life.

In the east nave we shall have a full collection. We shall begin with a model of Thomas Bates, a melancholy suicide from workhouse neglect. As every statue will have its story written under it, we give the newspaper story of poor Bates—a record doubtless forgotten, although only written on the 2nd of December, 1860:

"Mr. Humphreys, the coroner for the eastern division of the county of Middlesex, held an inquest on Wednesday, at the Black Horse Tavern, Kingsland-road, upon the body of Thomas Bates, a cabinet-maker, aged 62, who committed suicide by hanging himself in a public-house where he lodged. The evidence of the deceased's daughter and another witness was to the effect that he complained that he could not obtain admission to Shoreditch workhouse, and, in reply to an offer on the part of his daughter to accompany him there, he said, 'they would bully the eyes out of her head if she went.' He was very infirm and not able to work, although he did sometimes earn 3d. or 4d. a day, and his children, who were all in poor circumstances, sometimes gave him a few halfpence. The deceased said several times that if he were not admitted into the house he should destroy himself. Upon the 14th of November he told the witness that he had applied, but had been refused admission, but was to have 1s. 6d. a week and a 4 lb. loaf of bread for three months. The relieving officer denied that the deceased had applied for admission into the workhouse. It appeared that the deceased was an inmate of the house from October, 1859, to the 4th of August last, during which time he was in the sick ward suffering from chronic bronchitis, but on the latter date he was discharged from the doctor's list as 'relieved.' He was then called before the Board, who directed him to be discharged with an allowance of 1s. a week and a 4 lb. loaf for two weeks. The clerk to the guardians said the deceased quitted the workhouse voluntarily, but afterwards qualified that statement by admitting that the man had not applied to be discharged, and that the Board had ordered him to leave the house. Dr. James Clark, surgeon to the Shoreditch workhouse, who attended him while he was an inmate, stated that deceased, when discharged by him 'relieved,' on the 4th of August, was not able-bodied, and was not in a fit condition to leave the house. After a lengthened inquiry, at which the Board of Guardians were represented by their solicitor, the jury returned a verdict that the deceased hung himself while in an unsound state of mind, through having been refused admission to the workhouse."

By the side of Thomas Bates we shall place William Gurr, and tell his story as we find it recorded in the public journals of December 23rd, 1860:

"On Monday, December 17, an inquest was held before the coroner, at the Market-house Tavern, Finsbury-market, Shoreditch, on the body of William Gurr, aged sixty-seven years, a blacksmith, who died from starvation. Mary Gurr, of No. 2, King's Head-court, Long-alley, stated that she was the widow of the deceased, who had been very reduced and destitute. On Thursday fortnight he

went into Shoreditch workhouse. Witness succeeded in obtaining a little work, and would not go into the establishment, as she could earn with her daughter about 4s. per week, and three persons had to subsist and pay rent out of that amount. Deceased came out on Monday, the 3rd instant, after being in the workhouse four days. He said to witness, 'I would rather be at home, however much trouble I am in.' The deceased left the workhouse and went before the board of guardians, who, after hearing the case, ordered him 2s. 6d. and a loaf weekly. The deceased then came home and died in a few days afterwards. They never had meat for months. The only things they had to live upon were dry bread, treacle, dripping, with a little tea and sugar; and no beer. They were very deficient of wearing apparel and bedding. The deceased had not been able to work for the last eighteen months. The 2s. 6d. per week from the parish, and the 4s. witness and her daughter earned, were all they had to subsist on and to pay rent, food, and firing. I believe that the deceased died from the want of food and the necessities of life. When the deceased went into the workhouse he was so ill from weakness and debility that he reeled and staggered as he walked. He had had nothing at home but dry bread for days. While in the workhouse the deceased had one day tea for breakfast, one day meat, another day pudding, and meat again on Sunday. Deceased only had meat twice while in the workhouse, and no stimulants. After other evidence, Mr. Thomas Pool Collier, surgeon, said that the deceased was dead when he was called. Had made a post-mortem examination. Several of the organs were healthy, but the stomach only contained a little water-gruel. There was not the slightest trace of fat inside or out of the body. The walls of the stomach were thin from want of nourishment, and the body was much emaciated. The coroner having commented on the case at some length, the jury returned a verdict of 'Died from starvation through the want of the common necessities of life.'

Our next full-length model will be that of Samuel Bailey, whose story is recorded in the public journals, of January 30th, 1861:

"On Monday evening, January 28th, Mr. Humphreys, coroner, held an adjourned inquest at the Prince of Wales, Bishop's-road, Victoria-park, respecting the death of Samuel Bailey, aged forty-one, a widower.

"An emaciated boy, apparently about twelve years of age, said: The deceased was my father. Previous to our removal to the workhouse, we lived at No. 12, Weatherhead's-gardens, Crab Tree-row, Bethnal-green. My father was a cabinet-maker, but had no work for the last three months, during which time he has been selling the furniture to procure us food, and for some time past we have had nothing to eat but bread. On Friday, the 4th instant, I went with my father to the workhouse, and on the way he told me he was going to ask for admission into the house, and I did not expect we should have gone home again, but we did return; and in the afternoon the relieving officer's assistant came and told my father to go again to the workhouse at four o'clock; and he did so, and they gave him two loaves of bread and an order to go before the board on Monday. We then returned home, and the bread which he received lasted us until Sunday. On Monday my father got up to go to the board at the workhouse, but he fell down immediately, and was unable to go. In the evening my aunt went to the workhouse to request them to send the chair

used to convey those unable to walk; and, as her application was not immediately attended to, she swore at the person she saw, and because she did so, he refused to send the chair, and she returned without it, and said father must walk there; but he said he could not, and we remained at home until Wednesday night, when a policeman came and took father to the workhouse in a truck, and I walked by the side. When we got to the workhouse we were immediately admitted, and father died soon after.

"Dr. Christie deposed to having made a post-mortem examination, the result of which was that he attributed death to exposure and want of nourishment.

"An immense mass of evidence was taken at the various sittings, which want of space compels us to omit, all tending to show the fearful state to which poverty had reduced the deceased.

"The jury returned the following verdict: 'That the deceased died from exposure to cold and the want of food and other necessities; and the said jurors do further say, the said death was accelerated by the great neglect of the relieving-officer of Bethnal-green parish; and the said jurors request the coroner to forward a copy of the same to the parish authorities, and also to the Poor Law Commissioners.'

This will form a group: The policeman wheeling the dying man to the workhouse in a truck, and the son walking by the side.

We can easily find a dozen more "cases," even in London, and even within the months of December, 1860, and January, 1861, to fill the new Chamber of Horrors, but our impression is that these will be enough. Before this museum of poor-law victims has been open a year, we believe that not a single instance of starvation will have to be recorded throughout the land.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLII.

If there be anything in our English habits upon which no difference of opinion can exist, it is our proneness to extend to a foreigner a degree of sympathy and an amount of interest that we obstinately deny to our own people. The English artist struggling all but hopelessly against the town's indifference has but to displace the consonants or multiply the vowels of his name to be a fashion and a success. Strange and incomprehensible tendency in a nation so overwhelmingly impressed with a sense of its own vast superiority! But so it is. Mr. Brady might sing to empty benches, while il Signor Bradini would "bring down the house." What set me thinking over this was, that, though Silvio Pellico was a stock theme for English pity and compassion, I very much doubted if a single tear would fall for the misfortunes of a Potts. And yet there was a marvellous similarity in our sufferings. In each case was the Austrian the gaoler; in each case was the victim a creature of tender mould and gentle nature.

I travelled in a sort of covered cart, with a mounted gendarme at either side of me. Indeed, the one faintly alleviating circumstance of my captivity was the sight of those two heavily equipped giants, armed to the teeth, who were supposed to be essential to my safe conduct. It was such an acknowledgment of what they

had to apprehend from my well-known prowess and daring, so palpable a confession that every precaution was necessary against the bold intrepidity of a man of my stamp! At times, I almost wished they had put chains upon me. I thought how well it would read in my Memoirs; how I was heavily "manacled"—a great word that—"orders being given to the escort to shoot me if I showed the slightest intention to escape." It was an intense pleasure to me to imagine myself a sort of Nana Sahib, and whenever we halted at some way-side public, and the idle loungers would draw aside the canvass covering and stare in at me, I did my utmost to call up an expression of ogre-like ferocity and wildness, and it was with a thrill of ecstasy I saw a little child clasp its mother by the neck, and scream out to come away as it beheld me.

On the second night of our journey we halted at a little village at the foot of the Arlberg, called Steuben, where, in default of a regular prison, they lodged me in an old tower, the lower part of which was used for a stable. It stood in the very centre of the town, and from its narrow and barred windows I could catch glimpses of the little world that moved about in happy freedom beneath me. I could see the Marktplatz, from which the booths were now being taken down, and could mark that preparations for some approaching ceremony were going on, but of what nature I could not guess. A large space was neatly swept out, and at last strewn with sawdust—signs unerring of some exhibition of legerdemain or conjuring, of which the Tyrolese are warm admirers. The arrangements were somewhat more pretentious than are usually observed in open air representations, for I saw seats prepared for the dignitaries of the village, and an evident design to mark the entertainment as under the most distinguished protection. The crowd—now considerable—observed all the decorous bearing of citizens in presence of their authorities.

I nestled myself snugly in the deep recess of the window to watch the proceedings, nor had I long to wait; some half-dozen gaily-dressed individuals having now pierced their way through the throng, and commenced those peculiar gambols which bespeak backbones of gristle and legs of pasteboard. It is a class of performance I enjoy vastly. The two fellows who lap over each other like the links of a chain, and the creature who rolls himself about like a ball, and the licensed freedoms of that man of the world—the clown—never weary me, and I believe I laugh at them with all the more zest that I have so often laughed at them before. It was plain, after a while, that a more brilliant part of the spectacle was yet to come, for a large bluff-looking man, in cocked-hat and jack-boots, now entered the ring and indignantly ejected the clowns by sundry admonitions with a lash-whip, which I perceived were not merely make-believes.

"Ah, here he comes! here he is!" was now uttered in accents of eager interest, and an avenue was quickly made through the crowd

for the new performer. There was delay after this, and though doubtless the crowd below could satisfy their curiosity, I was so highly perched and so straitened in my embrasure that I had to wait, with what patience I might, the new arrival. I was deep in my guesses what sort of "artist" he might prove, when I saw the head of a horse peering over the shoulders of the audience, and then the entire figure of the quadruped as he emerged into the circle, all sheeted and shrouded from gaze. With one dexterous sweep the groom removed all the clothing, and there stood before me my own lost treasure—Blondel himself! I would have known him among ten thousand. He was thinner, perhaps, certainly thinner, but in all other respects the same; his silky mane and his long tassel of a tail hung just as gracefully as of yore, and, as he ambled round, he moved his head with a courteous inclination, as though to acknowledge the plaudits he met with.

There was in his air the dignity that said, "I am one who has seen better days. It was not always thus with me. Applaud if you must, and if you will; but remember that I accept your plaudits with reserve, perhaps with even reluctance." Poor fellow, my heart bled for him! I felt as though I saw a cathedral canon cutting somersaults, and all this while, by some strange inconsistency, I had not a sympathy to bestow on the human actors in the scene. "As for them," thought I, "they have accepted this degradation of their own free will. If they had not shirked honest labour they need never have been clowns or pantaloons; but Blondel—Blondel, whom fate had stamped as the palfrey of some high-born maiden, or at least as the favourite steed of one who would know how to lavish care on an object of such perfection—Blondel, who had borne himself so proudly in high places, and who even in his declining fortunes had been the friend and fellow-traveller of—Yes, why should I shame to say it? Posterity will speak of Potts without the detracting malice and envious rancour of contemporaries, and when in some future age a great philanthropist or statesman shall claim the credit of some marvellous discovery, some wondrous secret by which humanity may be bettered, a learned critic will tell the world how this great invention was evidently known to Potts, how at such a line, or such a page, we shall find that Potts knew it all."

The wild cheering of the crowd beneath cut short these speculations, and now I saw Blondel cantering gaily round the circle, with a handkerchief in his mouth. If in sportive levity it chanced to fall, he would instantly wheel about, and seize it, and then, whisking his tail and shaking his long forelock, resume his course again. It was fine, too, to mark the haughty indifference he manifested towards that whip-cracking monster who stood in the centre, and affected to direct his motions. Not alone did he reject his suggestions, but in a spirit of proud defiance did he canter up behind him, and alight with his fore-legs on the fellow's shoulders.

I am not sure whether the spectators regarded the tableau as I did, but to me it seemed an allegorical representation of man and his master.

The hard breathing of a person close behind me now made me turn my head, and I saw the gaoler, who had come with my supper. A thought flashed suddenly across me. "Go down to those mountebanks and ask if they will sell that cream-coloured pony," said I. "Bargain as though you wanted him for yourself—he is old and of little value, and you may perhaps secure him for eighty or ninety florins, and if so, you shall have ten more for your pains. It is a caprice of mine, nothing more, but help me to gratify it."

He heard me out with evident astonishment, and then gravely asked if I had forgotten the circumstance that I was a prisoner, and likely to remain so for some time.

"Do as I bade you," said I, "and leave the result to me. There, lose no more time about it, for I see the performance is drawing to a close."

"Nay, nay," said he; "the best of all is yet to come. The pretty Moorish girl has not yet appeared. Ha! here she is."

As he spoke he crept up into the window beside me, not less eager for the spectacle than myself. A vigorous cheer and a loud clapping of hands below announced that the favourite was in sight long before she was visible to our eyes.

"What can she do?" asked I, peevishly perhaps, for I was provoked how completely she had eclipsed poor Blondel in public favour. "What can she do? Is she a rope-dancer, or does she ride in the games of the ring?"

"There, there! Look at her—yonder she goes! and there's the young prince—they call him a prince, at least—who follows her everywhere."

I could not but smile at the poor gaoler's simplicity, and would willingly have explained to him that we have outlived the age of Cinderellas. Indeed, I had half turned towards him with this object, when a perfect roar of the crowd beneath me drew off my attention from him to what was going on below. I soon saw what it was that entranced the public: it was the young girl, who now, standing on Blondel's back, was careering round the circle at full speed. It is an exercise in which neither the horse nor the rider are seen to advantage; the heavy monotonous tramp of the beast, cramped by the narrow limits, becomes a stilty, wooden gallop. The rider, too, more careful of her balance than intent upon graceful action, restricts herself to a few, and by no means picturesque, attitudes. With all this, the girl now before me seemed herself so intensely to enter into the enjoyment of the scene, that all her gestures sprang out of a sort of irrepressible delight. Far from unsteadying her foot, or limiting her action, the speed of the horse appeared to assist the changeful bendings of her graceful figure, as now, dropping on one knee, she would lean over to caress him, or now, standing erect, with folded arms and leg advanced, appear to dare him to displace her. Faultlessly graceful as she was, there was that

in her own evident enjoyment that imparted a strange delight to the beholder, and gave to the spectacle the sort of magnetism by which pleasure finds its way from heart to heart throughout a multitude. At least, I suppose this must have been so, for in the joyous cheering of that crowd there was a ring of wild delight far different from mere applause.

At last, poor Blondel, blown and wearied, turned abruptly into the middle of the ring, and with panting sides and shaking tail came to a dead halt. The girl, with a graceful slide, seated herself on his back and patted him playfully. And to me this was by far the most graceful movement of the whole.

It was really a picture! and so natural and so easy withal, that one forgot all about her spangles and tinsel, the golden fillet of her hair, and the tawdry fringe of her sandals; and, what was even harder still, heard not the hoarse-mouthed enthusiasm that greeted her. At length, a tall man, well dressed and of striking appearance, pushed his way into the ring, and politely presented her with a bouquet, at which piece of courtesy the audience, noways jealous, again redoubled their applause. She now looked round her with an air of triumphant pleasure, and while, with a playful gesture, she flung back the ringlets on her neck, she lifted her face full to my view, and it was Tintefleck! With all my might I cried out, "Catinka! Catinka!" I know not why, but the impulse never waited to argue the question. Though I screamed my loudest, the great height at which I was placed, and the humming din of the crowd, totally drowned my words. Again and again I tried it, but to no purpose. There she sat, slowly making the round of the circus, while the stranger walked at her side, to all seeming conversing as though no busy and prying multitude stood watching and observing them. Wearied with my failure to attract notice, I turned to address the gaoler, but he had already gone and I was alone. I next endeavoured by a signal to call attention to me, and, at last, saw how two or three of the crowd had observed my waving handkerchief and were pointing it out to others. Doubtless they wondered how a poor captive could care for the pleasant follies of a life of whose commonest joys he was to be no sharer, and still greater was their astonishment as I flung forth a piece of money—a gold Napoleon it was—which they speedily caught up and gave to Catinka. How I watched her as she took it and showed it to the stranger. He, by his gesture, seemed angry, and made a motion as though asking her to throw it away; and then there seemed some discussion between them, and his petulance increased; and she, too, grew passionate, and, leaping from the horse, strode haughtily across the circus and disappeared. And then arose a tumult and confusion, the mob shouting madly for the Moorish girl to come back, and many much disposed to avenge her absence on the stranger. As for him, he pushed the mob haughtily aside and went his way, and though for a while the crowd continued to

vent its expressions of displeasure and disappointment, the performance soon concluded, and all went their several roads homeward; and when I looked out upon the empty Platz, over which the dusky shadows of the old houses were now stealing to mingle together, and instead of the scene of bustle and excitement saw a few lingering townsfolk moody and purposeless, I asked myself if the whole incidents were not a vision mind-drawn and invented. There was not one single clue by which I could trace it to reality.

More than once in my life had my dreamy temperament played me such pranks, and, strangely too, even when I had assured myself of the deception, there would yet linger in my mind thoughts and impressions strong enough to influence my actions, just as we often see that our disbelief in a scandalous story is not sufficient to disabuse us of a certain power it wields over us.

Oh what a long and dreary night was that, harassed with doubts and worn out with speculations. My mind had been much weakened by my fever, and whenever I followed a train of thought too long, confusion was sure to ensue. The terror of this chaotic condition, where all people, and lands, and ideas, and incidents, jostle against each other in mad turmoil, can only be estimated by one who has felt it. Like the awful rush of sensations of him who is sliding down some steep descent towards a tremendous precipice, one feels the gradual approach of that dreamy condition where reason is lost and the mind a mere waif upon the waters.

"Here's your breakfast," said the gaoler, as he stopped the course of my reverie. "And the brigadier hopes you'll be speedy with it, for you must reach Maltz by nightfall."

"Tell me," said I, eagerly, "was there a circus company here yesterday evening? Did they exhibit on the Platz there?"

"You are a deep one, you are!" muttered he, sulkily to himself, and left the cell.

CHAPTER XLIII.

I BORE up admirably on my journey. I felt I was doing a very heroic thing. By my personation of Harpar, I was securing that poor fellow's escape, and giving him ample time to get over the Austrian frontier, and many a mile away from the beaks of the Double Eagle. I had read of such things in history, and I resolved I would not derogate from the proudest records of such self-devotion. Had I but remembered how long my illness had lasted, I might have easily seen that Harpar could by this time have arrived at Calcutta; but, unfortunately for me, I had no gauge of time whatever, and completely forgot the long interval of my fever.

On reaching Innsbruck, I was sent on to an old château some ten miles away, called the Ambras Schloss, and being consigned to the charge of a retired artillery officer there, they seemed to have totally forgotten all about me. I lived with my old gaoler just as if I were his

friend: we worked together in the garden, pruned and raked and hoed and weeded; we smoked and fished, and mended our nets on wet days, and read, living exactly as might any two people in a remote out-of-the-world spot.

There is a sort of armoury at the Ambras, chiefly of old Tyrolese weapons of an early period—maces and halberds, double-handed swords and such-like—and one of our pastimes was arranging and settling and cataloguing them, for which, in the ancient records of the Schloss, there was ample material. This was an occupation that amused me vastly, and I took to it with great zeal, and with such success that old Hirsch, the gaoler, at last consigned the whole to my charge, along with the task of exhibiting the collection to strangers—a source from which the honest veteran derived the better part of his means of life.

At first, I scarcely liked my function as showman, but like all my other experiences in life, habit sufficed to reconcile me, and I took to the occupation as though I had been born to it. If now and then some rude or vulgar traveller would ruffle my temper by some illiterate remark or stupid question, I was well repaid by intercourse with a different stamp. They were to me such peeps at the world as a monk might have from the windows of his cloister, tempting perhaps, but always blended with the sense of the security that encompassed him and defended him from the cares of existence.

Perhaps the consciousness that I could assert my innocence and procure my freedom at any moment, for the first few months reconciled me to this strange life; but certainly after a while I ceased to care for any other existence, and never troubled my head either about past or future. I had, in fact, arrived at the great monastic elevation, in which a man, ceasing to be human, reaches the dignity of a vegetable.

I had begun, as I have said, by an act of heroism, in accepting all the penalties of another, and, long after I ceased to revert to this sacrifice, the impulse it had once given still continued to move me. If Hirsch never alluded to my imputed crime to me, I was equally reserved towards him.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

Will read on THURSDAY EVENING, March 14th, 1861,
at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, his

CHRISTMAS CAROL AND THE BOOTS AT THE HOLLY TREE INN.

The Reading will commence at Eight, and conclude about Ten o'clock.

Tickets to be had at Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL's, 193, Piccadilly; and of Mr. AUSTIN, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE,

WILL BE

CONCLUDED

With the present volume, in No. 100 of ALL THE YEAR ROUND, for the 23rd of March, 1861.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 98.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. POCKET said he was glad to see me, and he hoped I was not sorry to see him. "For I really am not," he added, with his son's smile, "an alarming personage." He was a young-looking man, in spite of his perplexities and his very grey hair, and his manner seemed quite natural. I use the word natural, in the sense of its being unaffected; there was something comic in his distraught way, as though it would have been downright ludicrous but for his own perception that it was very near being so. When he had talked with me a little, he said to Mrs. Pocket, with a rather anxious contraction of his eyebrows, which were black and handsome, "Belinda, I hope you have welcomed Mr. Pip?" And she looked up from her book, and said, "Yes." She then smiled upon me in an absent state of mind, and asked me if I liked the taste of orange-flower water? As the question had no bearing, near or remote, on any foregone or subsequent transaction, I consider it to have been thrown out, like her previous approaches, in general conversational condescension.

I found out within a few hours, and may mention at once, that Mrs. Pocket was the only daughter of a certain quite accidental deceased Knight, who had invented for himself a conviction that his deceased father would have been made a Baronet but for somebody's determined opposition arising out of entirely personal motives—I forget whose, if I ever knew—the Sovereign's, the Prime Minister's, the Lord Chancellor's, the Archbishop of Canterbury's, anybody's—and had tacked himself on to the nobles of the earth in right of this quite supposititious fact. I believe he had been knighted himself for storming the English grammar at the point of the pen in a desperate address engrossed on vellum, on the occasion of the laying of the first stone of some building or other, and for handing some Royal Personage either the trowel or the mortar. Be that as it may, he had directed Mrs. Pocket to be brought up from her cradle as one who in the nature of things must marry a title, and who was to be guarded from the acquisition of plebeian domestic knowledge. So successful a watch and ward had been esta-

blished over the young lady by this judicious parent, that she had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless. With her character thus happily formed, in the first bloom of her youth she had encountered Mr. Pocket: who was also in the first bloom of youth, and not quite decided whether to mount to the Woolsack, or to roof himself in with a Mitre. As his doing the one or the other was a mere question of time, he and Mrs. Pocket had taken Time by the forelock (when, to judge from its length, it would seem to have wanted cutting), and had married without the knowledge of the judicious parent. The judicious parent, having nothing to bestow or withhold but his blessing, had handsomely settled that dower upon them after a short struggle, and had informed Mr. Pocket that his wife was "a treasure for a Prince." Mr. Pocket had invested the Prince's treasure in the ways of the world ever since, and it was supposed to have brought in but indifferent interest. Still Mrs. Pocket was in general the object of a queer sort of respectful pity, because she had not married a title; while Mr. Pocket was the object of a queer sort of forgiving reproach because he had never got one.

Mr. Pocket took me into the house and showed me my room: which was a pleasant one, and so furnished as that I could use it with comfort for my own private sitting-room. He then knocked at the doors of two other similar rooms, and introduced me to their occupants, by name Drummle and Startop. Drummle, an old-looking young man of a heavy order of architecture, was whistling. Startop, younger in years and appearance, was reading and holding his head, as if he thought himself in danger of exploding it with too strong a charge of knowledge.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had such a noticeable air of being in somebody else's hands, that I wondered who really was in possession of the house and let them live there, until I found this unknown power to be the servants. It was a smooth way of going on, perhaps, in respect of saving trouble; but it had the appearance of being expensive, for the servants felt it a duty they owed to themselves to be nice in their eating and drinking, and to keep a deal of company down stairs. They allowed a very liberal table to Mr. and Mrs. Pocket, yet it always appeared to me that by far the best

part of the house to have boarded in, would have been the kitchen—always supposing the boarder capable of self-defence, for, before I had been there a week, a neighbouring lady with whom the family were personally unacquainted, wrote in to say that she had seen Millers slapping the baby. This greatly distressed Mrs. Pocket, who burst into tears on receiving the note, and said it was an extraordinary thing that the neighbours couldn't mind their own business.

By degrees I learnt, and chiefly from Herbert, that Mr. Pocket had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself; but that when he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket very early in life, he had impaired his prospects and taken up the calling of a Grinder. After grinding a number of dull blades—of whom it was remarkable that their fathers, when influential, were always going to help him to preferment, but always forgot to do it when the blades had left the Grindstone—he had wearied of that poor work and had come to London. Here, after gradually failing in loftier hopes, he had “read” with divers who had lacked opportunities or neglected them, and had refurbished divers others for special occasions, and had turned his acquirements to the account of literary compilation and correction, and on such means, added to some very moderate private resources, still maintained the house I saw.

Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had a toady neighbour; a widow lady of that highly sympathetic nature that she agreed with everybody, blessed everybody, and shed smiles and tears on everybody according to circumstances. This lady's name was Mrs. Coiler, and I had the honour of taking her down to dinner on the day of my installation. She gave me to understand on the stairs, that it was a blow to dear Mrs. Pocket that dear Mr. Pocket should be under the necessity of receiving gentlemen to read with him. That did not extend to Me, she told me, in a gush of love and confidence (at that time, I had known her something less than five minutes); if they were all like Me, it would be quite another thing.

“But dear Mrs. Pocket,” said Mrs. Coiler, “after her early disappointment (not that dear Mr. Pocket was to blame in that), requires so much luxury and elegance——”

“Yes, ma'am,” said I, to stop her, for I was afraid she was going to cry.

“And she is of so aristocratic a disposition——”

“Yes, ma'am,” I said again, with the same object as before.

“—that it is hard,” said Mrs. Coiler, “to have dear Mr. Pocket's time and attention diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket.”

I could not help thinking that it might be harder if the butcher's time and attention were diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket; but I said nothing, and indeed had enough to do in keeping a bashful watch upon my company-manners.

It came to my knowledge through what

passed between Mrs. Pocket and Drummle while I was attentive to my knife and fork, spoon, glasses, and other instruments of self-destruction, that Drummle, whose christian name was Bentley, was actually the next heir but one to a baronetcy. It further appeared that the book I had seen Mrs. Pocket reading in the garden was all about titles, and that she knew the exact date at which her grandpapa would have come into the book, if he ever had come at all. Drummle didn't say much, but in his limited way (he struck me as a sulky kind of fellow) he spoke as one of the elect, and recognised Mrs. Pocket as a woman and a sister. No one but themselves and Mrs. Coiler the toady neighbour showed any interest in this part of the conversation, and it appeared to me that it was painful to Herbert; but it promised to last a long time, when the page came in with the announcement of a domestic affliction. It was, in effect, that the cook had mislaid the beef. To my unutterable amazement, I now, for the first time, saw Mr. Pocket relieve his mind by going through a performance that struck me as very extraordinary, but which made no impression on anybody else, and with which I soon became as familiar as the rest. He laid down the carving-knife and fork—being engaged in carving at the moment—put his two hands into his disturbed hair, and appeared to make an extraordinary effort to lift himself up by it. When he had done this, and had not lifted himself up at all, he quietly went on with what he was about.

Mrs. Coiler then changed the subject, and began to flatter me. I liked it for a few moments, but she flattered me so very grossly that the pleasure was soon over. She had a serpentine way of coming close at me when she pretended to be vitally interested in the friends and localities I had left, which was altogether snakey and fork-tongued; and when she made an occasional bounce upon Startop (who said very little to her), or upon Drummle (who said less), I rather envied them for being on the opposite side of the table.

After dinner the children were introduced, and Mrs. Coiler made admiring comments on their eyes, noses, and legs—a sagacious way of improving their minds. There were four little girls, and two little boys, besides the baby who might have been either, and the baby's next successor who was as yet neither. They were brought in by Flopson and Millers, much as though those two non-commissioned officers had been recruiting somewhere for children and had enlisted these: while Mrs. Pocket looked at the young Nobles that ought to have been, as if she rather thought she had had the pleasure of inspecting them before, but didn't quite know what to make of them.

“Here! Give me your fork, mum, and take the baby,” said Flopson. “Don't take it that way, or you'll get its head under the table.”

Thus advised, Mrs. Pocket took it the other way, and got its head upon the table; which was announced to all present by a prodigious concussion.

"Dear, dear! Give it me back, mum," said Flopson; "and Miss Jane, come and dance to baby, do!"

One of the little girls: a mere mite who seemed to have prematurely taken upon herself some charge of the others: stepped out of her place by me, and danced to and from the baby until it left off crying, and laughed. Then all the children laughed, and Mr. Pocket (who in the mean time had twice endeavoured to lift himself up by the hair) laughed, and we all laughed and were glad.

Flopson, by dint of doubling the baby at the joints like a Dutch doll, then got it safely into Mrs. Pocket's lap, and gave it the nutcrackers to play with: at the same time recommending Mrs. Pocket to take notice that the handles of that instrument were not likely to agree with its eyes, and sharply chaming Miss Jane to look after the same. Then, the two nurses left the room, and had a lively scuffle on the staircase with a dissipated page who had waited at dinner, and who had clearly lost half his buttons at the gaming-table.

I was made very uneasy in my mind by Mrs. Pocket's falling into a discussion with Drummle respecting two baronetcies while she ate a sliced orange steeped in sugar and wine, and forgetting all about the baby on her lap: who did most appalling things with the nutcrackers. At length, little Jane perceiving its young brains to be imperilled, softly left her place, and with many small artifices coaxed the dangerous weapon away. Mrs. Pocket finishing her orange at about the same time and not approving of this, said to Jane:

"You naughty child, how dare you? Go and sit down this instant!"

"Mamma dear," lisped the little girl, "baby ood have put hith eyeth out."

"How dare you tell me so!" retorted Mrs. Pocket. "Go and sit down in your chair this moment!"

Mrs. Pocket's dignity was so crushing, that I felt quite abashed: as if I myself had done something to rouse it.

"Belinda," remonstrated Mr. Pocket, from the other end of the table, "how can you be so unreasonable? Jane only interfered for the protection of baby."

"I will not allow anybody to interfere," said Mrs. Pocket. "I am surprised, Matthew, that you should expose me to the affront of interference."

"Good God!" cried Mr. Pocket, in an outbreak of desolate desperation. "Are infants to be nutcrackered into their tombs, and is nobody to save them?"

"I will not be interfered with by Jane," said Mrs. Pocket, with a majestic glance at that innocent little offender. "I hope I know my poor grandpapa's position. Jane, indeed!"

Mr. Pocket got his hands in his hair again, and this time really did lift himself some inches out of his chair. "Hear this!" he helplessly exclaimed to the elements. "Babies are to be

nutcrackered dead, for people's poor grandpapa's positions!" Then he let himself down again, and became silent.

We all looked awkwardly at the tablecloth while this was going on. A pause succeeded, during which the honest and irrepressible baby made a series of leaps and crows at little Jane, who appeared to me to be the only member of the family (irrespective of servants) with whom it had any decided acquaintance.

"Mr. Drummle," said Mrs. Pocket, "will you ring for Flopson? Jane, you undutiful little thing, go and lie down. Now, baby darling, come with ma!"

The baby was the soul of honour, and protested with all its might. It doubled itself up the wrong way over Mrs. Pocket's arm, exhibited a pair of knitted shoes and dimpled ankles to the company in lieu of its soft face, and was carried out in the highest state of mutiny. And it gained its point after all, for I saw it through the window within a few minutes, being nursed by little Jane.

It happened that the other five children were left behind at the dinner-table, through Flopson's having some private engagement and their not being anybody else's business. I thus became aware of the mutual relations between them and Mr. Pocket, which were exemplified in the following manner. Mr. Pocket, with the normal perplexity of his face heightened and his hair rumpled, looked at them for some minutes as if he couldn't make out how they came to be boarding and lodging in that establishment, and why they hadn't been billeted by Nature on somebody else. Then, in a distant Missionary way he asked them certain questions—as why little Joe had that hole in his frill: who said, Pa, Flopson was going to mend it when she had time—and how little Fanny came by that whitlow: who said, Pa, Millers was going to poultice it when she didn't forget. Then, he melted into parental tenderness, and gave them a shilling apiece and told them to go and play; and then as they went out, with one very strong effort to lift himself up by the hair he dismissed the hopeless subject.

In the evening there was rowing on the river. As Drummle and Startop had each a boat, I resolved to set up mine, and to cut them both out. I was pretty good at most exercises in which country-boys are adepts, but as I was conscious of wanting elegance of style for the Thames—not to say for other waters—I at once engaged to place myself under the tuition of the winner of a prize-wherry who plied at our stairs, and to whom I was introduced by my new allies. This practical authority confused me very much, by saying I had the arm of a blacksmith. If he could have known how nearly the compliment lost him his pupil, I doubt if he would have paid it.

There was a supper-tray after we got home at night, and I think we should all have enjoyed ourselves, but for a rather disagreeable domestic occurrence. Mr. Pocket was in good spirits, when a housemaid came in, and said,

"If you please, sir, I should wish to speak to you."

"Speak to your master?" said Mrs. Pocket, whose dignity was roused again. "How can you think of such a thing? Go and speak to Flopson. Or speak to me—at some other time."

"Begging your pardon, ma'am?" returned the housemaid, "I should wish to speak at once, and to speak to master."

Hereupon, Mr. Pocket went out of the room, and we made the best of ourselves until he came back.

"This is a pretty thing, Belinda!" said Mr. Pocket, returning with a countenance expressive of grief and despair. "Here's the cook lying insensibly drunk on the kitchen floor, with a large bundle of fresh butter made up in the cupboard ready to sell for grease!"

Mrs. Pocket instantly showed much amiable emotion, and said, "This is that odious Sophia's doing!"

"What do you mean, Belinda?" demanded Mr. Pocket.

"Sophia has told you," said Mrs. Pocket. "Did I not see her with my own eyes and hear her with my own ears, come into the room just now and ask to speak to you?"

"But has she not taken me down stairs, Belinda," returned Mr. Pocket, "and shown me the woman, and the bundle too?"

"And do you defend her, Matthew?" said Mrs. Pocket, "for making mischief."

Mr. Pocket uttered a dismal groan.

"Am I, grandpapa's granddaughter, to be nothing in the house?" said Mrs. Pocket. "Besides, the cook has always been a very nice respectful woman, and said in the most natural manner when she came to look after the situation, that she felt I was born to be a Duchess."

There was a sofa where Mr. Pocket stood, and he dropped upon it in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator. Still in that attitude he said, with a hollow voice, "Good night, Mr. Pip," when I deemed it advisable to go to bed and leave him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER two or three days, when I had established myself in my room and had gone backwards and forwards to London several times, and had ordered all I wanted of my tradesmen, Mr. Pocket and I had a long talk together. He knew more of my intended career than I knew myself, for he referred to his having been told by Mr. Jaggers that I was not designed for any profession, and that I should be well enough educated for my destiny if I could "hold my own" with the average of young men in prosperous circumstances. I acquiesced, of course, knowing nothing to the contrary.

He advised my attending certain places in London, for the acquisition of such mere rudiments as I wanted, and my investing him with the functions of explainer and director of all my studies. He hoped that with intelligent assistance I should meet with little to discourage me, and should soon be able to dispense with any

aid but his. Through his way of saying this, and much more to similar purpose, he placed himself on confidential terms with me in an admirable manner; and I may state at once that he was always so zealous and honourable in fulfilling his compact with me, that he made me zealous and honourable in fulfilling mine with him. If he had shown indifference as a master, I have no doubt I should have returned the compliment as a pupil; he gave me no such excuse, and each of us did the other justice. Nor did I ever regard him as having anything ludicrous about him—or anything but what was serious, honest, and good—in his tutor communication with me.

When these points were settled, and so far carried out as that I had begun to work in earnest, it occurred to me that if I could retain my bedroom in Barnard's Inn, my life would be agreeably varied, while my manners would be none the worse for Herbert's society. Mr. Pocket did not object to this arrangement, but urged that before any step could possibly be taken in it, it must be submitted to my guardian. I felt that his delicacy arose out of the consideration that the plan would save Herbert some expense, so I went off to Little Britain and imparted my wish to Mr. Jaggers.

"If I could buy the furniture now hired for me," said I, "and one or two other little things, I should be quite at home there."

"Go it!" said Mr. Jaggers, with a short laugh. "I told you you'd get on. Well! How much do you want?"

I said I didn't know how much.

"Come!" retorted Mr. Jaggers. "How much? Fifty pounds?"

"Oh, not nearly so much."

"Five pounds?" said Mr. Jaggers.

This was such a great fall that I said in discomfiture, "Oh! more than that."

"More than that, eh?" retorted Mr. Jaggers, lying in wait for me, with his hands in his pockets, his head on one side, and his eyes on the wall behind me; "how much more?"

"It is so difficult to fix a sum," said I, hesitating.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let's get at it. Twice five; will that do? Three times five; will that do? Four times five; will that do?"

I said I thought that would do handsomely.

"Four times five will do handsomely, will it?" said Mr. Jaggers, knitting his brows. "Now, what do you make of four times five?"

"What do I make of it?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Jaggers; "how much?"

"I suppose you make it twenty pounds," said I, smiling.

"Never mind what I make it, my friend," observed Mr. Jaggers, with a knowing and contradictory toss of his head. "I want to know what *you* make it."

"Twenty pounds, of course."

"Wemmick!" said Mr. Jaggers, opening his office door. "Take Mr. Pip's written order, and pay him twenty pounds."

This strongly marked way of doing business made a strongly marked impression on me, and that not of an agreeable kind. Mr. Jaggers never laughed; but he wore great bright creaking boots, and in poisoning himself on these boots, with his large head bent down and his eyebrows joined together, awaiting an answer, he sometimes caused the boots to creak, as if *they* laughed in a dry and suspicious way. As he happened to go out now, and as Wemmick was brisk and talkative, I said to Wemmick that I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Jaggers's manner.

"Tell him that, and he'll take it as a compliment," answered Wemmick; "he don't mean that you *should* know what to make of it.—Oh!" for I looked surprised, "it's not personal; it's professional: only professional."

Wemmick was at his desk, lunching—and crunching—on a dry hard biscuit; pieces of which he threw from time to time into his slit of a mouth, as if he were posting them.

"Always seems to me," said Wemmick, "as if he had set a man-trap and was watching it. Suddenly—click—you're caught!"

Without remarking that man-traps were not among the amenities of life, I said I supposed he was very skilful?

"Deep," said Wemmick, "as Australia." Pointing with his pen at the office floor, to express that Australia was understood for the purposes of the figure, to be symmetrically on the opposite spot of the globe. "If there was anything deeper," added Wemmick, bringing his pen to paper, "he'd be it."

Then, I said I supposed he had a fine business, and Wemmick said "Ca-pi-tal!" Then, I asked if there were many clerks? To which he replied:

"We don't run much into clerks, because there's only one Jaggers, and people won't have him at second hand. There are only four of us. Would you like to see 'em? You are one of us, as I may say."

I accepted the offer. When Mr. Wemmick had put all his biscuit into the post, and had paid me my money from a cash-box in a safe, the key of which safe he kept somewhere down his back and produced from his coat-collar like an iron pigtail, we went up-stairs. The house was dark and shabby, and the greasy shoulders that had left their mark in Mr. Jaggers's room, seemed to have been shuffling up and down the staircase for years. In the front first floor, a clerk who looked something between a publican and a rat-catcher—a large pale puffed swollen man—was attentively engaged with three or four people of shabby appearance, whom he treated as uncereemoniously as everybody seemed to be treated who contributed to Mr. Jaggers's coffers. "Getting evidence together," said Mr. Wemmick, as we came out, "for the Bailey." In the room over that, a little flabby terrier of a clerk with dangling hair (his cropping seemed to have been forgotten when he was a puppy) was similarly engaged with a man with weak eyes, whom Mr. Wemmick presented to me as a

smelter who kept his pot always boiling, and who would melt me anything I pleased—and who was in an excessive white-perspiration, as if he had been trying his art on himself. In a back room, a high-shouldered man with a face-ache tied up in dirty flannel, who was dressed in old black clothes that bore the appearance of having been waxed, was stooping over his work of making fair copies of the notes of the other two gentlemen, for Mr. Jaggers's own use.

This was all the establishment. When we went down stairs again, Wemmick led me into my guardian's room, and said, "This you've seen already."

"Pray," said I, as the two odious casts with the twitchy leer upon them caught my sight again, "whose likenesses are those?"

"These?" said Wemmick, getting upon a chair, and blowing the dust off the horrible heads before bringing them down. "These are two celebrated ones. Famous clients of ours that got us a world of credit. This chap (why you must have come down in the night and been peeping into the inkstand, to get this blot upon your eyebrow, you old rascal!) murdered his master, and, considering that he wasn't brought up to evidence, didn't plan it badly."

"Is it like him?" I asked, recoiling from the brute, as Wemmick spat upon his eyebrow and gave it a rub with his sleeve.

"Like him? It's himself, you know. The cast was made in Newgate, directly after he was taken down. You had a particular fancy for me, hadn't you, Old Artful?" said Wemmick. He then explained this affectionate apostrophe, by touching his brooch representing the lady and the weeping willow at the tomb with the urn upon it, and saying, "Had it made for me, express!"

"Is the lady anybody?" said I.

"No," returned Wemmick. "Only his game. (You liked your bit of game, didn't you?) No; deuce a bit of a lady in the case, Mr. Pip, except one—and she wasn't of this slender lady-like sort, and you wouldn't have caught *her* looking after this urn—unless there was something to drink in it." Wemmick's attention being thus directed to his brooch, he put down the cast, and polished the brooch with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Did that other creature come to the same end?" I asked. "He has the same look."

"You're right," said Wemmick, "it's the genuine look. Much as if one nostril was caught up with a horsehair and a little fish-hook. Yes, he came to the same end; quite the natural end here, I assure you. He forged wills, this blade did, if he didn't also put the supposed testators to sleep too. You were a gentlemanly Cove, though" (Mr. Wemmick was again apostrophising), "and you said you could write Greek. Yah, Bounceable! What a liar you were. I never met such a liar as you!" Before putting his late friend on his shelf again, Wemmick touched the largest of his mourning rings, and said, "Sent out to buy it for me, only the day before."

While he was putting up the other east and coming down from the chair, the thought crossed my mind that all his personal jewellery was derived from like sources. As he had shown no diffidence on the subject, I ventured on the liberty of asking him the question, when he stood before me, dusting his hands.

"Oh yes," he returned, "these are all gifts of that kind. One brings another, you see; that's the way of it. I always take 'em. They're curiosities. And they're property. They may not be worth much, but, after all, they're property and portable. It don't signify to you with your brilliant look-out, but as to myself, my guiding-star always is, "Get hold of portable property."

When I had rendered homage to this light, he went on to say, in a friendly manner:

"If at any odd time when you have nothing better to do, you wouldn't mind coming over to see me at Walworth, I could offer you a bed, and I should consider it an honour. I have not much to show you; but such two or three curiosities as I have got, you might like to look over; and I am fond of a bit of garden and a summer-house."

I said I should be delighted to accept his hospitality.

"Thank'ee," said he, "then we'll consider that it's to come off, when convenient to you. Have you dined with Mr. Jagers yet?"

"Not yet."

"Well," said Wemmick, "he'll give you wine, and good wine. I'll give you punch, and not bad punch. And now I'll tell you something. When you go to dine with Mr. Jagers, look at his housekeeper."

"Shall I see something very uncommon?"

"Well," said Wemmick, "you'll see a wild beast tamed. Not so very uncommon, you'll tell me. I reply, that depends on the original wildness of the beast, and the amount of taming. It won't lower your opinion of Mr. Jagers's powers. Keep your eye on it."

I told him I would do so with all the interest and curiosity that his preparation awakened. As I was taking my departure, he asked me if I would like to devote five minutes to seeing Mr. Jagers "at it?"

For several reasons, and not least because I didn't clearly know what Mr. Jagers would be found to be "at," I replied in the affirmative. We dived into the City, and came up in a crowded police-court, where a blood-relation (in the murderous sense) of the deceased with the fanciful taste in brooches, was standing at the bar, uncomfortably chewing something; while my guardian had a woman under examination or cross-examination—I don't know which—and was striking her, and the bench, and everybody present, with awe. If anybody, of whatsoever degree, said a word that he didn't approve of, he instantly required to have it "taken down." If anybody wouldn't make an admission, he said, "I'll have it out of you!" and if anybody made an admission, he said, "Now I have got you!" The ma-

gistrates shivered under a single bite of his finger. Thieves and thief-takers hung in dread rapture on his words, and shrank when a hair of his eyebrows turned in their direction. Which side he was on, I couldn't make out, for he seemed to me to be grinding the whole place in a mill; I only know that when I stole out on tiptoe he was not on the side of the bench, for he was making the legs of the old gentleman who presided, quite convulsive under the table, by his denunciations of his conduct as the representative of British law and justice in that chair that day.

THE FRENCH IN LEBANON.

I SPENT the greater part of last summer and autumn in Mount Lebanon and the adjacent districts, during the time when the French expeditionary force in Syria was moving about in large and small bodies over the whole country; and although nearly twenty years' Indian service had given me considerable experience as to what a soldier can and cannot do in the way of marching in a hot climate, I saw feats of endurance performed under a Syrian sun by the French infantry, which astonished me. Thus I was led to make minute inquiries as to how these comparatively weaker men were able to march so much better, although carrying much greater loads, than our own troops in India.

The corps with which I was most thrown during the expedition in Lebanon, and of which I saw most when they returned to Beyrout, were the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the Zouaves, and the Spahis. The first of these, as most people know, are French; country troops raised exclusively for service in Algiers, and although they may be called upon to serve elsewhere—as in the Crimea, in Italy, and latterly in Syria—they are never stationed or garrisoned in any other part of the world. The Zouaves are also all French; raised for the same purpose, and with the same exceptions as the Chasseurs d'Afrique, but they are infantry. The Spahis are irregular cavalry troops, natives of Algiers, with a mixture of Frenchmen among the non-commissioned officers. All these three arms bear more or less affinity to one or other of our Indian troops, and it has often struck me that each of them has more or less peculiarities, which we might do well to copy in many instances in our Indian service. I can hardly conceive in many instances, an organisation better adapted for our Anglo-Indian cavalry—I mean regiments of English dragoons raised for service in the East—than that of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, a corps certainly on the whole the very best light cavalry on service I ever saw. One anecdote alone will show the quickness and readiness of these dragoons. One forenoon last October, I was lounging about their camp at Kâb-Elias, in the plain of Calo-Syria; some of the men were cooking, many of them catering, and others were occupied in various ways. Many were hardly dressed at all; for the morning was very hot. Nothing was further

from their thoughts than marching that day, for several of the officers were busy planning a coursing expedition for that morning. All at once the trumpet sounded the call which in the English service goes by the name of "boots and saddles," and then the order came for a squadron to prepare to march. I pulled out my watch at the first sound of the trumpet, and observed the time the men took to get ready. In thirty-five minutes the horses were saddled, the men dressed and mounted, the tents struck and packed, and the roll of the squadron was being called. Not a vestige remained of the troops' whereabouts on the ground they had occupied so lately, and, in forty minutes from the time when the trumpeter sounded his first note, officers and men, bag and baggage, were on their way to their destination. All who have served with cavalry in the field will acknowledge that to get ready so quickly, taking all their belongings with them, shows great practice and good discipline on the part of troops. I remember seeing the 3rd Light Dragoons in the Punjab, saddle, dress, and get ready to move, in thirty minutes; but they were ordered to leave their tents standing, and take no baggage with them. Even this was deemed very quick work. Moreover, on the occasion I refer to in Syria, the Chasseurs d'Afrique did not hurry themselves particularly; on the contrary, I observed that they went to work with the greatest method, each trooper half dressing himself, then saddling his horse, packing his baggage, then finishing his dressing, and finally bridling his horse, mounting, and taking his place in the ranks.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique are composed of three regiments, each regiment having six squadrons, and each squadron a hundred and sixty horses. The division of a regiment into troops, as with us, is unknown in French cavalry. Each squadron has its first captain, second captain, two lieutenants, and two sub-lieutenants; each two squadrons have their chef d'escadron or major; superior to them, there are present with the regiment a lieutenant-colonel and a colonel. Not only do I consider this organisation of regiment superior to our own, but it is much more economical in the way of officers. A French cavalry regiment on the war-establishment, has nine hundred and sixty horses; to command which there is an establishment of forty-two officers—namely, one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, three majors or chefs d'escadron, six captains, six second captains, twelve lieutenants, twelve sub-lieutenants, and the adjutant-major. An English regiment of dragoons on the Indian establishment has only seven hundred and one horses; to command which there are also forty-one officers—namely, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, eight captains, twenty lieutenants, eight cornets, and the adjutant. So, in the French service, the same number of officers bring on the field two hundred and sixty more sabres or lances than with us. Moreover, for troops which are continually being detached in small parties—

as is the case almost always when cavalry are in the field—the advantage of having every squadron, a complete corps within itself, must be obvious.

But what struck me particularly in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, was the great number of young men belonging to respectable and even titled families, serving in the ranks of the corps: some as privates, but most having attained the rank of corporal, sergeant, or sergeant-major. The mere conscript—the half-educated peasant, or the badly educated shopman whose number at the conscription has forced him into the army, and whose destination has led him into the Chasseurs d'Afrique—has no chance of rising in the regiment. All this better class of troopers is composed of men who, wishing to attain the rank of officers but not having passed through the military college of St. Cyr, enlist for this particular corps, with the certainty, that if they behave well, they will in a few years obtain their commissions. Nearly all the officers in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, are men who have risen from the ranks. The sub-lieutenants are, I should say, nearly all under twenty-five years of age: having had five or six years' experience in the ranks, just enough to make them practical soldiers, and to enable them to appreciate their new position.

I believe that, although there is no government rule or regulation on the subject, the French administration has for many years refrained from sending any young man just entering the service from the military colleges, as sub-lieutenants into the Chasseurs d'Afrique: preferring to let the corps be almost altogether officered by men who have worked their way up from the ranks. This is the case in no other regiment in the French army except the Zouaves, the universal rule of the service being, that, of the vacancies which occur in a corps, two-thirds are filled up from the military colleges, and one-third from the ranks.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique and the Zouaves, being always either in Algeria or on foreign service, young men of family and respectability, some of whom have perhaps been a little wild at their start in life, prefer to enlist as volunteers in them rather than in corps which would expose them to the idleness and temptations of a garrison life in France, or to the chance of being seen by wealthy relatives or former companions, whilst wearing the uniform of private soldiers. In one single squadron of the Chasseurs last summer in Syria, I was shown amongst the non-commissioned officers, a marquis, two viscounts, the son of a prefect, and the son of a supreme judge at Algiers: while the orderly corporal of the colonel commanding the cavalry, was a certain well-known baron, whose family was of Scottish origin, and must be well remembered by all frequenters of the Paris Jockey Club and of Chantilly some few years ago. This gentleman's history may serve as an example of many others of his class. He was born very wealthy, and for seven or eight years lived and spent money

as men only can—or only do—live and spend money in Paris. At six-and-twenty he found himself so far ruined, that, in order to let his estates recover themselves, not a penny of their rents should be touched for at least ten years. He determined to make the sacrifice, kept a hundred pounds a year to live on, enlisted in the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, went through the Italian campaign, is a steady soldier, an excellent horseman, and will in due time gain his epaulets. The officers of the same squadron have one and all risen from the ranks, having all enlisted as private chasseurs, and in a few years worked their way upward. They have all seen more or less service, many in the Crimea, others in Italy, and the whole corps at various times and in different expeditions in Algeria. They appeared a very gentlemanly well-informed set of men, not too professional in their talk, but showing considerable esprit de corps when the subject of their regiment was broached. I observed a particularly kindly feeling between all ranks of this regiment.

The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are well mounted, their horses bearing considerable resemblance to those provided by the government of India for the use of our dragoons serving in that country. In stable duties, although superior to many of the French cavalry regiments, they fall short of the corps in our own service; their horses not being as well groomed nor in as good condition as they ought to be. Their accoutrements, too, are by no means so neat, or so neatly kept, as in the English cavalry. On the march each trooper carries one-fourth of a tent d'abris, which, on arrival at the camp, forms a shelter from the night air for himself and three companions. The horse blanket, which folds under the saddle, serves as a cover at night for the soldier. The arms consist of a carbine, which is carried slung, muzzle upwards, behind and above the left shoulder, and under the right arm. Although a good weapon, it is much too long to be used with any effect on horseback. Their swords are of the usual cut-and-thrust pattern. The uniform is a light blue jacket, with the usual red trousers of the French army, booted with leathers up to the knee. Latterly the Emperor has made an improvement in the jackets of this corps, which might be copied with advantage in every cavalry regiment in the world. Instead of the usual tight-fitting garment which goes by that name, it is changed in shape and size, so as to form an easy loose pelisse, coming well down below the hips, long enough to keep clear of the rider's seat on horseback, and large enough to be quite cool in summer: while in winter a thick waistcoat, or even a jacket, might be worn under it with comfort and ease. This pelisse is of a light blue colour, handsomely braided with black, and forms by far the most useful and most soldier-like garment I have ever seen worn by any cavalry.

There were two admirable changes in costume which I observed in all the French troops in Syria last year. The first of these is the adaptation of the broad warm Eastern sash, which

winds round and round the stomach and loins, greatly preventing cholera, bowel complaints, and rheumatism, and affording great support to the back. This is an article of dress universally worn by all travellers and sojourners in the Levant. In the French army it is made of a light blue merino, is nearly eighteen inches broad, and about twelve feet long. It is much liked by the men, and is said to have saved many lives both in very hot and in damp weather. The other alteration in dress, and to which too much praise can hardly be given, is the total abolition of the stock, both for officers and soldiers: the former wearing narrow black silk neckcloths, which are almost hidden by the collars of their jackets: the latter having a light blue merino neckcloth, or small shawl, worn once or twice round the throat, according as the weather may be cold or otherwise. I was told that the Emperor intended to abolish stocks altogether from the army.

The Zouaves form a service which has some of the same peculiarities as the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, but has also its particular "specialities." Besides the Zouaves de la Garde, which always form part of the garrison of Paris, there are three regiments of these troops, raised exclusively for service in Algiers; composed, like the *Chasseurs*, entirely of Frenchmen; but raised exclusively for service in Africa, although sent to take part in the campaigns of the Crimea and of Italy, and latterly in the Syrian expedition. The Zouaves consist of three regiments, each regiment having three battalions of a thousand strong; so, in addition to the Zouaves of the Guard, there exist nine thousand of this picked infantry. In Syria last summer, there was but one battalion of these troops, nearly every man of which was decorated for former services, in Africa, the Crimea, or Italy, either with the Legion of Honour, the Crimean, or the Italian medal. Many of these warriors had two, three, and some had even four decorations, on the breast. The discipline of the Zouaves is considered in many respects very loose by the rest of the French army, and would be deemed exceedingly so in the English service. Still it cannot be denied that they form a splendid body of infantry, with a peculiar dash and esprit de corps, which carries them through anything. Many a time have I wondered to see these men mounting the steep goat paths of Lebanon, carrying the enormous loads which the French infantry have to bear, and still as fresh and lively at the end of a ten hours' march under a Syrian sun as they would have been after a pleasure trip on a French spring day. No doubt their dress helps them greatly in accomplishing pedestrian feats with ease; and the wonder is that a costume so vastly superior to all others for the infantry soldier has not been extensively copied in Europe. In the article of dress one thing surprised me very much last summer in the Lebanon. The sun was fierce and burning, as a Syrian sun always is from June to November; so fierce and so burning, that although I had been pretty well

inured to its rays in every part of Hindostan, I could not have done without a white turban round my felt wide-awake. But the heads of the Zouaves seemed never to feel the heat. The only head-dress they wore was a small red fess, or tarboosh or skull-cap: their green turbans being unwound and packed up in their knapsacks, only to be worn on Sundays. I found that even through the sandy deserts of the interior of Algeria, the Zouaves wear no other head-dress, and yet that amongst these troops sunstroke is almost unknown: whereas the soldiers of the line, who have peaks to their caps, suffer in Africa often and most severely, from the fearful effects of the sun. The Zouaves themselves account for this—and I believe the medical men of the French army are of their opinion—by reason of their necks being left entirely uncovered from the collar-bone upward, and thus a free circulation of blood to and from the brain being maintained.

Although conscripts, or recruits who have only just joined the service, are sent to the Zouaves, the greater number of these troops are men who have already served the regulated seven years (the term for which every Frenchman who cannot buy a substitute has to soldier), and have volunteered for a further and longer term. In fact, they are mostly men who have adopted the profession of arms for the active years of their lives, and not simply in order to get over the term for which by law they must shoulder a musket. A Zouave who has some education and behaves steadily, is pretty certain to obtain his promotion to the rank of officer, in eight or ten years; but, unfortunately, the Zouave conduct is not always that which a member of the temperance society would consider correct. The Zouave, as a general rule, drinks largely of strong waters whenever he has money, or credit, or friends. Still a large proportion of the Zouave officers—I believe about two-thirds—are men who while yet young have risen from the ranks in their own corps, and are gentlemen by birth and education, although inferior in birth to their comrades of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. There appears to be a peculiarly kindly feeling between the officers and men of the Zouaves: though the former are often obliged to have recourse to very severe punishment. The Zouaves on parade are as smart as any soldiers in the world, each one deeming that the credit of the whole body depends on his individual exertions. But they have sometimes a way of mounting sentry with their rifles slung by the belt over their shoulders, their hands in their capacious breeches-pockets, and a slouching gait, which would drive any smart English adjutant out of his wits. The French troops have in all minor matters a want of what we call "smartness," and a degree of slovenliness, most astonishing in an army which takes so much real pride in its work.

The Zouaves use the Minié rifle with sword and bayonet: from what I have seen of their shooting, I should say that their practice is very good.

Every man carries a large blanket rolled up over his knapsack, as well as the sticks and canvas of a fourth part of a tent d'abris. This, with his regular kit, his spare ammunition, his share of cooking vessels, and four days' provisions, brought the weight each soldier carried in the Lebanon last summer, up to no less than eighty-five pounds English measure, or twenty-five pounds more than an English infantry soldier carries in heavy marching order. Yet, as I said before, these men made nothing of their loads, but walked up and down the impossible paths and break-neck roads of Lebanon, as easily as one of our Guardsmen moves along Pall-mall. Always laughing at difficulties, making the least of annoyances, and improving every opportunity of adding something to their next meal, the Zouaves appeared to flourish where other troops met with nothing but difficulties. I remember one morning last autumn, during my wanderings in the Lebanon, coming across General Beaufort de Hautpoul, the Commander of the French expedition, who, with merely five officers of his personal staff, and an escort of a few cavalry and a hundred Zouaves, was visiting some of the forts in the mountains. When I fell in with the party of officers they were bivouacking under some large olive-trees, intending to move further in the afternoon. The general kindly asked me to partake of their breakfast, which, although good in its way, consisted merely of cold meat, sausage, and bread. Not so the Zouave escort, which, but a few paces off, had managed to light fires and cook sundry messes; and if they tasted half as well as they smelt, they must have been right good to eat. The cavalry of the escort appeared to have nothing save their ration biscuits and coffee.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique and the Zouaves were both experiments in the French army, and have no doubt proved highly successful. Could not something of the kind be tried for our vast Indian empire, and even in our Cape colony? Had we regiments like these, in which, if a young man of fair education were to enlist, he would know that if he behaved well and steadily his promotion to the rank of a commissioned officer would only be a question of time, would it not go far to fill our local Indian regiments with a better class of men than those who have lately been creating miserable mutinies in Bengal? Would such corps not prove an outlet for a vast deal of the young and wild blood, which at present is somewhat of an incubus on too many families of the middle and upper middle classes of society? I am aware that even as it is many of our young men who have come to temporary social grief, do enlist in the army, and chiefly in India. I have seen a nobleman's son serving as a private gunner in the Bengal Horse Artillery, and I had some years ago in my own troop of dragoons two men who had taken their B.A. degrees at Cambridge. But in our service such men almost invariably go from bad to worse, and, in nine cases out of ten, end their lives in the hospital from delirium tremens. One reason is, that they have

no future advancement to look to, or if they have, it is so distant as to be nearly hopeless. I am quite certain that we have a vast deal of the best military material in the world if we only knew how to use it properly; and I am convinced that we never shall make the most of our means, until we have introduced a general system of promotion from the ranks. Go into any large provincial town—almost into any family of the upper or lower middle classes—and see the number of young men wasting their time and substance and hopes, while “waiting for commissions.” Why should not these youths prove the stuff they are made of, and take their chance through the barrack-room? Talk of competitive examinations! I know of no examination in the world which will show so completely what a young fellow is made of as two or three years’ service in the ranks. Nor need such training unfit a youth for other employment. If he finds he does not like the service, and leaves it, he will take none the less kindly to some other profession for which he may be more suited. I believe that the English army never had at its head two officers more thoroughly willing and anxious to try all things military, and hold fast that which is good, than the Duke of Cambridge, the commander-in-chief, and Sir Hugh Rose, who commands in India. Surely between them something might be done to improve the social standing of our service, and to induce young men of respectable families to enter the ranks? As a matter of economy alone, such a scheme would recommend itself, for there can be little doubt that the ever drinking, always being punished, worthless scoundrels, of whom we have but too many in every corps, are most expensive and utterly useless articles. Until the idea of respectable young men enlisting as private soldiers became familiar to the public, the experiment could be most favourably tried in India. Sons of the middle classes, who might wish to try the roughings of a soldier’s life, would rather do so in the East, where they would have comparatively little chance of meeting former acquaintances, than at home, where they would see these at every turn. It is for this reason that I would advocate the experiment being first tried in India, and there could not be a more favourable time than now, when the Indian army is about to be reorganised.

In many—I will say in most—respects, the Spahis do not come up to the standard of excellence of Jacob’s, Christie’s, Fane’s, Skinner’s, or a dozen other regiments of irregular Indian cavalry I could name. Still, they are good soldiers, and—what is a vast thing with Orientals—a very contented body of men. The French seem to manage their native troops with great judgment and success. Recent as is the formation of their Algerian colony, and young as are these corps of Spahis when compared with our Hindostanee corps, the Algerians are very much more Europeanised than our Indian regiments. The men—or most of them—go through their forms of Moslem worship, and profess to be

strict followers of the Prophet; but they have none of that exclusive fanatical fierceness which distinguishes our Moslem irregulars in India when off duty, which raises up an impenetrable barrier between the English commander and those whom he commands, and which bore terrible fruit during the mutiny of 1857. The reason I believe to be, first, that the Spahis have many more officers than our irregular corps; secondly, that in every squadron there are a certain mixture of Frenchmen—about a fourth, I believe, amongst the privates, and nearly half the sergeants; and thirdly—also chiefly—that the native troopers may, and do, rise to the rank of second captain: a third of the officers belonging to and below this grade being Algerians, and taking their turn of duty, according to seniority, with their French comrades. In our Indian army a native soldier may rise to the rank of subadar; but however senior he may be in the service, the English ensign of yesterday commands him; nay, I have seen the European sergeant-major of a Bengal native infantry regiment, commanding a parade at which seven or eight old grey-headed subadars (native captains) were present. How can we ever expect these soldiers to respect themselves, when we are ever reminding them that they are of an inferior race? The French manage their native troopers better. The French officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, who are put into the Spahis corps, are selected especially for that duty. They get much better pay, and quicker promotion than in other regiments; and, except when ordered on foreign service, they are very little moved about. In each of the three Algerian provinces, there is a corps of Spahis; each regiment consists of eight squadrons; each squadron, of two hundred men and horses. The troopers—each of which, as in our Indian irregulars, owns the horse he rides—of each corps belong to the province in which the regiment is stationed: so, except to move beyond sea on foreign service, they are never far from their families. I have more than once seen in Syria, small detachments of French Hussars, French Chasseurs d’Afrique, and Algerian Spahis, out together: each having an officer of its own corps; but it has so happened that an Algerian officer was the senior, and he, consequently, took command of the whole. Of the wisdom of this system I have not the slightest doubt.

MY FATHER’S SECRET.

STRANGE, how the merest trifles will sometimes call up, in the most vivid colours, a train of recollections we had fancied were so laid away in the lumber-room we all have in some back recess of our brains, that they have lost all distinct form and reality!

To-night, a sound in the street at midnight, a cry, perhaps from some houseless wanderer, awakened in terror from her shivering, shelterless slumbers, thrilled through my very soul with the startled agony of fear such a sound

excited in my childish mind—how many years ago? fifty, at least—and brought back to me, with a tumultuous rush, all the series of circumstances that then so oppressed my life with a vague, nameless, unspeakable horror; and when, in later life, these circumstances were explained, the explanation only substituted real for imaginary terrors.

An only child, my early days were spent in the old place that had been in our family for upwards of three centuries. It was situated in Cornwall, near the sea, far from any town of the least importance, and it and our lives—my father's and mine, for I was motherless—were so isolated that often months, nay, I may say years, passed, without our ever seeing a new face.

In those days of which I speak, my father must have been still a young and a handsome man; but children commonly have such incorrect ideas as to the ages and appearances of their elders, and of their parents especially, that the memory of my father always presents itself as that of a middle-aged, sombre, silent, not generally pleasing or attractive man.

I loved him less than I feared him; not that he was ever other than gentle and most kind to me; but somehow there was, I know not how, an uneasy feeling subsisting between us; we never were on the terms of fond protection on the one side, of clinging confidence on the other, that alone constitute the natural and healthy relations between father and child.

What above all caused this uneasy sensation on my part, was the consciousness—I cannot say when it first came, but come it did, gradually growing on me in a way whose oppression I cannot now recal without a return of its weight—that my father was constantly—furtively and secretly, but constantly—watching me. Watching me, too, with a sort of anxious, fearful expectancy, as if there was about me something alarming or unnatural, that should stamp me as a creature apart from the rest of my species.

From this thought came the yet more harassing one that such a feeling on his part might have a real foundation I knew not of. I can perfectly remember secretly studying my own face and figure in the large cheval-glass that stood in an unused dressing-room (my mother's, as I afterwards learnt), to discover if I had any personal peculiarity, or sign, or deformity, that might in any way account for this singular demeanour of my father's, and watching my own words, and habits, and behaviour, to test if in them lay the cause thereof. But I could myself discover nothing. The mirror only showed me a pale, large-eyed, delicate-looking boy, tall and slight beyond his years, with a particularly grave, reflective cast of countenance (these particulars, my recollection of my own image, rather than my then view of it, informs me), and loose, dark, curling hair, hanging over the forehead, and giving additional shade and solemnity to the eyes. And when I turned my thoughts inwards, to study, as well as I

could, my moral characteristics, I could in them detect no incongruities calculated to justify uneasiness.

At last—never shall I forget the months of watchful terror that followed that supposed explanation of the mystery—I fancied I had found a clue to the awful secret.

Sometimes, weary with wandering about alone, I used to roam into the library, and, taking down a book by chance, try to find some amusement therein; few of the volumes were in any way calculated to suit the taste and comprehension of a child, being chiefly of a grave character, but at last I hit upon a collection of old legendary poems and ballads, and herein found ample food for interest. Among these was the Breton legend of Bislavaret, the tale of the knight who, owing to some fearful but unexplained fatality, was compelled at certain times to assume the shape and nature of a wolf.

Could I be a Bislavaret? was the question that instantly addressed itself to my mind. Did my father know that at some time I was destined to undergo this fearful transformation? Was he acquainted with the indications that announced the change? Had he yet perceived any of them?

Such were the questions that now haunted my waking thoughts and my nightly dreams, and as, no doubt, these terrible anxieties produced a visible effect on my looks and manner, my father, full of an uneasy terror whose nature I mistook, increased his painful surveillance, and, by it, my racking alarms.

I saw the moment when I should myself perceive the commencement of the transformation. I pictured the manner of it in fifty ways. Sometimes I fancied it would be gradual, and I should see and feel the slow blending of the human and bestial natures, till the former should be swallowed up in the latter, and I should become, for the time being, at all events, a real wolf. At others, I fancied the change would be instantaneous, that, from a boy, I should suddenly spring into a raging ravening monster, fall—who could tell?—on those around me?—my father, my nurse, my favourite animals, pony, dog, or bird, and then, with bloody fangs, rush howling, an object of hatred and terror to all, into the dark woods that extended for miles around the house, ending, perhaps, by falling into the black abyss of one of the worn-out mines that were not rare in the district.

Our house, which was a very large one, had been built and added to at different periods, and my father and I only occupied a comparatively small portion of one end of it. This portion was shut out from the rest by a door at the termination of a passage, which was kept so entirely closed up that I had never seen it opened, and the unused part of the house I had never once entered. Often, with intense curiosity, I had looked up at the shuttered windows, wondering what manner of rooms they were that daylight never visited, longing, yet half dreading, to explore them. Another object of curious and unsatisfied interest to me was a walled enclosure

extending from the extreme end of the deserted part of the house, and covering a space of perhaps about half an acre. The wall was very high, much higher than an ordinary garden wall, and the door of it, which led into a dark shrubbery-walk, now almost blocked up with tangled undergrowth, was kept constantly locked, and, indeed, had no appearance of having been opened for any number of years. Why this was so I was never able to learn. I had asked the question of my nurse, a resident in the house since before my birth, but she had replied evasively that she supposed the key was lost, and at any rate there were gardens enough and to spare without using that one, adding an injunction to me not to go near there, as the shrubbery was damp and full of briars and nettles, and I should hurt myself and get my clothes torn. The result of her caution was, that the next day found me making my way through the tangled underwood in the direction of the closed door that so excited my curiosity. For some time the noise I made forcing a passage kept from me the knowledge that I was not alone in my progress. But pausing to take breath, I suddenly became aware of the fact, and, turning round, I found myself face to face with my father. In a voice of severity, very unusual when addressed to me, he asked me what I was doing there, adding a prohibition ever to return, as I should be sure to hurt myself, and he would not have it.

From that moment I became convinced that within the enclosure of those walls lay the secret of the mystery of our existence and of my father's strange watchfulness of me, and I resolved, come what might, to strive to solve it.

But two days later was commenced the erection of a high, strong paling round the shrubbery, and not being tall or strong enough to scale it, independent of the risk of being detected in the attempt to do so, I was baffled.

I was, I suppose, at this time, about seven or eight years old, but no notice ever being taken of my birthday, I did not then know what my age was, and now I can only guess approximatively what it might have been.

One thing I gained by this inkling of a discovery, and that was the dispersion of my terrors on the Bislavaret grounds.

No; I felt assured that not in myself, alone and individually, lay the cause of my father's conduct towards me. There, behind that shrubbery, within those walls, was hidden the true explanation, and I only was an object of anxiety as being somehow connected with that impenetrable mystery.

That such was the fact, and how it was so, I had to learn later.

Months passed away, perhaps a year may have gone by, when one night I went to bed about my usual hour, half-past eight or nine o'clock.

It had been a hot summer's day, and a long ride had fatigued me, so that I slept unusually sound (I was, for a child, rather a light sleeper in general), when—I can describe the sensation in no other way than as that of being wrenched

instantaneously from profound sleep into terrified waking—I was roused by a scream, so loud, so long, so agonised, that I sprang up shivering with a ghastly horror that made the cold sweat burst out over my quivering limbs.

In an instant, my father—I slept in a little room opening from his—rushed in, with a face I shall never forget, a look whose anxious terror was all directed to *me*—as if excited far less by that hideous sound, than by the fear of its influence on me.

Bursting into hysterical sobs, I stretched my arms to him, and almost for the first time I could remember, he took me to his breast, clasping me close, kissing, soothing, and reassuring me like a woman; yet, I had a consciousness, at the same time, dividing his attention to me with a restless intense anxiety as to the circumstance that had caused it, mingled with a dread of a recurrence of the alarm, an impatient desire to investigate the matter, of which, however, he attempted no explanation, being, I suppose, too shaken by his emotions to invent a plausible one.

While he still held me thus, my nurse entered. This seemed to relieve him. I observed that they exchanged looks of mutual intelligence, and my father, placing me in her arms, once more kissed me, telling me to fear nothing, and taking a light, he left my room by the opposite door from that by which he had entered it.

"What was it, nurse?" I whispered, when I had become a little reassured. She hesitated.

"It must have been Jane, frightened by a rat; or perhaps she had the nightmare. But it was nothing that could hurt *you*, dear."

I knew this was not the true explanation; but I also knew I was not likely to get another; so I was silent, and, I suppose, she thought, satisfied.

More than once, after that night, did the same harrowing sound disturb me, and sometimes the shrieks were not single, but iterated with fearful energy. On each occasion my father manifested the same intense disturbance and anxiety, though he endeavoured to conceal it from me, and invented some plausible explanation, which I was forced to appear to accept, though my life was rendered miserable by the terrors with which this state of things beset it.

One morning, after the shrieks had been more than usually terrific, my father, apparently driven into a desperate resolution, announced to me that we were going away for a time; that he would accompany me to our destination, and, leaving me with my nurse, he would come often to see me.

I had never been from home before, and the idea of the change—yet less for its own sake than for the escape it promised me from my terror-haunted life—afforded me unspeakable relief. Whether the evidence of this awakened in my father more pain or pleasure, I can hardly tell; certainly, the feelings were mingled.

In a week, it was fixed, we should go into Devonshire, where, in a village known to my nurse, we were to take up our abode, but for no specified time.

I counted the days with eager impatience, and already five of the seven had departed. At night I had gone to bed, and fallen asleep with a pleasant dreamy sense of approaching escape, and had slept, I suppose, several hours, when I suddenly awakened by the sound of the splashing of water in my room. Looking towards the washing-stand (a night-light, without which my terrors would not allow me to sleep, faintly lighted the chamber), I descried the figure of a woman, whose back was towards me, washing her hands.

I had never seen her before, of that I was quite certain, nor anything the least like her.

She was tall and thin, dressed in a loose, shapeless garment, and her hair, which was dark, was cropped close to her head.

Apparently unconscious of my presence, there she stood, washing her hands, but with an energy and intensity of purpose, curious in so ordinary an occupation; rubbing and wringing them, as if she would take the skin off, pausing to examine them, then with an exclamation of impatient disappointment—sometimes a sort of shudder—plunging them back into the water, splashing, rubbing, and wringing them again and again.

So extreme were my amazement and terror at this extraordinary apparition, that for some minutes I could neither speak nor move. As I lay, I heard the clock strike three, and as it was summer, I knew daylight was near: this was some slight relief. If I could only lie still till sunrise, I thought I might summon courage to address my wondrous visitor, or perhaps she might then retire. So I tried to regulate even my breathing so as not to attract her attention, and lay still, my eyes riveted on her with a fearful fascination, waiting for what might come.

For what *did* come I was little prepared. After long scouring and rubbing her hands, but apparently with no satisfactory result, she turned, and I saw her face.

Child as I was, I felt that it had in it a something that placed it out of the nature or order of all other faces. Not without traces of beauty, even in its haggard pallor and sunken eyes, it yet wore the stamp of something that seemed to me not to belong to humanity. There was a sort of mingled wildness and vacancy in the expression of the pale lips, of the troubled eyes, unnaturally yet gloomily bright in their dark and hollow orbits, like sullen fires in airless caves; and the thick, cropped, dark hair, coming in a ridge straight across the forehead, added not a little to the singular effect of the countenance.

At first her eye seemed to wander vacantly about the room, as if with a half-consciousness that it was unfamiliar to her. Then, after a while, it lighted on me.

She came quickly up to the bed, gazed at me with eager, startled scrutiny, then with hasty hand drawing down the bed-clothes a little way, she began feeling my throat.

Feeling it, not graspingly or clutchingly, or

as though intending it any harm, but as if to satisfy some intense anxiety—to assure herself of some peculiarity respecting it.

What followed I cannot tell; for with her hand, deadly cold and wet on my throat, I became insensible.

A brain fever was the result of this night's adventure. And then came a dark period—I have never dared to inquire into the particulars of it, or even how long it lasted—of overshadowed consciousness, from which I awoke but gradually, and with occasional relapses.

That the period must have been considerable I know; for when I recovered I had arrived at another stage of growth, being no longer a child but a youth; and my father's hair was sprinkled with grey, and his face marked with lines I did not remember.

We were in France when I awoke from that long mental slumber, of whose very dreams I had no recollection; living in Brittany, in as retired a manner as we had lived at the old house in Cornwall.

Then we travelled for some years, and so I grew to manhood. Quite sane, and in full possession of my mental faculties, but always with a lingering sense of instability in their tenure, a dread of aught that might tend to shock or shake them, and a shy unwillingness to join in the society of those of my own age, or indeed to go forth at all into a world which had never been other than alien and unknown to me.

So I continued to the age of three-and-twenty, when my father died; died, taking with him the secret that had so terribly influenced my life. But years afterwards, when time and the necessity of action had brought with them their salutary results, and that living like other men, I had become as other men, my uncle, my father's only brother, revealed to me the mystery.

My father, at eight-and-twenty, had married my mother, then barely seventeen.

She was very pretty, very childish, fond of pleasure and the amusements of her age, and having been one of a large and happy, and well-united family, the change from her own gay home and circle to the lonely old house in Cornwall, and my father's grave, studious habits, fell heavily on her, and soon she pined in secret for what she had lost. My father saw it, and though deeply pained and disappointed, he was the first to propose what she was longing for, a visit to her family.

This was some three months before the expected period of my birth; he took her to her home, and it was settled that there he should leave her till her confinement should take place, at which period he was to rejoin her, and, in due time, to conduct her back to Cornwall.

But ere she had been more than a month away, news came to her that my father had been attacked with a pleurisy of the most dangerous kind, and she, smitten with grief and something like self-reproach, would listen to no persuasions that could keep her from him, and the next day,

attended by her maid, set out, travelling post, to join him.

Early in the morning they had started, intending to sleep that night at a town of some importance on the way. But the roads were heavy, and the horses so jaded, that it was evident they could not reach their destination till far on in the night, even supposing it possible to achieve that much, and already fatigue and anxiety were beginning to tell strongly on my mother.

So there was nothing for it but to take the first tolerable shelter they could reach, and at ten o'clock they were glad to find themselves in a rural, but really not uncomfortable roadside inn.

Supper despatched, my mother was fain to retire to bed. The room, though small and poorly furnished, was clean, and the bed looked not uninviting, and the only serious drawback to its convenience was, that my mother's maid had to sleep in a room above, there being none other unoccupied on that floor. However, as Wilson's chamber was the one immediately over my mother's, and that she was a light sleeper, it would be easy, by tapping with the point of an umbrella on the low ceiling, at any moment to summon her, in case of there being occasion to do so.

And so, in a short time, my mother, worn out with all she had gone through in the long day, dropped into a profound sleep, and one by one the lights and the noises in the house sank into darkness and silence, and only the mice held their nightly orgies behind the old wainscoting.

Only in one room a light was still burning at two o'clock in the morning.

About that time my mother awoke; but in such ghastly terror and horror that it seemed not like waking from wholesome sleep, but like waking from death in the place of outer darkness—where are weeping and gnashing of teeth.

For *something* was clutching and tearing frantically at the bed-clothes, with a horrible gasping, gurgling sound unlike anything in or out of nature, and there was a struggling and writhing on the floor by the bedside, as if the *thing* was striving to clamber up on it. And so strong was my mother's impression that this was so, that though unable to scream, she put forth her hand, as if to repulse the thing, and felt it come in contact with something hot and wet, that clung stickily to her fingers.

Then she found breath to burst into wild ringing shrieks; and lights were brought; and lying by the bedside was a man in the agonies of death with his throat gashed, and the blood welling from it, and saturating the bed-clothes, and crimson on my mother's hand.

She never recovered her senses, and a few days after I was born.

My father, as soon as it was possible—much sooner than it was safe—for him to travel, came and took her and me, the one mad, the other

apparently dying, to Cornwall. Two rooms on the ground floor of the house were arranged for her, opening on the enclosure that had so often excited my curiosity, so that she might, unseen, have air and exercise. There, attended only by her maid, an elderly woman, attached to her from her childhood, and by my father, she remained till the period of her death, which occurred but a few weeks after the night on which I had seen her for the first and last time. During the earlier years of her insanity she had, usually, been tolerably quiet; but some months before her death the infirmity took a new turn. She would be seized with sudden frenzies, uttering the shrieks that had occasionally reached my ears, going in imagination through the scene at the inn, constantly washing her hands to remove the blood with which her distracted fancy stained them, and examining the throats of my father, the doctor, and nurse, as she had examined mine.

And now was explained the meaning of the painful surveillance of me which, in my poor father, had so disturbed me. A constant dread was on him lest the condition of my mother's intellect at the period of my birth might exert an influence on mine. Day and night this terror haunted him; every word, look, and action of mine was weighed and studied with this idea; and little did he suspect how this very anxiety, or rather the unconscious evidence of it, tended towards producing a state of mind calculated to engender, under exciting circumstances, the very effect he dreaded. Above all things he trembled lest the truth of my mother's awful fate should, in any way, reach me; and thus arose the mystery which, I verily believe, might have been yet more dangerous to me than even some knowledge of the rightful fact.

My poor father! if error there were, it was wholly error of judgment, and *I* have no reason to blame him—to do other than regard his memory with pitying tenderness, to lament over a fate so undeserved and so terrible. He sleeps now under a monument I have erected in our parish churchyard, side by side with the wife from whom in life he was so cruelly divided.

The unfortunate cause of the calamity which thus overshadowed the lives of a family, proved to be a young gentleman, the son of Scottish parents, who, tired of the monotony of his quiet home life, had come south, fallen in with evil company, and, having disgraced the honest name he bore, resolved, in a moment of desperation, to end his life. No sooner, however, had his hand committed the fatal act, than, repentant and terrified, his only thought was to seek assistance.

Between his room and my mother's was a door of communication, which neither she nor Wilson had observed, and through this he, having heard voices on the other side, trailed himself, and, unable to speak, had sought to call my mother's attention in the way described.

But aid came too late, and in a few minutes later he expired, involving in his own fate those innocent sufferers.

TRANSMUTATION OF SPECIES.

IN the year 1748—ten years after the death of its learned author—a book was published at Amsterdam, under the title, *Telliamed*, or Discoveries of an Indian Philosopher with a French Missionary. It had been written by a Frenchman, whose real name was De Maillet, and was dedicated to the author of some imaginary voyages to the sun and moon. The book is in a pleasant style, and discusses several questions of interest in natural history in a manner not a little original and ingenious. The title *Telliamed* is a mere anagram of the author's name, and certainly the Indian philosopher and the French missionary have very little to do with the subject treated of; but the argument and the book are not much the worse for their anomalies.

Benoît de Maillet was born in 1656 at St. Mihiel on the Meuse, in France, and is described to have passed the first thirty-six years of his life in the country in complete idleness. No doubt during this time the speculative tendency of his mind was nourished, and his powers of observation quickened. The first we hear of his public life is that he was sent to Egypt in 1692, as Consul-General of France, and he evidently applied himself with energy and intelligence to acquire the knowledge needed in so important a post. Ten years afterwards he was appointed ambassador to Abyssinia, but declining to accept an honour which at that time must have involved great risk and hardship, he obtained permission to exchange it for the consulship at Leghorn. After remaining some years in this and in other important occupations, he retired from public life, and, residing at Marseilles, found leisure to prepare and publish a collection of interesting documents concerning Egypt and its inhabitants. His health gave way while pursuing researches and preparing material for other works on physical geography, but he lived to an advanced age, and left behind him the unpublished speculations which were afterwards given to the world under the curious title we have already quoted.

De Maillet, adopting the Neptunian hypothesis, and putting forth the opinion that the earth originally existed as a chaotic mass of mixed earth and water, reduced after a time by evaporation to the division and separation of land from water, which we now know to exist, was inclined to account for this by the theory that the earth is gradually approaching the sun—that it has always been doing so—and will continue to creep nearer and nearer, till its final destruction by conflagration on the last day. With this theory he mixes up another, arguing that as the whole earth was originally covered with water, all animals of every kind must have been originally derived from aqueous parentage. In illustration and support of this view, he men-

tions as familiarly known, the existence of mer-men and mermaids, and other fabulous monsters of antiquity; and associates them with flying fishes, and other real animals, as exhibiting singular analogies with birds and quadrupeds.

Bearing in mind these analogies, our author proceeds to insist that the gradual increase of land, owing to the evaporation of the water that at one time covered the earth, could not but be accompanied by a corresponding modification of the animal inhabitants. The animals dwelling in deep water would have to accustom themselves to shallower water. The original tenants of the shallow water would be reduced to adapt themselves, first to absolute shoals and mud banks, and soon to land altogether dry, which never received the wash of the tidal wave; and in order to obtain this adaptation, and retain habits so different from those with which they were created, they must have been endowed with considerable elasticity and adaptability. Thus he considers permanent varieties might be secured, and one species be in the course of time transmuted into another.

The following extract from *Telliamed* will give some idea both of the author's views and his style in reference to this curious subject:

It may happen, as, indeed, we know it often does happen, that winged or flying fishes, chasing their prey, or being pursued in the sea, carried away by the eager desire either for food or to escape from death, or being, perhaps, impelled by storm-waves, have fallen into swamps or grass, whence they were unable to escape, and that in this state they have acquired a greater capacity for flying. Their fins, no longer bathed in the sea, split and separated in consequence of the drying. Finding in the reedy marshes and swamps sufficient food to sustain them, the rays of their fins separating from each other, would become prolonged and clothed with feathers, or, to speak more correctly, the membranes by which they had before been connected would become metamorphosed. The feathers thus formed would grow, the skin would become covered with down of the colour of the original skin, and the down would grow. The small ventral fins of a fish would become the feet of a bird; the beak and the neck of some birds would lengthen and of others shorten, and so on, for the rest of the body. But a general conformity would exist with the original structure, and this may always be easily recognised.

Take, for example, the fowls large and small, even those of India, whether crested or not, even those of which the plumage goes the reverse way (from the tail to the head), and you may find similar animals in the sea both scaled and not scaled. All the parrots, whose plumage is so peculiar, and the rarest and most strangely marked birds, resemble fishes, painted like them, in black, brown, grey, yellow, green, red, violet, gold and azure; and this precisely in those parts where the plumage of the same birds is so strangely diversified.*

Strange and little founded in natural history knowledge as this argument may seem, it is not wanting in a kind of picturesque ingenuity. The idea clearly is, that an animal placed in new and unexpected conditions which do not

* *Telliamed*, tom. ii. p. 166, ed. 1755.

quite destroy life, adapts its organs, so far as they are adaptable, to the altered circumstances. If there is food at hand, and enemies are not present, the animal will have time to develop any peculiarities favourable to the new conditions that have hitherto lain dormant; and if the change has affected a race, the next generation will be not unlikely to have some individuals modified in a yet more favourable way. We may thus ultimately obtain a permanent variety, which is to all intents and purposes a species. If you are content to take the exposition of M. de Maillet as an illustration pointing to the direction in which a change in the proportions and organs of animals may extend and become permanent, it seems to be absurd and impossible.

The idea of the derivation of one so-called species from another, the two being unlike in what are regarded as essential characters, is necessarily fundamental with all naturalists who are not inclined to admit that new species have been abruptly introduced from time to time upon the earth, to fill up acknowledged gaps in creation, or to take the place of others which have either died out from actual exhaustion and old age, or which are to be driven out by the new arrival.

What is generally understood by a species, is a group of animals or plants having certain peculiarities of structure in common, and from which other like animals or plants are naturally derived. When two individuals, a male and female belonging to two different groups, can be induced to breed together, the result is considered a *hybrid*, and two such hybrids, if male and female, will rarely breed together and produce young. The horse and the ass producing the mule afford an illustration too obvious to require more than mere mention.

But it must not be forgotten that in many animals, such as dogs, horses, pigeons, and others that are domesticated, there is enormous difference between different breeds or varieties, sometimes amounting to more than the difference between some of the groups we call species. Thus there arises a very important question: What is the essential difference between a species and one of those varieties which, having assumed a certain structure in successive generations, always transmits such structure? This kind of variety is called permanent, to distinguish it from that which is modified in each successive generation. What, then, is the difference between a species and a permanent variety.

If we assume that there is an essential difference, we must suppose that in each case there is some unknown but defined limit beyond which no further change can occur. As difference of size, shape, and colour; difference of bone, muscle, and nerve; difference of habit, instinct, and intelligence; all certainly do occur in the case of permanent varieties, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to say what other differences may not be produced if sufficient time be allowed. If, on the other hand, there be no limit to variety,

there can be no such thing as essential difference between species, and one may be derived from another.

But, supposing this possible, in a few simple cases can the law be assumed as general? In other words, if a wolf may originally have been the parent of the whole race of dogs, must we conclude, as De Maillet did, that the merman, if there ever was one, was the original founder of the human race, and the flying-fish the commencement of bird life? Such a monstrous conclusion would require a powerful chain of argument to induce any of us to believe it.

Here, then, step in the naturalists, who are unable to believe that species have been introduced by successive isolated acts of creation, since this notion involves a want of continuity and harmony in the great system of nature. They endeavour to illustrate and explain in what way the divergence from an original form, the gradual production of an improved form, or in some cases the reduction to a lower form of organisation, has taken place.

De Maillet's idea was indeed vague enough, but not without a fair amount of ingenuity. Lamarck, one of the most celebrated naturalists of modern times, followed out the idea and ripened it into a system and theory. Another theory was put forward, a few years ago, in England, in a very popular book, *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*; and very lately one of our most ingenious and most sound geologists (Mr. Charles Darwin), who is also an excellent naturalist, has advanced a modification of it which is worthy of all consideration.

Lamarck's view of the cause of passage of one species into another was as follows. He considered that the production of a new organ in an animal frame is the result of some new want, and that to satisfy this want a new movement was introduced, and an attempt made by the animal to supply the want. Thus an intelligent and strong-willed slug, originally without tentacula or feelers, would tend to push forward the head in advance of the body, until by this effort some approach was made to the existence of such organs. Now, since all peculiarities of structure are transmitted by parents to their offspring, the young of such snail would have rudimentary feelers which it could develop by similar means into more complete examples.

Such is, in a few words, the Lamarckian doctrine of the transmutation of species by gradual derivation and the improvement of individuals. By an exertion of the will, constantly operating, portions of nervous and other animal fluids are supposed to be determined towards particular parts of the body, and the result is the production of an organ such as circumstances require.

In the *Vestiges*, the author supposes that new species are the occasional offspring of others long since established—a view not without attraction when placed in the light prepared for it by the author, and with all his illustrations around it, but hardly bearing interpretation into the every-day language of ordinary existence.

Mr. Darwin's view is based on a sound knowledge of natural history, not only of recent animals, but of those who have lived in former times, and whose remains, more or less perfect, handed down for our examination, prove the existence of large and complete groups now altogether lost—of many links connecting groups now apparently without any mutual relations—and even of some, the presence of which seems to give additional complication to a problem already almost beyond human power to unravel.

The method by which nature has acted, according to Mr. Darwin, is by a natural selection of animals and organs best fitted to struggle against all competitors in the great battle everywhere fighting for food and existence. We see throughout nature a marvellous and exquisite adaptation of each part of all living beings to every other part; and yet, at the same time, there is in all, the utmost sensitiveness to change, and tendency to individual variation. No sooner is existence rendered more or less difficult in any given area, than every inhabitant of the district struggles to escape or take advantage of it. If any have already an organisation adapting them to benefit by it, they will immediately do so, and drive out others; and this struggle goes on as well from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase, as from the inevitable and invariable tendency to change. As also there is in every race a struggle to increase and become dominant, so is there also a system of checks keeping it in its proper place.

Variations being incessant, may be either different, advantageous, or injurious. The first would manifestly not be affected by any principle of natural selection, but such selection comes into play for the preservation of the favourable and the rejection and consequent destruction of the unfavourable.

As man, in domesticating animals and plants, and taking advantage of natural power of change for his own purposes, has in so many cases produced a great result in a moderate time, what may not nature throughout all time?

Man can act only on external and visible characters, nature cares nothing for appearances, except in so far as they may be useful to any being. She can act on every internal organ, on every shade of constitutional difference, on the whole machinery of life. Man selects only for his own good, nature only for that of the being which she tends. Under nature the slightest difference of structure or constitution may well turn the nicely balanced scale in the struggle for life, and so be preserved. It may be said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinising throughout the world every variation, even the slightest, rejecting that which is bad, preserving and adding up all that is good, silently and insensibly working whenever and wherever opportunity offers at the improvement of each being in relation to its conditions of life.*

Natural selection entails extinction, and then explains the very important part that extinction

of species has acted in the world's history. It also leads inevitably to divergence of character. It is a great and most useful power in nature's hands: or rather, perhaps, it is the simple method of nature in accomplishing all that is required for continuing the great cycle of existence.

The view that seems to be advocated by Professor Owen, in opposition to that of natural selection as illustrated by Mr. Darwin, seems hardly more natural and involves quite as many difficulties. It is not easy to give it in simple language, as it is derived from observations in an obscure and only recently studied department of natural history, and is illustrated by animals little known to the general reader. We believe that he holds the doctrine that changes of surrounding influences, the operation of some intermittent law at long intervals, and other natural causes, may produce a divergence from an original form, and terminate in the formation of a new type. It is certain, however, that he does not bind himself even to this hypothesis: rather suggesting it as less objectionable than as in itself sufficient.

The work commenced by De Maillet is still, then, incomplete, and the mystery of creation has yet to be solved. Whether, indeed, we are much nearer the real solution than when our author wrote, and whether the ideas expressed more definitely are really more clear, is not altogether certain. One thing, however, seems certain: that the fit way to investigate them as so many problems, is to question nature closely, to experiment with nature as far as she grants opportunity, and always to accept fairly and openly the conclusions derived from such investigations. We may not by these means advance very rapidly, but we shall advance surely; and there will be no fear of any check occurring, to interfere with the progress of our labour.

THE JAMAICA REVIVALS.

In these days, who hears—or more than hears—of poor Jamaica, once the fairy land of fruits and spice and princes made of sugar? The romance of the grand Western gold diggings where the wheel of fortune ran in its easy groove, has perished. Where are the nabob merchants who were wont to settle their mutual balances by the barrow-load of Spanish gold? Alas! the picture drawn of the present miserable condition of Jamaica, by that clever and penetrating observer, Anthony Trollope, is only too true. All we now hear of it, is through a few short sentences, trite as a telegram, formally quoting its meteorological variations, the market price of its imported supplies, and the depreciated value of its dwindling productions. Of its political condition we learn little beyond the frequent fact of its legislature being in a state of noisy confusion; while the members of its executive are as often at variance with one another. Of the actual position of its complex classes and their

* Darwin on the Origin of Species, pp. 83, 84.

relatively combined interests, we understand nothing; even of the casual events and contingent circumstances which materially affect the moral and physical condition of its struggling community only those are informed who have the misfortune to depend upon Jamaica for their means of living. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that a so-called religious agitation should have existed among the labouring population of certain parts of this island (so intense as seriously to affect both its social interests and its public order), and that nothing of it reached us, through any recognised channel of intelligence, until a triumphant announcement which appeared in the *Star* and *Dial*.

The intelligence of the Jamaica revivals quoted in the paper just named, is the joint contribution of two apparently Baptist ministers, and the wife of a third. The lady's stock of fervid items is not very great. Like the rest of his reviving fraternity, her husband is at work night and day, each and every day being one of glory! And she concludes by gazetting a devotional volunteer corps, mustering two hundred and fifty, who have been "enrolled as Enquirers." The two ministers state that "the movement assumes many of the characteristics of the Irish revivals." Similar prostrations take place; the people utter loud and piercing cries for mercy; sins are openly confessed (in detail), and prayers are offered up for mercy. "The sight, the excitement of which is delightful, is a glorious privilege to witness, satisfied that it is a genuine work of grace!" Two Christian heroes are specially noted—two only—as illustrious instances of conversion; one, we are somewhat briefly told, has burnt his drum; while we are further informed that the other had "broken his fiddle and come to Christ!" Such are the sights which the enthusiastic Mr. H. urges his brother in England to leave wife and family by the packet, to be in time to witness, and such are the fruits which he is invited to share in the blessing of gathering!

We come now to the practical history of these revivals, and their result *so far*. Our materials are in part taken from the County Union, a journal published in the midst of one focus of the agitation, but chiefly from private correspondents.

The revivals in Jamaica had a visible cause. They were caught, as other contagious diseases are. The Rev. Mr. Cairgaird, a Moravian missionary, enjoys the reputation of having diffused the leaven which has caused so violent a fermentation among the coloured masses. It chanced that this worthy man paid an unlucky visit to the Island of Nassau, several days' sail from Jamaica, with which its military government is connected. There, he found the revival in full operation; but when or how it got root there, how long it lasted, or whether it be over yet, we are unable to report. This well-meaning but mistaken man engaged four of the "convicted" ones (as the negroes express it) to accompany him back to Jamaica as apostolic teachers of the new mysterious revelation, and as fuglemen

of the corporeal convulsions which its spiritual impregnation excited. These sable propagandists were placed in the reverend gentleman's chapel, to relate in their own peculiar way to the congregation what their revived sensations were: at the same time assisting their incomprehensible revelation by enlivening illustrations of its physical effects. In the mean time the preacher was not idle, and it is no wonder that what between the strange things they heard and saw, the pulpit exhortations, imprecatory prayers and hymns, a shower of scattered tracts, the simple and susceptible people, always remarkable for an instinctive tendency to imitation, got into such a state of hysterical agitation that their senses and nervous system were completely overthrown. The infection, as may be supposed, spread like wildfire, and the reverend gentleman soon found that he had raised a flame which defied his influence and power to subdue. He has been since strenuously preaching against the very sins and follies which he was indirectly instrumental in causing, but which, no doubt, he did not foresee.

The mass of the labouring population of the parishes of St. Elizabeth, Westmoreland, and St. James, and other districts, rapidly went beside themselves with fanatic fervour. The grotesque action of the howling dervishes of India was light in comparison; women were seen destroying furniture, clothes, throwing away their beads and trinkets, even money, as the avowed wages of sin, in order to avert the impending wrath of Heaven. Male and female, old and young, marched along the streets and roads in tumultuous processions, roaring and singing; and then, after a roll in the mud, got up under the declared happy conviction of being justified! Some groups were wailing in loud incoherent lamentation, and vociferating for grace: while others were seen apostolically employed in supplicating their relatives and friends to join them in their manifestations. Sometimes, they would fix a board at a certain height, which, whoever could jump high enough to touch, was sure of the kingdom of Heaven! Whereas all who were too short or too stout, or who, from want of agility, were incapable of performing this gymnastic feat, were considered doomed to the infernal regions! One Sunday, in the church of Black River, the capital of St. Elizabeth's, of which the Rev. Mr. Stone, who was present, is rector, the service was suddenly interrupted by a tumult impossible to describe. The victims of this diabolical delusion unexpectedly gave vent to cries, screams, roars, and ejaculations, which at last mounted up to a perfect din of stamping, singing, howling, and imprecation. The ladies were so frightened that they left the church; a proceeding not effected without difficulty and risk of personal assault from these maniacs, who, not content with evincing their own penitence by tearing off and casting away their own beads, endeavoured forcibly to snatch off and break the ornaments they desecrated on the persons of others. The united efforts of two clergymen were totally ineffectual to calm the storm, and the service could not be renewed.

The "convicted" ones fell into fits by dozens, and were carried out into the churchyard, where they were laid down struggling, kicking, and shouting; and in this state remained, with a group of frenzied proselytes singing psalms around them, until so exhausted by their convulsive exertions that they, happily, were no longer capable of sound or motion. From this dormant condition they were subsequently roused; and then being, as they considered themselves, comfortably sanctified, they went about to aid others in their spiritual combats. Nor was this all. There were others going about exclaiming that they were in paradise; others (not so fortunate) were leaping about and screaming "Hi! me see de debil — me see de debil! Hell fire! Smoke! Now him come and go jook me wid him pitchfork! Wah! wah!" One was "bound by chains in hell;" another "had got a table in heaven."

Scenes of the same kind were enacted in other churches; but no single instance of like madness, we are informed, occurred among the congregation of the Rev. Robert Lynch: a praiseworthy young clergyman of the Church of England stationed in the same parish (St. Elizabeth's), and who simply, but firmly, announced, *at first*, that he would immediately give any person into custody who should disturb the service, and would infallibly send that person to finish his or her noisy devotions in the station-house.

To such a pitch was this blasphemous madness carried, that one man, who had the impious audacity to style himself Christ, went wildly roaming and roaring about the country, accompanied by twelve other negroes, who represented our blessed Lord's apostles! One carried a cross, with which he belaboured the shoulders of all who came within his reach, in order to bruise their hardened hearts through their tender bodies; and a poor woman who, either from fright or fantasy, had fallen down in a fit, was tied up by these fellows to a cross, all night in the rain, in order "to have her sins thoroughly washed away!"

It is said that some of the clergy did not sufficiently discourage these scandalous proceedings; or rather the whimsical manifestations which preceded them. Be that as it may, very many ministers of more than one denomination kept the people in a perpetual state of nervous excitement by meetings in doors and out, in private houses and public houses, sacred and profane, including even the police station! An irregularity which certainly the magistracy might and ought to have interfered with.

By these misguided and mischievous persons the people were stimulated and urged to the practice of making dangerous and horrible disclosures, impiously regarded as a holy act of confession. It is impossible to detail with decency, what these vile revelations and declarations (for in many instances they were alloyed with the most vindictive falsehood) consisted of. It may be imagined what sort of confessions would be uttered by a race of ignorant crea-

tures, under such circumstances. Sins were revealed of the most hideous character, and heinous crimes involving vice in all its complications. Nor were the penitents satisfied with freely making public confessions of the faults and enormities which they themselves had been guilty of; they confessed for other people too: betraying all *by name* who had shared in their iniquities, or, in other words, whom they were instigated by spite, jealousy, and madness, to injure. This phase of the movement brought it, in its then form, to a culminating point. Members of all classes were staggered. Husband was set against wife, and wife against husband; distrust and heart-burnings were planted in the breasts of lovers hitherto fond and confiding; parents were bowed down with shame and sorrow by the denounced scandal of their daughters whose virtue had been till then unblamed! Even little children went about as if insane, singing, chattering a jargon they called a prayer, chastising older children, and telling all the bad things they knew of their parents! At last came the dreaded reaction. The actors as well as the abettors in these disgraceful scenes began to feel the mischief they had worked. Sins minutely described and earnestly avowed, were boldly denied by fast relapsing penitents; impeachments of others were retracted with oaths, curses, and imprecations on the perjured heads of the impeachers and retractors. In the mean time, society suffered in all its healthy everyday branches. Trade was at a stand-still; shops were closed, lest they also should be "converted" into dens of enthusiastic thieves; the planter, short of labour at all times, was in some parts unable to gather in his crops; the people having destroyed their property, neglected their grounds, earned nothing by their labour, and rambled about literally "seeking what they might devour," feeding on oranges, half clothed and half starved. Some returned now and then to the influence of their morbid fanaticism, one bawling out that he saw "our Saviour sitting on a stump, with red eyes!" Another, blasphemously described the sensation of his hoarse hunger, by exclaiming that the Holy Ghost had got into his throat like a lump, and was choking him! Many were fighting, swearing, and stealing, in a dreadful fight against starvation. Yet there are those who still persist in maintaining that all this outrageous mass of idleness, falsehood, disorder, and ungodly life, is a fulfilment of Scripture!

It had been hoped that the bygone year had closed upon this frightful order of things. But according to the intelligence which arrived by the last packet, these hopes seem to have been blighted. It is feared that the work of the black reviver is not half done yet. Experiencing, however, the dangerous risk of letting loose penitential tongues, and opening the foul mouths of the converted, the regulators of this movement have tried the opposite tack and tied up speech altogether. Meetings of the same description as before are held by night and by

day, and are said to be as numerous attended; the same general characteristics are noticed, and similar external manifestations take place—except that the deluded wretches are dumb!

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FROM time to time, a couple of grave, judicial-looking men would arrive and pass the forenoon at the Ambras Schloss, in reading out certain documents to me. I never paid much attention to them, but my ear at moments would catch the strangest possible allegations as to my exalted political opinions, the dangerous associates I was bound up with, and the secret societies I belonged to. I heard once, too, and by a mere accident, how, at Steuben, I had asked the gaoler to procure me a horse, and thrown gold in handfuls from the windows of my prison to bribe the townsfolk to my rescue, and I laughed to myself to think what a deal of pleading and proof it would take to rebut all these allegations, and how little likely it was I would ever engage in such a conflict.

By long dwelling on the thought of my noble devotion, and how it would read when I was dead and gone, I had extinguished within my heart all desire for other distinction, speculating only on what strange and ingenious theories men would spin for the secret clue to my motives. "True," they would say, "Potts never cared for Harpar. He was not a man to whom Potts would have attached himself under any circumstances; they were, as individuals, totally unlike and unsympathetic. How, then, explain this extraordinary act of self-sacrifice? Was he prompted by the hope that the iniquities of the Austrian police system would receive their death-blow from his story, and that the mound that covered him in the churchyard would be the altar of Liberty to thousands? or was Potts one of those enthusiastic creatures only too eager to carry the load of some other pilgrim in life?"

While I used thus to reason and speculate, I little knew that I had become a sort of European notoriety. Some idle English woman, however, some vagrant tourist, had put me in her book as the half-witted creature who showed the coins and curiosities at Ambras, and mentioned how for I know not how many years I was never heard to utter a syllable except on questions of old armour and antiquities. In consequence, I was always asked for by my travelling countrymen, and my peculiarities treated with all that playful good taste for which tourists are famous. I remember one day having refused to perform the showman to a British family. I had a headache, or was sulky, or a fit of rebellion had got hold of me, but I sauntered out into the grounds, and would not see them. In my walk through a close alley of laurels, I chanced to overhear the stranger conversing with Hirsch, and making myself the subject of his inquiries; and as I listened, I heard Hirsch say that one entire room of the château was devoted to the papers and

documents in my case, and that probably it would occupy a quick reader about twelve months to peruse them. He added, that as I made no application for a trial myself, nor any of my friends showed an inclination to bestir themselves about me, the government would very probably leave me to live and die where I was. Thereupon, the Briton broke out into a worthy fit of indignant eloquence. He denounced the Hapsburgs and praised the Habeas Corpus; he raved of the power of England, our press, our public opinion, our new frigates. He said he would make Europe ring with the case. It was as bad, it was worse than Caspar Hauser's, for he was an idiot outright, and I appeared to have the enjoyment of certain faculties. He said it should appear in the Times and be mentioned in the House; and as I listened, the strangest glow ran through me, a mild and pleasurable enthusiasm, to think that all the might, majesty, and power of Great Britain was about to interest itself in behalf of Potts!

The Briton kept his word; the time, too, favoured him. It was a moment when wandering Englishmen were exhuming grievances throughout every land of Europe; and while one had discovered some case of religious intolerance in Norway, another beat him out of the field with the cold-blooded atrocities of Naples. My Englishman chanced to be an M.P., and therefore he asked, "in his place," if the Foreign Secretary had any information to afford the House with respect to the case of the man called Harpar, or Harpar, he was not certain which, and who had been confined for upwards of ten months in a dungeon in Austria, on allegations of which the accused knew nothing whatever, and attested by witnesses with whom he had never been confronted.

In the absence of his chief, the under-secretary rose to assure the right honourable gentleman that the case was one which had for a considerable time engaged the attention of the department he belonged to, and that the most unremitting exertions of her Majesty's envoy at Vienna were now being devoted to obtain the fullest information as to the charges imputed to Harpar, and he hoped in a few days to be able to lay the result of his inquiry on the table of the House.

It was in about a week after this that Hirsch came to tell me that a member of her Majesty's legation at Vienna had arrived to investigate my case, and interrogate me in person. I am half-ashamed to say how vaingloriously I thought of the importance thus lent me. I felt somehow as though the nation missed me. Waiting patiently, as it might be, for my return, and yet no tidings coming, they said, "What has become of Potts?" It was clearly a case upon which they would not admit of any mystification or deceit. "No secret tribunals, no hole-and-corner commitments with us! Where is he? Produce him. Say, with what is he charged?" I was going to be the man of the day. I knew it, I felt it; I saw a great tableau of my life unrolling itself before me. Potts, the young

enthusiast after virtue—hopeful, affectionate, confiding, giving his young heart to that fair-haired girl as freely as he would have bestowed a moss-rose; and she, making light of the gift, and with a woman's coquetry, torturing him by a jealous levity, till he resented the wrong, and tore himself away. And then Catinka—how I tried the gold of my nature in that crucible, and would not fall in love with her before I had made her worthy of my love; and when I failed in that, how I had turned from love to friendship, and offered myself the victim for a man I never cared about. No matter; the world will know me at last. Men will recognise the grand stuff that I am made of. If commentators spend years in exploring the recondite passages of great writers, and making out beauties where there were only obscurities, why should not all the dark parts of my nature come out as favourably, and some flattering interpreter say, "Potts was for a long time misconceived; few men were more wrongfully judged by their contemporaries. It was to a mere accident, after all, we owe it that we are now enabled to render him the justice so long denied him. His was one of those remarkable natures in which it is difficult to say whether humility or self-confidence predominated?"

Then I thought of the national excitement to discover the missing Potts; just as if I had been a lost Arctic voyager. Expeditions sent out to track me—all the thousand speculations as to whether I had gone this way or that—where and from whom the latest tidings of me could be traced—the heroic offers of new discoverers to seek me living, or, sad alternative, restore to the country that mourned me the "reliquia Pottsi." I always grew tender in my moods of self-compassion, and I felt my eyes swimming now in pity for my fate; and let me add in this place my protest against the vulgar error which stigmatises as selfishness the mere fact of a man's susceptibility. How, I would simply ask, can he feel for others who has no sense of sympathy with his own suffering nature? If the well of human kindness be dried up within him, how can he give to the parched throats the refreshing water of compassion?

Deal with the fact how you may, I was very sorry for myself, and seriously doubted if as sincere a mourner would bewail me when I was gone.

If a little time had been given me, I would have endeavoured to get up my snug little chamber somewhat more like a prison cell: I would have substituted some straw for my comfortable bed, and gracefully draped a few chains upon the walls and some stray torture implements out of the Armoury; but the envoy came like a "thief in the night," and was already on the stairs when he was announced.

"Oh! this is his den, is it?" cried he from without, as he slowly ascended the stairs. "Egad! he hasn't much to complain of in the matter of a lodging. I only wish our fellows were as well off at Vienna." And with these words there entered into my room a tall young

fellow, with a light brown moustache, dressed in a loose travelling suit, and with the lounging air of a man sauntering into a café. He did not remove his hat as he came in, or take the cigar from his mouth; the latter circumstance imparting a certain confusion to his speech that made him occasionally scarce intelligible. Only deigning to bestow a passing look on me, he moved towards the window, and looked out on the grand panorama of the Tyrol Alps, as they enclose the valley of Innspruck.

"Well," said he to himself, "all this ain't so bad for a dungeon."

The tone startled me. I looked again at him, I rallied myself to an effort of memory, and at once recalled the young fellow I had met on the South-Western line, and from whom I had accidentally carried away the despatch-bag. To my beard, and my long imprisonment, I trusted for not being recognised, and I sat patiently awaiting my examination.

"An Englishman, I suppose?" asked he, turning hastily round. "And of English parents?"

"Yes," was my reply, for I determined on brevity wherever possible.

"What brought you into this scrape?—I mean, why did you come here at all?"

"I was travelling."

"Travelling? Stuff and nonsense! Why should fellows like you travel? What's your rank in life?"

"A gentleman."

"Ah! but whose gentleman, my worthy friend? Ain't you a flunkey? There, it's out! I say, have you got a match to light my cigar? Thanks—all right. Look here, now—don't let us be beating about the bush all the day—I believe this government is just as sick of you as you are of them. You've been here two months, ain't it so?"

"Ten months and upwards."

"Well, ten months. And you want to get away?"

I made no answer; indeed, his free-and-easy manner so disconcerted me that I could not speak, and he went on:

"I suspect they haven't got much against you, or that they don't care about it; and, besides, they are civil to us just now. At all events, it can be done—you understand?—it can be done."

"Indeed," said I, half superciliously.

"Yes," resumed he, "I think so; not but you'd have managed better in leaving the thing to us. That stupid notion you all have of writing letters to newspapers and getting some troublesome fellow to ask questions in the House, that's what spoils everything! How can we negotiate when the whole story is in the Times or the Daily News?"

"I opine, sir, that you are ascribing to me an activity and energy I have no claim to."

"Well, if you didn't write those letters, somebody else did. I don't care a rush for the difference. You see, here's how the matter stands. This Mr. Brigges, or Rigges, has gone off, and

doesn't care to prosecute, and all his allegations against you fall to the ground. Well, these people fancy they could carry on the thing themselves, you understand; we think not. They say they have got a strong case; perhaps they have; but we ask, 'What's the use of it? Sending that poor beggar to Spielberg won't save you, will it?' And so we put it to them this way: 'Draw stakes, let him off, and both can cry quits.' There, give me another light. Isn't that the common-sense view of it?"

"I scarcely dare to say that I understand you aright."

"Oh, I can guess why. I have had dealings with fellows of your sort before. You don't fancy my not alluding to compensation, eh? You want to hear about the money part of the matter?"

And he laughed aloud, but whether at *my* mercenary spirit or *his own* shrewdness in detecting it, I do not really know.

"Well, I'm afraid," continued he, "you'll be disappointed there. These Austrians are hard up; besides, they never do pay. It's against their system, and so we never ask them."

"Would it be too much, sir, to ask why I have been imprisoned?"

"Perhaps not; but a great deal too much for me to tell you. The confounded papers would fill a cart, and that's the reason I say, cut your stick, my man, and get away." Again he turned to the window, and looking out, asked, "Any shooting about here? There ought to be cocks in that wood yonder?" and without caring for reply, went on: "After all, you know what Bosh it is to talk about chains and dungeons and bread-and-water and the rest of it. You've been living in clover here. That old fellow below tells me that you dine with him every day; that you might have gone into Innsbruck, to the theatre if you liked it.—I'll swear there are snipes in that low land next the river.—Think it over Riggles, think it over."

"I am not Riggles."

"Oh, I forgot! you're the other fellow. Well, think it over, Harpar."

"My name is not Harpar, sir."

"What do I care for a stray vowel or two? Maybe you call yourself Harpar or Harpér? It's all the same to *us*."

"It is not the question of a vowel or two, sir; and I desire you to remark it is the graver one of a mistaken identity!" I said this with a high-sounding importance that I thought must astound him, but his light and frivolous nature was impervious to rebuke.

"*We* have nothing to say to that," replied he, carelessly. "You may be Noakes or Styles. I believe they are the names of any fellows who are supposed by courtesy to have no name at all, and it's all alike to *us*. What I have to observe to you is this: nobody cares very much whether you are detained here or not; nobody wants to detain you. Just reflect, therefore, if it's not the best thing you can do to slope off, and make no more fuss about it?"

"Once for all, sir," said I, still more impres-

sively, "I am not the person against whom this charge is made. The authorities have all along mistaken me for another."

"Well, what if they have? Does it signify one kreutzer? We have had trouble enough about the matter already, and do not embroil us any further."

"May I ask, sir, just for information, who are the 'we' you have so frequently alluded to?"

Had I asked him in what division of the globe he understood us to be then conversing, he would not have regarded me with a look of more blank astonishment.

"Who are we?" repeated he. "Did you ask who are we?"

"Yes, sir, that was what I made bold to ask."

"Cool, certainly; what might be called uncommon cool. To what line of life were you brought up to, my worthy gent? I have rather a curiosity about your antecedents."

"That same curiosity cost you a trifle once before," said I, no longer able to control myself, and dying to repay his impertinence. "I remember, once upon a time, meeting you on a railroad, and you were so eager to exhibit the skill with which you could read a man's calling, that you bet me a sovereign you would guess mine. You did so, and lost."

"You can't be—no, it's impossible. Are you really the goggle-eyed fellow that walked off with the bag for Kalbratenstadt?"

"I did, by mistake, carry away a bag on that occasion, and so punctiliously did I repay my error, that I travelled the whole journey to convey those despatches to their destination."

"I know all about it," said he, in a frank, gay manner. "Doubleton told me the whole story. You dined with him and pretended you were I don't remember whom, and then you took old Mamma Keats off to Como and made her believe you were Louis Philippe, and you made fierce love to the pretty companion, who was fool enough to like you. By Jove! what a rig you must have run. We have all laughed over it a score of times."

"If I knew who 'we' were, I am certain I should feel flattered by any amusement I afforded them, notwithstanding how much more they are indebted to fiction than fact regarding me. I never assumed to be Louis Philippe, nor affected to be any person of distinction. A flighty old lady was foolish enough to imagine me a prince of the Orleans family——"

"You!—a prince! Oh, this is too absurd!"

"I confess, sir, I cannot see the matter in this light. I presume the mistake to be one by no means difficult to have occurred. Mrs. Keats had seen a deal of life and the world——"

"Not so much as you fancy," broke he in. "She was a long time in that private asylum up at Brompton, and then down in Staffordshire; altogether she must have passed five-and-twenty or thirty years in a rather restricted circle."

"Mad! Was she mad?"

"Not what one would call mad, but queer.

They were all queer. Hargrave, the second brother, was the fellow that made that shindy in the Mauritius, and our friend Shalley isn't a conjuror. And *we* thought you were larking the old lady, I assure you we did."

"We were once more mistaken, then," said I, sneeringly.

"We all said, too, at the time, that Doubleton had been 'let in.' He gave you a good round sum for expenses on the road, didn't he, and you sent it all back to him?"

"Every shilling of it."

"So he told us, and that was what puzzled us more than all the rest. Why did you give up the money?"

"Simply, sir, because it was not mine."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, I know that; but I mean, what suggested the restitution?"

"Really, sir, your question leads me to suppose that the 'we' so often referred to are not eminently remarkable for integrity."

"Like their neighbours, I take it—neither better nor worse. But won't you tell why you gave up the tin?"

"I should be hopeless of any attempt to explain my motives, sir; so pray excuse me."

"You were right, at all events," said he, not heeding the sarcasm of my manner. "There's no chance for the knaves now, with the telegraph system. As it was, there were orders flying through Europe to arrest Pottinger—I can't forget the name. We used to have it every day in the Chancellerie: Pottinger, five feet nine, weak-looking and vulgar, low forehead, light hair and eyes, slight lisp, talks German fluently, but ill. I have copied that portrait of you twenty, ay, thirty times."

"And yet, sir, neither the name nor the description apply. I am no more Pottinger than I am ignoble-looking and vulgar."

"What's the name, then?—not Harpar, not Pottinger? But who cares a rush for the name of fellows like you? You change them just as you do the colour of your coat."

"May I take the liberty of asking, sir, just for information, as you said a while ago, how you would take it were I to make as free with you as you have been pleased to do with me? To give a mock inventory of your external characteristics, and a false name to yourself?"

"Laugh, probably, if I were amused—throw you out of the window, if you offended me."

"The very thing I'd do with you this moment if I was strong enough," said I, resolutely. And he flung himself into a chair, and laughed as I did not believe he could laugh.

"Well," cried he, at last, "as this room is about fifty feet or so from the ground, it's just as well as it is. But now let us wind up this affair. You want to get away from this, I suppose; and as nobody wants to detain you, the thing is easy enough. You needn't make a fuss about compensation, for they'll not give a kreutzer, and you'd better not write a book about it, because 'we' don't stand fellows who write books; so just take a friend's advice, and go off without military honours of any kind."

"I neither acknowledge the friendship nor accept the advice, sir. The motives which induced me to suffer imprisonment for another are quite sufficient to raise me above any desire to make a profit of it."

"I think I understand *you*," said he, with a cunning expression in his half-closed eyes. "You go in for being a 'character.' Haven't I hit it? You want to be thought a strange, eccentric sort of fellow. Now, there was a time the world had a taste for that kind of thing. Romeo Coates, and Brummel, and that Irish fellow that walked to Jerusalem, and half a dozen others, used to amuse the town in those days, but it's all as much bygone now as starched neckcloths and Hessian boots. Ours is an age of paletots and easy manners, and you are trying to revive what our grandfathers discarded and got rid of. It won't do, Pottinger; it will not."

"I am not Pottinger; my name is Algernon Sydney Potts."

"Ah! there's the mischief all out at last. What could come of such a collocation of names but a life of incongruity and absurdity! You owe all your griefs to your godfathers, Potts. If they'd have called you Peter, you'd have been a well-conducted poor creature. Well, I'm to give you a passport. Where do you wish to go?"

"I wish, first of all, to go to Como."

"I think I know why. But you're on a wrong cast there. They have left that long since."

"Indeed, and for what place?"

"They've gone to pass the winter at Malta. Mamma Keats required a dry, warm climate, and you'll find them at a little country-house about a mile from Valetta: the Jasmynes, I think it's called. I have a brother quartered in the island, and he tells me he has seen them, but they won't receive visits, nor go out anywhere. But, of course, a royal highness is always sure of a welcome. Prince Potts is an Open, sesame! wherever he goes."

"What atrocious tobacco this is of yours, Buller," said I, taking a cigar from his case as it lay on the table. "I suppose that you small fry of diplomacy cannot get things in duty free, eh?"

"Try this cheroot; you'll find it better," said he, opening a secret pocket in the case.

"Nothing to boast of," said I, puffing away, while he continued to fill up the blanks in my passport. "Would you like an introduction to my brother? He's on the government staff there, and knows every one. He's a jolly sort of fellow, besides, and you'd get on well together."

"I don't care if I do," said I, carelessly, "though, as a rule, your red-coat is very bad style—flippant without smartness, and familiar without ease."

"Severe, Potts, but not altogether unjust; but you'll find George above the average of his class, and I think you'll like him."

"Don't let him ask me to his mess," said I,

with an insolent drawl. "That's an amount of boredom I could not submit to. Caution him to make no blunder of that kind."

He looked up at me with a strange twinkle in his eyes, which I could not interpret. He was either in intense enjoyment of my smartness, or Heaven knows what other sentiment then moved him. At all events, I was in ecstasy at the success of my newly discovered vein, and walked the room, humming a tune, as he wrote the letter that was to present me to his brother.

"Why had I never hit upon this plan before?" thought I. "How was it that it had not occurred that the maxim of homœopathy is equally true in morals as in medicine, and that '*similia similibus curantur*'? So long as I was meek, humble, and submissive, Buller's impertinent presumption only increased at every moment. With every fresh concession of mine he continued to encroach, and now that I had adopted his own strategy, and attacked, he fell back at once." I was proud, very proud of my discovery. It is a new contribution to that knowledge of life which, notwithstanding all my disasters, I believed to be essentially my gift.

At last he finished his note, folded, sealed, and directed it—"The Hon George Buller, A.D.C., Government House, Malta, favoured by Alger-non Sydney Potts, Esq."

"Isn't that all right?" asked he, pointing to my name. "I was within an ace of writing Hampden-Russell, too." And he laughed at his own very meagre jest.

"I hope you have merely made this an introduction," said I.

"Nothing more; but why so?"

"Because it's just as likely that I never present it! I am the slave of the humour I find myself in, and I rarely do anything that costs me the slightest effort." I said this with a close and, indeed, a servile imitation of Charles Matthews in *Used Up*; but it was a grand success, and Buller was palpably vanquished.

"Well, for George's sake, I hope your mood may be the favourable one. Is there anything more I can do for you? Can you think of nothing wherein I may be serviceable?"

"Nothing. Stay, I rather think our people at home might with propriety show my old friend Hirsch here some mark of attention for his conduct towards me. I don't know whether they give a C.B. for that sort of thing, but a sum—a handsome sum—something to mark the service, and the man to whom it was rendered. Don't you think 'we' could manage that?"

"I'll see what can be done. I don't despair of success."

"As for your share in the affair, Buller, I'll take care that it shall be mentioned in the proper quarter. If I have a characteristic—my friends say I have many—but if I have one, it is that I never forget the most trifling service of the humblest of those who have aided me. You are young, and have your way to make in life. Go

back, therefore, and carry with you the reflection that Potts is your friend."

I saw he was affected at this, for he covered his face with his handkerchief and turned away, and for some seconds his shoulders moved convulsively.

"Yes," said I, with a struggle to become humble, "there are richer men, there are men more influential by family ties and connexions, there are men who occupy a more conspicuous position before the public eye, there are men who exercise a wider sway in the world of politics and party; but this I will say, that there is not one—no, not one—individual in the British dominions who, when you come to consider either the difficulties he has overcome, the strength of the prejudices he has conquered, the totally unassisted and unaided struggle he has had to maintain against not alone the errors, for errors are human, but, still worse, the ungenerous misconceptions, the—I will go further, and call them the wilful misrepresentations of those who, from education and rank and condition, might be naturally supposed—indeed confidently affirmed to be—to be——"

"I am certain of it!" cried he, grasping my hand, and rescuing me from a situation very like smothering—"I am certain of it!" And with a hurried salutation, for his feelings were evidently overcoming him, he burst away, and descended the stairs five steps at a time, and although I was sorry he had not waited till I finished my peroration, I was really glad that the act had ended and the curtain fallen.

"What a deal of bad money passes current in this world," said I, as I was alone; "and what a damper it is upon honest industry to think how easy it is to eke out life with a forgery."

"What do you say to a dinner with me at the Swan in Innspruck, Potts?" cried out Buller, from the court-yard.

"Excuse me, I mean to eat my last cutlet here, with my old gaoler. It will be an event for the poor fellow as long as he lives. Good-by, and a safe journey to you."

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N^o. 99.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXV.

BENTLEY DRUMMLE, who was so sulky a fellow that he even took up a book as if its writer had done him an injury, did not take up an acquaintance in a more agreeable spirit. Heavy in figure, movement, and comprehension—in the sluggish complexion of his face, and in the large awkward tongue that seemed to loll about in his mouth as he himself lolled about in a room—he was idle, proud, niggardly, reserved, and suspicious. He came of rich people down in Somersetshire, who had nursed this combination of qualities until they made the discovery that it was just of age and a blockhead. Thus Bentley Drummle had come to Mr. Pocket when he was a head taller than that gentleman, and half a dozen heads thicker than most gentlemen.

Startop had been spoilt by a weak mother and kept at home when he ought to have been at school, but he was devotedly attached to her, and admired her beyond measure. He had a woman's delicacy of feature, and was—"as you may see, though you never saw her," said Herbert to me—exactly like his mother. It was but natural that I should take to him much more kindly than to Drummle, and that even in the earliest evenings of our boating, he and I should pull homeward abreast of one another, conversing from boat to boat, while Bentley Drummle came up in our wake alone, under the overhanging banks and among the rushes. He would always creep in-shore like some uncomfortable amphibious creature, even when the tide would have sent him fast upon his way; and I always think of him as coming after us in the dark or by the back-water, when our own two boats were breaking the sunset or the moonlight in mid-stream.

Herbert was my intimate companion and friend. I presented him with a half-share in my boat, which was the occasion of his often coming down to Hammersmith; and my possession of a half-share in his chambers often took me up to London. We used to walk between the two places at all hours. I have an affection for the road yet (though it is not so pleasant a road as it was then), formed in the impressibility of untried youth and hope.

When I had been in Mr. Pocket's family a month or two, Mr. and Mrs. Camilla turned up. Camilla was Mr. Pocket's sister. Georgiana, whom I had seen at Miss Havisham's on the same occasion, also turned up. She was a cousin—an indigestive single woman, who called her rigidity religion, and her liver love. These people hated me with the hatred of cupidity and disappointment. As a matter of course, they fawned upon me in my prosperity with the basest meanness. Towards Mr. Pocket, as a grown-up infant with no notion of his own interests, they showed the complacent forbearance I had heard them express. Mrs. Pocket they held in contempt; but they allowed the poor soul to have been heavily disappointed in life, because that shed a feeble reflected light upon themselves.

These were the surroundings among which I settled down, and applied myself to my education. I soon contracted expensive habits, and began to spend an amount of money that within a few short months I should have thought almost fabulous, but through good and evil I stuck to my books. There was no other merit in this, than my having sense enough to feel my deficiencies. Between Mr. Pocket and Herbert I got on fast; and, with one or the other always at my elbow to give me the start I wanted, and clear obstructions out of my road, I must have been as great a dolt as Drummle if I had done less.

I had not seen Mr. Wemmick for some weeks, when I thought I would write him a note and propose to go home with him on a certain evening. He replied that it would give him much pleasure, and that he would expect me at the office at six o'clock. Thither I went, and there I found him, putting the key of his safe down his back as the clock struck.

"Did you think of walking down to Walworth?" said he.

"Certainly," said I, "if you approve."

"Very much," was Wemmick's reply, "for I have had my legs under the desk all day, and shall be glad to stretch them. Now, I'll tell you what I have got for supper, Mr. Pip. I have got a stewed steak—which is of home preparation—and a cold roast fowl—which is from the cook's shop. I think it's tender, because the master of the shop was a Juryman in some cases of ours the other day, and we let him down easy. I reminded him of it when I bought the fowl,

and I said, 'Pick us out a good one, old Briton, because if we had chosen to keep you in the box another day or two, we could easily have done it.' He said to that, 'Let me make you a present of the best fowl in the shop.' I let him, of course. As far as it goes, it's property and portable. You don't object to an aged parent, I hope?"

I really thought he was still speaking of the fowl, until he added, "Because I have got an aged parent at my place." I then said what politeness required.

"So, you haven't dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?" he pursued, as we walked along.

"Not yet."

"He told me so this afternoon when he heard you were coming. I expect you'll have an invitation to-morrow. He's going to ask your pals, too. Three of 'em; ain't there?"

Although I was not in the habit of counting Drummle as one of my intimate associates, I answered "Yes."

"Well, he's going to ask the whole gang;" I hardly felt complimented by the word; "and whatever he gives you, he'll give you good. Don't look forward to variety, but you'll have excellence. And there's another rum thing in his house," proceeded Wemmick, after a moment's pause, as if the remark followed on the housekeeper understood; "he never lets a door or window be fastened at night."

"Is he never robbed?"

"That's it!" returned Wemmick. "He says and gives it out publicly, 'I want to see the man who'll rob me.' Lord bless you, I have heard him, a hundred times if I have heard him once, say to regular cracksmen in our front office, 'You know where I live; now, no bolt is ever drawn there; why don't you do a stroke of business with me? Come; can't I tempt you?' Not a man of them, sir, would be bold enough to try it on, for love or money."

"They dread him so much?" said I.

"Dread him," said Wemmick. "I believe you they dread him. Not but what he's artful, even in his defiance of them. No silver, sir. Britannia metal, every spoon."

"So they wouldn't have much," I observed, "even if they——"

"Ah! But he would have much," said Wemmick, cutting me short, "and they know it. He'd have their lives, and the lives of scores of 'em. He'd have all he could get. And it's impossible to say what he couldn't get, if he gave his mind to it."

I was falling into meditation on my guardian's greatness, when Wemmick remarked:

"As to the absence of plate, that's only his natural depth, you know. A river's its natural depth, and he's his natural depth. Look at his watch-chain. That's real enough."

"It's very massive," said I.

"Massive?" repeated Wemmick. "I think so. And his watch is a gold repeater, and worth a hundred pound if it's worth a penny. Mr. Pip, there are about seven hundred thieves in this town who know all about that watch;

there's not a man, a woman, or a child among them, who wouldn't identify the smallest link in that chain, and drop it as if it was red-hot, if inveigled into touching it."

At first with such discourse, and afterwards with conversation of a more general nature, did Mr. Wemmick and I beguile the time and the road, until he gave me to understand that we had arrived in the district of Walworth.

It appeared to be a collection of back lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a rather dull retirement. Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty; don't it?"

I highly commended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

"That's a real flagstaff, you see," said Wemmick, "and on Sundays I run up a a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up—so—and cut off the communication."

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up and made it fast; smiling as he did so, with a relish and not merely mechanically.

"At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time," said Wemmick, "the gun fires. There he is, you see! And when you hear him go, I think you'll say he's a Stinger."

The piece of ordnance referred to, was mounted in a separate fortress, constructed of lattice-work. It was protected from the weather by an ingenious little tarpaulin contrivance in the nature of an umbrella.

"Then, at the back," said Wemmick, "out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications—for it's a principle with me, if you have an idea, carry it out and keep it up; I don't know whether that's your opinion——"

I said, decidedly.

"At the back, there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits; then I knock together my own little frame, you see, and grow cucumbers; and you'll judge at supper what sort of a salad I can raise. So, sir," said Wemmick, smiling again, but seriously too as he shook his head, "if you can suppose the little place besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time in point of provisions."

Then he conducted me to a bower about a dozen yards off, but which was approached by such ingenious twists of path that it took quite a long time to get at; and in this retreat our glasses were already set forth. Our punch was cooling in an ornamental lake, on whose margin the bower was raised. This piece of water (with an island in the middle which might have been the salad for supper) was of a circular

form, and he had constructed a fountain in it, which, when you set a little mill going and took a cork out of a pipe, played to that powerful extent that it made the back of your hand quite wet.

"I am my own engineer, and my own carpenter, and my own plumber, and my own gardener, and my own Jack of all Trades," said Wemmick, in acknowledging my compliments. "Well; it's a good thing, you know. It brushes the Newgate cobwebs away; and pleases the Aged. You wouldn't mind being at once introduced to the Aged, would you? It wouldn't put you out?"

I expressed the readiness I felt, and we went into the Castle. There we found, sitting by a fire, a very old man in a flannel coat: clean, cheerful, comfortable, and well cared for, but intensely deaf.

"Well aged parent," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him in a cordial and jocose way, "how am you?"

"All right, John; all right!" replied the old man.

"Here's Mr. Pip, aged parent," said Wemmick, "and I wish you could hear his name. Nod away at him, Mr. Pip; that's what he likes. Nod away at him, if you please, like winking!"

"This is a fine place of my son's, sir," cried the old man, while I nodded as hard as I possibly could. "This is a pretty pleasure-ground, sir. This spot and these beautiful works upon it ought to be kept together by the Nation, after my son's time, for the people's enjoyment."

"You're as proud of it as Punch; ain't you, Aged?" said Wemmick, contemplating the old man with his hard face really softened; "there's a nod for you;" giving him a tremendous one; "there's another for you;" giving him a still more tremendous one; "you like that, don't you? If you're not tired, Mr. Pip—though I know it's tiring to strangers—will you tip him one more? You can't think how it pleases him."

I tipped him several more, and he was in great spirits. We left him bestirring himself to feed the fowls, and we sat down to our punch in the arbour; where Wemmick told me as he smoked a pipe that it had taken him a good many years to bring the property up to its present pitch of perfection.

"Is it your own, Mr. Wemmick?"

"Oh yes," said Wemmick, "I have got hold of it, a bit at a time. It's a freehold, by George!"

"Is it, indeed? I hope Mr. Jaggers admires it?"

"Never seen it," said Wemmick. "Never heard of it. Never seen the Aged. Never heard of him. No; the office is one thing, and private life is another. When I go into the office, I leave the Castle behind me, and when I come into the Castle, I leave the office behind me. If it's not in any way disagreeable to you, you'll oblige me by doing the same. I don't wish it professionally spoken about."

Of course I felt my good faith involved in the

observance of his request. The punch being very nice, we sat there drinking it and talking, until it was almost nine o'clock. "Getting near gun-fire," said Wemmick then, as he laid down his pipe; "it's the Aged's treat."

Proceeding into the Castle again, we found the Aged heating the poker, with expectant eyes, as a preliminary to the performance of this great nightly ceremony. Wemmick stood with his watch in his hand, until the moment was come for him to take the red-hot poker from the Aged, and repair to the battery. He took it, and went out, and presently the Stinger went off with a Bang that shook the crazy little box of a cottage as if it must fall to pieces, and made every glass and teacup in it ring. Upon this, the Aged—who I believe would have been blown out of his arm-chair but for holding on by the elbows—cried out exultingly, "He's fired! I heard him!" and I nodded at the old gentleman until it is no figure of speech to declare that I absolutely could not see him.

The interval between that time and supper Wemmick devoted to showing me his collection of curiosities. They were mostly of a felonious character; comprising the pen with which a celebrated forgery had been committed, a distinguished razor or two, some locks of hair, and several manuscript confessions written under condemnation—upon which Mr. Wemmick set particular value as being, to use his own words, "every one of 'em Lies, sir." These were agreeably dispersed among small specimens of china and glass, various neat trifles made by the proprietor of the museum, and some tobacco-stoppers carved by the Aged. They were all displayed in that chamber of the Castle into which I had been first inducted, and which served, not only as the general sitting-room but as the kitchen too, if I might judge from a saucepan on the hob, and a brazen bijou over the fireplace designed for the suspension of a roasting-jack.

There was a neat little girl in attendance, who looked after the Aged in the day. When she had laid the supper-cloth, the bridge was lowered to give her means of egress, and she withdrew for the night. The supper was excellent; and though the Castle was rather subject to dry-rot inasmuch that it tasted like a bad nut, and though the pig might have been farther off, I was heartily pleased with my whole entertainment. Nor was there any drawback on my little turret bedroom, beyond there being such a very thin ceiling between me and the flagstaff that when I lay down on my back in bed, it seemed as if I had to balance that pole on my forehead all night.

Wemmick was up early in the morning, and I am afraid I heard him cleaning my boots. After that, he fell to gardening, and I saw him from my gothic window pretending to employ the Aged, and nodding at him in a most devoted manner. Our breakfast was as good as the supper, and at half-past eight precisely we started for Little Britain. By degrees, Wemmick got dryer and harder as we went along,

and his mouth tightened into a post-office again. At last, when we got to his place of business and he pulled out his key from his coat-collar, he looked as unconscious of his Walworth property as if the Castle and the drawbridge and the harbour and the lake and the fountain and the Aged, had all been blown into space together by the last discharge of the Stinger.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It fell out, as Wemmick had told me it would, that I had an early opportunity of comparing my guardian's establishment with that of his cashier and clerk. My guardian was in his room, washing his hands with his scented soap, when I went into the office from Walworth; and he called me to him, and gave me the invitation for myself and friends which Wemmick had prepared me to receive. "No ceremony," he stipulated, "and no dinner dress, and say to-morrow." I asked him where we should come to (for I had no idea where he lived), and I believe it was in his general objection to make anything like an admission, that he replied, "Come here, and I'll take you home with me." I embrace this opportunity of remarking that he washed his clients off, as if he were a surgeon or a dentist. He had a closet in his room, fitted up for the purpose, which smelt of the scented soap like a perfumer's shop. It had an unusually large jack-towel on a roller inside the door, and he would wash his hands, and wipe them and dry them all over this towel, whenever he came in from a police-court or dismissed a client from his room. When I and my friends repaired to him at six o'clock next day, he seemed to have been engaged on a case of a darker complexion than usual, for we found him with his head butted into this closet, not only washing his hands, but laving his face and gargling his throat. And even when he had done all that, and had gone all round the jack-towel, he took out his penknife and scraped the case out of his nails before he put his coat on.

There were some people slinking about as usual when we passed out into the street who were evidently anxious to speak with him; but there was something so conclusive in the halo of scented soap which encircled his presence, that they gave it up for that day. As we walked along westward, he was recognised ever and again by some face in the crowd of the streets, and whenever that happened he talked louder to me; but he never otherwise recognised anybody, or took notice that anybody recognised him.

He conducted us to Gerrard-street, Soho, to a house on the south side of that street. Rather a stately house of its kind, but dolefully in want of painting, and with dirty windows. He took out his key and opened the door, and we all went into a stone hall, bare, gloomy, and little used. So, up a dark brown staircase into a series of three dark brown rooms on the first floor. There were carved garlands on the panelled walls, and as he stood among them giving us welcome, I know what kind of loops I thought they looked like.

Dinner was laid in the best of these rooms; the second was his dressing-room; the third his bedroom. He told us that he held the whole house, but rarely used more of it than we saw. The table was comfortably laid—no silver in the service, of course—and at the side of his chair was a capacious dumb-waiter, with a variety of bottles and decanters on it, and four dishes of fruit for dessert. I noticed throughout, that he kept everything under his own hand, and distributed everything himself.

There was a bookcase in the room; I saw, from the backs of the books, that they were about evidence, criminal law, criminal biography, trials, acts of parliament, and such things. The furniture was all very solid and good, like his watch-chain. It had an official look, however, and there was nothing merely ornamental to be seen. In a corner, was a little table of papers with a shaded lamp: so that he seemed to bring the office home with him in that respect too, and to wheel it out of an evening and fall to work.

As he had scarcely seen my three companions until now—for he and I had walked together—he stood on the hearth-rug, after ringing the bell, and took a searching look at them. To my surprise, he seemed at once to be principally if not solely interested in Drummle.

"Pip," said he, putting his large hand on my shoulder and moving me to the window, "I don't know one from the other. Who's the Spider?"

"The spider?" said I.

"The blotchy, sprawly, sulky fellow."

"That's Bentley Drummle," I replied; "the one with the delicate face is Startop."

Not making the least account of "the one with the delicate face," he returned. "Bentley Drummle is his name, is it? I like the look of that fellow."

He immediately began to talk to Drummle: not at all deterred by his replying in his heavy reticent way, but apparently led on by it to screw discourse out of him. I was looking at the two, when there came between me and them, the housekeeper, with the first dish for the table.

She was a woman of about forty, I supposed—but I may have thought her older than she was, as it is the manner of youth to do. Rather tall, of a lithe nimble figure, extremely pale, with large faded-blue eyes, and a quantity of streaming hair. I cannot say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter; but I know that I had been to see Macbeth at the theatre, a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the Witches' caldron.

She set the dish on, touched my guardian quietly on the arm with a finger to notify that dinner was ready, and vanished. We took our seats at the round table, and my guardian kept Drummle on one side of him, while Startop sat

on the other. It was a noble dish of fish that the housekeeper had put on table, and we had a joint of equally choice mutton afterwards, and then an equally choice bird. Sauces, wines, all the accessories we wanted, and all of the best, were given out by our host from his dumb-waiter; and when they had made the circuit of the table, he always put them back again. Similarly, he dealt us clean plates and knives and forks, for each course, and dropped those just disused into two baskets on the ground by his chair. No other attendant than the housekeeper appeared. She set on every dish; and I always saw in her face, a face rising out of the caldron. Years afterwards, I made a dreadful likeness of that woman, by causing a face that had no other natural resemblance to it than it derived from flowing hair, to pass behind a bowl of flaming spirits in a dark room.

Induced to take particular notice of the housekeeper, both by her own striking appearance and by Wemmick's preparation, I observed that whenever she was in the room, she kept her eyes attentively on my guardian, and that she would remove her hands from any dish she put before him, hesitatingly, as if she dreaded his calling her back, and wanted him to speak when she was nigh, if he had anything to say. I fancied that I could detect in his manner a consciousness of this, and a purpose of always holding her in suspense.

Dinner went off gaily, and, although my guardian seemed to follow rather than originate subjects, I knew that he wrenched the weakest part of our dispositions out of us. For myself, I found that I was expressing my tendency to lavish expenditure, and to patronise Herbert, and to boast of my great prospects, before I quite knew that I had opened my lips. It was so with all of us, but with no one more than Drummle: the development of whose inclination to gird in a grudging and suspicious way at the rest, was screwed out of him before the fish was taken off.

It was not then, but when we had got to the cheese, that our conversation turned upon our rowing feats, and that Drummle was rallied for coming up behind of a night in that slow amphibious way of his. Drummle upon this, informed our host that he much preferred our room to our company, and that as to skill he was more than our master, and that as to strength he could scatter us like chaff. By some invisible agency, my guardian wound him up to a pitch little short of ferocity about this trifle; and he fell to baring and spanning his arm to show how muscular it was, and we all fell to baring and spanning our arms in a ridiculous manner.

Now, the housekeeper was at that time clearing the table; my guardian, taking no heed of her, but with the side of his face turned from her, was leaning back in his chair biting the side of his forefinger and showing an interest in Drummle, that, to me, was quite inexplicable. Suddenly, he clapped his large hand on the housekeeper's, like a trap, as she stretched it across

the table. So suddenly and smartly did he do this, that we all stopped in our foolish contention.

"If you talk of strength," said Mr. Jaggers, "I'll show you a wrist. Molly, let them see your wrist."

Her entrapped hand was on the table, but she had already put her other hand behind her waist. "Master," she said, in a low voice, with her eyes attentively and entreatingly fixed upon him. "Don't!"

"I'll show you a wrist," repeated Mr. Jaggers, with an immovable determination to show it. "Molly, let them see your wrist."

"Master," she again murmured. "Please!"

"Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, not looking at her, but obstinately looking at the opposite side of the room, "let them see *both* your wrists. Show them. Come!"

He took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind her, and held the two out side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured—deeply scarred and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out, she took her eyes from Mr. Jaggers, and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession.

"There's power here," said Mr. Jaggers, coolly tracing out the sinews with his forefinger. "Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. It's remarkable what mere force of grip there is in these hands. I have had occasion to notice many hands; but I never saw stronger in that respect, man's or woman's, than these."

While he said these words in a leisurely critical style, she continued to look at every one of us in regular succession as we sat. The moment he ceased, she looked at him again. "That'll do, Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, giving her a slight nod; "you have been admired, and can go." She withdrew her hands and went out of the room, and Mr. Jaggers, putting the decanters on from his dumb-waiter, filled his glass and passed round the wine.

"At half-past nine, gentlemen," said he, "we must break up. Pray make the best use of your time. I am glad to see you all. Mr. Drummle, I drink to you."

If his object in singling out Drummle were to bring him out still more, it perfectly succeeded. In a sulky triumph, Drummle showed his morose depreciation of the rest of us, in a more and more offensive degree until he became downright intolerable. Through all his stages, Mr. Jaggers followed him with the same strange interest. He actually seemed to serve as a zest to Mr. Jaggers's wine.

In our boyish want of discretion I dare say we took too much to drink, and I know we talked too much. We became particularly hot upon some boorish sneer of Drummle's, to the effect that we were too free with our money. It led to my remarking, with more zeal than discretion, that it came with a bad grace from him, to whom Startop had lent money in my presence, but a week or so before.

"Well," retorted Drummle: "he'll be paid."
 "I don't mean to imply that he won't," said I, "but it might make you hold your tongue about us and our money, I should think."

"You should think!" retorted Drummle.
 "Oh Lord!"

"I dare say," I went on, meaning to be very severe, "that you wouldn't lend money to any of us, if we wanted it."

"You are right," said Drummle. "I wouldn't lend one of you a sixpence. I wouldn't lend anybody a sixpence."

"Rather mean to borrow under those circumstances, I should say."

"You should say," repeated Drummle. "Oh Lord!"

This was so very aggravating—the more especially, as I found myself making no way against his surly obtuseness—that I said, disregarding Herbert's efforts to check me:

"Come, Mr. Drummle, since we are on the subject, I'll tell you what passed between Herbert here and me, when you borrowed that money."

"I don't want to know what passed between Herbert there and you," growled Drummle. And I think he added in a lower growl, that we might both go to the devil and shake ourselves.

"I'll tell you, however," said I, "whether you want to know or not. We said that as you put it in your pocket very glad to get it, you seemed to be immensely amused at his being so weak as to lend it."

Drummle laughed outright, and sat laughing in our faces, with his hands in his pockets and his round shoulders raised: plainly signifying that it was quite true, and that he despised us as asses all.

Hereupon, Startop took him in hand, though with a much better grace than I had shown, and exhorted him to be a little more agreeable. Startop, being a lively bright young fellow, and Drummle being the exact opposite, the latter was always disposed to resent him as a direct personal affront. He now retorted in a coarse lumpish way, and Startop tried to turn the discussion aside with some small pleasantry that made us all laugh. Resenting this little success more than anything, Drummle without any threat or warning pulled his hands out of his pockets, dropped his round shoulders, swore, took up a large glass, and would have flung it at his adversary's head, but for our entertainer's dexterously seizing it at the instant when it was raised for that purpose.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jagers, deliberately putting down the glass, and hauling out his gold repeater by its massive chain, "I am exceedingly sorry to announce that it's half-past nine."

On this hint we all rose to depart. Before we got to the street door, Startop was cheerily calling Drummle "old boy," as if nothing had happened. But the old boy was so far from responding, that he would not even walk to Hammersmith on the same side of the way; so, Herbert and I, who remained in town, saw them going down the street on opposite sides; Startop leading, and Drummle lagging behind in

the shadow of the houses, much as he was wont to follow in his boat.

As the door was not yet shut, I thought I would leave Herbert there for a moment, and run up-stairs again to say a word to my guardian. I found him in his dressing-room surrounded by his stock of boots, already hard at it, washing his hands of us.

I told him that I had come up again, to say how sorry I was that anything disagreeable should have occurred, and that I hoped he would not blame me much.

"Pooh!" said he, sluicing his face, and speaking through the water-drops; "it's nothing, Pip. I like that Spider though."

He had turned towards me now, and was shaking his head, and blowing, and towelling himself.

"I am glad you like him, sir," said I—"but I don't."

"No, no," my guardian assented, "don't have too much to do with him. Keep as clear of him as you can. But I like the fellow, Pip; he is one of the true sort. Why, if I was a fortune-teller——"

Looking out of the towel, he caught my eye.

"But I am not a fortune-teller," he said, letting his head drop into a festoon of towel, and towelling away at his two ears. "You know what I am, don't you? Good night, Pip."

"Good night, sir."

In about a month after that, the Spider's time with Mr. Pocket was up for good, and, to the great relief of all the house but Mrs. Pocket, he went home to the family hole.

ERRATUM. In No. 97, Chapter xxii. of *Great Expectations*, page 481, second column, line 15 from the bottom, the word "nephew" is printed instead of "cousin." The line should read, "My father is Miss Havisham's cousin."

POETS AT FAULT.

Of all the regular phenomena of Nature, hardly one is so beautiful and solemn, or so deeply interesting to man, as the dawn of light in the early morning. It is interesting to the heart of man, not only because it is the natural call to renewed labour, but because it is the return to our hemisphere of the very source of life and fertility. How grand the thought that that golden centre of light and heat, thousands of miles away in the measureless amplitude of heaven, shines unceasingly for man; that when for a brief space he quits our sight, it is to vivify our human kindred at the antipodes, leaving to us shadows and sleep and dreams; that this globe of ours is perpetually basking in some portion of its surface, in the splendour of the solar sphere, gliding smoothly, noiselessly, and unrestingly, out of zones of brightness into zones of night, out of darkness into day. At no moment are we made so sensible of this sublime ordination as at the time of dawn; and no operation of Providence is so suggestive of poetry as this daily repetition of one of the chief creative acts.

Yet it would seem that the greatest of our English poets have not been fully impressed

with this incentive to the highest exercise of the descriptive part of their art. Passages about the dawn are to be found in abundance in all poets—some of them, passages of great beauty; but, with a few exceptions, they are not equal to the mingled grandeur and tenderness of the occasion. It is to be suspected that scholasticism has had a great deal to do with the defect among our old writers. They too often thought of what the classics said on the subject, instead of simply asking their own hearts what the thing itself said to them. They could not get rid of Aurora and Phœbus and Tithonus—very accomplished, well-behaved persons, no doubt, and very pretty company at the right season; but, in front of the mighty varieties of Nature, somewhat tawdry and impertinent. For the same reason, our early poets harped upon a series of common-places about “sprinkling roses,” “hurling golden beams through the air,” “stepping across the eastern threshold,” “the gate of heaven,” “the coursers of the sun,” “the chariot of Sol,” and so forth. It is wonderful to find how constantly these set figures are repeated, not only by one author, but by many authors. The members of the poetical guild seem to have accepted such phrases as a kind of legal tender or current coin of the realm, and to have regarded them as all-sufficient; though in truth they are violent metaphors, and thrust out of sight that which is a great deal finer, because simple and true.

Let us illustrate our meaning by quoting a well-known passage from Spenser's *Faery Queene*—beautiful in itself, but not of the highest kind of beauty:

At last, the golden Oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open faire,
And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy haire,
And hurl'd his glistering beames through gloomy aire.
(Book I. c. 5.)

Or take another passage from the same poem, still more exquisite, but of the like figurative kind, and manifestly based rather upon the poet's reading than upon his observation and perception:

The joyous day 'gan early to appear,
And fayre Aurora from the dewy bed
Of aged Tithone 'gan herself to reare,
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heaven high to chase the cheerlesse darke:
With merry note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.
(Book I. c. 11.)

Assuredly, no one who has any sense of poetry will dispute for a moment the loveliness of that stanza, considered as a picture from the Greek mythology, or as a piece of music. But it is not a description of morning, as morning shows itself to the eyes of one who, leaving his books behind him, and the Greek mythology with them, goes forth into the still clear air of dawn, and looks towards the eastern heavens. He will see no Aurora and no

Tithonus; no rosy cheeks or golden locks; no chariots, and no horses of the sun. But he will behold a mighty revelation of Eternal power, harmony, and beauty, before which all mythologies turn pale. Far be it from us to deny the grace and human dignity (human, but bordering on the Divine, as humanity at its highest always does) to be found in the old religion of the Hellenes. Still, the truth of Nature is to be preferred.

That metaphor with respect to the day “dancing forth” was a very favourite one, and was often transferred to the morning star. Thus, Milton writes, in his *Song on May Morning*:

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East.

And Giles Fletcher, in *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, has an exquisite line with reference to the same fancy:

A star comes dancing up the Orient.

But, after all, it is mere fancy, answering to no truth whatever. There is nothing in the smallest degree analogous to “dancing” in that bright still glorious planet; and, joyful and vigorous as the image is, it is to be regretted when it stands in the way of the far nobler fact. If we turn to the greatest of poets—to Shakespeare himself—we do not find matters much improved. Let us see what the Friar in *Romeo and Juliet* has to say about the dawn, with which he professes to be familiar:

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels.

Here the second line is the best, because it is the truest. The image by which the darkness is represented reeling like a drunkard out of the pathway of the light, is extravagant and coarse; and the allusion to “Titan's wheels” is the old schoolboy common-place, dragged in to make out the line. The gradual, calm, orderly fading away of the darkness before the advancing light, is far too beautiful and holy a thing to be likened to the staggering of a belated reveller before the coming lanterns of the watch; and “Titan's wheels” really give the mind no definite idea of any sort. *Romeo* himself does better:

Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East!
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

In this passage, as in the former, that part which is most truthful is most poetical. The “severing clouds” and “the misty mountain tops” are phrases full of the spirit of morning; but why should day be made a person? and why should he stand tiptoe? Let it be understood that this is not an objection to fancy (which is part of the very life of poetry), but to metaphors which are incongruous and impertinent—which represent nothing but the poet's reading, and cannot be resolved into the plain truth of things. In the like manner, a delicious line in *Milton's Lycidas* is injured:

While the still morn went out with sandals grey.

"The still morn" is perfection; the greyness, also, is a veritable touch under certain cloudy conditions; but why must the morn have "sandals"? Of course, Milton's object was to give you the idea of a pilgrim issuing forth on his pious journey; but is not the coming of the divine mystery of light worth a whole army of pilgrims—immeasurably more interesting and more sacred?

A small poet in comparison with Milton—Marston, the dramatist—has two lines in one of his plays which say exactly what is wanted, and no more:

Is not yon gleam the shuddering morn, that flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?
—though the same poet, in another place, falls
back upon the old impersonations:

See! the dapple coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.

The image here introduced is very pretty in itself; but it is grossly inapplicable to the thing which it professes to describe. Milton's "Aurora's fan" is an excessive instance of bad taste; but his phrase, "the dawning hills," is equally fine and true. And Shakespeare, in *Hamlet*, strikes off a circumstance incidental to morning, in a passage of noble simplicity and exquisite modulation:

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Very faithful also, to a certain kind of dawn, is that bit in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

And look! the gentle day
Dapples the drowsy East with spots of grey.
—a figure which Milton has imitated in *L'Allegro*. The passage in the same poem about the newly-risen sun,

Robed in flames and amber light,
is magnificent, but refers to a time subsequent to the dawn—not to the dawn itself. So does that resplendent picture of early morning on the sea, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*; so does the celebrated simile in one of Shakespeare's Sonnets, about the sun "flattering the mountain-tops with sovereign eye;" so does a grand line in *Richard the Second*, in which the ascending luminary is painted as

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines;
so do the numerous and most fresh and vital descriptions of the matin season in Chaucer. In Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, however, four lines occur, which, considering the time when they were written, are remarkable for their absence of scholastic adornment:

See! the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire. The wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold.

This passage has been highly commended, and the phrase about the "streak of subtle fire" is unquestionably fine; but who ever saw the morning light "shoot"? The word would be very applicable if applied to the *Aurora Borealis*, which darts out in long sudden javelins of brilliance; but the dawn is remarkable for the

stealthiness of its approach. Is it not to be suspected that Fletcher was thinking of what was most effective, rather than of what was most true?

The best poets of the present century have been more faithful in their pictures of early morning: indeed, it is the distinguishing feature of modern poetry that, with less intellectual power and wealth than the productions of the Shakespearean and Miltonic eras, and less imagination of the creative order, it is more exact in its reflexion of external nature, because it is more free from the despotism of classical models, which sometimes bound down our greatest authors to certain prescribed modes of seeing things, as if a man dared not say a rose was red, or a lily white, unless he had the authority of the schools for so doing. Perhaps there is no description of the coming on of light so perfect as that which Shelley has given us in his little poem, *The Boat on the Serchio*:

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there:
To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above, and the stream below,
And the vapours in their multitudes,
And the Apennines' shroud of summer snow,
And clothed with light of aery gold
The mists in their eastern caves uproll'd
Day had awaken'd all things that be,—
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee.
Fire-flies were quench'd on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn;
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill.

Observe the overmastering truth, and yet the exquisite fancy and imagination, as well as the marvellous melody, of those lines. How immeasurably finer is this simple reliance on the eternal Divinity that is in Nature, than any pomp of imagery derived from the evanescent mythologies of men! How close the observation of facts, and yet how poetical and musical the utterance! How full of space, and exaltation, and skyey splendour, the first section of the passage; how faithful to the sweet, abiding habitudes of man, and beast, and insect, the second! And then—after a few more lines—how solemn and religious (with a change in the measure to mark the change in the poet's mood) is that which follows!

All rose to do the task He set to each
Who shaped us to His ends, and not our own.
Nothing, too, can be more beautiful than two stanzas in Mrs. Browning's *Song of the Morning Star to Lucifer*:

Henceforward, human eyes of lovers be
The only sweetest sight that I shall see,
With tears between the looks raised up to me:
When, having wept all night, at break of day
Above the folded hills they shall survey
My light, a little trembling, in the grey.

To return to the older poets: we deduce from the passages quoted, and from several

others, these four propositions: That they preferred mythology to truth; that they repeated certain common-places with too great readiness; that they represented the dawn as something abrupt, startling, and active, when it is beautifully gradual—nay, almost furtive; and that they spoke of it as jocund, whereas it is sad. Those who have watched through the night, and marked the approach of dawn, know that the light does not “shoot,” but *grows*; that, after a blacker blackness than midnight can produce, the huge overarching dark gets somewhat paler, though by infinitely fine degrees; that by-and-by the blackness relents and softens into intense purplish blue (speaking here of mornings that are cloudless); that this deep blue becomes more luminous every minute, yet with a wonderful tenderness of gradation, as the advancing glory pours into and dilutes it; that presently the blue kindles into glowing sapphire, like delicate coloured glass with a light behind it, which steeps its entire substance in augmenting radiance; that, in the midst of this dreamy suffusion and silence, the keen gold of the morning star bangs dreamy and silent; that there is a progression which is allied to pausing, by reason of its hushed unhurried march; and that finally, as the great wave of the darkness ebbs away in the extremest west, and “the stars burn out in the pale blue air,” all things acquire an aspect of fresh wonder and mystery, as if they were newly created in their own eyes and those of others. And that sight is not “jocund,” but divinely sad: sad with the dumbness and the enigma of the world.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER FIREMEN.

THE firemen of America are all volunteers. It is the law of the land that every citizen at a certain age, must come and serve for a certain specified duration of time, as either a militiaman or a volunteer. Now, as I believe the militiaman's term of service lasts five years, and a fireman's only three, you may easily imagine, among an itinerant and feverishly restless democratic youth, which is preferred.

Besides, there are many other reasons which I have no doubt contribute to make the fireman's service more popular in America than the militiaman's. In the first place, the former service, though vexatiously frequent in its calls upon its members, is not so restrained and monotonous as that of the militiaman's; and the Americans, as self-conscious freemen, are very jealous of even the smallest and least galling restraint. Secondly, the dress is not so much of the character of a livery—which a true American always detests as a badge of serfdom; it is more loose, careless, and picturesque. Thirdly, the work is at night, when shops are shut and counting-houses closed; lastly, the service is one of stirring danger, and full of that passionate excitement that the American, whose Anglo-Saxon blood the suns of a new continent have long since fired to almost the volcanic warmth of the Indian he displaced, loves, and must have.

I will give my first impressions of the appearance of these volunteer firemen. I had only just landed from the faithful steamer, the *Red Arrow*, that had borne me so well over the churlish Atlantic, where *Notus* and *Auster* and *Boreas* and *Aquila* had blown their worst at me, and was working my way from the Battery and the vast world of warehouses thereunto adjoining, into Broadway.

The new region, of which I was not quite the Columbus, lay before me, with its thin wiry merchants, its sallow-faced and pale dyspeptic clerks, its hairy rowdies, its Californian itinerants, and its staring, wobegone emigrants. A party of these last (palpably Irish) had just jolted past me, seated on their sea-chests, and packed in a slight-built waggon, that bumped over the stones, built in with piles of striped bedding, and jingling bunches of the tin-cans and basins that emigrants use on board ship. Away they jolted into a new world; in a few days they would be shaping pine-logs in a cedar wood of Florida, or lying on beds of hemlock-boughs on the skirt of some vast prairie; the training-ground of nations yet unborn.

Here, glide along the huge crimson omnibus carriages of the street-railroad; those fluttering flags over the conductor's platform, announce a great election-meeting-to-night in the City Park. Here come some cotton bales, and here a cart full of oysters—sea fruit new gathered; but now a stir and oscillation in the street crowds. Now rises to the immaculate blue sky that ever smiles on New York, a bray of brass, a clump of cymbals, and the piercing supplication of fifes, and bomb tom cannonades the drum, with exulting groan.

Ha! there breaks through the black-panted crowd (even the sediest American wears evening dress) gleams of warm scarlet! It is the rifle company of one of the New York Volunteer Firemen Societies. Here they come, four abreast. “FOURS,” with no very severe military air of stiff order and mathematical regularity, but with light, gay, swinging step, jaunty, careless, rather defiant freemen, a little self-conscious of display, but braving it out in a manly game-cock way. They are trailing rifles now, the officers swinging round in the wheels with them, glittering sword in hand.

They wear a rude sort of shako covered with oilskin, red flannel shirts, with black silk handkerchiefs, blowing gaily (as to the ends), tied round their throats in jaunty sailor's knots; they are all young men, some quite boys. It is evidently the manner with them to affect recklessness, so as not to appear to be drilled or drummed about to the detriment of their brave democratic freedom uniform. No, they would as soon wear flamingo-plush and bell-hanging shoulder-knots.

They have been over on what the Americans call “a target excursion” to Brooklyn, and have been summoned together by advertisement in the New York Herald. To-morrow, there will be a paragraph about their excellent shooting, the number of bull's-eyes they made, the “clam

chowder" they partook of afterwards, and the "good time" they had generally.

Observe, too, a special American characteristic, the big laughing nigger, "the big buck nigger," as the firemen call him, half fondly, half contemptuously (for these election quarrels do not make the masses look more kindly on the slave), who carries the target riddled into a colander with bullet-holes. There are even popular Yankee songs about

The Dark who 'totes' the target.

The song writer compares him to Pompus Cesar, whom the coloured girls peculiarly admire, and the chorus is, I remember :

They come together
With sword and feather,
Loud trumpets, drums, and hooting,
And with the mark
Bring up the dark
When they go out a shooting.

There is not a red-shirted young democrat in that regiment, I feel sure, who would not shoulder his rifle and go off in dudgeon if any one dared to propose that he should take the place of the "great buck nigger" and tote the target. Democracy has its pride, too, as well as oligarchy : its just pride and its foolish pride.

The perpetual firing of these red-shirted youngsters is not without danger, for it is, like all American sports, practised in a reckless way by lads utterly regardless of life. Only yesterday I read in the Tribune, the great abolitionist paper, a rather frightened complaint from some boatmen, who, while quietly steering up the East river, had their hats perforated with bullets.

These street processions are incessant in New York, and contribute much to the gayness of the street. Whether firemen, or volunteers, or political torch-bearers, they are very arbitrary in their march. They allow no omnibus, or van, or barouche, to break their ranks; and I have often seen all the immense traffic of Broadway (a street that is a mixture of Cheapside and Regent-street) stand still, benumbed, while a band of men, enclosed in a square of rope, dragged by, a shining brass gun or a brand new gleaming fire-engine.

But, after all, it is at night-time that the fireman is really himself, and means something. He lays down the worn-out pen, and shuts up the red-lined ledger. He hurries home from Lime-street, slips on his red shirt and black dress trousers, dons his solid japanned leather helmet bound with brass, and hurries to the guard-room, or the station, if he be on duty.

A gleam of red, just a blush in the sky, eastward—William-street way—among the warehouses; and presently the telegraph begins to work. For, every fire station has its telegraph, and every street has its line of wires, like metallic washing-lines. Jig-jig, tat-tat, goes the indicator: "Fire in William-street, No. 3, Messrs. Hardcastle and Co."

Presently the enormous bell, slung for the purpose in a wooden shed in the City Park just at the end of Broadway, begins to swing and roll backward.

In dash the volunteers in their red shirts and helmet—from oyster cellars and half-finished clam soup, from newly-begun games of billiards, from the theatre, from Bourcicault, from Booth, from the mad drollery of the Christy minstrels, from stiff quadrille parties, from gin-slugs, from bar-rooms, from sulphurous pistol galleries, from studios, from dissecting-rooms, from half-shuttered shops, from conversazioni and lectures—from everywhere—north, south, east, and west—breathless, hot, eager, daring, shouting, mad. Open fly the folding-doors, out glides the new engine—the special pride of the company—the engine whose excellence many lives have been lost to maintain; "a regular high-bred little stepper" as ever smith's hammer forged. It shines like a new set of cutlery, and is as light as a "spider waggon" or a trotting-gig. It is not the great Juggernaut ear of our Sun and Phoenix offices—the enormous house on wheels, made as if purposely cumbersome and eternal—but is a mere light musical snuff-box of steel rods and brass supports, with axes and coils of leather, brass-socketed tubing fastened beneath, and all ready for instant and alert use.

Now, the supernumeraries—the haulers and draggers, who lend a hand at the ropes—pour in from the neighbouring dram-shops or low dancing-rooms, where they remain waiting to earn some dimes by such casualties. A shout—a tiger!

"Hei! hei!! hei!!! hei!!!!" (crescendo), and out at lightning speed dashes the engine, in the direction of the red gleam now widening and sending up the fan-like radiance of a volcano.

Perhaps it is a steam fire-engine. These are entire successes, and will soon be universal among a people quick to grasp onward at all that is new, if it be but better than the old. Then the fires are lighted, and breathing out ardent smoke, and spitting out trails of fiery cinders; off it dashes.

Now, a roar and crackle, as the quick-tongued flames leap out, red and eager, or lick the black blistered beams—now, hot belches of smoke from shivering windows—now, snaps and smashes of red-hot beams, as the floors fall in—now, down burning stairs, like frightened martyrs running from the stake, rush poor women and children in white trailing night-gowns—now, the mob, like a great exulting many-headed monster, shouts with delight and sympathy—now, race up the fire-engines, the men defying each other in rivalry, as they plant the ladders and fire-escapes. The fire-trumpets roar out stentorian orders—the red shirts fall into line—rock, rock, go the steel bars that force up the water—up leap the men with the hooks and axes—crash, crash, lop, chop, go the axes at the partitions, where the fire smoulders. Now, spirt up in fluid arches, the blue white jets of water, that hiss and splash, and blacken out the spasms of fire; and as every new engine dashes up, the thousands of up-turned faces turn to some new shade of reflected crimson, and the half-broken beams give way at the thunder of their cheers.

The fire lowers, and is all but subdued, though still every now and then a floor gives way with an earthquake crash, and into the still lurid dark air rises a storm of sparks like a hurricane of fire-flies. But suddenly there is a crowding together and whispering of helmeted heads. Brave Seth Johnson is missing; all the hook men and axe men are back but he; all the pumpers are there, and all the loafers are there. He alone is missing.

Caleb Fisher saw him last, shouts the captain to the eager red faces; he was then breaking a third floor back window with his axe. He thinks he is under the last wall that fell. Is there a lad there will not risk his life for Seth? No! or he would be no American, I dare swear.

Hei! hei!!! hei!!!! hei!!!!

Up they tear through choking smoke, spars, and still dangerous fire, over bridges of half-burnt beams, half-brittle charcoal. They reach the tomb of smoking bricks, they dig as if the life of each were depending on it—hooks, axes, bleeding hands, everything but teeth.

Hei! hei!! hei!!! hei!!!!

Click-shough go the shovels, chick-chick the pickaxes. A shout, a scream of "Seth!"

He is there, pale and silent, with heaving chest, his breast-bone smashed in, a cold dew oozing from his forehead. Now they bear him to the roaring multitude, their eyes aching and watering with the suffocating gusts of smoke. They lay him pale, in his red shirt, amid the hushed voiceless men in the bruised and scorched helmets. The grave doctor breaks through the crowd. He stoops and feels Seth's pulse. All eyes turn to him. He shakes his head, and makes no other answer. Then the young men take off their helmets and bear home Seth, and some weep, because of his betrothed, and the young men think of her.

Such are the scenes that occur nightly in New York. The special disgrace of the city is the incessant occurrence of incendiary fires. Yet accidental fires are exceedingly numerous, for wood is still (even in New York) the predominant building material, in consequence of the extraordinary cheapness of wood fit for building. The roofs, too, are generally of tin, and not tile or slate, and this burns through very quickly. Moreover, the universal stove (derived from the Dutch, I suppose) occasions a great use of flue pipes, and these are buried among wood, and are, even when embedded in stone, dangerous.

Unfortunately, our Sir John Dean Pauls, our Robsons and Redpaths, our Hudsons and Laurences, have all parallels in America. Between different degrees of putridity and different shades of carrion, it were loss of time to discriminate. We all know what Dr. Johnson said when he compared one scoundrel to a rotten egg, and another to a bad oyster. Fraudulent bankrupts are very numerous in New York where trade rushes on with feverish speed; and the merchant you dine with to-day in a marble palace in the Fifth Avenue, is per-

haps to-morrow chalking the ends of cues in a Bowery billiard saloon. Dishonest adventurers go into trade, merely to get credit, enough to go deeply in debt, then "bust up, and slope for Texas," or a cruise among the Mormons.

The burnable houses of New York present an irresistible temptation to the fraudulent bankrupt who is insured in excess. The second week I was in New York there was a detected case quite in point. A ready-made clothesman in Manhattan-street was taken up for burning down his house. The only witness was a raw but well-intentioned country boy from New Jersey, who had been kept by Vanderput (yes, that was his name) to wait in the shop. He deposed to his master, a Dutch Jew, repeatedly offering him bribes to help burn down the place. This boy, in a good stupid way, blurted out the whole truth. All the clothes had been secretly removed from the shop; there was no doubt about it; he had seen them go off in the cart towards one of the ferries. Nothing had been left but old oilskin coats, and rags dipped in naphtha and turpentine. The case was clearly proved, talked of on 'Change as a sign of trade rottenness for a day or two, and then forgotten.

Once, I was spectator of a New York fire, and, indeed, all but fell a victim to it. It happened after this manner. The fifth day I was in New York, I determined, having seen several of the theatres and attended some election meetings and concerts, that I ought to go to Barnum's—special exhibition of the city, a prominent pile of building, covered by day with pictures of zoological wonders, and by night with starry festoons of lamps. There were the live "sea lions" to attract me, and the relics of Washington, and the "mud fish," and the sea anemones, and the collection of coins, and, above all, the theatre, where they were now playing the Story of Joseph and his Brethren: a mystery play, intended to attract country people who entertain conscientious objections to the profanities of the ordinary drama.

I determined to go, so I threw down the flag of a newspaper—the Olive Branch, a most fiery pro-slavery paper—on the table of the hotel reading-room, tossed off my last dessert-spoonful of brandy-and-ice, and set my face towards Barnum's, it being past eight o'clock. It was a calm, mellow night, and the stars were telegraphing to each other with winking diamond sparks, and forming themselves into sentences in the star language, uninterpreted yet by mortals. Presently the poop lamps of Barnum's hove in sight, and the clash and braying of the brass band in the balcony over his door became audible.

Now, Barnum is as well known in America as the President, and people at New York clubs laugh over his last joke. They delight to relate his different humbugs: his prize photographic exhibition of American beauties, his woolly horse, his sham buffalo hunt, his spurious Washington's nurse, his aged dwarf boy Tom Thumb, his plough drawn by elephants, and other enormities. Besides, Barnum is specially

popular just now, because our English Prince had been to see all the absurdities, and was reported by the Herald to have said:

"And where is Mr. Barnum? I should like to see him; he must be the greatest curiosity of the place!" So, Barnum now advertises his exhibition as patronised by the Prince of Wales.

I paid my twenty-five cents at the Greenwich Fair-looking door, and entered. Coins hung in the dark are rather baffling. A disguised idiot, labelled,

"WHAT IS IT? WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?"

is not attractive; a sea-lion, tepid with gas-light and lolling panting with bloodshot eyes and very sick on a wet slab, one soon has enough of; so up I went, after an hour's stare and ramble with my two hearty Texan friends, Paul and Silas Allen, up to the third floor back of the frail dry house to the theatre.

Two scenes were over, and we had just got to a dreary tableau of the Ishmaelites buying Joseph (Miss Robinson) from his envious and beetle-browed brethren; when, through the open windows at the back, swept in a choking cloud of smoke that gradually widened and widened, filling the theatre and half hiding both Ishmaelites and Jews. The country people, bent on the play (the first many of them had ever seen), grumbled at this, but took no other notice. The stolid Circassian chief, with a pillow-case full of white wool on his head, seated nearly next to me and between his wife and daughter, as spectators (to my infinite astonishment), though themselves part of the exhibition—so seated, I suppose, by Barnum's stern command—coughed and sneezed, but still gazed apathetically on the flesh-coloured legs of Joseph, who was coughingly appealing to his eldest brother. I looked back at the windows, they were getting a deep red, as stained glass; and now quick sparks crackled in, and a resinous smell as of burning deal spread terror amongst us.

Shall I ever forget how every face suddenly whitened (as if by a universal flour-dredger), and how every white face suddenly turned to the narrow distant door, as every creature in the theatre, man, woman, and child, rose, and prepared for a trampling life or death rush!

"Fire! Fire! We shall all be burnt! To the door!" cried five hundred voices at once.

My friends, Paul and Silas, were the bravest of men—they had fought hand-to-hand with bowie-knives; they had battled with the Camanches in Texas, one to six. They did not run—they flew over the benches, and disappeared. The fire was next door, the danger was imminent, for New York houses are card-houses, and burn quickly. I felt, not frightened, but stunned; still, I believe, calm and collected. A German gentlemen, rising without leaving his place, got up and bravely stayed the panic. Some two hundred crushed their way out; some hundred and fifty stayed their speed, ashamed of their headlong flight; the rest began to retire slowly, as irrationally comforted as they had been irrationally alarmed.

Again, through the hot smoke, the Spirit of

the Aloe entered, with the ballet of Egyptian maidens. But it would not do; we were all unquiet and restless, for now we could hear the crowd below roar applause as the fire-engines dashed up, and we could hear the crackle and murmur of the flames, and now again the sparks came blowing against the windows. Slowly we began to melt away from the room; mutters of "It's all up with Barnum!" filled the air. The Circassian chief was by no means last to leave; "the Lady with long hair," the Happy Family, were all in the crowd together. There was every chance of the "beautiful angel fish" being fried, and the living alligator being done brown. The tattooed New Zealander bolted into the street to help at the engines. (Between ourselves, he was an Irishman, and the engines were Irish too.) Joseph made tracks in the airy Israelitish dress; the men at the doors shouldered their locked-up tills; the gentleman with the world-renowned "Lightning Calculator" prepared with tears to part from his great invention. In a few minutes I was in the street. The red shirts were swarming there. The black hose was coiling about all the neighbouring streets. Everywhere water was dripping and puddling. The trim brass engines were shining in the flames, that broke in puffs from the house next to Barnum's—a tailor's, I think. Smack! splash! went the water, blacking out the red and yellow wherever it fell. New engines, strong as steel could make them, yet light as gigs, dashed up every minute. The police, in their blue frock-coats and low flat caps, were busy making room for the firemen in the red shirts, and for the last arrivals of engines; and, over all the shouting and the bellowing of the fire-horns, sounded the clamour of the tocsin bells of the neighbouring churches.

Barnum's establishment was saved after a little scorching; and, next morning over my coffee, I read that so many thousand dollars covered the loss by a fire which, thanks to the energy of Numbers 1 and 4 Fire Companies, was extinguished in about an hour and a half.

Two days after I met those companies marching past the Mechanics' Hall, returning from a shooting match. There were the same red shirts, swords, and colandered target, officers, negro standard-bearer, and band. But this time the victors carried their prizes hanging round their necks. I particularly remember one poor rifleman who bore a heavy plated cruet-stand and a teapot which must have gone very near to strangling him. Between these voluntary soldiers and the populace there appeared to be perfect sympathy.

It is only upon certain questions that these firemen or militia are ever mutinous. Such a question came on the carpet during the Prince's visit. One of the regiments (chiefly Irishmen) refused to assist in the public processions to welcome his arrival in New York. This regiment has, I believe, since been disbanded in consequence.

A few days before I visited New Orleans a

dreadful fire had taken place, that burnt down a whole street of cotton warehouses and cotton presses, and emporiums of Southern produce. I saw the ruins when I visited the city, still black and hot, just by the great square where the statue of Henry Clay is, and not far from the Levee, as the shore of the Mississippi is called. As Schiller says, "Red as blood was that night," all the town was in a seethe; the crowd was a piebald of gesticulating black and white faces; the whole sky, from Poydras-street to the furthest bayous leading out to Lake Pontchartrain, was burning crimson; millions of dollars melted in the blaze; the young firemen were roused to the highest pitch of audacity; all the town was in a rattle with the hose carts and the swift engines; the bells rang in every street; the coloured lights flashed about; the telegraph was never still. Through wreaths of smoke; through terrible dangers of falling stones and beams, and avalanches of fire, rushed the brave young men with the ladders, hooks, ropes, and axes. Suddenly, all cries were hushed by a roar as of an earthquake; two vast walls fell and buried at once fifteen of the best young men; the moment's hush was broken by a scream from the survivors who, but five minutes ago, had been all roaring with open mouths, the popular fireman's song of

"Wake up boys, the engine's coming."

The papers, ever since, have used this terrible calamity at New Orleans as an argument for employing paid firemen who are less rash than volunteers, and who are always ready and quite as effective; though, perhaps, not so daring.

THE STATUES.

It was far norland; the great abbey rose,
A huge thought sculptured wild in marble freaks;
On peaked roof and crocket sparked the snows,
And on the carven vultures' wings and beaks.
The tangled pine-trees wrestled with the palm
In the fierce casements' interchanging bloom;
And from the misty aisles, and from the gloom,
Shake mournful voices, echoing of calm.

Under vast canopies, whose cloudy blue
Was fired with fixed stars, three statues slept,
And, bending white above them, two and two,
With arched necks, the torchless angels wept.
Upsprung in clustered reeds the granite stone,
Blown at the top to lilies garlanded,
Round wizard-eyed grotesque and griffin head,
And flutes and timbrels, uttering no moan.

Great were the three: a mailed but casqueless knight,
Plated in armour dimly red with gold,
And frozen beard thick wrinkled, stiff and white
Over his quartered surcoat's blazoned fold.
Stark, at his feet, there crouched a sleeping hound,
And, on the dark base of the tomb, we read:
"Great deeds are living spirits; the great dead
Find sepulchre in earth and ocean's round."

And, by his side, there lay a matron fair,
Her coif blown backward like a crimson flame,
Over a delicate band of golden hair,
And temples tintured with the hues of shame;
With folded wings and eyes that stared the day,
A fettered eagle at her feet did sit;
And, on the windings of the scroll was writ:
"She pleaseth God who careth her own way."

Then turned we where the fairer statue, prone
And sphered in the adoring silences,
With smiles that half incarnadined the stone,
Slept in her more than human loveliness.
Her virgin forehead gleamed from out her hood,
Like to a little moonfleck in the spring,
And all her hair went wildly wavering
Over her shoulders, in dishevelled mood.
A sense of peace, an atmosphere of rest,
Sucked from the heart of autumn, filled the place;
The evening of a planet beaming west,
With all the sinking sun upon its face;
Ungathered childhood to our gazing eyes;
Again the dead dropped blossoms at our doors;
Again at sunset from the western shores;
We heard the tolling bells of paradise.
Beautiful abstraction, at her feet
Crouched not the crimson fanged dog of blood,
Stiff at her soles and blind from sun and sleet,
No carrion eagle in its shackles stood;
But round a little urn of tender hue,
With simplest allegories overwrought,
The daisy and the dumb forget-me-not,
In braided meshes with the violet blew.

And on the smooth cirque of the funeral stone,
Touched with the mellow twilight, here and there,
Along the shining surface, faintly shone
A brief inscription, carved in letters fair:
"God is all love; who loveth best loves God:
Love is the ladder of the patriarch,
Scaling the brink of heaven through the dark,
Its foot the earth, its top God's bright abode!"

We ceased; from galleried round and fretted choir,
And hollow roofs the cisterns of the gloom,
The autumn evening, like a gust of fire,
Rolled mournful splendours on the maiden's tomb.
And, at the fountains of our secret tears,
Throbbing for issue blindest pulses strove;
And in our hearts fell, with that dream of love,
The sad and sweet divinity of years.

OYSTERS.

It is a striking example of the wondrous ingratitude of Man that the things which we are most bound to love and reverence should almost always be treated by us in the scurviest and most shameful manner. It would seem as if people supposed that their neighbours were all like Archbishop Crammer, whose forgiving nature was such that you had only to do him "a shrewd turn" to make him your friend for ever, so ill do we behave to our greatest benefactors. This mode of proceeding is bad enough, in all conscience, where the objects of it are our own fellow-creatures, with the capacity, and very often the will, to resent our conduct; but its enormity reaches the highest point when those whom we abuse are beings at once so helpless and inoffensive as to be utterly incapable of retaliation.

Looking at it in a moral point of view, this is the state of the case as regards Oysters.

From the days of that traditionally courageous individual (a Native of these isles I imagine, for "like will to like") who first swallowed the "Ostrea edulis," to those of him "who did but yesterday expire" (that is to say, supped last night in the Haymarket), all the world have

acknowledged, at least by silent rapture, that there is nothing so succulent, so sustaining, or that relishes a pot of Stout or a bottle of Chablis, so much as a well-fed oyster, whether Colchester, Carlingford, or Cancale were the cradle of its earliest existence. But "eaten bread is soon forgotten." The tribute paid to the physical excellence of the illustrious *Pecten* cannot wipe away the enduring reproach which has been hurled at it of intellectual inferiority. "As stupid as an oyster" is a proverbial expression amongst ourselves; and in France, where they ought to know better, they say, to express the same thing, "*C'est une hûtre à l'écaille.*" They tell a person whose mental faculties they wish to depreciate, that he "argues like an oyster;" and with all the vivacity which Frenchmen exhibit when their money is at stake, they vex the soul of the player whom they have backed at "*écarté*," by eagerly informing him that he "plays like an oyster." The Italians, also, in a servile spirit of imitation, similarly insult the Oyster by applying to her the words "*babbaccione*" and "*stupidaccia.*" Let me hope, when Italy is a perfectly free and united nation, that she will in this respect amend her proverbs.

When I say that the French, above all people, "ought to know better," I refer to the well-known fable of their countryman La Fontaine, who, in his pleasant way, relates that in the adventure of the Rat and the Oyster, it was the long-whiskered rodent that was taken in and not the bearded bivalve, who plainly showed that *he*, at all events, was no fool, when he caught the rat in his yawning trap. Monkeys, it is true, deal with oysters in a somewhat similar fashion, but with a very different result: when *they* find an oyster gaping, they insert the tip of their tails, and on the valves closing they make for the dry land with all speed, dragging behind them the prize which they soon find a way to get at and devour.

To be done in this manner arises, however, from a simple defect, not so much of understanding as of eyesight; for Nature, who has endowed the animal with most of the appurtenances of a fish—such as mouth, beard, gills, stomach, heart, liver, pulse, veins, and muscles—has cruelly deprived it as well of a head as of the organs of vision and locomotion. As to the fact of the Oyster having no head, that is of little consequence: for Michelet, speaking of certain molluscs which are so furnished, says that many of that family lose their heads with impunity. Their vitality lies in the *viscera*, and these they take the greatest care of. Yet the stepmother-like privation of denying it locomotion, has been made the groundwork of the accusation under which the Oyster labours, of stupidity, as if it would not get out of the dredger's way if it had the means of doing so, with sufficient rapidity. Cuvier tells us of a species of Oyster that is able to move itself by violently opening and shutting its shell; and in Pliny's *Natural History*, we read as follows: "A man would not think, neither is it likely, that the Oysters in the

sea do heave, and yet upon any noise and sound their manner is to sink down to the bottom. And therefore when as men fish for them in the sea they are as silent as may be." And Pliny justifies this attribute of astuteness by the following remark on the sentient faculty of Oysters: "There is not a living creature throughout the world but hath the sense of feeling, though it have none else; for even Oysters and earth-worms, if a man hurt them, do evidently feel." A later authority, Dr. Carpenter, gives the oyster credit for enough eyesight (without eyes), to be susceptible of the influence of light. They have been observed, he says, to close their shells when the shadow of a boat passes over them.

Observant naturalist as Pliny was, we know a little more than he did about the feelings of Oysters. We have heard—Tilburina (who was herself a victim of the tender passion, and went mad for it in white satin) has told us—that "an Oyster may be crossed in love;" and in the Annual Register for eighteen hundred and two, we find this practical comment on the lady's statement: "The advantage which has resulted from crossing the breed of cattle has induced a like experiment upon Oysters, and an extensive dealer in Kent lately imported several tons of Carlingford and other celebrated Irish Oysters, which he laid down in the beds of the best English natives, about Milton, Faversham, and Whitstable. The effect of this union has greatly exceeded his expectations, the produce being greater than heretofore, and of considerably improved flavour." How far the improvement of the Oyster breed by human agency may bear out the assertion of Tilburina is a question which (as critics say when they are in a fix) I shall not stop to discuss; but while on the subject of the Oyster's amatory propensities, I must advert to a disparaging remark which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Benedict: "Love," says the resolute bachelor, "may transform me to an Oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an Oyster of me he shall never make me such a fool."

Another lover of celebrity, Robert Burns, desires to emulate the Oyster. "There are only two creatures," he says, "that I would envy—a horse in his wild state, traversing the forests of Asia, and an Oyster on some of the desert shores of Europe: the one has not a wish without enjoyment, the other has neither wish nor fear." Now, although this passage may seem to imply torpidity on the part of the Oyster (unless you suppose her thoroughly blasée), there has not been wanting one profound writer to make it the occasion of taxing the fair mollusc with the sin that o'erthrew the angels. "When," observes a solemn Quarterly Reviewer, while no doubt settling his tremendous wig and stiffening his neck in his starched cravat—"when such a sentiment is breathed by such a being, the lesson is awful; and if pride and ambition were capable of being taught" (by the Wild Horse and the Oyster?), "they might hence learn that a well-regulated mind and controlled passions are to be prized above all the glow of ima-

gination and all the splendour of ambition." Burns did not live long enough to read this jobation, and it is satisfactory to think that it may not yet have penetrated the shell of the Oyster, or who shall declare how it might have marred the sensitive creature's flavour?

The Oyster can also hate—and show its hatred too. Man is by no means the only enemy to the Oyster. Its body serves as food to many marine animals, which have various methods of getting access to it, in spite of its shelly defence; from some of these it can secure itself by closing its valves as soon as it is alarmed; and against others it has a more active means of defence, in the violent expulsion of the water included between them, which will frequently drive off its opponent. Various animals attack it, also, by perforating its shell; and to these also it can offer a passive resistance, by depositing new shelly matter within. So that even this lowly-organised being, commonly regarded as one of the most vegetative of animals, adds our authority for these facts, is provided by its Creator with such means as are necessary for its preservation, and doubtless also for its enjoyment.

Leaving, however, the moral feature of the subject, and bidding adieu to the Oyster's detractors, let us turn to a pleasanter theme, the acknowledged merits of the delicious edible, which is, in fact, the purpose of this disquisition. An eloquent Frenchman has observed: "This much is certain, that the Oyster supplies an aliment which unites all the properties that are most precious for food. Its flesh is sweet, fine, and delicate; it has savour enough to please the taste, not enough to excite or cloy it, or reach that frightful limit of the gastronome—*too much!* It lends itself, moreover, through a quality peculiar to it, to gastric and intestinal absorption. Mingling easily with the other aliments, and assimilating itself without difficulty with the juices of the stomach, it assists the digestive functions. Excepting bread, there is no alimentary substance that does not at one time or another cause indigestion, but Oysters never!" That is a homage which is justly their due. You may eat them to-day, to-morrow, for ever, and as many of them as you are able. The Oyster's presence in the stomach is hardly perceptible, and yet it satisfies the taste, appeases the appetite, and calms that impatience of the nerves which hunger creates. This is why Oysters are welcomed everywhere, why they enter into cookery of all kinds, whether learned or simple, why they are met with alike on the table of the wealthy and of the poor. They are the *grata ingluviæ* of Horace, in all its sublime modesty, which leaves behind it no regrets, no satiety, no colic, no remorse. When Malherbe says that he knows nothing better than women and melons, it is difficult to understand how the Norman poet omitted Oysters (living, as he did, so near the best fisheries). As for women, there are people with whom they do not always agree (or, which comes to the same thing, who do not agree with them), and I have known more than

one malady caused by indigestible melons; but who ever heard a complaint of that kind made against Oysters? To continue the remark of the writer already cited: "That which constantly pleases in eating Oysters is the fact that while gastric ailments are defied, the mind is neither disquieted nor irritated by fears for the future. One devours them in the full and perfect certainty that health will not in the slightest degree be compromised, were one even to plunge into that abyss which is called satiety. To eat Oysters is, therefore, at once both physically and morally healthful."

What "satiety" is, where Oysters are concerned, it may be difficult to determine. It depends altogether on the capacity of the ostreophagist. Grimod de la Reynière says: "It has been proved by experience that after five or six dozen, oysters cease to be an enjoyment." Brillat-Savarin (in his *Physiologie du Goût*) tells a very different story. In the first place, he observes:—"It was well known that, formerly, a feast of any pretensions usually commenced with oysters, and that there were epicures who did not leave off until they had swallowed a gross; in other words, a dozen dozen. Wishing to know what such a prandial advanced guard weighed, I verified the fact, that the weight of a dozen oysters (including water) was four ounces avoirdupois, and this gives for the whole gross, three pounds. Now, I look upon it as certain, that these persons who did not dine the less heartily after the oysters, would have been completely satiated if they had eaten the same quantity of meat, even had it been chicken." Brillat-Savarin follows up this remark by the following anecdote: "In 1798 I was at Versailles, and I had frequent intercourse with the Sieur Laperte, Registrar of the Tribunal of the Department. He was a great lover of oysters, and complained that he had never eaten enough of them, or, as he said, 'his fill.' I resolved to procure him that satisfaction, and invited him to dine with me next day. He came, and I kept him company up to the thirteenth dozen, that is, during more than an hour, for the oyster-opener was not very expert. All the rest of the time I was kept inactive, and as to sit at table without eating is extremely painful, I stopped my guest while in full career. 'My dear sir,' I said to him, 'your destiny is not to have your fill of oysters to-day. Let us dine!' We did dine, and he behaved himself with all the vigour and perseverance of a man breaking a long fast." Monsieur Laperte belonged, without doubt, to the school of the French poet Laïnez (deceased in Paris in 1710), of whose surprising powers of deglutition the following story is told: One day, after he had been cramming for five or six hours, he rose, and, after a brief pause, resumed his seat to prepare for a new conflict. "Have you not dined?" asked a friend. "Do you think my stomach has any memory?" was the counter-question, with which he fell to.

The counterpart of Monsieur Laperte—so

far as relates to appetite—was to be found in London, some twenty years ago, in the person of the celebrated Dando. He was never known to have eaten his fill of oysters, though he repeatedly made the attempt, and always at the expense of those who could have supplied him, if they would, with an unlimited number. Not until the oyster-opener's arms were wearied—not until his knife was blunted and broken—not until dozen after dozen had disappeared, in company with mounds of bread-and-butter and floods of porter, did the oyster-shop keeper—the Pim, the Quinn, or whoever it might be—discover in the seedy foe to the genus oyster, the inappeasable, the impecunious Dando. He ate his oysters with so much relish, he seemed so entirely at home with them, he handled them so completely with the touch of a master, that—for a time at least—self-interested criticism was lost in admiration. The waiters who hurried in with relays, grinned as they passed each other, and swore they had never seen “such a One-er;” the guests, who clamoured to be served, suppressed their clamour to gaze, more or less furtively, on an individual who seemed to be all throat, and with stomach of immeasurable profundity; the fishmonger, from whose stores the oysters were transferred, felt a pleasing sense of dismay at the rapidity with which they vanished—till, suddenly, flashed the thought: “Suppose this should be Dando!” And Dando it always was, ever penniless, impenetrable, cool, and craving, into whose mind the thought of paying had never once entered, even had it been possible, which it never was, for him to have shelled out a single farthing. For Dando to be “had-up” for oyster-eating became the standing police amusement of every week during the season. It was of no use committing Dando to prison, for the treadmill, oakum picking, prison fare itself, however liberal, only aggravated his appetite for oysters; and, after he had sojourned for a week or two in Coldbath Fields or elsewhere, the oyster-shops were the real sufferers. When Ancient Pistol exclaimed that the world was his oyster, he merely typified the tendencies of Dando, to whom everything in existence was, as it were, an oyster, to be always eaten. At last Dando died—of starvation—with his mission unfulfilled. Alexander wept at having no more worlds to conquer, and Dando died because there were no more oyster-shops to victimise. He had succeeded in establishing his fame from Whitechapel to Knightsbridge, from Highgate to Camberwell,—he was everywhere better known than trusted. What could he do, but calmly lay down his head on a dust-heap, and pray for contentment beneath a pile of oyster-shells?

Oysters have been, at all times, a favourite *mangeaille* with every nation, except the Hebrews, to whom, as being without fins or scales, they were forbidden. The Athenians turned their oysters to a very unworthy purpose. When they had eaten the fish—having banqueted, we will suppose, at the expense of some such eminent citizen as Aristides—they

wrote on the shells their vote for his banishment; perhaps, on the plea of his giving bad dinners; possibly stale oysters, than which there is nothing more unpleasant or disappointing, because, when you swallow a bad oyster, you are let in for it without reserve. The Romans, who loved oysters better than the Greeks, and who fed more luxuriously than any other people of antiquity, were the first to plant them out, or “park” them. Pliny (in the 45th chapter of the 9th book of his *Natural History*) thus describes how: “The first that invented stews and pits to keep oysters in, was Sergius Orata, who made such about his house at Baianum, in the days of L. Crassus, that famous orator, before the Marsian’s war. And this the man did not for his belly and to maintain gourmandise, but of a covetous mind for very gain. And by this and such wittie devises, he gathered great revenues; for he it was that invented the hanging baines and pooles to bathe in aloft upon the top of an house: and thus, when he had set out his manour-house for the better sale, he would make good merchandize of them, and sell them againe for commoditie and gaine. He was the first man that brought the Lucrine Oysters into name and credit for their excellent taste. In those very daies, but somewhat before Orata, Licinius Marcus devised pools and stews for to keep and feed other fishes, whose example noblemen followed, and did the like after them.” What was done by noble Romans, in the same manner, about “Lampreyes” and “Winkles” does not enter into my subject.

That Pliny was himself an oyster-eater is evident from the following passage: “Albeit I have written already of Oysters, yet methinks I cannot speak sufficiently of them, seeing that for these many yerres they have bin held for the principall dish and daintiest meat that can be served up to the table.” The old Roman was learned in the varieties of the Oyster. Of their different colours, he says: “In Spaine they be reddish, whereas in Sclavonia they be brown and duskish; but about the Cape Circeij, in Italy, their shell and flesh both be blacke;” and then he describes the best kind of Oyster, with all the gusto of a real gourmet. Concerning the best localities for oysters in his time (citing Mutianus as his authority), Pliny says: “The Oisters of Cyzicum, taken about the straits of Callipolis” (was Ancient Pistol thinking of oysters, when he exclaimed, “Feed and be fat, my fair Callipolis?”), “be the fairest of all other, and bigger than those which are bred in Lake Lucrinus, sweeter than those of Brittain, more pleasant to the mouth than the Edulian, quicker in tast than those of Leptis, fuller than the Lucensian, drier than those of Coryphanta, more tender than the Istrian, and, last of all, whiter than the Oisters of Circeij.”

The luxurious Romans were *passés maitres* in oyster-eating. To a particularly large kind of oyster they gave the significant name of *Tridacna*, for though you must not make two bites of a cherry, or of a native, three were necessary before this species could be consumed. Juvenal

tells of an epicure who knew by the taste the birthplace of every oyster set before him, whether it came from the Circæan promontory, from the Lucrine rocks, or from the Rutupinian deeps in Britain. It was the small Lucrine that the poet Martial delighted in, and Seneca, Cicero, Horace, Lucilius, Ausonius, every Roman of note almost, has a good word to say for his favourite oyster. The imperial Dando, Vitellius, seems, like his English prototype, never to have known when to leave off when once he sat down to a good "luck-in" of oysters: it is on record that he went in for them four times a day (by what process I leave unmentioned), and at each meal swallowed no fewer than a hundred dozen! The Emperor Trajan, too, indulged largely in oysters, and Apicius Cœlius is said to have supplied him with fresh ones all the year round, without caring for the month indicated by the canine letter, which was a restriction as much in force with the Romans as amongst ourselves and our epicurean friends across the water. We have, however, on the south-east coast of England, what are called "summer-oysters," which are reckoned a great delicacy.

But it is not only amongst the highly civilised that we find a passion for oysters. The old exploring voyagers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries met with oyster-eaters everywhere. Alvaro Nuñez, who was a prisoner to the Florida Indians, shortly after the discovery of that part of the American continent, speaks of certain flat shores where oysters abounded, "and for three months in the year, they eat no other thing, and drink very bad water. Their houses are made of mats spread upon the shells of oysters, and over them they sleep upon the hides of beasts." Master Richard Jobson, in *Voyage for the Discoverie of Gamboa*, on the coast of Afrika (A.D. 1620), says, that in the river of Sofala "there is good fishing for oysters, which grow on the branches of the trees that hang down into the water;" and in the Observations of William Finch, touching Sierra Leone (in 1607), I find that the people there "feed upon Cockles and Oysters, whereof they have good store growing on the rocks and trees by the sea-side." This adherence of oysters to the drooping branches of the mangrove, whose habitat is the sea-shore, is more fully described a little further on: "There growe likewise within the Bayes, great store of Oysters on Trees, resembling Willows in forme, but the leafe broad and of thicknesse like leather, bearing small knops like those of the Cypress. From this tree hang downe many branches (each about the bignes of a good walking sticke), into the water, smooth, lithe, pithy within, overflowne with the tyde, and hanging as thicke of oysters as they can sticke together, being the only fruit the tree beareth, begotten thereof, as it seemeth, of the sea-water." A later traveller, Captain Light, bears further testimony to the fondness of the Africans for oysters: "At Galabshée," he says, in his *Travels in Egypt and Nubia*, "the Nile divided itself among several rocks and uninhabited islands, and here we had

occasion to remark shells of the oyster kind attached to the granite masses of these cataracts, similar to those often found in petrifications, whose presence we attributed to some communication of former times between the Nile and the ocean." Communication, no doubt! That of oyster-caravans, companies of merchants, such as Joseph's brethren met in the Desert. The people of Galabshée were, in all probability, a community of sable Dandos!

What, however, concerns us most, is not the oyster-eating of the Greeks, the Romans, the Africans, and the inhabitants of the remotest Ind, but the art as practised in our own island and on its adjacent shores. That which the Romans discovered, the inhabitants of the British Isles did not neglect, and our earliest records make mention of Oysters as amongst the chief delicacies of the table, when swans and peacocks added grace and splendour to royal feasts. The oyster-trade of England has been of considerable importance for centuries, and "Oyster Day" was then, as now, one of the great domestic events of the year. "On Saint James's Day" (July 25, old style), says Brande in his *Antiquities*, "oysters come into London, and there is a popular superstition still in force, like that relating to Goose on Michaelmas Day, that whoever eats oysters then will never want money for the rest of the year." It is on this principle, I suppose, that the juvenile grotto-builders always so clamorously desire to be "remembered." That celebration, by the way, in honour of Saint James, the pilgrim-saint par excellence, has reference to the scallop-shell which the Palmer wore in his broad-leaved hat, "when bound for Palestine," but whether St. James himself (he of Compostella is the saint in question) were an oyster-eater or not is more than I can determine.

The most famous localities for Oysters in England, are in the estuaries of the rivers on the shores of Essex, Kent, and Sussex. The best kind of oysters in this country is the small variety called *Natives*; they are found near the mouths of the rivers Colne, Blackwater, and Crouch, in Essex; the Swale and the Medway, in Kent; the Ouse, in Sussex; in Southampton Water; and at other places in all the three kingdoms. So far as regards the London supply, the oysters are brought principally from the Essex coast and rivers; but the Milton, Faversham, and Burnham oysters are most highly esteemed. Some are sent from the north of England; but broods are sent thence to be fattened in the artificial beds. The sale at Billingsgate is enormous.

But England does not monopolise the oyster celebrity of the United Kingdom: Scotland sends from Edinburgh the "Pandores" in which Christopher North and The Shepherd so greatly delighted; and from Ireland come the superb black-bearded "Carlingfords" and the "Powl-doodles of Burran," famous in song. France, too, is a dangerous rival, deriving her most celebrated oysters from Marennes, in the Bay of Biscay, from Cancale, in the Bay of Mont St.

Michel, and from Saint Vaast, Courseul, Etretat, Dieppe, and Tréport, along the Norman coast; Dunkirk and St. Malo also produce good oysters, and presently, as the least known among the various ways of dressing them, I shall give the receipt for that practised at the picturesque old Breton town. The green oyster is peculiar to France, and comes from the coast of Brittany, but both the colour and the flavour of this kind can be produced by putting oysters into pits where the water is almost three feet deep in the salt marshes, and where the sun has great power. In these pits they become green in three or four days, a result proved by M. Borg de St. Vincent to be the effect of light. All oysters are fond of shallows and sequestered nooks, where the waters above them are still and undisturbed by violent winds, and their lives—until the supreme hour arrives when they are wanted for the table—would be tranquil enough were it not for the crabs, which make terrible havoc amongst them when they catch them gaping. Equally fatal to the oyster is sand, but to this danger it is only exposed in “parks,” the natural haunt of the oyster being a hard rocky bottom. Michelet, who takes all animals under his protection, thus speaks of the oyster, which he describes (without respect to gender) as its own architect, whose dwelling, he says, is but the continuation of its own mantle of flesh, following its forms and tints. “All that the inert oyster—to which the sea brings nourishment—requires, is a good box with a hinge, which it can open when the hermit wishes to feed, but which it suddenly closes if it fears that it may itself be fed upon by some greedy neighbour. That greedy neighbour, par excellence—near enough now by railway—is the Parisian who refuses to dine without having first offered up, to his own appetite, a sacrifice of oysters. The central dépôt for his necessity—the Paris Billingsgate, in fact—is in the Rue Montorgueil, and a recent calculation shows that, in the year 1860, the market price of the quantity sold amounted to upwards of sixteen hundred and forty-one thousand francs, which, at the rate of four francs and a half the gross, gives a “consummation” of fifty-two millions five hundred and twenty-three thousand four hundred and ninety-six oysters, and the retail sale by the *écalières* was estimated at more than two millions of francs. Of course the Parisians eat more oysters now than ever, but that they were up to their work in this line, a passage from the *Almanack des Gourmands*, of M. Grimod de la Reynière, will convince us: “Let us,” he says, “enter the Rue Mandar” (it runs into the Rue Montorgueil), “and we find ourselves hemmed in between two famous rocks, against which are dashed and wrecked every day the purses of the dainty lovers of green and white oysters, we mean the rocks of Cancale and of Etretat. It is there you eat, at all hours, the best oysters in Paris. So prodigious is the quantity consumed, that shortly their shells alone, reaching to the eaves of the highest houses, will themselves become rocks of the

most formidable description.” The famous “Rocher de Cancale,” I am sorry to say, exists no longer, but *en revanche*, at Philippe’s, at the corner opposite, you may begin the best dinner to be had in Paris with oysters as fine as ever came from Cancale or the Marennes. A propos of these last, they are to be met with, not only at the restaurants of Bordeaux, but at every town of note on the Garonne, as far as it is navigable towards the Pyrenees, and there are few pleasanter things for a traveller to fall in with on board the steam-boats than a bevy of the wandering oyster-sellers of La Rochelle. They are a class apart, whom you may at once recognise by their singular square head-dresses and black cloaks with pointed hoods. They come chiefly from La Tremblade and other islands near La Rochelle, and travel in the autumn with oysters and sardines, settling themselves for the season at all the populous places on the great Gascon river, and receiving fresh supplies of their highly-vendible wares about twice or three times a week. They sit at the hotel doors, just as you see them near the restaurants in Paris, but in good looks they far exceed the *écalières* of the capital, and many of them do justice to their loved airs with very beautiful voices. Not only as *ostreophagists*, but as naturalists, the French have devoted themselves to oysters. Buffon, Cuvier, De Blainville, all their great names in science, have gone thoroughly into the history of the captivating mollusc. M. de Lamarck names no fewer than forty-eight different kinds, all of them eatable.

The geographical and gastronomic distribution of the *Ostracea* is well enumerated in a little book specially dedicated to the subject, and recently published by Trübner and Co.

Wherever found, the enormous importance of the Oyster family as the benefactor to Man can never be over-estimated. On the Georgian seaboard of America it actually saves thousands of human beings from a watery death. Dr. Carpenter, in his *Zoology*, tells us that the Oyster plays, amongst its other many parts, the part of a breakwater. “A remarkable growth of them exists along the alluvial shores of Georgia, in North America; and their influence in preventing the encroachments of the sea is very important. The marsh land extends inwards for a space of from twelve to eighteen miles; and it is so soft, that an iron rod might be pushed into it without difficulty to the depth of eighteen or twenty feet. A great number of large creeks and rivers are found meandering through these marshes; and the bends of these rivers would in a short time cut through the adjoining land to such an extent, that the whole seaboard would become a quagmire. But wherever the tide directs its destroying force, its effects are counteracted by walls of living oysters, which grow upon each other from the beds of the rivers to the very verge of the banks.”

A few words now about dressing Oysters, though your true *ostreophagist* will not hear of them sophisticated. “*Quel est le barbare*,” ex-

claims one enthusiastic French writer, "qui mange des huîtres cuites? si l'on en excepte les matelottes Normandes;" and yet there are almost as many ways of preparing oysters as of arranging eggs. Grimod de la Reynière gives a list, in which he includes: "A la bonne femme"—"à la daube"—"au Parmesan"—"en casserole"—"au hachis"—"en paille"—"farcies"—"frites"—"sautées"—"grillées"—"en papillotes"—"en caisse"—"en ragout"—"au gras," and "au maigre;" and a pretty sort of *maigre* that must be at which well-fed oysters assist. Not to make a cookery-book of this article, but to redeem a promise, I will give the Breton way of dressing what M. de Cussy so justly calls "ces truffes de la mer:" "Having selected some oysters of the largest size, drain off the liquor in a fine cloth, and when dry dredge them lightly with flour. Then cut up two or three large onions very small, put in a saucepan a bit of butter, and when it melts throw in your onions. After they have been there two or three minutes add the oysters, and simmer them gently, seasoning with pepper and salt as they are in progress. When slightly browned, take them off the fire, suffer a few drops of vinegar to moisten them, and then—"do your worst, as Duguesclin, or the Constable De Clisson, or any other famous Breton warrior may (or may not) have done. Nicolo, the composer, had a way of "accommodating" oysters, in the society of a few other good things, which is worth citing. He passed his life between his piano and his saucepans, and prepared his macaroni after this fashion: He filled each pipe with beef marrow, goose-liver, shreds of game and truffes, and minced oysters, moistened well with their own juice. Of this dish he always ate with one hand over his eyes, that his meditations might not be disturbed.

We all know how to eat oyster patties, but it is not every one who has culinary knowledge sufficient to declare how they should be made. Here, therefore, is a final receipt: With plenty of cream let veal sweetbreads divide the honour with succulent shell-fish, giving an equal portion of each, and sprinkling sliced truffes over the compound before you fill your paste. I refrain from saying more.

Bachelors in chambers are sometimes advised to cheer their loneliness by roasting their oysters; but the most original receipt for that dish can only be put in practice on the alluvial shores of Georgia. There oysters cling together in great clusters among the long grass that springs out of the rich soil. The neighbouring inhabitants sometimes light a fire upon the marsh-grass, roll a huge bunch of oysters upon it, and revel in a barbaric oyster-feast.

No bounds appear ever to have been fixed to the human appetite for oysters. Even the fair sex, as yet free from the obnoxious attentions of man and leading virgin lives, may be tempted to try conclusions with their appetites when oysters are in question. I have their own authority for stating that two spinsters of my acquaintance, one night after returning

from the theatre, disposed at supper of a whole barrel of natives, containing some eight or ten dozen, by placing them between the bars; and this in the teeth of the fact that they had already dined on scalloped oysters. This latter circumstance might, perhaps, have whetted them to the deed, or they thought with Macbeth, that, once in for it, "returning were as tedious as go on." At all events, the ten dozen disappeared. But then came shame and remorse. Only half the number of shells were left on the dish, the rest, carefully stowed away in the barrel, as if they had been real oysters, were set aside. On the following day came the self-imposed penance for their gourmandise: the barrel was brought out again, and a Barmecide banquet followed; the remainder of the shells being scattered about the table as if recently emptied, and as if one result of *two* performances. I am pleased to say that both these oyster-loving, self-denying young women are happily married, and if they still eat roasted oysters it is certain evidant despised bachelors, now their husbands, who have the pleasure, like the cat in the fable, of withdrawing the oysters from between the bars.

But one might discourse about oysters for ever; the pearl variety alone (*Avicula margaritum*) would furnish a theme for an epic poem, therefore let me conclude with this observation: The fact is indisputable, that, from the earliest period of antiquity down to the present time, the oyster has enjoyed a reputation which it has maintained through the lapse of ages and the fall of empires: time itself has been unable to destroy that reputation, because whatever is really useful and beneficial to humanity cannot fail to be eternally venerated.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLV.

I WAS now bound for the first port in the Mediterranean from which I could take ship for Malta; and the better to carry out my purpose, I resolved never to make acquaintance with any one, or be seduced by any companionship, till I had seen Miss Herbert, and given her the message I was charged with. This time, at least, I would be a faithful envoy, at least as faithful as a man might be who had gone to sleep over his credentials for a twelvemonth. And so I reached Maltz, and took my place by diligence over the Stelvio down to Lecco, never trusting myself with even the very briefest intercourse with my fellow-travellers, and suffering them to indulge in the humblest estimate of me, morally and intellectually—all that I might be true to my object and firm to my fixed purpose. For the first time in my life I tried to present myself in an unfavourable aspect, and I was astonished to find the experiment by no means displeasing, the reason being, probably, that it was an eminent success. I began to see how the surly people are such acute philosophers in life, and what a deal of selfish gratification they must derive from their uncurbed ill humour. I reached Genoa in time to catch a steamer for Malta. It was crowded,

and with what, in another mood, I might have called pleasant people; but I held myself estranged and aloof from all. I could mark many an impertinent allusion to my cold and distant manner, and could see that a young sub on his way to join was even witty at the expense of my retiring disposition. The creature, Groves he was called, used to try to "trot me out," as he phrased it; but I maintained both my resolve and my temper, and gave him no triumph.

I was almost sorry on the morning we dropped anchor in the harbour. The sense of doing something, anything, with a firm persistence had given me cheerfulness and courage. However, I had now a task of some nicety before me, and addressed myself at once to its discharge. At the hotel I learned that the cottage inhabited by Mrs. Keats was in a small nook of one of the bays, and only an easy walk from the town; and so I despatched a messenger at once with Miss Crofton's note to Miss Herbert, enclosed in a short one from myself, to know if she would permit me to wait upon her, with reference to the matter in the letter. I spoke of myself in the third person and as the bearer of the letter.

While I was turning over the letters and papers in my writing-desk, awaiting her reply, I came upon Buller's note to his brother, and, without any precise idea why, I sent it by a servant to the Government House, with my card. It was completely without a purpose that I did so, and if my reader has not experienced moments of the like "inconsequence," I should totally break down in attempting to account for their meaning.

Miss Herbert's reply came back promptly. She requested that the writer of the note she had just read would favour her with a visit at his earliest convenience.

I set forth immediately. What a strange and thrilling sensation it is when we take up some long-dropped link in life, go back to some broken thread of our existence, and try to attach it to the present! We feel young again in the bygone, and yet far older even than our real age in the thought of the changes time has wrought upon us in the mean while. A week or so before I had looked with impatience for this meeting, and now I grew very fainthearted as the moment drew nigh. The only way I could summon courage for the occasion was by thinking that in the mission entrusted to me I was actually nothing. There were incidents and events not one of which touched me, and I should pass away off the scene when our interview was over, and be no more remembered by her.

It was evident that the communication had engaged her attention to some extent by the promptitude of her message to me; and with this thought I crossed the little lawn, and rang the bell at the door.

"The gentleman expected by Miss Herbert, sir?" asked a smart English maid. "Come this way, sir. She will see you in a few minutes."

I had fully ten minutes to inspect the details of a pretty little drawing-room, one of those little female temples where scattered drawings and books and music, and, above all, the delicious odour of fresh flowers, all harmonise together, and set you a thinking how easily life could glide by with such appliances were they only set in motion by the touch of the enchantress herself. The door opened at last, but it was the maid; she came to say that Mrs. Keats was very poorly that day, and Miss Herbert could not leave her at that moment; and if it were not perfectly convenient to the gentleman to wait, she begged to know when it would suit him to call again?

"As for me," said I, "I have come to Malta solely on this matter; pray say that I will wait as long as she wishes. I am completely at her orders."

I strolled out after this through one of the windows that opened on the lawn, and gaining the sea-side, I sat down upon a rock to bide her coming. I might have sat about half an hour thus, when I heard a rapid step approaching, and I had just time to arise when Miss Herbert stood before me. She started back, and grew pale, very pale, as she recognised me, and for fully a minute there we both stood, unable to speak a word.

"Am I to understand, sir," said she, at last, "that you are the bearer of this letter?" And she held it open towards me.

"Yes," said I, with a great effort at collectedness. "I have much to ask your forgiveness for. It is fully a year since I was charged to place that in your hands, but one mischance after another has befallen me; not to own that in my own purposeless mode of life I have had no enemy worse than my fate."

"I have heard something of your fondness for adventure," said she, with a strange smile that blended a sort of pity with a gentle irony. "After we parted company at Schaffhausen, I believe you travelled for some time on foot? We heard, at least, that you took a fancy to explore a mode of life few persons have penetrated, or, at least, few of your rank and condition."

"May I ask, what do you believe that rank and condition to be, Miss Herbert?" asked I, firmly.

She blushed deeply at this; perhaps I was too abrupt in the way I spoke, and I hastened to add,

"When I offered to be the bearer of the letter you have just read, I was moved by another wish than merely to render you some service. I wanted to tell you, once for all, that if I lived for a while in a fiction land of my own invention, with day-dreams and fancies, and hopes and ambitions all unreal, I have come to pay the due penalty of my deceit, and confess that nothing can be more humble than I am in birth, station, or fortune—my father an apothecary, my name Potts, my means a very few pounds in the world; and yet, with all that avowal, I feel prouder now that I have made it, than ever I did in the false assumption of some condition I had no claim to."

She held out her hand to me with such a significant air of approval, and smiled so good-naturedly, that I could not help pressing it to my lips, and kissing it rapturously.

Taking a seat at my side, and with a voice meant to recal me to a quiet and business-like demeanour, she asked me to read over Miss Crofton's letter. I told her that I knew every line of it by heart, and, more still, I knew the whole story to which it related. It was a topic that required the nicest delicacy to touch on, but with a frankness that charmed me, she said,

"You have had the candour to tell me freely your story; let me imitate you, and reveal mine.

"You know who we are, and whence we have sprung: that my father was a simple labourer on a line of railroad, and by dint of zeal and intelligence, and an energy that would not be balked or impeded, that he raised himself to station and affluence. You have heard of his connexion with Sir Elkanah Crofton, and how unfortunately it was broken off; but you cannot know the rest; that is, you cannot know what we alone know, and what is not so much as suspected by others; and of this I can scarcely dare to speak, since it is essentially the secret of my family."

I guessed at once to what she alluded; her troubled manner, her swimming eyes, and her quavering voice, all betrayed that she referred to the mystery of her father's fate: while I doubted within myself whether it were right and fitting for me to acknowledge that I knew the secret source of her anxiety. She relieved me from my embarrassment by continuing thus:

"Your kind and generous friends have not suffered themselves to be discouraged by defeat. They have again and again renewed their proposals to my mother, only varying the mode, in the hope that by some stratagem they might overcome her reasons for refusal. Now, though this rejection, so persistent as it is, may seem ungracious, it is not without a sufficient and substantial cause."

Again she faltered, and grew confused, and now I saw how she struggled between a natural reserve and an impulse to confide the sorrow that oppressed her to one who might befriend her.

"You may speak freely to me," said I, at last. "I am not ignorant of the mystery you hint at. Crofton has told me what many surmise and some freely believe in."

"But we know it, know it for a certainty," cried she, clasping my hand in her eagerness. "It is no longer a surmise or a suspicion. It is a certainty—a fact! Two letters in his handwriting have reached my mother; one from St. Louis in America, where he had gone first; the second from an Alpine village, where he was laid up in sickness. He had had a terrible encounter with a man who had done him some gross wrong, and he was wounded in the shoulder. After which he had to cross the Rhine, wading or swimming, and travel many miles ere he could find shelter. When he wrote, however, he was rapidly recovering, and as quickly regaining all his old courage and daring."

"And from that time forward have you had no tidings of him?"

"Nothing but a cheque on a Russian banker in London to pay to my mother's order a sum of money, a considerable one too; and although she hoped to gain some clue to him through this, she could not succeed, nor have we now any trace of him whatever. I ought to mention," said she, as if catching up a forgotten thread in her narrative, "that in his last letter he enjoined my mother not to receive any payment from the assurance company, nor enter into compromise with them; and, above all, to live in the hope that we should meet again and be happy."

"And are you still ignorant of where he now is?"

"We only know that a cousin of mine, an officer of engineers at Aden, heard of an Englishman being engaged by the Shah of Persia to report on certain silver mines at Kashan, and from all he could learn the description would apply to him. My cousin had obtained leave of absence expressly to trace him, and promised in his last letter to bring me himself any tidings he might procure here to Malta. Indeed, when I learned that a stranger had asked to see me, I was full sure it was my cousin Harry."

Was it that her eyes grew darker in colour as this name escaped her—was it that a certain tremor shook her voice—or was it the anxiety of my own jealous humour, that made me wretched as I heard of that cousin Harry, now mentioned for the first time?

"What reparation can I make you for so blank a disappointment?" said I, with a sad half-bitter tone.

"Be the same kind friend that he would have proved himself if it had been his fortune to come first," said she; and though she spoke calmly, she blushed deeply. "Here," said she, hurriedly, taking a small printed paragraph from a letter, and, eagerly, as it seemed, trying to recover her former manner—"here is a slip I have cut out of the *Levant Herald*. I found it about two months since. It ran thus: 'The person who had contracted for the works at Pera, and who now turns out to be an Englishman, is reported to have had a violent altercation yesterday with Musted Pasha, in consequence of which he has thrown up his contract and demanded his passport for Russia. It is rumoured here that the Russian ambassador is no stranger to this rupture.' Vague as this is, I feel persuaded that he is the person alluded to, and that it is from Constantinople we must trace him."

"Well," cried I, "I am ready. I will set out at once."

"Oh! can I believe you will do us this great service?" cried she, with swimming eyes and clasped hands.

"This time you will find me faithful," said I, gravely. "He who has said and done so many foolish things as I have, must, by one good action, give bail for his future character."

"You are a true friend, and you have all my confidence."

"Mrs. Keats's compliments, miss," said the maid, at this moment, "and hopes the gentleman will stay to dinner with you, though she cannot come down herself."

"She imagines you are my cousin, whom she is aware I have been expecting," said Miss Herbert, in a whisper, and evidently appearing uncertain how to act.

"Oh!" said I, with an anguish I could not repress, "would that I could change my lot with his."

"Very well, Mary," said Miss Herbert; "thank your mistress from me, and say the gentleman accepts her invitation with pleasure. Is it too much presumption on my part, sir, to say so?" said she, with a low whisper, while a half malicious twinkle lit up her eyes, and I could not speak with happiness.

Determined, however, to give an earnest of my zeal in her cause, I declared I would at once return to the town, and learn when the first packet sailed for Constantinople. The dinner hour was seven, so that I had fully five hours yet to make my inquiries ere we met at table. I wondered at myself how business-like and practical I had become; but a strong purpose now impelled me, and seemed to add a sort of strength to my whole nature.

"As cousin Harry is the mirror of punctuality, and you now represent him, Mr. Potts," said she, shaking my hand, "pray remember not to be later than seven."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, ODESSA, and the LEVANT.—The Cyclops, five hundred horse-power, to sail on Wednesday morning, at eight o'clock. For freight or passage apply to Captain Robert B. Rogers."

This announcement, which I found amidst a great many others in a frame over the fireplace in the coffee-room, struck me forcibly, first of all, because, not belonging to the regular mail packets, it suggested a cheap passage; and, secondly, it promised an early departure, and the vessel was to sail on the very next morning, an amount of promptitude that I felt would gratify Miss Herbert.

Now, although I had been living for a considerable time back at the cost of the Imperial House of Hapsburg, my resources for such an expedition as was opening before me were of the most slender kind. I made a careful examination of all my worldly wealth, and it amounted to the sum of forty-three pounds some odd shillings. On *terra firma* I could of course economise to any extent. With self-denial and resolution I could live on very little. Life in the East, I had often heard, was singularly cheap and inexpensive. All I had read of Oriental habits in the Arabian Nights and Tales of the Genii assured me that with a few dates and a water-melon a man dined fully as well as need be; and the delicious warmth of the climate rendered shelter a complete superfluity. Before forming anything like a correct budget, I must ascertain what would be the

cost of my passage to Constantinople, and so I rang for the waiter to direct me to the address of the advertiser.

"That's the captain yonder, sir," whispered the waiter, and he pointed to a stout, weather-beaten man, who, with his hands in the pockets of his pilot-coat, was standing in front of the fire, smoking a cigar.

Although I had never seen him before, the features reminded me of some one I had met with, and suddenly I bethought me of the skipper with whom I had sailed from Ireland for Milford, and who had given me a letter for his brother "Bob"—the very Robert Rogers now before me.

"Do you know this handwriting, captain?" said I, drawing the letter from my pocket-book.

"That's my brother Joe's," said he, not offering to take the letter from my hand, or removing the cigar from his mouth, but talking with all the unconcern in life. "That's Joe's own scrawl, and there ain't a worse from this to himself."

"The letter is for you," said I, rather offended at his coolness.

"So I see. Stick it up there, over the chimney; Joe has never anything to say that won't keep."

"It is a letter of introduction, sir," said I, still more haughtily.

"And what if it be? Won't that keep? Who is it to introduce?"

"The humble individual before you, Captain Rogers."

"So, that's it!" said he, slowly. "Well, read it out for me, for, to tell you the truth, there's no harder navigation to me than one of Joe's scrawls."

"I believe I can master it," said I, opening and reading what originally had been composed and drawn up by myself. When I came to "Algernon Sydney Potts, a man so completely after your own heart," he drew his cigar from his mouth, and laying his hand on my shoulder, turned me slowly around till the light fell full upon me.

"No, Joseph," said he, deliberately, "not a bit of it, my boy. This ain't my sort of chap at all!"

I almost choked with anger, but somehow there was such an apparent earnestness in the man, and such a total absence of all wish to offend, that I read on to the end.

"Well," said he, as I concluded, "he usen't to be so wordy as that. I wonder what came over him. Mayhap he wasn't well."

What a comment on a style that might have adorned the Correct Letter Writer!

"He was, on the contrary, in the enjoyment of perfect health, sir," said I, tartly.

"All I can pick out of it is, I ain't to offer you any money; and as there isn't any direction easier to follow, nor pleasanter to obey, here's my hand!" And he wrung mine with a grip that would have flattened a chain cable.

"What's your line, here? You ain't sodgering, are you?"

"No; I'm travelling, for pleasure, for information, for pastime, as one might say."

"In the general do-nothing and careless line of business? That ain't mine. No, by jingo! I don't eat my fish without catching, ay, and salting them, too, I ain't ashamed to say. I'm captain, supercargo, and pilot of my own craft; take every lunar that is taken aboard; I've writ every line that ever is writ in the log-book, and I vaccinated every man and boy aboard for the natural small-pox with these fingers and this tool that you see here!" And he produced an old and very rusty instrument of veterinary surgery from his vest-pocket, where it lay with copper money, tobacco quids, and lucifer matches.

I quickly remembered the character for inordinate boastfulness his brother had given me, and of which he thus, without any provocation on my part, afforded me a slight specimen. Now perhaps at this last stage of my narrative, I might never have alluded to him at all, if it were not for the opportunity it gives me of recording how nobly and how resolutely I resisted what may be called the most trying temptation of human nature. An inveterate dram-drinker has been known to turn away from the proffered glass; an incurable gambler has been seen to decline the invitation to "cut in;" dignitaries of the Church have begged off being made bishops; but is there any mention in history of an anecdote-monger suffering himself to be patiently vanquished, and retiring from the field without firing off at least an "incident that occurred to himself?" If ever a man was sorely tried, I was. Here was this coarsely-minded vulgar dog, with nothing pictorial nor imaginative in his nature, heaping story upon story of his own feats and achievements, in which not one solitary situation ever suggested an interest or awakened an anxiety; and I, who could have shot my tigers, crippled my leopards, hamstring my lionesses, rescued men from drowning, and women from fire—with little life touches to thrill the heart and force tears from the eyes of a stockbroker—I, say, had to stand there and listen in silence! Watching a creature banging away at a target that he never hit, with an old flint musket, while you held in your hand a short Enfield that would have driven the ball through the bull's-eye is nothing to this; and to tell the truth, it nearly choked me. Twice I had to cough down the words, "Now let me mention a personal fact." But I did succeed, and I am proud to say I only grew very red in the face, and felt that singing in the ears and general state of muddle that forebodes a fit. But I rallied, and said in a voice slow, from the dignity of a self-conquest,

"Can you take me as a passenger to Constantinople?"

"To Constantinople? Ay, to the Persian Gulf, to Point de Galle, to Cochin China, to Ross River; don't think to puzzle me with navigation, my lad."

"Are there many other passengers?"

"I could have five hundred, if I'd take 'em! Put Bob Rogers on a placard, and see what'll

happen! If I said, 'I'm agoing to sea on a plank to-morrow,' there's men would rather come along with me than go in the Queen, or the Hannibal. I don't say they're right, mind ye; but I won't say they're wrong, neither."

"Oh, why didn't I meet this wretch when I was a child? Why didn't my father find a Helot like this, to tell lies before me, and frighten me with their horrid ugliness?" This was the thought that flashed through me as I listened. I felt, besides, that such stupid, purposeless inventions, corrupted and blunted the taste for graceful narrative, just in the same way that an undeserving recipient of charity offends the pleasure of real benevolence.

"May I ask, Captain Rogers, what is the fare?" said I, with a bland courtesy.

"That depends upon the man, sir. If you was Ram-sam Can-tanker-abad, I'd say five hundred gold pagodas. If you was a Cockney stripling, with a fresh-water face and a spun-yarn whisker, I'd call it a matter of seven or eight pound."

"And you sail at eight?"

"To the minute. When Bob Rogers says eight o'clock, the first turn of the paddles will be with the first stroke of the hour."

"Then book me, pray, for a berth; and, for surety's sake, I'll go aboard to-night."

"Meet me, then, here at ten o'clock, and I'll take you off in my gig, an honour to be proud on, my lad; but as Joe's friend, I'll do it."

I bowed my acknowledgments and went off, neither delighted with my new acquaintance, nor myself for the patience I had shown him. After all, I had secured an early passage, and thus was able to show Kate Herbert that I was not going to let the grass grow under my feet this time, and that she might reckon on my zeal to serve her in future. As I retraced my road to the cottage, I forgot all about Captain Rogers, and only thought of Kate, and the interests that were hers. It was next to a certainty that her father was yet alive; but how to find him in a strange land, with a feigned name, and most probably with every aid and appliance to complete his disguise! It was, doubtless, a noble enterprise to devote oneself for such as she was, but not very hopeful withal; and then I went over various plans for my future guidance: what I should do if I fell sick? what if my money failed me? what if I were waylaid by Arabs, or carried away to some fearful region in the mountains, and made to feed a pet alligator or a domestic boa-constrictor? I hoped sincerely that I was over-estimating my possible perils, but it was wise to give a large margin to the unknown; and so I did not curb myself in the least.

As I entered the grounds, the night was falling, and I could see that the lamps were already lighted in the drawing-room. What surprised me, however, was to see a very smart groom, well mounted, and leading another horse up and down before the door. There was evidently a visitor within, and I felt indisposed to enter till he had gone away. My curiosity, however,

prompted me to ask the groom the name of his master, and he replied, "The Honourable Captain Buller."

The very essence of all jealousy is, that it is unreasoning. It is well known that husbands—that much-believing and much-belied class—always suspect every one but the right man; and now, without the faintest clue to a suspicion, I grew actually sick with jealousy!

Nor was it altogether blamable in me, for as I looked through the uncurtained window, I could see the captain, a fine-looking, rather tigerish sort of fellow, standing with his back to the fireplace, while he talked to Miss Herbert, who sat some distance off at a work-table. There was in his air that amount of jaunty ease and self-possession that said, "I'm at home here; in this fortress I hold the chief command." There was about him, too, the tone of an assumed superiority, which, when displayed by a man towards a woman, takes the most offensive of all possible aspects.

As he talked, he moved at last towards a window, and, opening it, held out his hand to feel if it were raining.

"I hope," cried he, "you'll not send me back with a refusal; her ladyship counts upon you as the chief ornament of her ball."

"We never do go to balls, sir," was the dry response.

"But make this occasion the exception. If you only knew how lamentably we are off for pretty people, you'd pity us. Such garrison wives and daughters are unknown to the oldest inhabitant of the island. Surely Mrs. Keats will be quite well by Wednesday, and she'll not be so cruel as to deny you to us for this once."

"I can but repeat my excuses—I never go out."

"If you say so, I think I'll abandon all share in the enterprise. It was a point of honour with me to persuade you; in fact, I pledged myself to succeed, and if you really persist in a refusal, I'll just pitch all these notes in the fire, and go off yachting till the whole thing is over." And with this he drew forth a mass of notes from his sabretasche, and proceeded to con over the addresses: "Mrs. Hilyard," "Mr. Barnes," "Mr. Clintosh," "Lady Blagden." Oh, Lady Blagden! Why it would be worth while coming only to see her and Sir John; and here are the Crosbys, too; and what have we here? Oh! this is a note from Grey. You don't know my brother Grey—he'd amuse you immensely. Just listen to this, by way of a letter of introduction:

"DEAR GEORGE,—Cherish the cove that will hand you this note as the most sublime Snob I have ever met in all my home and foreign experiences. In a large garrison like yours, you can have no difficulty in finding fellows to give him a field-day. I commit him, therefore, to your worthy keeping, to dine him, draw him forth, and pitch him out of the window when you've done with him. No harm if it is from the

topmost story of the highest barrack in Malta. His name is Potts—seriously and truthfully, Potts. Birth, parentage, and belongings all unknown to,

"Yours ever,

"GREY BULLER."

"You are unfortunate, sir, in confiding your correspondence to me," said Kate, rising from her seat, "for that gentleman is a friend, a sincere and valued friend, of my own, and you could scarcely have found a more certain way to offend me than to speak of him slightly."

"You can't mean that you know him—ever met him?"

"I know him and respect him, and I will not listen to one word to his disparagement. Nay, more, sir, I will feel myself at liberty, if I think it fitting, to tell Mr. Potts the honourable mode in which your brother has discharged the task of an introduction, its good faith, and gentlemanlike feeling."

"Pray let us have him at the mess first. Don't spoil our sport till we have at least one evening out of him."

But she did not wait for him to finish his speech, and left the room.

It is but fair to own he took his reverses with great coolness: he tightened his sword-belt, set his cap on his head before the glass, stroked down his moustache, and then lighting a cigar, swaggered off to the door with the lounging swing of his order.

As for myself, I hastened back to the town, and with such speed that I traversed the mile in something like thirteen minutes. I had no very clear or collected plan of action, but I resolved to ask Captain Rogers to be my friend, and see me through this conjuncture. He had just dined as I entered the coffee-room, and consented to have his brandy-and-water removed to my bedroom while I opened my business with him.

I will not, at this eleventh hour of revelations, inflict upon my reader the details, but simply be satisfied to state that I found the skipper far more practical than I looked for. He evidently, besides, had a taste for these sort of adventures, and prided himself on his conduct of them. "Go back now, and eat your dinner comfortably with your friends; leave everything to me, and I promise you one thing—the Cyclops shall not get full steam up till we have settled this small transaction."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

Will read on FRIDAY EVENING, March 22nd, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, his Story of

LITTLE DOMBAY AND THE TRIAL FROM PICKWICK.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N^o. 100.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"MY DEAR MR. PIP,

"I write this by request of Mr. Gargery, for to let you know that he is going to London in company of Mr. Wopsle and would be glad if agreeable to be allowed to see you. He would call at Barnard's Hotel Tuesday morning 9 o'clock, when if not agreeable please leave word. Your poor sister is much the same as when you left. We talk of you in the kitchen every night, and wonder what you are saying and doing. If now considered in the light of a liberty, excuse it for the love of poor old days. No more, dear Mr. Pip, from

"Your ever obliged, and affectionate

"Servant,

"BIDDY.

"P.S. He wishes me most particular to write *what larks*. He says you will understand. I hope and do not doubt it will be agreeable to see him even though a gentleman, for you had ever a good heart and he is a worthy worthy man. I have read him all, excepting only the last little sentence, and he wishes me most particular to write again *what larks*."

I received this letter by the post on Monday morning, and therefore its appointment was for next day. Let me confess exactly, with what feelings I looked forward to Joe's coming.

Not with pleasure, though I was bound to him by so many ties; no; with considerable disturbance, some mortification, and a keen sense of incongruity. If I could have kept him away by paying money, I certainly would have paid money. My greatest reassurance was, that he was coming to Barnard's Inn, not to Hammer-smith, and consequently would not fall in Bentley Drummie's way. I had little objection to his being seen by Herbert or his father, for both of whom I had a respect; but I had the sharpest sensitiveness as to his being seen by Drummie, whom I held in contempt. So, throughout life, our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise.

I had begun to be always decorating the chambers in some quite unnecessary and inappropriate way or other, and very expensive those wrestles with Barnard proved to be. By

this time, the rooms were vastly different from what I had found them, and I enjoyed the honour of occupying a few prominent pages in the books of a neighbouring upholsterer. I had got on so fast of late, that I had even started a boy in boots—top boots—in bondage and slavery to whom I might have been said to pass my days. For, after I had made the monster (out of the refuse of my washerwoman's family) and had clothed him with a blue coat, canary waistcoat, white cravat, creamy breeches, and the boots already mentioned, I had to find him a little to do and a great deal to eat; and with both of those horrible requirements he haunted my existence.

This avenging phantom was ordered to be on duty at eight on Tuesday morning in the hall (it was two feet square, as charged for floorcloth), and Herbert suggested certain things for breakfast that he thought Joe would like. While I felt sincerely obliged to him for being so interested and considerate, I had an odd half-provoked sense of suspicion upon me, that if Joe had been coming to see *him*, he wouldn't have been quite so brisk about it.

However, I came into town on the Monday night to be ready for Joe, and I got up early in the morning, and caused the sitting-room and breakfast-table to assume their most splendid appearance. Unfortunately the morning was drizzly, and an angel could not have concealed the fact that Barnard was shedding sooty tears outside the window, like some weak giant of a Sweep.

As the time approached I should have liked to run away, but the Avenger pursuant to orders was in the hall, and presently I heard Joe on the staircase. I knew it was Joe by his clumsy manner of coming up-stairs—his state boots being always too big for him—and by the time it took him to read the names on the other floors in the course of his ascent. When at last he stopped outside our door, I could hear his finger tracing over the painted letters of my name, and I afterwards distinctly heard him breathing in at the keyhole. Finally he gave a faint single rap, and Pepper—such was the compromising name of the avenging boy—announced "Mr. Gargery!" I thought he never would have done wiping his feet, and that I must have gone out to lift him off the mat, but at last he came in.

"Joe, how are you, Joe?"

"Pip, how ARE you, Pip?"

With his good honest face all glowing and shining, and his hat put down on the floor between us, he caught both my hands and worked them straight up and down, as if I had been the last-patented Pump.

"I am glad to see you, Joe. Give me your hat."

But Joe, taking it up carefully with both hands, like a bird's-nest with eggs in it, wouldn't hear of parting with that piece of property, and persisted in standing talking over it in a most uncomfortable way.

"Which you have that growed," said Joe, "and that swelled, and that gentlefolked;" Joe considered a little before he discovered this word; "as to be sure you are a honour to your king and country."

"And you, Joe, look wonderfully well."

"Thank God," said Joe, "I'm ckerval to most. And your sister, she's no worse than she were. And Biddy, she's ever right and ready. And all friends is no backerder, if not no forarder. 'Ceptin' Wopsle; he's had a drop."

All this time (still with both hands taking great care of the bird's-nest), Joe was rolling his eyes round and round the room, and round and round the flowered pattern of my dressing-gown.

"Had a drop, Joe?"

"Why yes," said Joe, lowering his voice, "he's left the Church, and went into the play-acting. Which the playacting have likeways brought him to London along with me. And his wish were," said Joe, getting the bird's-nest under his left arm for the moment and groping in it for an egg with his right; "if no offence, as I would 'and you that."

I took what Joe gave me, and found it to be the crumpled playbill of a small metropolitan theatre, announcing the first appearance in that very week of "the celebrated Provincial Amateur of Roscian renown, whose unique performance in the highest tragic walk of our National Bard has lately occasioned so great a sensation in local dramatic circles."

"Were you at his performance, Joe?" I inquired.

"I were," said Joe, with emphasis and solemnity.

"Was there a great sensation?"

"Why," said Joe, "yes, there certainly were a peck of orange-peel. Partickler, when he see the ghost. Though I put it to yourself, sir, whether it were calculated to keep a man up to his work with a good hart, to be continually cutting in between him and the Ghost with 'Amen!' A man may have had a misfortun' and been in the Church," said Joe, lowering his voice to an argumentative and feeling tone, "but that is no reason why you should put him out at such a time. Which I meantsay, if the ghost of a man's own father cannot be allowed to claim his attention, what can, Sir? Still more, when his mourning 'at is unfortunately made so small as that the weight of the black feathers brings it off, try to keep it on how you may."

A ghost-seeing effect in Joe's own countenance informed me that Herbert had entered the room. So I presented Joe to Herbert, who held out his hand; but Joe backed from it, and held on by the bird's-nest.

"Your servant, Sir," said Joe, "which I hope as you and Pip"—here his eye fell on the Avenger, who was putting some toast on table, and so plainly denoted an intention to make that young gentleman one of the family, that I frowned it down and confused him more—"I meantsay, you two gentlemen—which I hope as you get your elths in this close spot? For the present may be a werry good inn, according to London opinions," said Joe, confidentially, "and I believe its character do stand i; but I wouldn't keep a pig in it myself—not in the case that I wished him to fatten wholesome and to eat with a meller flavour on him."

Having borne this flattering testimony to the merits of our dwelling-place, and having incidentally shown this tendency to call me "sir," Joe, being invited to sit down to table, looked all round the room for a suitable spot on which to deposit his hat—as if it were only on some very few rare substances in nature that it could find a resting-place—and ultimately stood it on an extreme corner of the chimney-piece, from which it ever afterwards fell off at intervals.

"Do you take tea, or coffee, Mr. Gargery?" asked Herbert, who always presided of a morn'ing.

"Thankee, Sir," said Joe, stiff from head to foot, "I'll take whichever is most agreeable to yourself."

"What do you say to coffee?"

"Thankee, Sir," returned Joe, evidently dispirited by the proposal, "since you are so kind as make chice of coffee, I will not run contrary to your own opinions. But don't you never find it a little 'eating?"

"Say tea then," said Herbert, pouring it out.

Here Joe's hat tumbled off the mantelpiece, and he started out of his chair and picked it up, and fitted it to the same exact spot. As if it were an absolute point of good breeding that it should tumble off again soon.

"When did you come to town, Mr. Gargery?"

"Were it yesterday afternoon?" said Joe, after coughing behind his hand, as if he had had time to catch the whooping-cough since he came. "No it were not. Yes it were. Yes. It were yesterday afternoon" (with an appearance of mingled wisdom, relief, and strict impartiality).

"Have you seen anything of London, yet?"

"Why, yes, Sir," said Joe, "me and Wopsle went off straight to look at the Blacking Ware'us. But we didn't find that it come up to its likeness in the red bills at the shop doors; which I meantsay," added Joe, in an explanatory manner, "as it is there drawd too architectooraloal."

I really believe Joe would have prolonged this word (mightily expressive to my mind of some architecture that I know) into a perfect Chorus, but for his attention being provisionally attracted by his hat, which was toppling. Indeed, it demanded from him a constant attention, and a quickness of eye and hand, very like that exacted by wicket-keeping. He made extraordinary play with it, and showed the greatest skill; now, rushing at it and catching it neatly as it dropped; now, merely stopping it midway, beating it up, and humouring it in various parts of the room and against a good deal of the pattern of the paper on the wall, before he felt it safe to close with it; finally splashing it into the slop-basin, where I took the liberty of laying hands upon it.

As to his shirt-collar, and his coat-collar, they were perplexing to reflect upon—insoluble mysteries both. Why should a man scrape himself to that extent, before he could consider himself full dressed? Why should he suppose it necessary to be purified by suffering for his holiday clothes? Then he fell into such unaccountable fits of meditation, with his fork midway between his plate and his mouth; had his eyes attracted in such strange directions; was afflicted with such remarkable coughs; sat so far from the table, and dropped so much more than he ate, and pretended that he hadn't dropped it; that I was heartily glad when Herbert left us for the City.

I had neither the good sense nor the good feeling to know that this was all my fault, and that if I had been easier with Joe, Joe would have been easier with me. I felt impatient of him and out of temper with him; in which condition he heaped coals of fire on my head.

"Us two being now alone, Sir"—began Joe.

"Joe," I interrupted, pettishly, "how can you call me Sir?"

Joe looked at me for a single instant with something faintly like reproach. Utterly posterous as his cravat was, and as his collars were, I was conscious of a sort of dignity in the look.

"Us two being now alone," resumed Joe, "and me having the intentions and abilities to stay not many minutes more, I will now conclude—leastways begin—to mention what have led to my having had the present honour. For was it not," said Joe, with his old air of lucid exposition, "that my only wish were to be useful to you, I should not have had the honour of breaking wittles in the company and abode of gentlemen."

I was so unwilling to see the look again, that I made no remonstrance against this tone.

"Well, Sir," pursued Joe, "this is how it were. I were at the Bargemen t'other night, Pip," whenever he subsided into affection, he called me Pip, and whenever he relapsed into politeness he called me Sir; "when there come up in his shay-cart, Pumblechook. Which that same identical," said Joe, going down a new

track, "do comb my 'air the wrong way sometimes, awful, by giving out up and down town as it wore him which ever had your infant companionation and were looked upon as a play-fellow by yourself."

"Nonsense. It was you, Joe."

"Which I fully believed it were, Pip," said Joe, slightly tossing his head, "though it signify little now, Sir. Well, Pip; this same identical, which his manners is given to blustering, come to me at the Bargemen (wot a pipe and a pint of beer do give refreshment to the working man, Sir, and do not over stimulate), and his word were, 'Joseph, Miss Havisham she wish to speak to you.'"

"Miss Havisham, Joe?"

"She wish," were Pumblechook's word, "to speak to you." Joe sat and rolled his eyes at the ceiling.

"Yes, Joe? Go on, please."

"Next day, Sir," said Joe, looking at me as if I were a long way off, "having cleaned myself, I go and I see Miss A."

"Miss A., Joe? Miss Havisham?"

"Which I say, Sir," replied Joe, with an air of legal formality, as if he were making his will, "Miss A., or otherways Havisham. Her expression air then as follering: 'Mr. Gargery. You air in correspondence with Mr. Pip?' Having had a letter from you, I were able to say 'I am.' (When I married your sister, Sir, I said 'I will,' and when I answered your friend, Pip, I said 'I am.') 'Would you tell him, then,' said she, 'that which Estella has come home and would be glad to see him.'"

I felt my face fire up as I looked at Joe. I hope one remote cause of its firing, may have been my consciousness that if I had known his errand, I should have given him more encouragement.

"Biddy," pursued Joe, "when I got home and asked her fur to write the message to you, a little hung back. Biddy says, 'I know he will be very glad to have it by word of mouth, it is holiday-time, you want to see him, go!' I have now concluded, Sir," said Joe, rising from his chair, "and, Pip, I wish you ever well and ever prospering to a greater and a greater height."

"But you are not going now, Joe?"

"Yes I am," said Joe.

"But you are coming back to dinner, Joe?"

"No I am not," said Joe.

Our eyes met, and all the "Sir" melted out of that manly heart as he gave me his hand.

"Pip, dear old chap, life is made of ever so many partings welded together, as I may say, and one man's a blacksmith, and one's a white-smith, and one's a goldsmith, and one's a copersmith. Diwisions among such must come, and must be met as they come. If there's been any fault at all to-day, it's mine. You and me is not two figures to be together in London; nor yet anywheres else but what is private, and bekknown, and understood among friends. It ain't that I am proud, but that I want to be

right, as you shall never see me no more in these clothes. I'm wrong in these clothes. I'm wrong out of the forge, the kitchen, or off th' meshes. You won't find half so much fault in me if you think of me in my forge dress, with my hammer in my hand, or even my pipe. You won't find half so much fault in me if, supposing as you should ever wish to see me, you come and put your head in at the forge window and see Joe the blacksmith, there, at the old anvil, in the old burnt apron, sticking to the old work. I'm awful dull, but I hope I've beat out something nigh the rights of this at last. And so God bless you, dear old Pip, old chap, God bless you!"

I had not been mistaken in my fancy that there was a simple dignity in him. The fashion of his dress could no more come in its way when he spoke these words, than it could come in its way in Heaven. He touched me gently on the forehead, and went out. As soon as I could recover myself sufficiently, I hurried out after him and looked for him in the neighbouring streets; but he was gone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was clear that I must repair to our town next day, and in the first flow of my repentance it was equally clear that I must stay at Joe's. But when I had secured my box-place by to-morrow's coach and had been down to Mr. Pocket's and back, I was not by any means convinced on the last point, and began to invent reasons and make excuses for putting up at the Blue Boar. I should be an inconvenience at Joe's; I was not expected, and my bed would not be ready; I should be too far from Miss Havisham's, and she was exacting and mightn't like it. All other swindlers upon earth are nothing to the self-swindlers, and with such pretences did I cheat myself. Surely a curious thing. That I should innocently take a bad half-crown of somebody else's manufacture, is reasonable enough; but that I should knowingly reckon the spurious coin of my own make, as good money! An obliging stranger, under pretence of compactly folding up my bank notes for security's sake, abstracts the notes and gives me nutshells; but what is his sleight of hand to mine, when I fold up my own nutshells and pass them on myself as notes!

Having settled that I must go to the Blue Boar, my mind was much disturbed by indecision whether or no to take the Avenger. It was tempting to think of that expensive Mercenary publicly airing his boots in the archway of the Blue Boar's posting-yard; it was almost solemn to imagine him casually produced in the tailor's shop and confounding the disrespectful senses of Trabb's boy. On the other hand, Trabb's boy might worm himself into his intimacy and tell him things; or, reckless and desperate wretch as I knew he could be, might hoot him in the High-street. My patroness, too, might hear of him, and not approve. On the whole, I resolved to leave the Avenger behind.

It was the afternoon coach by which I had taken my place, and, as winter had now come round, I should not arrive at my destination until two or three hours after dark. Our time of starting from the Cross Keys was two o'clock. I arrived on the ground with a quarter of an hour to spare, attended by the Avenger—if I may connect that expression with one who never attended on me if he could possibly help it.

At that time it was customary to carry Convicts down to the dockyards by stage-coach. As I had often heard of them in the capacity of outside-passengers, and had more than once seen them on the high road dangling their ironed legs over the coach roof, I had no cause to be surprised when Herbert, meeting me in the yard, came up and told me there were two convicts going down with me. But I had a reason that was an old reason now, for constitutionally faltering whenever I heard the word convict.

"You don't mind them, Handel?" said Herbert.

"Oh no!"

"I thought you seemed as if you didn't like them?"

"I can't pretend that I do like them, and I suppose you don't particularly. But I don't mind them."

"See! There they are," said Herbert, "coming out of the Tap. What a degraded and vile sight it is!"

They had been treating their guard, I suppose, for they had a gaoler with them, and all three came out wiping their mouths on their hands. The two convicts were handcuffed together, and had irons on their legs—irons of a pattern that I knew well. They wore the dress that I likewise knew well. Their keeper had a brace of pistols, and carried a thick-knobbled bludgeon under his arm; but he was on terms of good understanding with them, and stood, with them beside him, looking on at the putting-to of the horses, rather with an air as if they were an interesting Exhibition not formally open at the moment, and he the Curator. One was a taller and stouter man than the other, and appeared as a matter of course, according to the mysterious ways of the world both convict and free, to have had allotted to him the smallest suit of clothes. His arms and legs were like great pincushions of those shapes, and his attire disguised him absurdly; but I knew his half-closed eye at one glance. There stood the man whom I had seen on the settle at the Three Jolly Bargemen on a Saturday night, and who had brought me down with his invisible gun!

It was easy to make sure that as yet he knew me no more than if he had never seen me in his life. He looked across at me, and his eye appraised my watch-chain, and then he incidentally spat and said something to the other convict, and they laughed and slued themselves round with a clink of their coupling manacle, and looked at something else. The great numbers on their backs, as if they were street doors;

their coarse mangy ungainly outer surface, as if they were lower animals; their ironed legs, apologetically garlanded with pocket-handkerchiefs; and the way in which all present looked at them and kept from them; made them (as Herbert had said) a most disagreeable and degraded spectacle.

But this was not the worst of it. It came out that the whole of the back of the coach had been taken by a family removing from London, and that there were no places for the two prisoners but on the seat in front behind the coachman. Hereupon, a choleric gentleman, who had taken the fourth place on that seat, flew into a most violent passion, and said that it was a breach of contract to mix him up with such villanous company, and that it was poisonous and pernicious and infamous and shameful and I don't know what else. At this time the coach was ready and the coachman impatient, and we were all preparing to get up, and the prisoners had come over with their keeper—bringing with them that curious flavour of bread-poultice, baize, rope-yarn, and hearthstone, which attends the convict presence.

"Don't take it so much amiss, sir," pleaded the keeper to the angry passenger; "I'll sit next you myself. I'll put 'em on the outside of the row. They won't interfere with you, sir. You needn't know they're there."

"And don't blame *me*," growled the convict I had recognised. "I don't want to go. I am quite ready to stay behind. As far as I am concerned any one's welcome to my place."

"Or mine," said the other, gruffly. "I wouldn't have incommoded none of you, if I'd had *my* way." Then they both laughed, and began cracking nuts, and spitting the shells about.—As I really think I should have liked to do myself, if I had been in their place and so despaired.

At length it was voted that there was no help for the angry gentleman, and that he must either go in his chance company or remain behind. So he got into his place, still making complaints, and the keeper got into the place next him, and the convicts hauled themselves up as well as they could, and the convict I had recognised sat behind me with his breath on the hair of my head.

"Good-by, Handel!" Herbert called out as we started. I thought what a blessed fortune it was that he had found another name for me than Pip.

It is impossible to express with what acuteness I felt the convict's breathing, not only on the back of my head, but all along my spine. The sensation was like being touched in the marrow with some pungent and searching acid, and it set my very teeth on edge. He seemed to have more breathing business to do than another man, and to make more noise in doing it; and I was conscious of growing high-shouldered on one side, in my shrinking endeavours to fend him off.

The weather was miserably raw, and the two cursed the cold. It made us all lethargic before

we had gone far, and when we had left the Half-way House behind, we habitually dozed and shivered and were silent. I dozed off, myself, in considering the question whether I ought to restore a couple of pounds sterling to this creature before losing sight of him, and how it could best be done. In the act of dipping forward as if I were going to bathe among the horses, I woke in a fright and took the question up again.

But I must have lost it longer than I had thought, since, although I could recognise nothing in the darkness and the fitful lights and shadows of our lamps, I traced marsh country in the cold damp wind that blew at us. Cowering forward for warmth and to make me a screen against the wind, the convicts were closer to me than before. The very first words I heard them interchange as I became conscious, were the words of my own thought "Two One Pound notes."

"How did he get 'em?" said the convict I had never seen.

"How should I know?" returned the other. "He had 'em stowed away somehow. Giv him by friends, I expect."

"I wish," said the other, with a bitter curse upon the cold, "that I had 'em here."

"Two one pound notes, or friends?"

"Two one pound notes. I'd sell all the friends I ever had, for one, and think it a blessed good bargain. Well? So he says——"

"So he says," resumed the convict I had recognised—"it was all said and done in half a minute, behind a pile of timber in the Dockyard—"you're a going to be discharged?" Yes, I was. Would I find out that boy that had fed him and kept his secret, and give him them two one pound notes? Yes, I would. And I did."

"More fool you," growled the other. "I'd have spent 'em on a Man, in wittles and drink. He must have been a green one. Mean to say he knowed nothing of you?"

"Not a ha'porth. Different gangs and different ships. He was tried again for prison breaking, and got made a Lifer."

"And was that—Honour!—the only time you worked out, in this part of the country?"

"The only time."

"What might have been your opinion of the place?"

"A most beastly place. Mudbank, mist, swamp, and work; work, swamp, mist, and mudbank."

They both execrated the place in very strong language, and gradually growled themselves out and had nothing left to say.

After overhearing this dialogue, I should assuredly have got down and been left in the solitude and darkness of the highway, but for feeling certain that the man had no suspicion of my identity. Indeed, I was not only so changed in the course of nature, but so differently dressed and so differently circumstanced, that it was not at all likely he could have known me without accidental help. Still, the coincidence of our being together on the coach, was sufficiently strange to fill me with a dread that

some other coincidence might at any moment connect me, in his hearing, with my name. For this reason, I resolved to alight as soon as we touched the town, and put myself out of his hearing. This device I executed successfully. My little portmanteau was in the boot under my feet; I had but to turn a hinge to get it out; I threw it down before me, got down after it, and was left at the first lamp on the first stones of the town pavement. As to the convicts, they went their way with the coach, and I knew at what point they would be spirited off to the river. In my fancy, I saw the boat with its convict crew waiting for them at the slime-washed stairs,—again heard the gruff “Give way, you!” like an order to dogs—again saw the wicked Noah’s Ark lying out in the black water.

I could not have said what I was afraid of, for my fear was altogether undefined and vague, but there was great fear upon me. As I walked on to the hotel, I felt that a dread, much exceeding the mere apprehension of a painful or disagreeable recognition, made me tremble. I am confident that it took no distinctness of shape, and that it was the revival for a few minutes of the terror of childhood.

The coffee-room at the Blue Boar was empty, and I had not only ordered my dinner there, but had sat down to it, before the waiter knew me. As soon as ever he had apologised for the remissness of his memory, he asked me if he should send Boots for Mr. Pumblechook?

“No,” said I, “certainly not.”

The waiter (it was he who had brought up the Great Remonstrance from the Commercial on the day when I was bound) appeared surprised, and took the earliest opportunity of putting a dirty old copy of a local newspaper so directly in my way, that I took it up and read this paragraph:

“Our readers will learn, not altogether without interest, in reference to the recent romantic rise in fortune of a young artificer in iron of this neighbourhood (what a theme, by the way, for the magic pen of our as yet not universally acknowledged townsman TOOPY, the poet of our columns!), that the youth’s earliest patron, companion, and friend, was a highly-respected individual not entirely unconnected with the corn and seed trade, and whose eminently convenient and commodious business premises are situate within a hundred miles of the High-street. It is not wholly irrespective of our personal feelings that we record HIM as the Mentor of our young Telemachus, for it is good to know that our town produced the founder of the latter’s fortunes. Does the thought-contracted brow of the local Sage or the lustrous eye of local Beauty inquire whose fortunes? We believe that Quentin Matsys was the BLACKSMITH of Antwerp. VERB. SAP.”

I entertain a conviction, based upon large experience, that if in the days of my prosperity I had gone to the North Pole, I should have met somebody there, wandering Esquimaux

or civilised man, who would have told me that Pumblechook was my earliest patron and the founder of my fortunes.

MANAGERS AND MUSIC-HALLS.

“WHEN they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.”

The managers of the London theatres have lately gathered together in a body, and have offered to the observation of the public a practical commentary on Sheridan’s admirable text. On this occasion, the motive for unanimous agreement among these gentlemen has been furnished by a certain entertainment at the Canterbury Music-Hall, London, which bears a suspiciously close resemblance to the representation of a pantomime. Any performance of this sort—if it takes place out of a theatre—or any performance at all which involves the interchange of dialogue between actors (even when they are only two in number) is viewed by the whole body of the London managers as a dangerous infringement on dramatic rights which they consider to have been acquired exclusively to themselves. They have accordingly come forward to restrain the proprietor of a music-hall within the strict letter of the license conceded to him, which is a license for music and dancing only—the plain object of the proceeding being to prevent all proprietors of all music-halls from amusing their audiences by means bearing any dramatic resemblance to those which are habitually employed by managers of theatres.

With the immediate judicial decision pronounced on this case, we have no present concern. It is, we believe, understood on both sides, that no one decision will be allowed to settle the dispute, and that further legal proceedings are already impending. Our purpose in referring to the subject in these pages is to ascertain what the fair interests are in relation to it, not of the managers only, but of the public at large. A very important question of dramatic Free Trade is involved in this dispute; and London audiences—comprising in these railroad times people from all parts of the kingdom—are directly concerned in the turn which may be taken by its final settlement.

A large proportion of our readers may be probably in need of some preliminary explanation on the subject of music-halls, and of the quality of the performances which are exhibited in them. These places of public entertainment may be roughly described as the growth of the last ten years, both in London and in the large towns throughout England. They are, for the most part, spacious rooms, attached to large public-houses, but having special entrance-passages of their own. The prices of admission are generally sixpence for one kind of place, and a shilling for another. Both sexes (except, we believe, at Evans’s supper-room in Covent-garden, where men only are admitted) are allowed the right of entry—there are female, as well as male performers at the entertainments—and the audience have the privilege of ordering

what they please to eat or drink, and of smoking as well, at any period of the evening's amusements, from their beginning about seven o'clock to their end a little before twelve.

Of the kind of entertainment provided for the public, under these curious conditions, and of the behaviour of the audiences during the performance, we can speak, in some degree, from personal experience. Not very long since, we visited one of the largest and most notorious of these places of amusement—Weston's Music Hall, in Holborn—on a night when the attendance happened to be unusually large, and when the resources of the establishment for preserving order were necessarily subjected to the severest possible test.

The size of the Hall may be conjectured, when it is stated that on the night of our visit, the numbers of the audience reached fifteen hundred. With scarcely a dozen exceptions, this large assembly was accommodated with seats on the floor of the building, and in a gallery which ran round three sides of it. The room was brightly lighted; tastefully decorated with mural painting; and surprisingly well ventilated, considering that the obstacle of tobacco-smoke was added to the ordinary obstacles interposed by crowded human beings and blazing gas-light to check the circulation of fresh air. At one end of the hall was a highly-raised stage, with theatrical foot-lights, but with no theatrical scenery; and, on this stage (entering from the back) appeared, sometimes singly, sometimes together, the male and female performers of the night—all, with the exception of the comic singers, in evening dress. It is not easy to describe the variety of the entertainments. There was a clever nigger vocalist with a blackened face, and nimble feet at a jig. There was another comic singer, preserving his natural complexion—a slim inexhaustible man, who accompanied himself (if the expression may be allowed) by a St. Vitus's Dance of incessant jumping, continued throughout his song, until the jumps were counted by the thousand: the performer being as marvellously in possession of his fair mortal allowance of breath at the end of the exhibition as at the beginning. There was instrumental music played by a full band of wind instruments. There was a little orchestra, besides, for accompaniments; there was a young lady who sang "serio-comic" songs; there were ladies and gentlemen who sang sentimental songs; there was a real Chinaman, who tossed real knives about his head and face, and caught them in all sorts of dangerous positions with a frightful dexterity—and who afterwards additionally delighted the audience by thanking them for their applause in the purest "Canton-English." Lastly, there was an operatic selection from the second act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," comprising not solo-singing only, but concerted music and choruses, and executed in a manner which (considering the resources at the disposal of the establishment) conferred the highest credit on the ladies and gentlemen concerned in the performance, and

on the musical director who superintended it. These entertainments, and others equally harmless, succeeded each other at the shortest intervals, throughout the evening; the audience refreshing itself the while with all varieties of drinks, and the male part of it smoking also with the supremest comfort and composure. At the most crowded period of the performances not the slightest disorder was apparent in any part of the room. The people were quietly and civilly conducted to their places by clean and attentive waiters; the proprietor was always present overlooking the proceedings. Not a single case of drunkenness appeared anywhere; no riotous voices interrupted the music. The hearty applause which greeted all the entertainments, comic and serious, never degenerated into disturbance of any kind. Many colder audiences might be found in this metropolis—but an assembly more orderly and more decorous than the assembly at the Holborn Music-Hall we have never seen gathered together at any place of public entertainment in any part of London.

Such is our experience of one of these music-halls, which may be taken as a fair sample of the rest. Canterbury Hall, which happens just now to be the special object of prosecution by theatrical managers, is simply another large concert-room, with a raised stage—possessing, however, it is only fair to add, an attraction peculiar to itself, in the shape of a gallery of pictures. In other respects, it may be at once conceded that if portions of the performances at Canterbury Hall represent an infringement on assumed theatrical privileges, portions of the performance at the Holborn Hall fall within the same category. The pantomime entertainment at one place may be, to all technical intents and purposes, matched by the operatic entertainment at the other. Both are exhibited on a stage; both are illuminated by foot-lights; both involve the interchange of dramatic dialogue—spoken in one case, sung in the other. If the managers of our two operas contemplate asserting their interests, as the managers of the other theatres have done, the performance from Lucia di Lammermoor, in Holborn, is as open to attack as the performance of pantomime which is the subject of complaint against Canterbury Hall. With scenery or without it, with costume or without it, the grand dramatic situation in Donizetti's opera, interpreted by solo singers, chorus, and orchestra, is a dramatic performance, and carries the vocalists as well as the audience away with it. Our own ears informed us, on the evening of our experience, that Edgardo delivered his famous curse in trousers, as vigorously as if he had worn the boots of the period. The Lucia of the night could not have sung the lovely music of her part with greater earnestness and emphasis, if her father's halls had opened behind her, in immeasurable vista, on a piece of painted canvas—and Colonel Ashton was as pitiless a gentleman in an unimpeachable dress coat, as if he had worn the most outrageous parody on Highland costume which the stage

wardrobes of operatic France or Italy could produce. If it simplifies the question now at issue—and it does surely, so far as the public discussion of the subject is concerned?—to confess at once that some of the entertainments at music-halls do in some degree trench on the ground already occupied by entertainments at theatres, we make the acknowledgment without hesitation. Legal quibbling apart, the resemblance complained of, does partially exist; and is, in the present state of the laws which regulate such matters, open to attack. Granting all this, however, one plain inquiry, so far as the public are concerned, still remains to be answered: Are the managers morally justified in claiming for themselves a monopoly in dramatic entertainment, and in proceeding against the proprietors of music-halls accordingly?

In their present situation, as we understand it, the managers have two grievances which they all complain of alike. The first of those grievances is, that theatres and music-halls are not impartially submitted to the same conditions of State control. The theatres are under the direction of the Lord Chamberlain; the music-halls are under the direction of an act of Parliament of George the Second, and the licensing magistrates. The Lord Chamberlain, acting as the official victim of old precedents, shuts up the theatres under his jurisdiction in Passion Week; and arbitrarily throws out of employment for that period, not the actors only, but thousands of poor people who live by ministering to the obscure necessities of the stage. On the other hand, the licensing magistrates, having no old precedents to fetter them, allow the music-halls to open their doors as freely in Passion Week as at any other time—the practical result being, that musical and dramatic performances, *with* smoking and drinking, are officially permitted, at exactly that period of the year when musical and dramatic performances *without* smoking and drinking, are officially prohibited. The absurdity and injustice of this proceeding are too manifest for comment. If it is wrong to allow any public amusements in Passion Week, shut the music-halls—if it is right, open the theatres. So far as this really serious grievance is concerned, our sympathies are heartily with the managers. Instead of gaining any advantage by being placed under the courtly authority of the Lord Chamberlain, they are actually oppressed, in this particular, by a gross injustice; and they deserve all the help we can give them in subjecting that injustice to public exposure and public attack.

But the second grievance—which these gentlemen are now endeavouring to assert—the grievance which practically declares that they object to all dramatic competition, out of their own especial circle, is so preposterous in itself, and is so utterly opposed to the public spirit of the time, that we reject all belief in it, on grounds of the plainest common sense. The great social law of this age and this nation, is the law of competition. Why are managers of theatres not to submit to it, as well as other

people? Some of these gentlemen, in all probability, occasionally see a penny daily paper. What would they have thought, if the proprietors of The Times, of The Daily News, and of the other morning journals, previously established, and selling at a higher price, had all met together, on the starting of penny papers, and had claimed protection from the public authorities, on the ground that cheap competition in the matter of purveying daily intelligence was an attack on their personal interests? Why, the very pastrycooks, who once had the monopoly of sixpenny ices, knew better than to make a public outcry on the establishment of the penny ice-shops! Nay, the predecessors of the managers themselves, not only recognised but asserted the privilege of free competition in a free country. Whose voices were raised loudest against dramatic monopoly, in the time of the two patent theatres? The voices of the proprietors of minor theatres, who then occupied a position towards Covent Garden and Drury Lane, in many respects similar to the position which the music-halls now occupy towards all the theatres in London. Here is the elder generation of managers shouting, on one side, for Free Trade—and there is the younger generation petitioning, on the other, for Protection! Was there ever such an anomaly? Who is to justify or explain it?

If there had been no other and better reason to restrain the managers from coming forward to assert an obsolete protectionist principle (under cover of asserting a strict interpretation of the law), surely the consideration of mere expediency might well have hindered them. We know that these gentlemen are acting on a strong conviction, however lamentably mistaken they may be. But the public has no time to draw fine distinctions: what will the public think of the attempted suppression of the pantomimic entertainment in Canterbury Hall, at the suit of the London managers? Will it not be said—"Here are several eminent gentlemen, occupying the highest places in their profession, and administering the resources of our greatest theatrical establishments, all incomprehensibly jealous of the performances of a tavern-concert-room!" Such an imputation would, no doubt, be justly repudiated by the managers; but what plain inference is the world outside the green-room to draw from facts as they stand at present? Perhaps there is one other legitimate conclusion, which has certainly occurred to ourselves, and which the report of the trial in the newspaper may justify. When we saw the deservedly respected name of Mr. Benjamin Webster—who has done more (at the New Adelphi Theatre) to promote the public convenience than any other manager of his time—set up as the name of the plaintiff in a case which had for its ultimate object an interference with the public amusement, we certainly did consider that the spectacle of the wrong man in the wrong place had been somewhat incon siderately offered to popular contemplation. And, let it be added, we were only the more confirmed in

this view, when we remembered that the manager who had been selected to express, on behalf of his brethren, a deep-seated distrust of the rivalry of music-halls, was also the very manager whose theatre has been literally besieged by the public for the last hundred and fifty nights, and is likely to be besieged in the future for a hundred and fifty more. Surely it was a grave error to choose such a prosperous proprietor as Mr. Webster—a man who has shown a determination to advance with the time—to point the protectionist moral and adorn the managerial tale!

To speak seriously, in conclusion, the managers have taken a false step. They have placed themselves in a persecuting as well as a prosecuting position; and they are most unwisely attempting to dispute a principle which the public opinion of the age has long since regarded as settled. We earnestly recommend them to reconsider their course of action—in their own interests. The hostile point of view from which they now regard the music-halls is short-sighted in the extreme. To return to our previous illustration. It is notorious that the cheap newspapers, instead of disputing the public encouragement with the newspapers at a higher price, have raised up an audience for themselves. It is notorious that the library circulation of good novels has rather increased than diminished, since the time when opposition novels have stirred the waters in the world of fiction, by pouring regularly from the press in cheap instalments at a penny a week. On the same principle, the music-halls have unquestionably raised up *their* new public; and, in doing so, will indirectly help to improve the prospects of the theatres, by increasing the number of people who look to public amusements as the occupation of their evening. If the managers don't see this—if they don't see that a per-centage of the music-hall audience (not a very large one probably, but still a per-centage) is, in the ordinary course of things, certain to drift into theatres from a natural human love of change—they must at least admit that they already possess, in undisturbed monopoly, immense dramatic advantages over those other caterers for the public amusement, who are following them at a respectful distance. They have the use of stage means and appliances which no music-hall can possibly command, without being knocked down and built up again for the purpose. They have actors and actresses who stand, in a personal as well as in a pecuniary sense, out of music-hall reach. They have relations with English literature which no music-hall possesses, or dreams of possessing; and they have a refined, intelligent, and wealthy public to appeal to, from which the music-halls are separated by the great social gulf which we all know there is no crossing. Here, without prosecutions, disputes, and vexatiously strict interpretations of the letter of the law, is vantage-ground enough for any theatre which is properly administered; vantage-ground which the fiercest music-hall rivalry cannot cut away.

As for the public interest in this question, the discussion of which we have modestly left to the last, the direction that it takes is so obvious as hardly to need pointing out. The more competition there is, the more certainly the public will be the gainers. Let the spur of the music-halls—if any such spur there be—stimulate the theatres to higher and higher exertions by all manner of means: the drama will be the better for it; the actors will study their art the more for it; the audiences will be the larger for it; the managers will be the richer for it. The success of The Colleen Bawn, at the Adelphi; the success of that excellent artist Mr. Fechter, at the Princess's; and the success of the admirable pantomime at Drury Lane; all three achieved in the same theatrical year, are facts to form an opinion on; facts which justify the conclusion that a great dramatic attraction is as much above all small rivalries in our day, as ever it was in that golden theatrical age when music-halls were not heard of in the land! We trust the managers may yet be induced to reconsider the motives on which they have too hastily acted. We trust they may yet see that it is their interest, as we are sure it is always their inclination, to follow the old proverbial rule which enjoins us all to Live and let live.

MAGIC AND SCIENCE.

ANCIENT magic was ancient science. To surprise the secrets of Nature, and, by surprising them, to control phenomena and turn them to his purposes, has everywhere been the irresistible longing of man, placed amid unseen forces with nothing but his wit to aid him. How marvellously his wit has aided him need not be told; but the help came slowly, and the victories were gained only after a succession of defeats. That which mainly thwarted him was Impatience, and its offspring, Credulity; that which mainly aided him was Patience. From the first sprang Magic; from the second, Science. Passion is ever credulous, and when the mind is greatly excited, it is ready to believe almost anything which favours its desires.

The credulity of early ages has also another source. In ignorance of the true order of Nature we find no difficulty in believing that one thing takes place rather than another. What to the cultivated minds seems a physical impossibility, to the uncultivated seems as probable as anything else. It is therefore not only far from incredible, it is highly probable to the savage that the ordinary phenomena of Nature should be the actions of capricious beings, whose caprices may be propitiated. He observes the rain falling, the seed sprouting, his cattle perishing, his children sickening, all by agencies unseen, which he at once supposes to be Spirits resembling the spirit within him, though mightier: superhuman in power, they are conceived to be human in feeling, because no other conception of power is possible to him. In animating Nature, man necessarily animates it with

a soul like his own. He therefore cannot help supposing that the varied phenomena which pass before him are acts of arbitrary and capricious volition. Like the potentates of his tribe or nation, these Unseen Agencies require to be flattered, or intimidated. Incense, sacrifices, ceremonies of homage, prayers and supplications, may captivate their favour. Failing this, there is the resource of incantation, exorcism, amulets, and charms; the aid of some more powerful spirit is invoked, or the secret of some weakness is surprised. Sometimes the malignity of a spirit may be thwarted by the mere invocation of the name of a mightier spirit; and sometimes by the mere employment of a disagreeable object—holy water, or a strong smell—before which the demon flies. This is the condition of the mind in all half-civilised peoples, and this is the condition which determines Magic.

In the slow travail of thought, and by the accumulation of experience, another condition is brought about, and Science emerges. Before it can emerge, the most important of all changes must have taken place: the phenomena of Nature, at least all the most ordinary phenomena, must have been disengaged from this conception of an arbitrary and capricious power, similar to human will, and must have been recognised as *constant*, always succeeding each other with fatal regularity. This once recognised, Science can begin slowly to ascertain the order of Nature—the laws of succession and co-existence; and having in any case ascertained this order, it can predict with certainty the results which will arrive. If I know that the order of Nature is such that air which has once been breathed becomes imperfectly adapted for a second breathing, and becomes poisonous after a repetition of the process, I do not, when I see my fellow-creatures perishing because they breathe this vitiated air, attempt to propitiate the noxious spirit by supplications, or to intimidate by charms and exorcisms. I simply let in the fresh air, knowing that the fresh air will restore the drooping sufferers, because such is the order of Nature. I have learned, O Thaumaturgus! that your Unseen Agencies, mighty as you deem them, are not free, but are fatally subject to inexorable law; they cannot act capriciously, they must act inexorably. If, therefore, I can detect these laws—if I can ascertain what is the inevitable order of succession—it will be quite needless to trouble myself about your Unseen Agencies. You promise by your art to give me power over these Agencies, by which I shall be able to bend Nature to my purpose, to harness her to my triumphant chariot. But if I can once discover the inexorable laws, I can do what you only delusively pretend. With each discovery of the actual order of Nature, it has been found that man's power over Nature has become greater. He cannot alter that order, but he can adapt himself to it. He cannot change the Unchangeable, but he can predict the Inexorable. And Science thus fulfils the pretensions of Magic; it is Magic grown modest.

In proportion as regularity in the succession of phenomena became ascertained, the domain of superstition and magic became restricted. When it was seen that the seed sprouted and the rain fell in spite of all incantations, and that the direction of the wind was a surer indication than the medicine-man's formula, credulity sought refuge in phenomena less understood. Long after the course of Nature was felt to be beyond the influence of magicians, there was profound belief in their influence over life and death. The phenomena of Disease seemed wholly capricious. An invisible enemy seemed to have struck down the young and healthy warrior; an enraged deity seemed to be destroying tribes. When the epidemic breaks out in the Grecian camp, Homer attributes it solely to the rage of Apollo, whose priest has been offended. Down from Olympus the farther comes, "like night," sits apart from the camp, and for nine days keeps pouring in his dreadful arrows. The soldiers are struck by this invisible, but too fatal, enemy. The only rescue is by appeasing Apollo's wrath. Even in our own day, men who would smile at this childish fable, found no difficulty in attributing the Irish famine to a cause no less childish: they averred it was a punishment for the "Maynooth grant." In both cases the cause or order of Nature was unsuspected; and ignorant imagination was free to invent the explanation which best pleased it.

The early priests were necessarily magicians. All early religions had a strong bias towards sorcery; because their priests, believing that all the forces of Nature were good and evil demons, necessarily arrogate to themselves a power over these demons, either by propitiation or intimidation. These men never attempted to make mankind better, nor to make them wiser; their object was rather to inspire terror, and to propagate the superstitions of which they themselves were dupes. Some secrets they learned, especially the effects of certain herbs in stimulating and stupifying the nervous system, so as to produce visions and hallucinations. They learned, also, how the imagination may be impressed by ceremonies, darkness, lugubrious music, and perfumes, so that the semi-delirious devotee saw whatever he was told to see.

Hecate, for example, was the personification of the mysterious rays which the moon projects into the darkness of night, and only appeared when the moon veiled her disc. To Hecate were attributed the spectres and phantoms of darkness, and all over Greece the rites were celebrated by many practices common to sorcery. Thus everything was brought together to appal the imagination, deceive the senses, and foster sombre conceptions: exorcisms and weird formulas, disgusting philtres, hell-broth made of loathsome objects, such as Shakespeare describes in Macbeth:

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark.

And to these he adds, with his terrible energy of expression,

Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab.

The mind of a cultivated man in these days, unable to conceive any *direct relation* between the liver of a blaspheming Jew, and control of the course of Nature, finds it difficult to believe that minds as powerful as his own, under less favourable influences, could seriously credit such incantations. Yet the history of mankind shows that no amount of failure, no argument, no ridicule, no priestly warning and exhortation, could detach men from the practices of sorcery. The temptation to penetrate the secrets of Nature was too strong. Nothing could overcome this temptation while the belief in witchcraft lasted. Nothing could destroy the belief, but the slowly growing conviction that the succession of phenomena was not capricious but inexorable—every single event being rigorously determined by its antecedent, and not to be altered, so long as the antecedent remained the same.

No one believes in Astrology now, because the order of celestial phenomena has been ascertained with remarkable precision. Yet how natural was the belief in starry influences! In the serenity of Asiatic skies, the majestic aspects of the stars would naturally attract incessant notice. It is a tendency, observable in children and savages, to suppose that whatever interests them must also be interested in them. If we look up at the stars, do they not look down upon us? If we follow their course with interest, will they not likewise with interest follow ours? Hence the belief in astral influences. The child upon whose cradle Mars has smiled will be credited with a martial career; the child born under Venus will be under her protection. These are the spontaneous beliefs. Before they can be discredited men must, by a long process, have learned to check this tendency to suppose a direct relation between events which are simply *coincident*, and must have learned that the course of the stars and the course of human conduct are in *no* direct relation to each other. But this is a slow process; and until Science has been thus far established, Astrology, and all other superstitions, are unassailable.

M. Maury, in a recent treatise on Magic and Astrology—which, being at once light and learned, agreeable to read and reliable when read, may safely be commended to the curious—proves that no amount of religious reprobation has been able to uproot the belief in, or check the practices of sorcery.

The early Israelites, in common with all primitive peoples, had their magic, consulted sorcerers, explained dreams, and believed in talismans. In vain Moses proscribed these superstitions. On their return from captivity they

brought with them a number of Babylonian sorceries, together with the belief in angels and demons. By a natural process they came to regard certain formulas written on parchment, and containing the names of celestial spirits, as veritable talismans. Like the Egyptians, they believed that if they summoned demons by their names, these demons were thereby compelled to appear, or to obey orders.

Respecting the gods of other nations, the Jews held two different opinions. One opinion was that these gods were vain idols; the other, that they were agents of Satan; and this was the opinion which finally prevailed. Beelzebub, for example, was originally the god of the Philistines; Astaroth was the lunar goddess of the Phœnicians; Lucifer was a god of the Assyrians; and so on. The early Christians adopted this notion, and attributed all the pagan miracles to agents of Satan. In their view the ancient polytheism was but an extensive demonology. "Idolatry," says Eusebius, one of the great authorities among the Fathers, "is the adoration not of good demons, but of bad and perverse demons." The Church became very liberal in its admittance of demons among the agencies of human affairs. Not only did it attribute bad passions and criminal acts to these demons, but it also chose to detect their agency in every form of error and imposture; by which was meant every form of opinion or pretension inconsistent with the opinions and pretensions of the Church. Once grant the existence of these demons, and it is difficult to assign a limit to their agency. And who *then* questioned their existence? Dwelling in noisome retreats, among the putrid exhalations of rotting graves, they were ready at any moment to issue forth and walk among men, to tempt the saints and delude the sinners. Not only did they tempt men, they sometimes managed to get "possession" of them, entering their bodies, and making them mad. Nay, they entered into houses and pieces of furniture. Exorcisms consequently formed a large proportion of the priestly duties. So late as Pope Sixtus V., the Egyptian obelisk, which was brought to Rome, and now adorns the Piazza del Popolo, was publicly exorcised before it was permitted to stand in a Christian city. There were many formulas of exorcism, but the sign of the cross was naturally considered the most efficacious, and was generally used in addition to all others. Holy water, also, had great virtues. "This continual intervention of exorcism," remarks M. Maury, "is attested by the great number of conjurations adopted in the liturgy. It was an incessant litany of anathema against Satan. He was described as a perfidious intriguer, a thief, a serpent, a wild beast, a dragon of hell, a Belial, &c.; and in order not to be forced to repeat always this long list of insults, they were engraved on amulets, which hence acquired the virtue of driving Satan away." What wonderful ideas of causation are implied in the conception! Epidemics, meteors, and prodigies of all kinds were attributed to demons. Plagues,

tempests, and hailstorms, by one party believed to be visitations of divine wrath, were by another and larger party believed to be the work of malignant demons; and this opinion was held even by so subtle and remarkable a thinker as Thomas Aquinas. It is to this belief, M. Maury says, that is due the practice of ringing the church bells during violent storms—that being the readiest mode of exorcising the demons. Formerly the storm was exorcised by the presentation of the cross, and by sprinkling holy water. As the worst storm comes to an end at last, the exorcism was certain to be successful.

Curious it is to notice what multitudes of Pagan superstitions passed into the ordinary beliefs of the Christians. The neophytes were unable to disengage their minds from all the associations of childhood, from all the prejudices in which they had been reared. Among these were the belief in, and use of, amulets and enchantments. Even Saint Augustin believed that demons were to be influenced by certain signs, certain stones, certain charms and ceremonies; and if Saint Augustin could believe this, we may imagine that less vigorous intellects would be still more credulous. There was universal belief in the evocation of departed spirits, upon evidence as cogent as modern Rapping Mediums consider sufficient in 1861, and with considerably more excuse. In the ninth century we find the Bishop of Aosta excommunicating serpents, moles, mice, rats, and other beasts, because into these bestial forms the agents of Satan delighted to hide themselves—somewhat stupidly, it would seem, seeing how little fascination these beasts, generally, have for mankind;—but the demons were never held to be very wise. Saint Bernard, from the same cause, excommunicated flies, and all the flies in the district shrivelled up at once. In the year 1200, Saint Walthein, of Scotland, proclaimed that the devil assumed the forms of a pig, a bull, a black dog, a wolf, and a rat. The black dog and black cat were generally believed to have some secret understanding with the devil; and if owned by a wise man or a bleary-eyed old woman, the evidence was sufficient.

There is abundant evidence to prove that the spirit of Polytheism and its sorceries survived long after the official Polytheism was extinct. Its temples were in ruins, or were converted into churches; its idols were broken, or were rebaptised as saints and angels. Many a temple of Diana or of Venus is now crowded by worshippers of the Madonna, in very much the same spirit, and with not a little of the old forms. The traveller in Italy is constantly being surprised by some living tradition of Polytheism thinly veiled. In every Neapolitan hut may be seen the ancient Lares; only they assume the form of the Virgin, before whose image a lamp is kept for ever burning. Such images are transmitted from generation to generation. They are implored on every occasion, more even than the Saviour. When the superstitious Neapolitan meditates a crime, he covers these images with a veil, to hide the crime from them.

Sometimes the change from Pagan to Christian has been very slight indeed, as in the case of Aidoneus of Epirus, who has been altered into Saint Donatus, and Dea Pelina, who has become Saint Pelino, and Felicitas Publica, who has become Santa Felicità. In festivals meant to please the populace, we expect to find the old traditions of worship, and to find the old divinities under the masks of saints. The festivals of Ceres and Vesta, for example, have been slightly changed in the Neapolitan festival of the Madonna. Murray describes it thus: "Their persons are covered with every variety of ornament; the heads of both men and women are crowned with wreaths of flowers and fruits; in their hands they carry garlands and poles, like thyrsi, surmounted with branches of fruit or flowers. On their return homewards, their vehicles are decorated with branches of trees, intermixed with pictures of the Madonna purchased at her shrine, and their horses are gay with ribbons of all hues, and frequently with a plume of snowy feathers on their heads. The whole scene as fully realises the idea of a Bacchanalian procession as if we could now see one emerging from the gates of old Pompeii."

M. Maury notices that the processions and prayers of priests and augurs for the plantations, vines, and public health, have all been consecrated anew. The sign of the cross, the use of holy water, and the Agnus Dei, have replaced the old exorcisms, charms, and talismans. The Hebrew names of God, or the names of the angels, and of Abraham or Solomon, took the place of the names of Pagan deities. If oracles disappeared, the tombs of martyrs and confessors were not silent, and were interrogated with the same credulity as had formerly been shown to the oracles. In vain the Church forbade sorcery and witchcraft; it encouraged many kindred superstitions, and did not destroy the source of all superstition. Paternosters were murmured over wounds, in the perfect belief that paternosters were curative, and that wounds did *not* follow any strictly inexorable course. The relics of saints were (and still are) devoutly believed to have a wonder-working power—the same power as was formerly attributed to charms and talismans. The evil spirits who caused the drought, the sickness, or the wrecks, would shrink away in terror at the sight of the relics. And when the Church *encouraged* such beliefs as this, how could it expect to warn men from believing in chaplets which had the power of arresting bleeding, or in any other superstitions?

Some of the details collected by M. Maury are curious. Thus he notices that to this day the practice of placing a fee for Charon (passage money across the Styx) is not quite unknown. In some districts the money is placed in the mouth of the corpse. By the inhabitants of the Jura it is placed under the head of the corpse, attached to a little wooden cross. In the Morvan it is placed in the hands of the defunct. The statue of Cybele used annually to be plunged into the sacred bath; she is still publicly dipped, only Cybele has become a saint. In Perpignan

they solemnly dip the relics of Saint Gulderic in the waters of the Têt, confident by this ceremony that they shall secure rain. Rain falls, sure enough; and if it sometimes falls too scantily, or too tardily, this is only attributed to meteoric influences by infidels and materialists.

Many are the traces of the past which scholars find in the present. The Lupercalian festivals have become our Lenten carnival—rather a dreary festival, it must be owned! The January offerings have become our New Year's gifts—pleasant enough, when they do not assume the shape of dreadfully good "gift-books." The salutation of "God bless you," when you sneeze, is thoroughly classical. No doubt the ingenious device of securing "luck" to a newly-married couple, by throwing an old shoe after the departing post-chaise, is equally ancient, and impresses the philosophic mind with a lively sense of how men imagine the course of Nature to be determined. The evil eye is not only very ancient, but seems to be universal. The ancients believed that when any one's ears tingled it was because somebody was talking of him; they believed, also, that it was unlucky to spill the salt.

We have already said that the Church, although appropriating many of the rites and ceremonies of Polytheism, energetically repudiated many others; but in vain. The demons which could not be invoked at the altar, were invoked in secret. Magic was called upon to perform what religion refused. The Church fulminated, and assured men that they perilled their souls by commerce with demons; but it did not discredit the agency of the demons, and its menaces were futile. In vain also was the secular arm employed against those whom the fear of hell could not restrain: the superstition was ineradicable, irresistible. Curiosity, the desire of vengeance, the passion for some secret means of superiority—these motives were stronger than fear, and these motives could only cease to impel men when men ceased to believe in supernatural agency. But against this belief the Church raised no voice. The wisest of men devoutly accepted it. Gregory the Third, in his edict against the use of Magic, especially addresses himself to the clergy as well as to the laity; but his edict is against the *use* of Magic, not against the *belief* in Magic.

Magic, no less than Science, rests on the *explanation* of phenomena. The only difference is that Magic seeks its explanation in some analogy drawn from human nature, and Science seeks its explanation in some analogy drawn from *other* phenomena. No preliminary knowledge is required for the former; man instinctively dramatises the events, and interprets them by such motives as sway his own conduct. For the latter explanation it is necessary that a vast amount of knowledge shall have been accumulated; man must know a great deal about many phenomena before he can detect their laws. Let us see this illustrated in the views held about Dreams.

In Egypt, Assyria, Judæa, and Greece, there was a regular class of dream-interpreters, men

who undertook to *explain* what was prefigured by dreams. No one doubted that the phenomena were supernatural. Dreams *came* to a man; they were not suspected to be the action of his brain. We see this belief naïvely exhibited in Homer, who makes Jupiter summon a dream (*oneiros*) to his presence as he would summon any other personage. He bids the dream descend to the camp of Agamemnon, and appear before that King of Men, to whom he must deliver a most delusive message. The dream departs, and repeats the very words of Jove. Nor is this conception wonderful. If you consider dreams, you will notice as one peculiarity that in them the mind is, as it were, separated into two distinct entities which hold converse with each other. We are often astonished at the statements and repartees of our double; we are puzzled by his questions; we are angered or flattered by his remarks—and yet these have been our own creation. It is natural to suppose that we have actually been visited during sleep by one of the spirit world; and until the science of psychology had learned to interpret the phenomena of dreams by the phenomena of waking thought, especially of reverie, this supernatural explanation would prevail.

The same may be said of insanity. It was necessarily regarded as supernatural, until science had shown it to be a disease of the nervous system. The dreadful aspect, the incoherent language and conduct of madmen, seemed only referable to an evil demon having got "possession" of the man; and this belief was of course strengthened by the general tendency of madmen to attribute their actions to some one urging or forcing them. They fancied themselves pursued by fiends, whom they saw in the lurid light of their own distempered imaginations. But before science could have ascertained even the simplest laws of insanity, what an immense accumulation of knowledge on particular points was necessary! Instead of believing that a madman is "possessed," we say he is "diseased;" instead of a demon within him to be exorcised, we say there is a functional disturbance in his nervous system which must be reduced to healthy activity once more. We know as certainly that a disease of this nervous system will produce the phenomena of insanity, as that an inflammation of the mucous membrane will produce a catarrh, or that disease of the lungs will produce consumption. But what vast labours of many generations before it could have been ascertained that the nervous system was specially engaged in all mental phenomena, and that insanity was a disease of this system! It was so much readier an explanation to suppose that a demon had entered the unhappy victim; and this once suggested, it became a question how best to get rid of the demon. Incantation was an easy resort. Among the means of purification many nations seem to have fancied that "fumigation" must hold a high rank, demons decidedly objecting to stinks. To this day the Samoyedes and Ostiaks burn a bit of reindeer-skin under the nose of the maniac.

The patient falls into a sort of stupefaction from which he often revives considerably calmed, the action of a narcotic on his nervous system being mistaken for an action of stinks on the olfactories of the demon. The old superstition of hanging odoriferous plants over the door of the house of one "possessed" points to the same belief that odours drive away demons.

In this rapid survey of a wide subject we hope the reader has been able to see that magic, which was the Science of the ancients—and the only science they could have for a long while—is wilful Nescience in moderns who have ample means at hand for ascertaining the fundamental fact that the *order* of Nature is not capricious but constant, and is not to be altered by incantations, even by those powerful incantations which take place in the "most respectable drawing-rooms" somewhat darkened. The ancient thaumaturge was to a great extent his own dupe; if he did practise certain tricks, he had profound belief that there *was* an art to which he pretended. But the modern thaumaturge is generally an impostor; and those who believe in him, and his miracles, ought to be consistent, and believe in all the grossest superstitions of the early ages. For if the order of Nature is *not* constant, as we suppose, there is no assignable limit to the power of Magic.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

BÉRANGER has immortalised the King of Yvetot in one of his best songs. He describes him as a king little known in history, who, late to rise and early to bed, slept very well without any glory, and crowned by Jeanneton with a nightcap, was a good little king. The poet says he made four repasts a day in his thatched palace, travelled through his kingdom on an ass, and, fearing no harm, had a dog for his only guard, and was a good little king. Never trying to enlarge his kingdom, he proved a pleasant neighbour, and making pleasure his code, was a model potentate; and it was only when he died and was buried that the people wept, saying he was a good little king. Béranger adds that the portrait of this good and worthy prince is still preserved as the signboard of a famous inn in his province, where very often the people exclaim while drinking before it:

Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!

Quel bon petit roi c'était là!

La, la!

We learn from Béranger's *Memoirs*, that he sang his little king, as Chamisso wrote his Peter Schlemihl, or Shadowless Man, as a satire upon the vast and unsolid ambition of the First Bonaparte, who was then (1813) seen tottering towards his fall, after his disastrous Russian campaign.

Yvetot is a little French village containing about a thousand inhabitants, situated on the railway between Paris and Havre. The name Yvetot is composed of two words: "Yve," or "Yvo" (probably the same as Ives), a common German name, and "tot," the Celtic word for a

house or dwelling-place. Gaguin, a French historian of the sixteenth century, says the origin of the kingdom of Yvetot was contemporaneous with that of the French monarchy; that is to say, it was founded in the reign of the Merovingian king, Clotaire the First. The following is the story told by Gaguin:

A certain lord of Yvetot, named Gaulthier, having incurred the wrath of King Clotaire, "went to foreign parts, where he made war against the enemies of the faith." After ten years of voluntary exile, believing the king's wrath to be somewhat appeased, and having obtained a letter from the Pope recommending him to mercy, Gaulthier ventured back to France. Arriving at Soissons on a Good Friday, and hearing that the king was at church, he hastened there, and, throwing himself at his feet, implored his pardon. "But Clotaire, being a savage prince, drawing his sword, ran it through his body." On hearing of this murder, perpetrated in a church on such a day, the Pope threatened the murderer with his spiritual thunders if he did not immediately make some atonement for his crime. The terrified Clotaire, therefore, consented to erect the manor of Yvetot into a kingdom for the benefit of the heirs of his victim. Gaguin adds, that "he finds from an exact and indubitable authority that this extraordinary event took place in the year of grace 536."

Great doubts, however, have been cast upon the "indubitable authority" of Robert Gaguin, by reason that no mention of the king or kingdom of Yvetot is to be found in the annals of France prior to 1392, although there are allusions to the fief of Yvetot as far back as the eleventh century. Among the Norman lords who fought at the battle of Hastings under William the Conqueror, the name of the Sire Jean d'Yvetot occurs, and about a century later, Gaulthier d'Yvetot accompanied his suzerain, Henry the Second, to the Crusades. During the reign of Philippe-Auguste, in 1204, after the reunion of Normandy to France, the name of Robert d'Yvetot figures among the Norman lords possessing noble and military fiefs, and who are requested to furnish "the third part of a man-at-arms" (Robertus de Yvetot tertiam partem militis): meaning, thereby, that he has to pay one-third of the expense of his own equipment.

The first king of Yvetot recognised by the authorities of Normandy was Jean the Fourth, who reigned towards the end of the fourteenth century. He received letters patent from Charles the Sixth and Louis the Eleventh of France, forbidding any of their subjects from meddling with him, and acknowledging his rights and privileges. Nevertheless, when on one occasion Louis the Eleventh (who never allowed himself to be called a king) happened to be at Yvetot, he somewhat alarmed Jean the Fourth by turning towards his attendants and saying, "Gentlemen, there are no longer any kings in France." However, after a good deal of teasing, Jean the Fourth was permitted to reign and die, king of Yvetot.

The kings of Yvetot possessed all the pre-

rogatives of sovereignty. They had a court of justice of the highest jurisdiction, which issued its decisions without appeal; in case of minority they could not be enrolled in the noble guard of the King of France; they were not required to serve in the army, nor to pay fealty and homage, nor any tax whatsoever; and, in a word, they had no hierarchical superior.

A medal, still preserved from the old charter-house of Yvetot, represents Martin the First, son of Jean the Fourth, sitting upon his throne—a sort of four-legged stool—with a plain gold crown upon his head, and dressed in a coat of mail fastened tight round the waist. He has long hair, like all the Merovingian kings, and is represented affectionately embracing one of his subjects named Bobé. Martin the First put into circulation as money, notched bits of leather, with the mark of a nail-head in the middle. But as the circulation of this sort of coin was restricted to his own state, when the king fell into difficulties, he was compelled to sell his kingdom to Pierre de Vilaines, the chamberlain of the King of France.

Pierre Vilaines styled himself Pierre the First, and had reigned but a few months over his tiny kingdom when he was killed at the battle of Azincourt. His son, who succeeded him as Pierre the Second, died in the year 1418, after seeing his capital burnt down during the occupation of France by the English; and it was not until after the invaders had been driven out of the country that the kingdom of Yvetot was re-established in “all its privileges,” and Guillaume Chenu ascended the four-legged stool under the title of Guillaume the First. But he was not permitted to enjoy it unmolested. The law officers of France were jealous of the little court of Yvetot, which, pronouncing and executing its own sentences, would acknowledge no higher power than its own. Yet the King of France, after much litigation, by letters patent dated 1461 confirmed the independence of Yvetot.

The great event of the reign of Guillaume the First, was the sinking of a well in the court-yard of his château, for the benefit of those of his subjects who could not obtain drinking water. This well still exists; and the king commemorated his achievement by a medal with a representation of a well, a crank, a bucket, and a rope.

Guillaume was succeeded by his son Jacques, who had two sons and one daughter. The youngest son lost his rank by marrying a daughter of a simple burgess of Rouen, while the princess royal of Yvetot married a courtier named Jean Baucher, who, on the death of Jacques the First, took possession of the four-legged stool, to the exclusion of the eldest son of the late king. His wife, however, happening to die soon afterwards, Jean Baucher saw in the occurrence the hand of God, and in a fit of remorse restored the crown to its rightful heir, Pierre the First, familiarly nicknamed by his subjects Pierrot, or clown.

Martin Dubellay, an ambassador of Francis the First, and governor of Normandy, having married Isabeau, the granddaughter of Pierrot,

became king of Yvetot, because in France the sceptre cannot become a distaff.

During the reign of Henry the Second of France the Norman parliament succeeded in wresting from the court of Yvetot the power of pronouncing decrees without appeal, and from this time the kingdom sank into the condition of a fief. Nevertheless, when the successor of Martin the Second appeared at the coronation of Marie de Médicis, the king, Henry the Fourth, perceiving that no seat had been reserved for him, showed him to one himself, saying, “I will have a seat of honour given to my little king of Yvetot, in accordance with his station and his rank.”

The kingdom of Yvetot, in fact, no longer existed after the Norman parliament had obtained the right of control over its high court of law; and from that time the lords of Yvetot, ceasing to call themselves kings, took the title of princes. The last prince of Yvetot, born in 1753, passed his life in travelling, writing books of no permanent value, and corresponding with Voltaire, and other eminent men of his time. He endowed his kingdom with a market and a church, and the inscriptions to the honour of “Camillus the Third” are still to be seen upon their façades. When this literary king died, in 1789, the dynasty and kingdom of Yvetot perished.

So, this is all that is known of BÉRANGER’S delightful little king, who slept very well without any glory, was crowned with a nightcap, had a dog for his guard, and was a good little king. Heaven send all the world as good kings!

A DAY’S RIDE: A LIFE’S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THOUGH I was a few minutes late for dinner, Miss Herbert did not chide me for delay. She was charming in her reception of me; nor was the fascination diminished to me by feeling with what generous warmth she had defended and upheld me.

There is a marvellous charm in the being defended by one you love, and of whose kind feeling towards you, you had never dared to assure yourself till the very moment that confirmed it. I don’t know if I ever felt in such spirits in my life. Not that I was gay or light-hearted so much as happy—happy in the sense of a self-esteem I had not known till then. And what a spirit of cordial familiarity was there now between us! She spoke to me of her daily life, its habits and even of its trials; not complaining nor fretfully, far from it, but in a way to imply that these were the burdens meted out to all, and that none should arrogantly imagine he was to escape the lot of his fellows. And then we talked of the Croftons, of whom she was curious to hear details—their ages, appearance, manner, and so on—lastly, how I came to know them, and thus imperceptibly led me to tell of myself and of my story. I am sure that we each of us had enough of care upon our hearts, and yet none would have ever guessed it to have seen how joyously and merrily we

laughed over some of the incidents of my chequered career. She bantered me, too, on the feeble and wayward impulses by which I had suffered myself to be moved, and gravely asked me, had I accomplished any single one of all objects I had set before my mind in starting?

Far more earnestly, however, did we discuss the future. She heard with joy that I had already secured a passage for Constantinople, and declared that she could not dismiss from her mind the impression that I was destined to aid their return to happiness and prosperity. I liked the notion, too, of there being a fate in our first meeting; a fate in that acquaintance with the Croftons, which gave the occasion to seek her out again; and last of all, if it might be so, a fate in the influence I was to exercise over their fortunes. I was so absorbed in these pleasant themes, that I, with as little of the lion in my heart as any man breathing, never once thought of the quarrel and its impending consequences. How my heart beat as her soft breath fanned me while she spoke! As she was telling when and from whence I was to write to her, the servant came to say that a gentleman outside begged to see Mr. Potts. I hurried to the hall.

"Not come to disturb you, Potts," said the skipper, in a brisk tone; "only thought it best to make your mind easy. It's all right."

"A thousand thanks, captain," said I, warmly. "I knew when the negotiation was in your hands, it would be so."

"Yes; his friend, a Major Colesby, boggled a bit at first. Couldn't see the thing in the light I put it. Asked very often 'who were you?' asked, too, 'who I was?' Good that! it made me laugh. Rather late in the day, I take it, to ask who Bob Rogers is! But in the end, as I said, it all comes right, quite right."

"And his apology was full, ample, and explicit? Was it in writing, Rogers? I'd like it in writing."

"Like what in writing?"

"His apology, or explanation, or whatever you like to call it."

"Who ever spoke of such a thing? Who so much as dreamed of it? Haven't I told you the affair is all right? and what does all right mean, eh?—what does it mean?"

"I know what it ought to mean," said I, angrily.

"So do I, and so do most men in this island, sir. It means twelve paces under the Battery wall, fire together, and as many shots as the aggrieved asks for. That's all right, isn't it?"

"In one sense it is so," said I, with a mock composure.

"Well, that's the only sense I ever meant to consider it by. Go back now to your tea, or your sugar-and-water, or whatever it is, and when you come home to-night, step into my room, and we'll have a cozy chat and a cigar. There's one or two trifling things that I don't understand in this affair, and I put my own explanation on them, and maybe it ain't the right one. Not that it signifies *now*, you perceive, be-

cause you are here to the fore, and can set them right. But as by this time to-morrow you might be where—I won't mention—we may as well put them straight this evening."

"I'll beat you up, depend upon it," said I, affecting a slap-dash style. "I can't tell you how glad I am to have fallen into your hands, Rogers. You suit me exactly."

"Well, it's more than I expected when I saw you first, and I kept saying to myself, 'Whatever could have persuaded Joe to send me a creature like that?' To tell you the truth, I thought you were in the cheap funeral line."

"Droll dog!" said I, while my fingers were writhing and twisting with passion.

"Not that it's fair to take a fellow by his looks. I'm aware of that, Potts. But go back to the parlour—that's the second time the maid has come out to see what keeps you. Go back, and enjoy yourself; maybe you won't have so pleasant an opportunity soon again."

This was the parting speech of the wretch as he buttoned the collar of his coat, and with a short nod bade me good-by, and left me.

"Why did you not ask your friend to take a cup of tea with us?" said Kate, as I re-entered the drawing-room.

"Oh! it was the skipper, a rough sort of creature, not exactly made for drawing-room life; besides, he only came to ask me a question."

"I hope it was not a very unpleasant one, for you look pale and anxious."

"Nothing of the kind—a mere formal matter about my baggage."

It was no use; from that moment, I was the most miserable of mankind. What availed it to speculate any longer on the future? How could I interest myself in what years might bring forth? Hours, and a very few of them, were all that were left to me. Poor girl! how tenderly she tried to divert my sorrow; she, most probably, ascribed it to the prospect of our speedy separation; and with delicacy and tact, she tried to trace out some faint outlines of what painters call "extreme distance"—a sort of future, where all the skies would be rose-coloured and all the mountains blue. I am sure, if a choice had been given me at that instant, I would rather have been a courageous man than the greatest genius in the universe. I knew better what was before me. At last it came to ten o'clock, and I arose to say good-by. I found it very hard not to fall upon her neck, and say, "Don't be angry with poor Potts; this is his last as it is his first embrace."

"Wear that ring for me and for my sake," said she, giving me one from her finger; "don't refuse me—it has no value save what you may attach to it from having been mine."

Oh dear! what a gulp it cost me not to say, "I'll never take it off while I live," and then add, "which will be about eight hours and a half more."

When I got into the open air, I ran as if a pack of wolves were in pursuit of me. I cannot

say why; but the rapid motion served to warm my blood, so that when I reached the hotel, I felt more assured and more resolute.

Rogers was asleep, and so soundly that I had to pull the pillow from beneath his head before I could awaken him; and when I had accomplished the feat, either the remote effect of his last brandy-and-water, or his drowsiness, had so obscured his faculties that all he could mumble out was, "Hit him where he can't be spliced—hit him where they can't splice him!" I tried for a long time to recall him to sense and intelligence, but I got nothing from him save the one inestimable precept; and so I went to my room, and throwing myself on my bed in my cloak, prepared for a night of gloomy retrospect and gloomier anticipation; but, odd enough, I was asleep the moment I lay down.

"Get up, old fellow," cried Rogers, shaking me violently, just as the dawn was breaking; "we're lucky if we can get aboard before they catch us."

"What do you mean?" said I. "What's happened?"

"The governor has got wind of our shindy, and put all the red-coats in arrest, and ordered the police to nab us too."

"Bless him! bless him!" muttered I.

"Ay, so say I. He be blessed!" cried he, catching up my words; "but let us make off through the garden; my gig is down in the offing, and they'll pull in when they hear my whistle. Ain't it provoking—ain't it enough to make a man swear?"

"I have no words for what I feel, Rogers," said I, bustling about to collect my stray articles through the room. "If I ever chance upon that governor—he has only five years of it—I believe——"

"Come along! I see the boat coming round the point yonder." And with this we slipped noiselessly down the stairs, down the street, and gained the jetty.

"Steam up?" asked the skipper, as he jumped into the gig.

"Ay, ay, sir; and we're short on the anchor, too."

In less than half an hour we were under weigh, and I don't think I ever admired a land prospect receding from view with more intense delight than I did that, my last glimpse of Malta.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OUR voyage had nothing remarkable to record: we reached Constantinople in due course, and during the few days the Cyclops remained I had abundant time to discover that there was no trace of any one resembling him I sought for. By the advice of Rogers, I accompanied him to Odessa. There, too, I was not more fortunate; and though I instituted the most persevering inquiries, all I could learn was that some Americans were employed by the Russian Government in raising the frigates sunk at Sebastopol, and that it was not impossible an Englishman, such as I described, might have met an engagement amongst them. At

all events, one of the coasting craft was already at Odessa, and I went on board of her to make my inquiry. I learned from the mate, who was a German, that they had come over on rather a strange errand, which was to convey a corps of circus people to Balaclava. The American contractor at that place being in want of some amusement, had arranged with these people to give some weeks' performances there, but that, from an incident that had just occurred, the project had failed. This was no less than the elopement of the chief dancer, a young girl of great beauty, with a young Prince of Bavaria. It was rumoured that he had married her, but my informant gave little credence to this version, and averred that he believed he had bought, not only herself, but a favourite old Arab horse she rode, for thirty thousand piastres. I asked eagerly where the others of the corps were to be found, and heard they had crossed over to Simoom, all broken up and disjointed, the chief clown having died of grief after the girl's flight.

If I heard this tale rudely narrated, and not always with the sort of comment that went with my sympathies, I sorrowed sincerely over it, for I guessed upon whom these events had fallen, and recognised poor old Vaterchen and the dark-eyed Tintefleck.

"You've fallen into the black melancholies these some days back," said Rogers to me. "Rouse up, and take a cruise with me. I'm going over to Balaclava with these steam-boilers, and then to Sinope, and so back to the Bosphorus. Come aboard to-night, it will do you good."

I took his counsel, and at noon next day we dropped anchor at Balaclava. We had scarcely passed our "health papers," when a boat came out with a message to inquire if we had a doctor on board who could speak English, for the American contractor had fallen from one of the scaffolds that morning, and was lying dreadfully injured up at Sebastopol, but unable to explain himself to the Russian surgeons. I was not without some small skill in medicine; and, besides, out of common humanity, I felt it my duty to set out, and at about sunset I reached Sebastopol.

Being supposed to be a physician of great skill and eminence, I was treated by all the persons about with much deference, and, after very few minutes' delay, introduced into the room where the sick man lay. He had ordered that when an English doctor could be found, they were to leave them perfectly alone together; so that as I entered, the door was closed immediately, and I found myself alone by the bedside of the sufferer. The curtain was closely drawn across the windows, and it was already dusk, so that all I could discover was the figure of a man, who lay breathing very heavily, and with the irregular action that implies great pain.

"Are you English?" said he, in a strong, full voice. "Well, feel that pulse, and tell me if it means sinking—I suspect it does."

I took his hand and laid my finger on the artery. It was beating furiously—far too fast to count, but not weakly nor faintly.

"No," said I; "this is fever, but not debility."

"I don't want subtleties," rejoined he, roughly. "I want to know am I dying? Draw the curtain there, open the window full, and have a look at me."

I did as he bade me, and returned to the bedside. It was all I could do not to cry out with astonishment; for, though terribly disfigured by his wounds, his eyes actually covered by the torn scalp that hung over them, I saw that it was Harpar lay before me, his large reddish beard now matted and clotted with blood.

"Well, what's the verdict?" cried he, sternly; "don't keep me in suspense."

"I do not perceive any grave symptoms so far——"

"No cant, my good friend, no cant! It's out of place just now. Be honest, and say what is it to be—live or die?"

"So far as I can judge, I say, live."

"Well, then, set about the repairs at once. Ask for what you want—they'll bring it."

Deeming it better not to occasion any shock whatever to a man in his state, I forbore declaring who I was, and set about my office with what skill I could.

With the aid of a Russian surgeon, who spoke German well, I managed to dress the wounds and bandage the fractured arm, during which the patient never spoke once, nor, indeed, seemed to be at all concerned in what was going on.

"You can stay here, I hope," said he to me, when all was finished. "At least, you'll see me through the worst of it. I can afford to pay, and pay well."

"I'll stay," said I, imitating his own laconic way; and no more was said.

Now, though it was not my intention to pass myself off for a physician, or derive any, even the smallest advantage from the assumption of such a character, I saw that, remote as the poor sufferer was from his friends and country, and totally destitute of even companionship, it would have been cruel to desert him until he was sufficiently recovered to be left with servants.

From his calm composure, and the self-control he was able to exercise, I had formed a far too favourable opinion of his case. When I saw him first, the inflammatory symptoms had not yet set in; so that, at my next visit, I found him in a high fever, raving wildly. In his wanderings he imagined himself ever directing some gigantic enterprise, with hundreds of men at his command, whose efforts he was cheering or chiding alternately. The indomitable will of a most resolute nature was displayed in all he said; and though his bodily sufferings must have been intense, he only alluded to them to show how little power they had to arrest his activity. His ever-recurring cry was, "It can be done, men! It can be done! See that we do it!"

I own that, even though stretched there on a sick-bed, and raving madly, this man's unquenchable energy impressed me greatly; and I often fancied to myself what must have been the resources of such a bold spirit in sad contrast to

a nature pliant and yielding like mine. To the violence of the first access, there soon succeeded the far more dangerous state of low fever, through which I never left him. Care and incessant watching could alone save him, and I devoted myself to the last with the resolve to make this effort the first of a new and changed existence.

Day and night in the sick-room, I lost appetite and strength, while an unceasing care preyed upon me and deprived me even of rest. The very vacillations of the sick man's malady had affected my nerves, rendering me over-anxious, so that just as he had passed the great crisis of the malady, I was stricken down with it myself.

My first day of convalescence after seven weeks of fever found me sitting at a little window that looked upon the sea, or rather the harbour of Sebastopol, where two frigates and some smaller vessels were at anchor. A group of lighters and such unpicturesque craft occupied another part of the scene, engaged as it seemed in operations for raising other vessels. It was in gazing for a long while at these, and guessing their occupation, that I learned to trace out the past, and why and how I had come to be sitting there. Every morning the German servant who tended me through my illness, used to bring me the "Herr Baron's" compliments to know how I was, and now he came to say, that as the "Herr Baron" was able to walk so far, he begged that he might be permitted to come and pay me a visit. I was aware of the Russian custom of giving titles to all who served the government in positions of high trust, and was therefore not astonished when the announcement of the Herr Baron was followed by the entrance of Harpar, who, sadly reduced, and leaning on a crutch, made his way slowly to where I sat. I attempted to rise to receive him, but he cried out, half sternly,

"Sit still! we are neither of us in good trim for ceremony."

He motioned to the servants to leave us alone; then, laying his wasted hand in mine, for we were each too weak to grasp the other, he said,

"I know all about it. It was you saved my life, and risked your own to do it."

I muttered out some unmeaning words—I know not well what—about duty and the like.

"I don't care a brass button for the motive. You stood to me like a man." As he said this, he looked hard at me, and shading the light with his hand, peered into my face. "Haven't we met before this? Is not your name Potts?"

"Yes, and you're Harpar."

He reddened, but so slightly, that but for the previous paleness of his sickly cheek it would not have been noticeable.

"I have often thought about *you*," said he, musingly. "This is not the only service you have done me; the first was at Lindau; mayhap you have forgotten it. You lent me two hundred florins, and, if I'm not much mistaken, when you were far from being rich yourself."

He leaned his head on his hand, and seemed to have fallen into a musing fit.

"And after all," said I, "of the best turn I ever did you, you have never heard in your life, and what is more, might never hear, if not from myself. Do you remember an altercation on the road to Feldkirch, with a man called Riggles?"

"To be sure I do; he smashed the small-bone of this arm for me; but I gave worse than I got. They never could find that bullet I sent into his side, and he died of it at Palermo. But what share in this did you bear?"

"Not the worst nor the best; but I was imprisoned for a twelvemonth in your place."

"Imprisoned for *me*?"

"Yes; they assumed that I was Harpar, and as I took no steps to undeceive them, there I remained till they seemed to have forgotten all about me."

Harpar questioned me closely and keenly as to the reasons that prompted this act of mine—an act all the more remarkable, as, to use his own words, "We were men who had no friendship for each other, actually strangers;" and, added he, significantly, "the sort of fellows who, somehow, do not usually 'hit it off' together. You, a man of leisure, with your own dreamy mode of life; I, a hard worker, who could not enjoy idleness; and in this sense, far more likely to hold each other cheaply than otherwise."

I attempted to account for this piece of devotion as best I might, but not very successfully, since I was only endeavouring to explain what I really did not well understand myself. Nor could a vague desire to do something generous, merely because it *was* generous, satisfy the practical intelligence of him who heard me.

"Well," said he, at last, "all that machinery you have described is so new and strange to me, I can tell nothing as to how it ought to work; but I'm as grateful to you as a man can be for a service which he could not have rendered *himself*; nor has the slightest notion of what could have prompted *you* to do. Now, let me hear by what chance you came here?"

"You must listen to a long story to learn that," said I; and as he declared that he had nothing more pressing to do with his time, I began, almost as I have begun with my reader. On my first mention of Crofton, he asked me to repeat the name; and when I spoke of meeting Miss Herbert at the Milford station, he slightly moved his chair, as if to avoid the strong light from the window; but from that moment till I finished, he never interrupted me by a word, nor interposed a question.

"And it was she gave you that old seal-ring I see on your finger?" said he, at last.

"Yes," said I. "How came you to guess that?"

"Because I gave it to her the day she was sixteen! I am her father."

I drew a long breath, and could only clutch his arm with astonishment, without being able to speak.

"It's all well known in England, now. Everybody has been paid in full, my creditors have

met in a body, and signed a request to me to come back and recommence business. They have done more; they have bought up the lease of the Foundry, and sent it out to me. Ay, and old Elkanah's mortgage, too, is redeemed, and I don't owe a shilling."

"You must have worked hard to accomplish all this?"

"Pretty hard, no doubt. You remember those little boats with the holes in 'em at Lindau. They did the business for me. I was fool enough at that time to imagine that you had got a clue to my discovery, and were after me to pick up all the details. I ought to have known better! It was easy enough to see that *you* could have no head for anything with a 'tough bone' in it! Light, thoughtless creatures of *your* kind are never dangerous anywhere!"

I was not quite sure whether I was expected to return thanks for this speech in my favour, and therefore only made some very unintelligible mutterings.

"There's only one liner now to be raised, and all the guns are already out of her, but I can return to-morrow. I am free; my contract is completed; and the Ignatief sloop-of-war is at my orders at Balaclava to convey me to any port I please in Europe."

He said this so boastfully and so vaingloriously, that I really felt Potts in his humility was not the smaller man of the two. Nor, perhaps, was my irritation the less at seeing how little surprise our singular meeting had caused him, and how much he regarded all I had done in his behalf as being ordinary and commonplace services. But, perhaps, the coup de grace of my misery came as he said:

"Though I forwarded that ten-pound note you lent me to Rome, perhaps you'll like to have it now. If you need any more, say so."

My heart was in my mouth, and I felt that I'd have died of starvation rather than accept the humblest benefit at his hands.

"Very well," said he to my refusal; "all the better that you've no need of cash, for, to tell the truth, Potts, you're not much of a doctor, nor are you very remarkable as a man of genius; and it is a kind thing of Providence when such fellows as you are born with even a 'pewter spoon' in their mouths."

I nearly choked, but I said nothing.

"If you'd like me to land you anywhere in the Levant, or down towards the Spanish coast, only tell me."

"No, nothing of the kind. I'm going north; I'm going to Moscow, to Tobolsk: I'm going to Persia and Astracan," said I, in wildest confusion.

"Well, I can give you a capital travelling cloak—it's one of those buntas they make in the Banat, and you'll need it, for they have fearfully severe cold in those countries."

With this, and not waiting my resolute refusal, he rose, hobbled out of the room, and I—ay, there's no concealing it—burst out a crying!

Weak and sick as I was, I procured an

"araba" that night, and, without one word of adieu, set out for Krim.

* * * * *

It was about two years after this—my father had died in the interval, leaving me a small but sufficient fortune to live on, and I had just arrived in Paris, after a long desultory ramble through the east of Europe—I was standing one morning early in one of the small alleys of the Champs Elysées, watching with half listless curiosity the various grooms as they passed to exercise their horses in the Bois de Boulogne. Group after group passed me of those magnificent animals in which Paris is now more than the rival of London, and at length I was struck by the appearance of a very smartly-dressed groom, who led along beside him a small-sized horse, completely sheeted and shrouded from view. Believing that this must prove some creature of rare beauty, an Arab of purest descent, I followed them as they went, and at last overtook them.

The groom was English, and by my offer of a cigar, somewhat better than the one he was smoking, he was very willing to satisfy my curiosity,

"I suppose he has Arab blood in him," said he, half contemptuously; "but he's forty years old now if he's a day. What they keep him for I don't know, but they make as much work about him as if he was a Christian; and, as for myself, I have nothing else to do than walk him twice a day to his exercise, and take care that his oats are well bruised and mixed with linseed, for he hasn't a tooth left."

"I suppose his master is some very rich man, who can afford himself a caprice like this."

"For the matter of money, he has enough of it. He is the Prince Ernest Maximilian of Würtemberg, and, except the Emperor, has the best stable in all Paris. But I don't think that he cares much for the old horse; it's the Princess likes him, and she constantly drives out to the wood here, and when we come to a quiet spot, where there are no strangers, she makes me take off all the body-clothes and the hoods, and she'll get out of the carriage and pat him. And he knows her, that he does! and lifts up that old leg of his when she comes towards him, and tries to whinny, too. But here she comes now, and it won't do if I'm seen talking to you, so just drop behind, sir, and never notice me."

I crossed the road, and had but reached the opposite pathway, when a carriage stopped, and the old horse drew up beside it. After a word or two, the groom took off the hood, and there was Blondel! But my amazement was lost in the greater shock, that the Princess, whose jewelled hand held out the sugar to him, was no other than Catinka!

I cannot say with what motive I was impelled—perhaps the action was too quick for

either—but I drew nigh to the carriage, and raising my hat respectfully, asked if her highness would deign to remember an old acquaintance.

"I am unfortunate enough, sir, not to be able to recal you," said she, in most perfect Parisian French.

"My name you may have forgotten, madame, but scarcely so either our first meeting at Schaffhausen, or our last at Bregenz."

"These are all riddles to me, sir; and I am sure you are too well bred to persist in an error after you have recognised it to be such." With a cold smile and a haughty bow, she motioned the coachman to drive on, and I saw her no more.

Stung to the very quick, but yet not without a misgiving that I might be possibly mistaken, I hurried to the police department, where the list of strangers was preserved. By sending in my card I was admitted to see one of the chiefs of the department, who politely informed me that the princess was totally unknown as to family, and not included in the Gotha Almanack.

"May I ask," said he, as I prepared to retire, "if this letter here—it has been with us for more than a year—is for your address? It came with an enclosure covering any possible expense in reaching your address, and has lain here ever since."

"Yes," said I, "my name is Algernon Sydney Potts."

Strange are the changes and vicissitudes of life! Just as I stood there, shocked and overwhelmed with one trait of cold ingratitude, I found a letter from Kate (she who was once Kate Herbert), telling me how they had sent messengers after me through Europe, and begging, if these lines should ever reach me, to come to them in Wales. "My father loves you, my mother longs to know you, and none can be more eager to thank you than your friend Kate Whalley."

I set off for England that night—I left for Wales the next morning—and I have never quitted it since that day.

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CHAPTER I. THE VILLAGE.

"AND a mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life!" said Captain Jorgan, looking up at it.

Captain Jorgan had to look high to look at it, for the village was built sheer up the face of a steep and lofty cliff. There was no road in it, there was no wheeled vehicle in it, there was not a level yard in it. From the sea-beach to the cliff-top, two irregular rows of white houses, placed opposite to one another, and twisting here and there and there and here, rose, like the sides of a long succession of stages of crooked ladders, and you climbed up the village or climbed down the village by the staves between: some six feet wide or so, and made of sharp irregular stones. The old pack-saddle, long laid aside in most parts of England as one of the appendages of its infancy, flourished here intact. Strings of pack-horses and pack-donkeys toiled slowly up the staves of the ladders, bearing fish, and coal, and such other cargo as was unshipping at the pier from the dancing fleet of village boats, and from two or three little coasting traders. As the beasts of burden ascended laden, or descended light, they got so lost at intervals in the floating clouds of village smoke, that they seemed to dive down some of the village chimneys and come to the surface again far off, high above others. No two houses in the village were alike, in chimney, size, shape, door, window, gable, roof-tree, anything. The sides of the ladders were musical with water, running clear and bright. The staves were musical with the clattering feet of the pack-horses and pack-donkeys, and the voices of the fishermen urging them up, mingled with the voices of the fishermen's wives and their many children. The pier was musical with the wash of the sea, the creaking of capstans and windlasses, and the airy fluttering of little vanes and sails. The rough sea-bleached boulders of which the pier was made, and the whiter boulders of the shore, were brown with drying nets. The red-brown cliffs, richly wooded to their extreme verge, had their softened and beautiful forms reflected in the bluest water, under the

clear North Devonshire sky of a November day without a cloud. The village itself was so steeped in autumnal foliage, from the houses giving on the pier, to the topmost round of the topmost ladder, that one might have fancied it was out a birds'-nesting, and was (as indeed it was) a wonderful climber. And mentioning birds, the place was not without some music from them too; for, the rook was very busy on the higher levels, and the gull with his flapping wings was fishing in the bay, and the lusty little robin was hopping among the great stone blocks and iron rings of the breakwater, fearless in the faith of his ancestors and the Children in the Wood.

Thus it came to pass that Captain Jorgan, sitting balancing himself on the pier-wall, struck his leg with his open hand, as some men do when they are pleased—and as he always did when he was pleased—and said:

"A mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life!"

Captain Jorgan had not been through the village, but had come down to the pier by a winding side-road, to have a preliminary look at it from the level of his own natural element. He had seen many things and places, and had stowed them all away in a shrewd intellect and a vigorous memory. He was an American born, was Captain Jorgan—a New Englander—but he was a citizen of the world, and a combination of most of the best qualities of most of its best countries.

For Captain Jorgan to sit anywhere in his long-skirted blue coat and blue trousers, without holding converse with everybody within speaking distance, was a sheer impossibility. So, the captain fell to talking with the fishermen, and to asking them knowing questions about the fishery, and the tides, and the currents, and the race of water off that point yonder, and what you kept in your eye and got into a line with what else when you ran into the little harbour; and other nautical profundities. Among the men who exchanged ideas with the captain, was a young fellow who exactly hit his fancy—a young fisherman of two or three-and-twenty, in the rough sea-dress of his craft, with a brown face,

dark curling hair, and bright modest eyes under his Sou'-Wester hat, and with a frank but simple and retiring manner which the captain found uncommonly taking. "I'd bet a thousand dollars," said the captain to himself, "that your father was an honest man!"

"Might you be married now?" asked the captain when he had had some talk with this new acquaintance.

"Not yet."

"Going to be?" said the captain.

"I hope so."

The captain's keen glance followed the slightest possible turn of the dark eye, and the slightest possible tilt of the Sou'-Wester hat. The captain then slapped both his legs, and said to himself:

"Never knew such a good thing in all my life! There's his sweetheart looking over the wall!"

There was a very pretty girl looking over the wall, from a little platform of cottage, vine, and fuchsia; and she certainly did not look as if the presence of this young fisherman in the landscape, made it any the less sunny and hopeful for her.

Captain Jorgan, having doubled himself up to laugh with that hearty good nature which is quite exultant in the innocent happiness of other people, had undoubled himself and was going to start a new subject, when there appeared coming down the lower ladders of stones a man whom he hailed as "Tom Pettifer Ho!" Tom Pettifer Ho responded with alacrity, and in speedy course descended on the pier.

"Afraid of a sunstroke in England in November, Tom, that you wear your tropical hat, strongly paid outside and paper-lined inside, here?" said the captain, eyeing it.

"It's as well to be on the safe side, sir," replied Tom.

"Safe side!" repeated the captain, laughing.

"You'd guard against a sunstroke with that old hat, in an Ice Pack. Wa'al! What have you made out at the Post-office?"

"It is the Post-office, sir."

"What's the Post-office?" said the captain.

"The name, sir. The name keeps the Post-office."

"A coincidence!" said the captain. "A lucky hit! Show me where it is. Good-by, shipmates, for the present! I shall come and have another look at you, afore I leave, this afternoon."

This was addressed to all there, but especially the young fisherman; so, all there acknowledged it, but especially the young fisherman. "He's a sailor!" said one to another, as they looked after the captain moving away. That he was; and so outspoken was the sailor in him, that although his dress had nothing nautical about it with the single exception of its colour, but was a suit of a shore-going shape and form, too long in the sleeves, and too short in the legs, and too unaccommodating everywhere, terminating earthward in a pair of Wellington boots, and surmounted by a tall stiff hat which no

mortal could have worn at sea in any wind under Heaven; nevertheless, a glimpse of his sagacious weather-beaten face or his strong brown hand would have established the captain's calling. Whereas, Mr. Pettifer—a man of a certain plump neatness with a curly whisker, and elaborately nautical in a jacket and shoes and all things correspondent—looked no more like a seaman, beside Captain Jorgan, than he looked like a sea-serpent.

The two climbed high up the village—which had the most arbitrary turns and twists in it, so that the cobbler's house came dead across the ladder, and to have held a reasonable course you must have gone through his house, and through him too, as he sat at his work between two little windows, with one eye microscopically on the geological formation of that part of Devonshire, and the other telescopically on the open sea—the two climbed high up the village, and stopped before a quaint little house, on which was painted "MRS. RAYBROCK, DRAPER;" and also, "POST-OFFICE." Before it, ran a rill of murmuring water, and access to it was gained by a little plank-bridge.

"Here's the name," said Captain Jorgan, "sure enough. You can come in if you like, Tom."

The captain opened the door, and passed into an odd little shop about six feet high, with a great variety of beams and bumps in the ceiling, and, besides the principal window giving on the ladder of stones, a purblind little window of a single pane of glass: peeping out of an abutting corner at the sun-lighted ocean, and winking at its brightness.

"How do you do, ma'am?" said the captain. "I am very glad to see you. I have come a long way to see you."

"Have you, sir? Then I am sure I am very glad to see you, though I don't know you from Adam."

Thus, a comely elderly woman, short of stature, plump of form, sparkling and dark of eye, who, perfectly clean and neat herself, stood in the midst of her perfectly clean and neat arrangements, and surveyed Captain Jorgan with smiling curiosity. "Ah! but you are a sailor, sir," she added, almost immediately, and with a slight movement of her hands, that was not very unlike wringing them; "then you are heartily welcome."

"Thankee, ma'am," said the captain. "I don't know what it is, I am sure, that brings out the salt in me, but everybody seems to see it on the crown of my hat and the collar of my coat. Yes, ma'am, I am in that way of life."

"And the other gentleman, too," said Mrs. Raybrock.

"Well now, ma'am," said the captain, glancing shrewdly at the other gentleman, "you are that nigh right, that he goes to sea—if that makes him a sailor. This is my steward, ma'am, Tom Pettifer; he's been a'most all trades you could name, in the course of his life—would have bought all your chairs and tables, once, if you had wished to sell 'em—but now he's

my steward. My name's Jorgan, and I'm a shipowner, and I sail my own and my partners' ships, and have done so this five-and-twenty year. According to custom I am called Captain Jorgan, but I am no more a captain, bless your heart! than you are."

"Perhaps you'll come into my parlour, sir, and take a chair?" said Mrs. Raybrock.

"Ex-actly what I was going to propose myself, ma'am. After you."

Thus replying, and enjoining Tom to give an eye to the shop, Captain Jorgan followed Mrs. Raybrock into the little low back-room—decorated with divers plants in pots, tea-trays, old china teapots, and punch-bowls—which was at once the private sitting-room of the Raybrock family, and the inner cabinet of the post-office of the village of Steepways.

"Now, ma'am," said the captain, "it don't signify a cent to you where I was born, except——" But, here the shadow of some one entering, fell upon the captain's figure, and he broke off to double himself up, slap both his legs, and ejaculate, "Never knew such a thing in all my life! Here he is again! How are you?"

These words referred to the young fellow who had so taken Captain Jorgan's fancy down at the pier. To make it all quite complete he came in accompanied by the sweetheart whom the captain had detected looking over the wall. A prettier sweetheart the sun could not have shone upon, that shining day. As she stood before the captain, with her rosy lips just parted in surprise, her brown eyes a little wider open than was usual from the same cause, and her breathing a little quickened by the ascent (and possibly by some mysterious hurry and flurry at the parlour door, in which the captain had observed her face to be for a moment totally eclipsed by the Sou'-Wester hat), she looked so charming, that the captain felt himself under a moral obligation to slap both his legs again. She was very simply dressed, with no other ornament than an autumnal flower in her bosom. She wore neither hat nor bonnet, but merely a scarf or kerchief, folded squarely back over the head, to keep the sun off—according to a fashion that may be sometimes seen in the more genial parts of England as well as of Italy, and which is probably the first fashion of head-dress that came into the world when grasses and leaves went out.

"In my country," said the captain, rising to give her his chair, and dexterously sliding it close to another chair on which the young fisherman must necessarily establish himself—"in my country we should call Devonshire beauty, first-rate!"

Whenever a frank manner is offensive, it is because it is strained or feigned; for, there may be quite as much intolerable affectation in plainness, as in mincing nicety. All that the captain said and did, was honestly according to his nature, and his nature was open nature and good nature; therefore, when he paid this little compliment, and expressed with a sparkle or two of his knowing eye, "I see how it is, and nothing

could be better," he had established a delicate confidence on that subject with the family.

"I was saying to your worthy mother," said the captain to the young man, after again introducing himself by name and occupation: "I was saying to your mother (and you're very like her) that it didn't signify where I was born, except that I was raised on question-asking ground, where the babies as soon as ever they come into the world, inquire of their mothers 'Neow, how old may *you* be, and wa'at air you a goin' to name me?'—which is a fact." Here he slapped his leg. "Such being the case, I may be excused for asking you if your name's Alfred?"

"Yes, sir, my name is Alfred," returned the young man.

"I am not a conjuror," pursued the captain, "and don't think me so, or I shall right soon undeceive you. Likewise don't think, if you please, though I *do* come from that country of the babies, that I am asking questions for question-asking's sake, for I am not. Somebody belonging to you, went to sea?"

"My elder brother Hugh," returned the young man. He said it in an altered and lower voice, and glanced at his mother: who raised her hands hurriedly, and put them together across her black gown, and looked eagerly at the visitor.

"No! For God's sake, don't think that!" said the captain, in a solemn way; "I bring no good tidings of him."

There was a silence, and the mother turned her face to the fire and put her hand between it and her eyes. The young fisherman slightly motioned towards the window, and the captain, looking in that direction, saw a young widow sitting at a neighbouring window across a little garden, engaged in needlework, with a young child sleeping on her bosom. The silence continued until the captain asked of Alfred:

"How long is it since it happened?"

"He shipped for his last voyage, better than three years ago."

"Ship struck upon some reef or rock, as I take it," said the captain, "and all hands lost?"

"Y'es."

"Wa'al!" said the captain, after a shorter silence. "Here I sit who may come to the same end, like enough. He holds the seas in the hollow of His hand. We must all strike somewhere and go down. Our comfort, then, for ourselves and one another, is, to have done our duty. I'll wager your brother did his!"

"He did!" answered the young fisherman. "If ever man strove faithfully on all occasions to do his duty, my brother did. My brother was not a quick man (anything but that), but he was a faithful, true, and just man. We were the sons of only a small tradesman in this county, sir; yet our father was as watchful of his good name as if he had been a king."

"A precious sight more so, I hope—bearing in mind the general run of that class of crittur," said the captain. "But I interrupt."

"My brother considered that our father left the good name to us, to keep clear and true."

"Your brother considered right," said the captain; "and you couldn't take care of a better legacy. But again I interrupt."

"No; for I have nothing more to say. We know that Hugh lived well for the good name, and we feel certain that he died well for the good name. And now it has come into my keeping. And that's all."

"Well spoken!" cried the captain. "Well spoken, young man! Concerning the manner of your brother's death;" by this time, the captain had released the hand he had shaken, and sat with his own broad brown hands spread out on his knees, and spoke aside; "concerning the manner of your brother's death, it may be that I have some information to give you; though it may not be, for I am far from sure. Can we have a little talk alone?"

The young man rose; but, not before the captain's quick eye had noticed that, on the pretty sweetheart's turning to the window to greet the young widow with a nod and a wave of the hand, the young widow had held up to her the needlework on which she was engaged, with a patient and pleasant smile. So the captain said, being on his legs:

"What might she be making now?"

"What is Margaret making, Kitty?" asked the young fisherman—with one of his arms apparently mislaid somewhere.

As Kitty only blushed in reply, the captain doubled himself up, as far as he could, standing, and said, with a slap of his leg:

"In my country we should call it wedding-clothes. Fact! We should, I do assure you."

But, it seemed to strike the captain in another light too; for, his laugh was not a long one, and he added in quite a gentle tone:

"And it's very pretty, my dear, to see her—poor young thing, with her fatherless child upon her bosom—giving up her thoughts to your home and your happiness. It's very pretty, my dear, and it's very good. May your marriage be more prosperous than hers, and be a comfort to her, too. May the blessed sun see you all happy together, in possession of the good name, long after I have done ploughing the great salt field that is never sown!"

Kitty answered very earnestly. "O! Thank you, sir, with all my heart!" And, in her loving little way, kissed her hand to him, and possibly by implication to the young fisherman too, as the latter held the parlour door open for the captain to pass out.

CHAPTER II. THE MONEY.

"The stairs are very narrow, sir," said Alfred Raybrock to Captain Jorgan.

"Like my cabin-stairs," returned the captain, "on many a voyage."

"And they are rather inconvenient for the head."

"If my head can't take care of itself by this time, after all the knocking about the world it has had," replied the captain, as unconcernedly as if he had no connexion with it, "it's not worth looking after."

Thus, they came into the young fisherman's bedroom, which was as perfectly neat and clean as the shop and parlour below: though it was but a little place, with a sliding window, and a phrenological ceiling expressive of all the peculiarities of the house-roof. Here the captain sat down on the foot of the bed, and, glancing at a dreadful libel on Kitty which ornamented the wall—the production of some wandering limner, whom the captain secretly admired, as having studied portraiture from the figure-heads of ships—motioned to the young man to take the rush-chair on the other side of the small round table. That done, the captain put his hand into the deep breast-pocket of his long-skirted blue coat, and took out of it a strong square case-bottle—not a large bottle, but such as may be seen in any ordinary ship's medicine chest. Setting this bottle on the table without removing his hand from it, Captain Jorgan then spake as follows.

"In my last voyage homeward-bound," said the captain, "and that's the voyage off of which I now come straight, I encountered such weather off the Horn, as is not very often met with, even there. I have rounded that stormy Cape pretty often, and I believe I first beat about there in the identical storms that blew the devil's horns and tail off, and led to the horns being worked up into toothpicks for the plantation overseers in my country, who may be seen (if you travel down South, or away West, far enough) picking their teeth with 'em, while the whips, made of the tail, flog hard. In this last voyage, homeward-bound for Liverpool from South America, I say to you my young friend, it blew. Whole measures! No half measures, nor making believe to blow; it blew! Now, I warn't blown clean out of the water into the sky—though I expected to be even that—but I was blown clean out of my course; and when at last it fell calm, it fell dead calm, and a strong current set one way, day and night, night and day, and I drifted—drifted—drifted—out of all the ordinary tracks and courses of ships, and drifted yet, and yet drifted. It behoves a man who takes charge of fellow-creatures' lives, never to rest from making himself master of his calling. I never did rest, and consequently I knew pretty well ('specially looking over the side in the dead calm at that strong current), what dangers to expect, and what precautions to take against 'em. In short, we were driving head on, to an Island. There was no Island in the chart, and, therefore, you may say it was ill manners in the Island to be there; I don't dispute its bad breeding, but there it was. Thanks be to Heaven, I was as ready for the Island as the Island was ready for me. I made it out myself from the masthead, and I got enough way upon her in good time, to keep her off. I ordered a boat to be lowered and manned, and went in that boat myself to explore the Island. There was a reef outside it, and, floating in a corner of the smooth water within the reef, was a heap of seaweed, and entangled in that seaweed was this bottle."

Here, the captain took his hand from the

bottle for a moment, that the young fisherman might direct a wondering glance at it; and then replaced his hand and went on:

"If ever you come—or even if ever you don't come—to a desert place, use you your eyes and your spy-glass well; for the smallest thing you see, may prove of use to you, and may have some information or some warning in it. That's the principle on which I came to see this bottle. I picked up the bottle and ran the boat alongside the Island and made fast and went ashore, armed, with a part of my boat's crew. We found that every scrap of vegetation on the Island (I give it you as my opinion, but scant and scrubby at the best of times) had been consumed by fire. As we were making our way, cautiously and toilsomely, over the pulverised embers, one of my people sank into the earth, breast high. He turned pale, and 'Haul me out smart, shipmates,' says he, 'for my feet are among bones.' We soon got him on his legs again, and then we dug up the spot, and we found that the man was right, and that his feet had been among bones. More than that, they were human bones; though whether the remains of one man, or of two or three men, what with calcination and ashes, and what with a poor practical knowledge of anatomy, I can't undertake to say. We examined the whole Island and made out nothing else, save and except that, from its opposite side, I sighted a considerable tract of land, which land

I was able to identify, and according to the bearings of which (not to trouble you with my log) I took a fresh departure. When I got aboard again, I opened the bottle, which was oilskin-covered as you see, and glass-stoppered as you see. Inside of it," pursued the captain, suiting his action to his words, "I found this little crumpled folded paper, just as you see. Outside of it was written, as you see, these words: '*Whoever finds this, is solemnly entreated by the dead, to convey it unread to Alfred Raybrock, Sleepways, North Devon, England.*' A sacred charge," said the captain, concluding his narrative, "and, Alfred Raybrock, there it is!"

"This is my poor brother's writing!"

"I supposed so," said Captain Jorgan. "I'll take a look out of this little window while you read it."

"Pray no, sir! I should be hurt. We should all be hurt. My brother couldn't know it would fall into such hands as yours."

The captain sat down again on the foot of the bed, and the young man opened the folded paper with a trembling hand, and spread it on the table. The ragged paper, evidently creased and torn both before and after being written on, was much blotted and stained, and the ink had faded and run, and many words were wanting. What the captain and the young fisherman made out together, after much re-reading and much humming of the folds of the paper, was this:

Before meeting death with a made up mind. I put the blow into
 wrote for my own self's reminder. Days ago in a bottle I set it
 floating. Loved brother Alfred if it ever comes to hand do as I would
 have done—last look and thoughts to dear wife & mother & you
 Alfred Hugh Raybrock

Mem. For self H. Raybrock to my Memory
 Under His Hand last Away

Very Unhappy in mind through
 his (L.C.'s) telling me that

poor
 father's
 500 £ is Stolen Money Likewise
 for reasons here noted down

no malice
 books not the right

If proof of us we get taken off here
 He said I might
 there. Lanrean and among the dead
 He ever taken off in discovery. P.S. Believe nothing against poor father
 He said I might
 please God

The young fisherman had become more and more agitated, as the writing had become clearer to him. He now left it lying before the captain, over whose shoulder he had been reading it, and, dropping into his former seat, leaned forward on the table and laid his face in his hands.

"What, man," urged the captain, "don't give in! Be up and doing, *like a man!*"

"It is selfish, I know—but doing what, doing what?" cried the young fisherman, in complete despair, and stamping his sea-boot on the ground.

"Doing what?" returned the captain. "Something! I'd go down to the little break-water below, yonder, and take a wrench at one of the salt-rusted iron-rings there, and either wrench it up by the roots or wrench my teeth out of my head, sooner than I'd do nothing. Nothing!" ejaculated the captain. "Any fool or faint-heart can do *that*, and nothing can come of nothing—Which was pretended to be found out, I believe, by one of them Latin critturs," said the captain, with the deepest disdain; "as if Adam hadn't found it out, afore ever he so much as named the beasts!"

Yet the captain saw, in spite of his bold words, that there was some greater reason than he yet understood for the young man's distress. And he eyed him with a sympathising curiosity.

"Come, come!" continued the captain. "Speak out. What is it, boy?"

"You have seen how beautiful she is, sir," said the young man, looking up for the moment, with a flushed face and rumpled hair.

"Did any man ever say she wasn't beautiful?" retorted the captain. "If so, go and lick him."

The young man laughed fretfully in spite of himself, and said, "It's not that, it's not that."

"Wa'al, then, what is it?" said the captain, in a more soothing tone.

The young fisherman mournfully composed himself to tell the captain what it was, and began: "We were to have been married next Monday week——"

"Were to have been!" interrupted Captain Jorgan. "And are to be? Hey?"

Young Raybrock shook his head, and traced out with his forefinger the words "*poor father's five hundred pounds*," in the written paper.

"Go along," said the captain. "Five hundred pounds? Yes?"

"That sum of money," pursued the young fisherman, entering with the greatest earnestness on his demonstration, while the captain eyed him with equal earnestness, "was all my late father possessed. When he died, he owed no man more than he left means to pay, but he had been able to lay by only five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds," repeated the captain. "Yes?"

"In his lifetime, years before, he had expressly laid the money aside, to leave to my mother—like to settle upon her, if I make myself understood."

"Yes?"

"He had risked it once—my father put down in writing at that time, respecting the money—and was resolved never to risk it again."

"Not a spec'lator," said the captain. "My country wouldn't have suited him. Yes?"

"My mother has never touched the money till now. And now it was to have been laid out, this very next week, in buying me a handsome share in our neighbouring fishery here, to settle me in life with Kitty."

The captain's face fell, and he passed and re-passed his sun-browned right hand over his thin hair, in a discomfited manner.

"Kitty's father has no more than enough to live on, even in the sparing way in which we live about here. He is a kind of bailiff or steward of manor rights here, and they are not much, and it is but a poor little office. He was better off once, and Kitty must never marry to mere drudgery and hard living."

The captain still sat stroking his thin hair, and looking at the young fisherman.

"I am as certain that my father had no knowledge that any one was wronged as to this money, or that any restitution ought to be made, as I am certain that the sun now shines. But, after this solemn warning from my brother's grave in the sea, that the money is Stolen Money," said Young Raybrock, forcing himself to the utterance of the words, "can I doubt it? Can I touch it?"

"About not doubting, I ain't so sure," observed the captain; "but about not touching—no—I don't think you can."

"See, then," said Young Raybrock, "why I am so grieved. Think of Kitty. Think what I have got to tell her!"

His heart quite failed him again when he had come round to that, and he once more beat his sea-boot softly on the floor. But, not for long; he soon began again, in a quietly resolute tone.

"However! Enough of that! You spoke some brave words to me just now, Captain Jorgan, and they shall not be spoken in vain. I have got to do Something. What I have got to do, before all other things, is to trace out the meaning of this paper, for the sake of the Good Name that has no one else to put it right or keep it right. And still, for the sake of the Good Name, and my father's memory, not a word of this writing must be breathed to my mother, or to Kitty, or to any human creature. You agree in this?"

"I don't know what they'll think of us, below," said the captain, "but for certain I can't oppose it. Now, as to tracing. How will you do?"

They both, as by consent, bent over the paper again, and again carefully puzzled out the whole of the writing.

"I make out that this would stand, if all the writing was here, 'Inquire among the old men living there, for—some one. Most like, you'll go to this village named here?'" said the captain, musing, with his finger on the name.

"Yes! And Mr. Tregarthen is a Cornishman, and—to be sure!—comes from Lanrean,"

"Does he?" said the captain, quietly. "As I ain't acquainted with him, who may he be?"

"Mr. Tregarthen is Kitty's father."

"Ay, ay!" cried the captain. "Now, you speak! Tregarthen knows this village of Lanrean, then?"

"Beyond all doubt he does. I have often heard him mention it, as being his native place. He knows it well."

"Stop half a moment," said the captain. "We want a name here. You could ask Tregarthen (or if you couldn't, I could) what names of old men he remembers in his time in those diggings? Hey?"

"I can go straight to his cottage, and ask him now."

"Take me with you," said the captain, rising in a solid way that had a most comfortable reliability in it, "and just a word more, first. I have knocked about harder than you, and have got along further than you. I have had, all my sea-going life long, to keep my wits polished bright with acid and friction, like the brass cases of the ship's instruments. I'll keep you company on this expedition. Now, you don't live by talking, any more than I do. Clench that hand of yours in this hand of mine, and that's a speech on both sides."

Captain Jorgan took command of the expedition with that hearty shake. He at once refolded the paper exactly as before, replaced it in the bottle, put the stopper in, put the oilskin over the stopper, confided the whole to Young Raybrock's keeping, and led the way down stairs.

But it was harder navigation below stairs than above. The instant they set foot in the parlour, the quick womanly eye detected that there was something wrong. Kitty exclaimed, frightened, as she ran to her lover's side, "Alfred! What's the matter?" Mrs. Raybrock cried out to the captain, "Gracious! what have you done to my son to change him like this, all in a minute!" And the young widow—who was there with her work upon her arm—was at first so agitated, that she frightened the little girl she held in her hand, who hid her face in her mother's skirts and screamed. The captain, conscious of being held responsible for this domestic change, contemplated it with quite a guilty expression of countenance, and looked to the young fisherman to come to his rescue.

"Kitty darling," said Young Raybrock, "Kitty, dearest love, I must go away to Lanrean, and I don't know where else or how much farther, this very day. Worse than that—our marriage, Kitty, must be put off, and I don't know for how long."

Kitty stared at him, in doubt and wonder and in anger, and pushed him from her with her hand.

"Put off?" cried Mrs. Raybrock. "The marriage put off? And you going to Lanrean! Why, in the name of the dear Lord?"

"Mother dear, I can't say why, I must not

say why. It would be dishonourable and undutiful to say why."

"Dishonourable and undutiful?" returned the dame. "And is there nothing dishonourable or undutiful in the boy's breaking the heart of his own plighted love, and his mother's heart too, for the sake of the dark secrets and counsels of a wicked stranger? Why did you ever come here?" she apostrophised the innocent captain. "Who wanted you? Where did you come from? Why couldn't you rest in your own bad place, wherever it is, instead of disturbing the peace of quiet unoffending folk like us?"

"And what," sobbed the poor little Kitty, "have I ever done to you, you hard and cruel captain, that you should come and serve me so?"

And then they both began to weep most pitifully, while the captain could only look from the one to the other, and lay hold of himself by the coat-collar.

"Margaret," said the poor young fisherman, on his knees at Kitty's feet, while Kitty kept both her hands before her tearful face, to shut out the traitor from her view—but kept her fingers wide asunder and looked at him all the time: "Margaret, you have suffered so much, so uncomplainingly, and are always so careful and considerate! Do take my part, for poor Hugh's sake!"

The quiet Margaret was not appealed to in vain. "I will, Alfred," she returned, "and I do. I wish this gentleman had never come near us;" whereupon the captain laid hold of himself the tighter; "but I take your part, for all that. I am sure you have some strong reason and some sufficient reason for what you do, strange as it is, and even for not saying why you do it, strange as that is. And, Kitty darling, you are bound to think so, more than any one, for true love believes everything, and bears everything, and trusts everything. And mother dear, you are bound to think so too, for you know you have been blest with good sons, whose word was always as good as their oath, and who were brought up in as true a sense of honour as any gentlemen in this land. And I am sure you have no more call, mother, to doubt your living son than to doubt your dear son; and for the sake of the dear dead, I stand up for the dear living."

"Wa'al now," the captain struck in, with enthusiasm, "this I say. That whether your opinions flatter me or not, you are a young woman of sense and spirit and feeling; and I'd sooner have you by my side, in the hour of danger, than a good half of the men I've ever fallen in with—or fallen out with, ayther."

Margaret did not return the captain's compliment, or appear fully to reciprocate his good opinion, but she applied herself to the consolation of Kitty and of Kitty's mother-in-law that was to have been next Monday week, and soon restored the parlour to a quiet condition.

"Kitty, my darling," said the young fisherman, "I must go to your father to entreat him still to trust me in spite of this wretched change and mystery, and to ask him for some directions

concerning Lanrean. Will you come home? Will you come with me, Kitty?"

Kitty answered not a word, but rose sobbing, with the end of her simple head-dress at her eyes. Captain Jorgan followed the lovers out, quite sheepishly: pausing in the shop to give an instruction to Mr. Pettifer.

"Here, Tom!" said the captain, in a low voice. "Here's something in your line. Here's an old lady poorly and low in her spirits. Cheer her up a bit, Tom. Cheer 'em all up."

Mr. Pettifer, with a brisk nod of intelligence, immediately assumed his steward face, and went with his quiet helpful steward step into the parlour: where the captain had the great satisfaction of seeing him, through the glass door, take the child in his arms (who offered no objection), and bend over Mrs. Raybrock, administering soft words of consolation.

"Though what he finds to say, unless he's telling her that it'll soon be over, or that most people is so at first, or that it'll do her good afterwards, I can not imagine!" was the captain's reflection as he followed the lovers.

He had not far to follow them, since it was but a short descent down the stony ways to the cottage of Kitty's father. But, short as the distance was, it was long enough to enable the captain to observe that he was fast becoming the village Ogre; for, there was not a woman standing working at her door, or a fisherman coming up or going down, who saw Young Raybrock unhappy and little Kitty in tears, but she or he instantly darted a suspicious and indignant glance at the captain, as the foreigner who must somehow be responsible for this unusual spectacle. Consequently, when they came into Tregarthen's little garden—which formed the platform from which the captain had seen Kitty peeping over the wall—the captain brought to, and stood off and on at the gate, while Kitty hurried to hide her tears in her own room, and Alfred spoke with her father who was working in the garden. He was a rather infirm man, but could scarcely be called old yet, with an agreeable face and a promising air of making the best of things. The conversation began on his side with great cheerfulness and good humour, but soon became distrustful and soon angry. That was the captain's cue for striking both into the conversation and the garden.

"Morning, sir!" said Captain Jorgan. "How do you do?"

"The gentleman I am going away with," said the young fisherman to Tregarthen.

"Oh!" returned Kitty's father, surveying the unfortunate captain with a look of extreme disfavour. "I confess that I can't say I am glad to see you."

"No," said the captain, "and, to admit the truth, that seems to be the general opinion in these parts. But don't be hasty; you may think better of me, by-and-by."

"I hope so," observed Tregarthen.

"Wa'al, I hope so," observed the captain, quite at his ease; "more than that, I believe so—though you don't. Now, Mr. Tregarthen,

you don't want to exchange words of mistrust with me; and if you did, you couldn't, because I wouldn't. You and I are old enough to know better than to judge against experience from surfaces and appearances; and if you haven't lived to find out the evil and injustice of such judgments, you are a lucky man."

The other seemed to shrink under this remark, and replied, "Sir, I *have* lived to feel it deeply."

"Wa'al," said the captain, mollified, "then I've made a good cast, without knowing it. Now, Tregarthen, there stands the lover of your only child, and here stand I who know his secret. I warrant it a righteous secret, and none of his making, though bound to be of his keeping. I want to help him out with it, and tewardwards that end we ask you to favour us with the names of two or three old residents in the village of Lanrean. As I am taking out my pocket-book and pencil to put the names down, I may as well observe to you that this, wrote atop of the first page here, is my name and address: 'Silas Jonas Jorgan, Salem, Massachusetts, United States.' If ever you take it in your head to run over, any morning, I shall be glad to welcome you. Now, what may be the spelling of these said names?"

"There was an elderly man," said Tregarthen, "named David Polreath. He may be dead."

"Wa'al," said the captain, cheerfully, "if Polreath's dead and buried, and can be made of any service to us, Polreath won't object to our digging of him up. Polreath's down, anyhow."

"There was another, named Penrewen. I don't know his Christian name."

"Never mind his Chris'en name," said the captain. "Penrewen for short."

"There was another, named John Tredgear." "And a pleasant-sounding name, too," said the captain; "John Tredgear's booked."

"I can recal no other, except old Parvis."

"One of old Parvis's fam'ly, I reckon," said the captain, "kept a dry-goods store in New York city, and realised a handsome competency by burning his house to ashes. Same name, anyhow. David Polreath, Unchris'en Penrewen, John Tredgear, and old Arson Parvis."

"I cannot recal any others, at the moment."

"Thankee," said the captain. "And so, Tregarthen, hoping for your good opinion yet, and likewise for the fair Devonshire Flower's, your daughter's, I give you my hand, sir, and wish you good day."

Young Raybrock accompanied him disconsolately; for, there was no Kitty at the window when he looked up, no Kitty in the garden when he shut the gate, no Kitty gazing after them along the stony ways when they began to climb back.

"Now I tell you what," said the captain. "Not being at present calculated to promote harmony in your family, I won't come in. You go and get your dinner at home, and I'll get mine at the little hotel. Let our hour of meeting be

two o'clock, and you'll find me smoking a cigar in the sun afore the hotel door. Tell Tom Pettifer, my steward, to consider himself on duty, and to look after your people till we come back; you'll find he'll have made himself useful to 'em already, and will be quite acceptable."

All was done as Captain Jorgan directed. Punctually at two o'clock, the young fisherman appeared with his knapsack at his back; and punctually at two o'clock, the captain jerked away the last feather end of his cigar.

"Let me carry your baggage, Captain Jorgan; I can easily take it with mine."

"Thank'ee," said the captain, "I'll carry it myself. It's only a comb."

They climbed out of the village, and paused among the trees and fern on the summit of the hill above, to take breath and to look down at the beautiful sea. Suddenly, the captain gave his leg a resounding slap, and cried, "Never knew such a right thing in all my life!"—and ran away.

The cause of this abrupt retirement on the part of the captain, was little Kitty among the trees. The captain went out of sight and waited, and kept out of sight and waited, until it occurred to him to beguile the time with another cigar. He lighted it, and smoked it out, and still he was out of sight and waiting. He stole within sight at last, and saw the lovers, with their arms entwined and their bent heads touching, moving slowly among the trees. It was the golden time of the afternoon then, and the captain said to himself, "Golden sun, golden sea, golden sails, golden leaves, golden love, golden youth—a golden state of things altogether!"

Nevertheless, the captain found it necessary to hail his young companion before going out of sight again. In a few moments more, he came up, and they began their journey.

"That still young woman with the fatherless child," said Captain Jorgan as they fell into step, "didn't throw her words away; but good honest words are never thrown away. And now that I am conveying you off from that tender little thing that loves and relies and hopes, I feel just as if I was the snarling crittur in the picters, with the tight legs, the long nose, and the feather in his cap, the tips of whose mustachios get up nearer to his eyes, the wickedder he gets."

The young fisherman knew nothing of Me-phistopheles; but, he smiled when the captain stopped to double himself up and slap his leg, and they went along in right good fellowship.

CHAPTER III. THE CLUB-NIGHT.

A CORNISH MOOR, when the east wind drives over it, is as cold and rugged a scene as a traveller is likely to find in a year's travel. A Cornish Moor in the dark, is as black a solitude as the traveller is likely to wish himself well out of, in the course of a life's wanderings. A Cornish Moor in a night fog, is a wilderness where the traveller needs to know his way well, or the chances are very strong that his life and his wanderings will soon perplex him no more.

Captain Jorgan and the young fisherman had faced the east and the south-east winds, from the first rising of the sun after their departure from the village of Steepways. Thrice, had the sun risen, and still all day long had the sharp wind blown at them like some malevolent spirit bent on forcing them back. But, Captain Jorgan was too familiar with all the winds that blow, and too much accustomed to circumvent their slightest weaknesses and get the better of them in the long run, to be beaten by any member of the airy family. Taking the year round, it was his opinion that it mattered little what wind blew, or how hard it blew; so, he was as indifferent to the wind on this occasion as a man could be who frequently observed "that it freshened him up," and who regarded it in the light of an old acquaintance. One might have supposed from his way, that there was even a kind of fraternal understanding between Captain Jorgan and the wind, as between two professed fighters often opposed to one another. The young fisherman, for his part, was accustomed within his narrower limits to hold hard weather cheap, and had his anxious object before him; so, the wind went by him too, little heeded, and went upon its way to kiss Kitty.

Their varied course had lain by the side of the sea where the brown rocks cleft it into fountains of spray, and inland where once barren moors were reclaimed and cultivated, and by lonely villages of poor-enough cabins with mud walls, and by a town or two with an old church and a market-place. But, always travelling through a sparsely inhabited country and over a broad expanse, they had come at last upon the true Cornish Moor within reach of Lanrean. None but gaunt spectres of miners passed them here, with metallic masks of faces, ghastly with dust of copper and tin; anon, solitary works on remote hill-tops, and bare machinery of torturing wheels and cogs and chains, writhing up hill-sides, were the few scattered hints of human presence in the landscape; during long intervals, the bitter wind, howling and tearing at them like a fierce wild monster, had them all to itself.

"A sing'lar thing it is," said the captain, looking round at the brown desert of rank grass and poor moss, "how like this airth is, to the men that live upon it! Here's a spot of country rich with hidden metals, and it puts on the worst rags of clothes possible, and crouches and shivers and makes believe to be so poor that it can't so much as afford a feed for a beast. Just like a human miser, ain't it?"

"But they find the miser out," returned the young fisherman, pointing to where the earth by the watercourses and along the valleys was turned up, for miles, in trying for metal.

"Ay, they find him out," said the captain; "but he makes a struggle of it even then, and holds back all he can. He's a 'cute 'un."

The gloom of evening was already gathering on the dreary scene, and they were, at the shortest and best, a dozen miles from their destination. But, the captain, in his long-skirted

blue coat and his boots and his hat and his square shirt-collar, and without any extra defence against the weather, walked coolly along with his hands in his pockets: as if he lived underground somewhere hard by, and had just come up to show his friend the road.

"I'd have liked to have had a look at this place, too," said the captain, "when there was a monstrous sweep of water rolling over it, dragging the powerful great stones along and piling 'em atop of one another, and depositing the foundations for all manner of superstitions. Bless you! the old priests, smart mechanical critturs as they were, never piled up many of these stones. Water's the lever that moved 'em. When you see 'em thick and blunt towards one point of the compass, and fined away thin towards the opposite point, you may be as good as moral sure that the name of the ancient Druid that fixed 'em was Water."

The captain referred to some great blocks of stone presenting this characteristic, which were wonderfully balanced and heaped on one another, on a desolate hill. Looking back at these, as they stood out against the lurid glare of the west, just then expiring, they were not unlike enormous antediluvian birds, that had perched there on crags and peaks, and had been petrified there.

"But it's an interesting country," said the captain, "—fact! It's old in the annals of that said old Arch Druid, Water, and it's old in the annals of the said old parson-critturs too. It's a mighty interesting thing to set your boot (as I did this day) on a rough honey-combed old stone, with just nothing you can name but weather visible upon it: which the scholars that go about with hammers, chipping pieces off the universal airth, find to be an inscription, entreating prayers for the soul of some for-ages-bust-up crittur of a governor that over-taxed a people never heard of." Here the captain stopped to slap his leg. "It's a mighty interesting thing to come upon a score or two of stones set up on end in a desert, some short, some tall, some leaning here, some leaning there, and to know that they were pop'larly supposed—and may be still—to be a group of Cornish men that got changed into that geological formation for playing a game upon a Sunday. They wouldn't have it in my country, I reckon, even if they could get it—but it's very interesting."

In this, the captain, though it amused him, was quite sincere. Quite as sincere as when he added, after looking well about him: "That fog-bank coming up as the sun goes down, will spread, and we shall have to feel our way into Lanrean full as much as see it."

All the way along, the young fisherman had spoken at times to the captain, of his interrupted hopes, and of the family good name, and of the restitution that must be made, and of the cherished plans of his heart so near attainment, which must be set aside for it. In his simple faith and honour, he seemed incapable of entertaining the idea that it was within the bounds of possibility to evade the doing of what their

inquiries should establish to be right. This was very agreeable to Captain Jorgan, and won his genuine admiration. Wherefore, he now turned the discourse back into that channel, and encouraged his companion to talk of Kitty, and to calculate how many years it would take, without a share in the fishery, to establish a home for her, and to relieve his honest heart by dwelling on its anxieties.

Meanwhile, it fell very dark, and the fog became dense, though the wind howled at them and bit them as savagely as ever. The captain had carefully taken the bearings of Lanrean from the map, and carried his pocket compass with him; the young fisherman, too, possessed that kind of cultivated instinct for shaping a course, which is often found among men of such pursuits. But, although they held a true course in the main, and corrected it when they lost the road by the aid of the compass and a light obtained with great difficulty in the roomy depths of the captain's hat, they could not help losing the road often. On such occasions they would become involved in the difficult ground of the spongy moor, and, after making a laborious loop, would emerge upon the road at some point they had passed before they left it, and thus would have a good deal of work to do twice over. But the young fisherman was not easily lost, and the captain (and his comb) would probably have turned up, with perfect coolness and self-possession, at any appointed spot on the surface of this globe. Consequently, they were no more than retarded in their progress to Lanrean, and arrived in that small place at nine o'clock. By that time, the captain's hat had fallen back over his ears and rested on the nape of his neck; but he still had his hands in his pockets, and showed no other sign of dilapidation.

They had almost run against a low stone house with red-curtained windows, before they knew they had hit upon the little hotel, the King Arthur's Arms. They could just descry through the mist, on the opposite side of the narrow road, other low stone buildings which were its outhouses and stables; and somewhere overhead, its invisible sign was being wrathfully swung by the wind.

"Now, wait a bit," said the captain. "They might be full here, or they might offer us cold quarters. Consequently, the policy is to take an observation, and, when we've found the warmest room, walk right slap into it."

The warmest room was evidently that from which fire and candle streamed reddest and brightest, and from which the sound of voices engaged in some discussion came out into the night. Captain Jorgan having established the bearings of this room, merely said to his young friend, "Follow me!" and was in it, before King Arthur's Arms had any notion that they enfolded a stranger.

"Order, order, order!" cried several voices, as the captain with his hat under his arm, stood within the door he had opened.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, advancing, "I am much beholden to you for the oppor-

tunity you give me of addressing you; but will not detain you with any lengthened observations. I have the honour to be a cousin of yours on the Uncle Sam side; this young friend of mine is a nearer relation of yours on the Devonshire side; we are both pretty nigh used up, and much in want of supper. I thank you for your welcome, and I am proud to take you by the hand, sir, and I hope I see you well."

These last words were addressed to a jolly looking chairman with a wooden hammer near him: which, but for the captain's friendly grasp, he would have taken up, and hammered the table with.

"How do you *do*, sir?" said the captain, shaking this chairman's hand with the greatest heartiness, while his new friend ineffectually eyed his hammer of office; "when you come to my country, I shall be proud to return your welcome, sir, and that of this good company."

The captain now took his seat near the fire, and invited his companion to do the like—whom he congratulated aloud, on their having "fallen on their feet."

The company, who might be about a dozen in number, were at a loss what to make of, or do with, the captain. But, one little old man in long flapping shirt collars: who, with only his face and them visible through a cloud of tobacco smoke, looked like a superannuated Cherubim: said sharply,

"This is a Club."

"This is a Club," the captain repeated to his young friend. "Wa'al now, that's curious! Didn't I say, coming along, if we could only light upon a Club?"

The captain's doubling himself up and slapping his leg, finished the chairman. He had been softening towards the captain from the first, and he melted. "Gentlemen King Arthurs," said he, rising, "though it is not the custom to admit strangers, still, as we have broken the rule once to-night, I will exert my authority and break it again. And while the supper of these travellers is cooking;" here his eye fell on the landlord, who discreetly took the hint and withdrew to see about it; "I will recal you to the subject of the seafaring man."

"D'y'e hear!" said the captain, aside to the young fisherman; "that's in our way. Who's the seafaring man, I wonder?"

"I see several old men here," returned the young fisherman, eagerly, for his thoughts were always on his object. "Perhaps one or more of the old men whose names you wrote down in your book, may be here."

"Perhaps," said the captain; "I've got my eye on 'em. But don't force it. Try if it won't come nat'ral."

Thus the two, behind their hands, while they sat warming them at the fire. Simultaneously, the Club beginning to be at its ease again, and resuming the discussion of the seafaring man, the captain winked to his fellow-traveller to let him attend to it.

As it was a kind of conversation not altogether unprecedented in such assemblages, where

most of those who spoke at all, spoke all at once, and where half of those could put no beginning to what they had to say, and the other half could put no end, the tendency of the debate was discursive, and not very intelligible. All the captain had made out, down to the time when the separate little table laid for two was covered with a smoking broiled fowl and rashers of bacon, reduced itself to these heads. That, a seafaring man had arrived at The King Arthur's Arms, benighted, an hour or so earlier in the evening. That, the Gentlemen King Arthurs had admitted him, though all unknown, into the sanctuary of their Club. That, they had invited him to make his footing good by telling a story. That, he had, after some pressing, begun a story of adventure and shipwreck: at an interesting point of which he suddenly broke off, and positively refused to finish. That, he had thereupon taken up a candlestick, and gone to bed, and was now the sole occupant of a double-bedded room up-stairs. The question raised on these premises, appeared to be, whether the seafaring man was not in a state of contumacy and contempt, and ought not to be formally voted and declared in that condition. This deliberation involved the difficulty (suggested by the more jocose and irreverent of the Gentlemen King Arthurs) that it might make no sort of difference to the seafaring man whether he was so voted and declared, or not.

Captain Jorgan and the young fisherman ate their supper and drank their beer, and their knives and forks had ceased to rattle and their glasses had ceased to clink, and still the discussion showed no symptoms of coming to any conclusion. But, when they had left their little supper-table and had returned to their seats by the fire, the Chairman hammered himself into attention, and thus outspoke.

"Gentlemen King Arthurs; when the night is so bad without, harmony should prevail within. When the moor is so windy, cold, and bleak, this room should be cheerful, convivial, and entertaining. Gentlemen, at present it is neither the one, nor yet the other, nor yet the other. Gentlemen King Arthurs, I recal you to yourselves. Gentlemen King Arthurs, what are you? You are inhabitants—old inhabitants—of the noble village of Lanrean. You are in council assembled. You are a monthly Club through all the winter months, and they are many. It is your perroud pervilege, on a new member's entrance, or on a member's birthday, to call upon that member to make good his footing by relating to you some transaction or adventure in his life, or in the life of a relation, or in the life of a friend, and then to depute me as your representative to spin a teetotum to pass it round. Gentlemen King Arthurs, your perroud pervileges shall not suffer in my keeping. N—no! Therefore, as the member whose birthday the present occasion has the honour to be, has gratified you; and as the seafaring man overhead has *not* gratified you; I start you fresh, by spinning the teetotum attached to my office, and calling on

the gentleman it falls to, to speak up when his name is declared."

The captain and his young friend looked hard at the teetotum as it whirled rapidly, and harder still when it gradually became intoxicated and began to stagger about the table in an ill-conducted and disorderly manner. Finally, it came into collision with a candlestick and leaped against the pipe of the old gentleman with the flapping shirt collars. Thereupon, the chairman struck the table once with his hammer and said:

"Mr. Parvis!"

"D'ye hear that?" whispered the captain, greatly excited, to the young fisherman. "I'd have laid you a thousand dollars a good half-hour ago, that that old cherubim in the clouds was Arson Parvis!"

The respectable personage in question, after turning up one eye to assist his memory—at which time, he bore a very striking resemblance indeed to the conventional representations of his race as executed in oil by various ancient masters—commenced a narrative, of which the interest centred in a waistcoat. It appeared that the waistcoat was a yellow waistcoat with a green stripe, white sleeves, and a plain brass button. It also appeared that the waistcoat was made to order, by Nicholas Pendold of Penzance, who was thrown off the top of a four-horse coach coming down the hill on the Plymouth road, and, pitching on his head where he was not sensitive, lived two-and-thirty years afterwards, and considered himself the better for the accident—roused up, as it might be. It further appeared that the waistcoat belonged to Mr. Parvis's father, and had once attended him, in company with a pair of gaiters, to the annual feast of miners at St. Just: where the extraordinary circumstance which ever afterwards rendered it a waistcoat famous in story had occurred. But, the celebrity of the waistcoat was not thoroughly accounted for by Mr. Parvis, and had to be to some extent taken on trust by the company, in consequence of that gentleman's entirely forgetting all about the extraordinary circumstance that had handed it down to fame. Indeed, he was even unable, on a gentle cross-examination instituted for the assistance of his memory, to inform the Gentlemen King Arthurs whether it was a circumstance of a natural or supernatural character. Having thus responded to the teetotum, Mr. Parvis, after looking out from his clouds as if he would like to see the man who would beat that, subsided into himself.

The fraternity were plunged into a blank condition by Mr. Parvis's success, and the chairman was about to try another spin, when young Raybrock—whom Captain Jorgan had with difficulty restrained—rose, and said might he ask Mr. Parvis a question.

The Gentlemen King Arthurs holding, with loud cries of "Order!" that he might not, he asked the question as soon as he could possibly make himself heard.

Did the forgotten circumstance relate in any

way to money? To a sum of money, such as five hundred pounds? To money supposed by its possessor to be honestly come by, but in reality ill-gotten and stolen?

A general surprise seized upon the club when this remarkable inquiry was preferred; which would have become resentment but for the captain's interposition.

"Strange as it sounds," said he, "and suspicious as it sounds, I pledge myself, gentlemen, that my young friend here has a manly stand-up Cornish reason for his words. Also, I pledge myself that they are inoffensive words. He and I are searching for information on a subject which those words generally describe. Such information we may get from the honestest and best of men—may get, or not get, here or anywhere about here. I hope the Honourable Mr. Arson—I ask his pardon—Parvis—will not object to quiet my young friend's mind by saying Yes or No.

After some time, the obtuse Mr. Parvis was with great trouble and difficulty induced to roar out "No!" For which concession the captain rose and thanked him.

"Now, listen to the next," whispered the captain to the young fisherman. "There may be more in him than in the other crittur. Don't interrupt him. Hear him out."

The chairman with all due formality spun the teetotum, and it reeled into the brandy-and-water of a strong brown man of sixty or so: John Tredgear: the manager of a neighbouring mine. He immediately began as follows, with a plain business-like air that gradually warmed as he proceeded.

It happened that at one period of my life the path of my destiny (not a tin path then) lay along the highways and byways of France, and that I had occasion to make frequent stoppages at common French roadside cabarets—that kind of tavern which has a very bad name in French books and French plays. I had engaged myself in an undertaking which rendered such journeys necessary. A very old friend of mine had recently established himself at Paris in a wholesale commercial enterprise, into the nature of which it is not necessary for our present purpose to enter. He had proposed to me a certain share in the undertaking, and one of the duties of my post was to involve occasional journeys among the smaller towns and villages of France, with the view of establishing agencies and opening connexions. My friend had applied to me to undertake this function, rather than to a native, feeling that he could trust me better than a stranger. He knew also that, in consequence of my having been half my life at school in France, my knowledge of the language would be sufficient for every purpose that could be required.

I accepted my friend's proposal, and entered with such energy as I could command upon my new mode of life. Sometimes, my journeyings from place to place were accomplished by

means of the railroad, or other public conveyance; but there were other occasions, and these last I liked the best, when it was necessary I should go to out-of-the-way places, and by such cross-roads as rendered it more convenient for me to travel with a carriage and horse of my own. My carriage was a kind of phaeton without a coach-box, with a leather hood that would put up and down; and there was plenty of room at the back, for such specimens or samples of goods as it was necessary that I should carry with me. For my horse—it was absolutely indispensable that it should be an animal of some value, as no horse but a very good one would be capable of performing the long courses day after day which my mode of travelling rendered necessary. He cost me two thousand francs, and was anything but dear at the price.

Many were the journeys we performed together over the broad acres of beautiful France. Many were the hotels, many the auberges, many the bad dinners, many the damp beds, and many the fleas which I encountered en route. Many were the dull old fortified towns over whose drawbridges I rolled; many the still more dull old towns without fortifications and without drawbridges, at which my avocations made it necessary for me to halt.

I don't know how it was that on the morning when I was to start from the town of Doulaise, with the intention of sleeping at Francy-le-Grand, I was an hour later in commencing my journey than I ought to have been. I have said I don't know how it was, but this is scarcely true. I do know how it was. It was because on that morning, to use a popular expression, everything went wrong. So, it was an hour later than it ought to have been, gentlemen, when I drew up the sheepskin lining of my carriage apron over my legs, and establishing my little dog comfortably on the seat beside me, set off on my journey. In all my expeditions I was accompanied by a favourite terrier of mine, which I had brought with me from England. I never travelled without her, and found her a companion.

It was a miserable day in the month of October. A perfectly grey sky, with white gleams about the horizon, gave unmistakable evidence that the small drizzle which was falling would continue for four-and-twenty hours at least. It was cold and cheerless weather, and on the deserted road I was pursuing, there was scarcely a human being (unless it was an occasional cantonnier, or road-mender) to break the solitude. A deserted way indeed, with poplars on each side of it, which had turned yellow in the autumn, and had shed their leaves in abundance all across the road, so that my mare's footsteps had quite a muffled sound as she trampled them under her hoofs. Widely-extending flats spread out on either side till the view was lost in an inconceivably melancholy scene, and the road itself was so perfectly straight, that you could see something like ten miles of it diminishing to a point in front of you, while a similar view was visible through the little window at the back of the carriage.

In the hurry of the morning's departure I had omitted to inquire, as I generally did in travelling an unknown road, at what village it would be best for me to stop, about noon, to bait, and what was the name of the most respectable house of public entertainment in my way; so that when I arrived between twelve and one o'clock at a certain place where four roads met; and when at one of the corners formed by their union I saw a great bare-looking inn, with the sign of the Tête Noire swinging in front; I had nothing for it but to put up there, without knowing anything of the character of the house.

The look of the place did not please me. It was a great bare uninhabited-looking house, which seemed much larger than was necessary, and presented a black and dirty appearance, which, considering the distance from any town, it was difficult to account for. All the doors and all the windows were shut; there was no sign of any living creature about the place; and niched into the wall above the principal entrance was a grim and ghastly-looking life-size figure of a Saint. For a moment I hesitated whether I should turn into the open gates of the stable-yard, or go further in search of some more attractive halting-place. But my mare was tired, I was more than half way on my road, and this would be the best division of the journey. Besides, Gentlemen; why *not* put up here? If I was only going to stop at such places of entertainment as completely satisfied me, externally as well as internally, I had better give up travelling altogether.

There were no more signs of life in the interior of the yard, than were presented by the external aspect of the house, as it fronted the road. Everything seemed shut up. All the stables and outhouses were characterised by closed doors, without so much as a straw clinging to their thresholds to indicate that these buildings were sometimes put to a practical use. I saw no manure strewed about the place, and no living creature: no pigs, no ducks, no fowls. It was perfectly still and quiet, and, as it was one of those days when a fine small rain descends quite straight, without a breath of air to drive it one way or other, the silence was complete and distressing. I gave a loud shout, and began undoing the harness while my summons was taking effect.

The first person whom the sound of my voice appeared to have reached, was a small but precocious boy: who opened a door in the back of the house, and, descending the flight of steps which led to it, approached to aid me in my task. I was just undoing the final buckle on my side of the harness, when, happening to turn round, I discovered, standing close behind me, a personage who had approached so quietly that it would have been a confusing thing to find him so near even if there had been nothing in his appearance which was calculated to startle one. He was the most ill-looking man, Gentlemen, that it was ever my fortune to behold. Nearer fifty than any other age I could give him, his dry spare nature had kept him as light and

active as a restless boy. An absence of flesh, however, was not the only want I felt to exist in the personal appearance of the landlord of the Tête Noire. There was a much more serious defect in him than this. A want of any hint of mercy, or conscience, or any accessible approach to the better side (if there was a better side) of the man's nature. When first I looked at his eyes, as he stood behind me in the open court, and as they rapidly glanced over the comely points of my horse, and thence to the packages inside my carriage and the port-manteau strapped on in front of it—at that time, the colour of his eyes appeared to me to be of an almost orange tinge; but when, a minute afterwards, we stood together in the dark stable, I noted that a kind of blue phosphorescence gleamed upon their surface, veiling their real hue, and imparting to them a tigerish lustre. The moment when I remarked this, by-the-by, was when the organs I have been describing were fixed upon the very large gold ring which I had not ceased to wear when I adopted my adventurous life, and which you may see upon my finger now. There were two other things about this man that struck me. These were, a bald red projecting lump of flesh at the back of his head, and a deep scar, which a scrap of frouzy whisker on his cheek wholly declined to conceal.

"A nasty day for a journey of pleasure," said the landlord, looking at me with a satirical smile.

"Perhaps it is *not* a journey of pleasure," I answered, dryly.

"We have few such travellers on the road now," said the evil-faced man. "The railroads make the country a desert, and the roads are as wild as they were three hundred years ago."

"They are well enough," I answered, carelessly, "for those who are obliged to travel by them. Nobody else, I should think, would be likely to make use of them."

"Will you come into the house?" said the landlord, abruptly, looking me full in the face.

I never felt a stronger repugnance than I entertained towards the idea of entering this man's doors. Yet what other course was open to me. My mare was already half through the first instalment of her oats, so there was no more excuse for remaining in the stable. To take a walk in the drenching rain was out of the question, and to remain sitting in my calèche would have been a worse indication of suspicion and mistrust. Besides, I had had nothing since the morning's coffee, and I wanted something to eat and drink. There was nothing to be done, then, but to accept my ill-looking friend's offer. He led the way up the flight of steps which gave access to the interior of the building.

The room in which I found myself on passing through the door at the top of these steps, was one of those rooms which an excess of light not only fails to enliven, but seems even to invest with an additional degree of gloom. There is *sometimes* this character about light, and

I have seen before now, a workhouse ward, and a barren schoolroom, which have owed a good share of their melancholy to an immoderate amount of cold grey daylight. This room, then, into which I was shown, was one of those which, on a wet day, seemed several degrees lighter than the open air. Of course it could not be really lighter than the thing that lit it, but it seemed so. It also appeared larger than the whole out-door world; and this, certainly, could not be either, but seemed so. Vast as it was, there appeared through two glass-doors in one of the walls another apartment of similar dimensions. It was not a square room, nor an oblong room, but was smaller at one end than at the other: a phenomenon which, as you have very likely observed, Gentlemen, has always an unpleasant effect. The billiard-table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, though really of the usual size, looked quite a trifling piece of furniture; and as to the other tables, which were planted sparingly here and there for purposes of refreshment, they were quite lost in the immensity of space about them. A cupboard, a rack of billiard cues, a marking-board, and a print of the murder of the Archbishop of Paris in a black frame, alone broke the uniformity of wall. The ceiling, as far as one could judge of anything at that altitude, appeared to be traversed by an enormous beam with rings fastened into it adapted for suicidal purposes, and splashed with the whitewash with which the ceiling itself and the walls had just been decorated. Even my little terrier, whom I had been obliged to take up in my arms on account of the disposition she had manifested to fly at the shins of our detested landlord, looked round the room with a gaze of horror as I set her down, and trembled and shivered as if she would come out of her skin.

"And so you don't like him, Nelly, and your little beads of eyes, that look up at me from under that hairy penthouse, with nothing but love in them, are all a-blaze with fury when they are turned upon his sinister face? And how did he get that scar, Nelly? Did he get it when he slaughtered his last traveller? And what do you think of his eyes, Nelly? And what do you think of the back of his head, my dog? What do you think he's about now, eh? What mischief do you think he's hatching? Don't you wish you were sitting by my side in the calèche, and that we were out on the free road again?"

To all these questions and remarks, my little companion responded very intelligibly by faint thumpings of the ground with her tail, and by certain flutterings of her ears, which, from long habits of intercourse, I understood very well to mean that whatever my opinion might be, she coincided in it.

I had ordered an omelette and some wine when I first entered the house, and, as I now sat waiting for it, I observed that my landlord would every now and then leave what he was about in the other room—where I concluded that he was engaged preparing my meal—and would

come and peer at me furtively through the glass-doors which connected the room I was in, with that in which he was. Once, too, I heard him go out, and I felt sure that he had retired to the stables, to examine more minutely the value of my horse and carriage.

I took it into my head that my landlord was a desperate rogue; that his business was not sufficient to support him; that he had remarked that I was in possession of a very valuable horse, a carriage which would fetch something, and a quantity of luggage in which there were probably articles of price. I had other things of worth about my person, including a sum of money, without which I could not be travelling about, as he saw me, from place to place.

While my mind was amusing itself with these cheerful reflections, a little girl, of about twelve years old, entered the room through the glass-doors, and, after honouring me with a long stare, went to the cupboard at the other end of the apartment, and, opening it with a bunch of keys which she brought with her in her hand, took out a small white paper packet, about four inches square, and retired with it by the way by which she had entered; still staring at me so diligently that, from want of proper attention to where she was going, she got (I am happy to state) a severe bump against the door as she passed through it. She was a horrid little girl this, with eyes that in shirking the necessity of looking straight at anybody or anything, had got at last to look only at her nose—finding it, probably, as bad a nose as could be met with, and therefore a congenial companion. She had, moreover, frizzy and fluey hair, was excessively dirty, and had a slow crab-like way of going along without looking at what she was about, which was very noisome and detestable.

It was not long before this young lady reappeared, bearing in her hand a plate containing the omelette, which she placed upon the table without going through the previous form of laying a cloth. She next cut an immense piece of bread from a loaf shaped like a ring, and, having clapped this also down upon the dirtiest part of the table, and having further favoured me with a wiped knife and fork, disappeared once more. She disappeared to fetch the wine. When this had been brought, and some water, the preparations for my feast were considered complete, and I was left to enjoy it alone.

I must not omit to mention that the horrid waiting-maid appeared to excite as strong an antipathy in the breast of my little dog as that which my landlord himself had stirred up; and, I am happy to say, that as the child left the room I was obliged to interfere, to prevent Nelly from harassing her retreating calves.

Gentlemen, an experienced traveller soon learns that he must eat to support nature: closing his eyes, nose, and ears to all suggestions. I set to work, then, at the omelette with energy, and at the tough sour bread with good will, and had swallowed half a tumbler of wine and water, when a thought suddenly occurred to me which caused me to set the glass

down upon the table. I had no sooner done this, than I raised it again to my lips, took a fresh sip, rolled the liquid about in my mouth two or three times, and spat it out upon the floor. But I uttered, as I did so, in an audible tone, the monosyllable "Pooh!"

"Pooh! Nelly," I said, looking down at my dog, who was watching me intensely with her head on one side—"pooh! Nelly," I repeated, "what frantic and inconceivable nonsense!"

And what was it that I thus stigmatised? What was it that had given me pause in the middle of my draught? What thought was it that caused me to set down my glass with half its contents remaining in it? It was a suspicion, driven straight and swift as an arrow into the innermost recesses of my soul, that the wine I had just been drinking, and which, contrary to my custom, I had mingled with water, was drugged!

There are some thoughts which, like noxious insects, come buzzing back into one's mind as often as we repulse them. We confute them in argument, prove them illogical, leave them not a leg to stand upon, and yet there they are the next moment as brisk as bees, and stronger on their pins than ever. It was just such a thought as this with which I had now to deal. It was well to say "Pooh!" it was well to remind myself that this was the nineteenth century, that I was not acting a part in a French melodrama, that such things as I was thinking of were only known in romances; it was well to argue that to set a respectable man down as a murderer, because he had peculiar coloured eyes and a scar upon his cheek; were ridiculous things to do. There seemed to be two separate parties within me: one possessed of great powers of argument and a cool judgment: the other, an irrational or opposition party, whose chief force consisted in a system of dogged assertion, which all the arguments of the rational party were insufficient to put down.

It was not long before an additional force was imparted to the tactics of the irrational party, by certain symptoms which began to develop themselves in my internal organisation, and which seemed favourable to the view of the case I was so anxious to refute. In spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I could not help feeling that some very remarkable sensations were slowly and gradually stealing over me. First of all, I began to find that I was a little at fault in my system of calculating distances: so that when I took up any object and attempted to replace it on the table, I either brought it into contact with that article of furniture with a crash, in consequence of conceiving it to be lower than it was; or else, imagining that the table was several inches nearer to the ceiling than was the case, I abandoned whatever I held in my hand sooner than I should, and found that I was confiding it to space. Then, again, my head felt light upon my shoulders, there was a slight tingling in my hands, and a sense that they, as well as my feet (which were very cold),

were swelling to gigantic size, and were also surrounded with numerous rapidly revolving wheels of a light structure, like Catherine-wheels previous to ignition. It also appeared to me that when I spoke to my dog, my voice had a curious sound, and my words were very imperfectly articulated.

It would happen, too, that when I looked towards the glass-doors, my landlord was there, peering at me through the muslin curtains: or the horrid little girl would enter, with no obvious intention, and having loitered for a little time about the room, would leave it again. At length the landlord himself came in, and coolly walking up to the table at which I was seated, glanced at the hardly tasted wine before me.

"It would appear that the wine of the country is not to your taste," he said.

"It is good enough," I answered, as carelessly as I could; the words sounding to me as if they were uttered inside the cupola of St. Paul's, and were conveyed by iron tubes to the place I occupied.

I was in a strange state—perfectly conscious, but imperfectly able to control my thoughts, my words, my actions. I believe my landlord stood staring down at me as I sat staring up at him, and watching the Catherine-wheels as they revolved round his eyes and nose and chin—Gentlemen, they seemed absolutely to *fizz* when they got to the scar on his cheek.

At this time a noisy party entered the main room of the auberge, which I have described as being visible through the glass-doors, and the landlord had to leave me for a time, to go and attend to them. I think I must have fallen into a slight and strongly-resisted doze, and that when I started out of it, it was in consequence of the violent barking of my terrier. The landlord was in the room; he was just unlocking the cupboard from which the little girl had taken the paper parcel. He took out just such another paper parcel, and returned again through the doors. As he did so, I remember stupidly wondering what had become of the little girl. Presently his evil face appeared again at the door.

"I am going to prepare the coffee," said the landlord; "perhaps monsieur will like it better than the wine."

As the man disappeared, I started suddenly and violently upon my feet. I could deceive myself no longer. My thoughts were like lightning. "The wine having been taken in so small a quantity and so profusely mixed with water, has done its work (as this man can see) but imperfectly. The coffee will finish that work. He is now preparing it. The cupboard, the little parcel—there can be no doubt. I will leave this place while I yet can. Now or never; if those men whose voices I hear in the other room leave the house it will be too late. With so many witnesses, no attempt can be made to prevent my departure. *I will* not sleep—I *will* act—I *will* force my muscles to their work, and get away from this place."

Gentlemen; in compensation for a set of

nerves of distressing sensitiveness, I have received from nature a remarkable power of controlling my nerves for a time. I staggered to the door, closing it after me more violently than I had intended, and descended—the fresh air making me feel very giddy—into the yard.

As I went down the steps, I saw the truculent little girl of whom I have already spoken entering the yard, followed by a blacksmith, carrying a hammer and some other implements of his trade. Catching sight of me, the little girl spoke quickly to the blacksmith, and in an instant they both changed their course, which was directed towards the stable, and entered an outhouse on the other side of the yard. The thought entered my head that this man had been sent for to drive a nail into my horse's foot, so that in the event of the drugged wine failing I might still be unable to proceed. This horrible idea added new force to my exertions. I seized the shafts of my carriage and commenced dragging it out of the yard and round to the front of the house: feeling that if it was once in the highway, there would be less possibility of offering any impediment to my starting. I am conscious of having fallen twice to the ground, in my struggles to get the carriage out of the yard. Next, I hastened to the stable. My mare was still harnessed, with the exception of the headstall. I managed to get the bit into her mouth, and dragged her to the place where I had left the carriage. After I know not how many efforts to place the docile beast in the shafts—for I was as incapable of calculating distances as a drunken man—I recollect, but how I know not, securing the assistance of the boy I had seen. I was making a final effort to fasten the trace to its little pin, when a voice behind me said:

"Are you going away without drinking your coffee?"

I turned round and saw my landlord standing close beside me. He was watching my bungling efforts to secure the harness, but he made no movement to assist me.

"I do not want any coffee," I answered.

"No coffee, and no wine! It would appear that the gentleman is not a great drinker. You have not given your horse much of a rest," he added, presently.

"I am in haste. What have I to pay?"

"You will take something else," said the landlord; "a glass of brandy before starting in the wet?"

"No, nothing more. What have I to pay?"

"You will at least come in for an instant, and warm your feet at the stove."

"No. Tell me at once how much I am to pay."

Baffled in all his efforts to get me again into the house, my detested landlord had nothing for it but to answer my demand.

"Four litres of oats," he muttered, "a half-truss of hay, breakfast, wine, coffee"—he emphasised the last two words with a malignant grin—"seven francs fifty centimes."

My mare was by this time somehow or other buckled into the shafts, and now I had to get

out my purse to pay this demand. My hands were cold, my head was giddy, my sight was dim, and, as I brought out my purse (which was a *porte-monnaie*, opening with a hinge), I managed while paying the bill to turn the purse over and to drop some gold pieces.

"Gold!" cried the boy who had been helping me to harness the horse: speaking as if by an irresistible impulse.

The landlord made a sudden dart at it, but instantly checked himself.

"People want plenty of gold," he said, "when they make a journey of pleasure."

I felt myself getting worse. I could not pick up the gold pieces as they lay on the ground. I fell on my knees, and my head bowed forward. I could not hit the place where a coin lay; I could see it but I could not guide my fingers to it. Still I did not yield. I got some of the money up, and the stable-boy, who was very officious in assisting me, gave me one or two pieces—to this day, I don't know how many he kept. I cast a hasty glance around, and, seeing no more gold on the ground, raised myself by a desperate effort and scrambled to my place in the carriage. I shook the reins instinctively, and the mare began to move.

The well-trained beast was beginning to trot away as cleverly as usual, when a thought suddenly flashed into my brain, as will sometimes happen when we are just going to sleep—a thought which woke me up like a pistol-shot, and caused me to spring forward and gather up the reins so violently as almost to bring the mare back upon her haunches.

"My dog, my dear little Nelly!" I had left her behind!

To abandon my little favourite was a thing that never entered my head. "No, I must return. I must go back to the horrible place I have just escaped from. He has seen my gold, too, now," I said to myself, as I turned my horse's head with many clumsy efforts; "the men who were drinking in the auberge are gone; and, what is worse than all, I feel more under the influence of the drugs I have swallowed."

As I approached the auberge once more, I remember noticing that its walls looked blacker than ever, that the rain was falling more heavily, that the landlord and the stable-boy were on the steps of the inn, evidently on the look-out for me. One thing more I noticed;—on the road a small speck, as of some vehicle nearing the place.

"I have come back for my dog," said I.

"I know nothing of your dog."

"It is false! I left her shut up in the inner room."

"Go there and find her, then," retorted the man, throwing off all disguise.

"I will," was my answer.

I knew it was a trap to get me into the house; I knew I was lost if I entered it; but I did not care. I descended from the carriage, I clambered up the steps with the aid of the banisters, I heard the barking of my little Nelly as I passed through the outer room and ap-

proached the glass-doors, steadying myself as I went by the articles of furniture in the room. I burst the doors open, and my favourite bounded into my arms.

And now I felt that it was too late. As I approached the door that opened to the road, I saw my carriage being led round to the back of the house, and the form of the landlord appeared in the doorway blocking up the passage. I made an effort to push past him, but it was useless. My little Nelly fell out of my arms on the steps outside; the landlord slammed the door heavily; and I fell, without sense or knowledge, at his feet.

* * * * *

It was dark, Gentlemen,—dark and very cold. The little patch of sky I was looking up at, had in it a marvellous number of stars, which would have looked bright but for a blazing planet which seemed to eclipse, in the absence of the moon, all the other luminaries round about it. To lie thus, was in spite of the cold, quite a luxurious sensation. As I turned my head to ease it a little (for it seemed to have been in this position some time), I felt stiff and weak. At this moment, too, I feel a stirring close beside me, and first a cold nose touching my hand, and then a hot tongue licking it. As to my other sensations, I was aware of a gentle rumbling sound, and I could feel that I was being carried slowly along, and that every now and then there was a slight jolt: one of which, perhaps, more marked than the rest, might be the cause of my being awake at all.

Presently, other matters began to dawn upon my mind through the medium of my senses. I could see the regular movement of a horse's ears walking in front of me; surely I saw, too, part of the figure of a man—a pair of sturdy shoulders, the hood of a coat, and a head with a wide-awake hat upon it. I could hear the occasional sounds of encouragement which seemed to emanate from this figure, and which were addressed to the horse. I could hear the tinkling of bells upon the animal's neck. Surely, too, I heard a rumbling sound behind us, and the tread of a horse's feet—just as if there were another vehicle following close upon us. Was there anything more? Yes, in the distance I was able to detect the twinkling of a light or two, as if a town were not far off.

Now, Gentlemen, as I lay and observed all these things, there was such a languor shed over my spirits, such a sense of utter but not unpleasant weakness, that I hardly cared to ask myself what it all meant, or to inquire where I was, or how I came there. A conviction that all was well with me, lay like an anodyne upon my heart, and it was only slowly and gradually that any curiosity as to how I came to be so, developed itself in my brain. I dare say we had been jogging along for a quarter of an hour during which I had been perfectly conscious, before I struggled up into a sitting posture, and recognised the hooded back of the man at the horse's head.

"Dufay?"

The man with the hooded coat who was walking by the side of the horse, suddenly cried out "Wo!" in a sturdy voice; then ran to the back of the carriage and cried out "Wo!" again; and then we came to a stand-still. In another moment he had mounted on the step of the carriage and had taken me cordially by the hand.

"What," he said, "awake at last? Thank Heaven! I had almost begun to despair of you."

"My dear friend, what does all this mean? Where am I? Where did you come from? This is not my calèche, that is not my horse."

"Both are safe behind," said Dufay, heartily; "and having told you so much, I will not utter another word till you are safe and warm at the Lion d'Or. See! There are the lights of the town. Now, not another word." And pulling the horsecloth under which I was lying, more closely over me, my friend dismounted from the step; started the vehicle with the customary cry of "Allons donc!" and a crack of the whip; and we were soon once more in motion.

Castaing Dufay was a man into whose company circumstances had thrown me very often, and with whom I had become intimate from choice. Of the numerous class to which he belonged, those men whose sturdy vehicles and sturdier horses are to be seen standing in the yards and stables of all the inns in provincial France—the class of the commis-voyageurs, or French commercial travellers—Castaing Dufay was more than a favourable specimen. I was very fond of him. In the course of our intimacy, I had been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of being useful to him in matters of some importance. I think, Gentlemen, we like those we have served, quite as well as they like us.

The town lights were, indeed, close by, and it was not long before we turned into the yard of the Lion d'Or and found ourselves in the midst of warmth and brightness, and surrounded by faces which, after the dangers I had passed through, looked perfectly angelic.

I had no idea, till I attempted to move, how weak and dazed I was. I was too far gone for dinner. A bed and a fire were the only things I coveted, and I was soon in possession of both.

I was no sooner snugly ensconced with my head on the pillow, watching the crackling logs as they sparkled—my little Nelly lying outside the counterpane—than my friend seated himself beside me and volunteered to relieve my curiosity as to the circumstances of my escape from the Tête Noire. It was now my turn to refuse to listen; as it had been his before, to refuse to speak.

"Not one word," I said, "till you have had a good dinner, after which you will come up and sit beside me, and tell me all I am longing to know. And stay—you will do one thing more for me, I know; when you come up you will bring a plateful of bones for Nelly; she will not

leave me to-night, I swear, to save herself from starving."

"She deserves some dinner," said Dufay, as he left the room, "for I think it is through her instrumentality that you are alive at this moment."

The bliss in which I lay after Dufay had left the room, is known only to those who have passed through some great danger, or who, at least, are newly relieved from some condition of severe and protracted suffering. It was a state of perfect repose and happiness.

When my friend came back, he brought: not only a plate of fowl-bones for Nelly, but a basin of soup for me. When I had finished lapping it up, and while Nelly was still crunching the bones, Dufay spoke as follows:

"I said just now that it was to your little dog you owe the preservation of your life, and I must now tell you how it was. You remember that you left Doulaise this morning—"

"It seems a week ago," I interrupted.

"—This morning," continued Dufay. "Well! You were hardly out of the inn-yard before I drove into it, having made a small stage before breakfast. I heard where you were gone, and, as I was going that way too, I determined to give my horse a rest of a couple of hours, while I breakfasted and transacted some business in the town, and then to set off after you. 'Have you any idea,' I said, as I left the inn at Doulaise, 'whether monsieur meant to stop en route, and if so, where?' The garçon did not know. 'Let me see,' I said, 'the Tête Noire at Mauconseil would be a likely place, wouldn't it?' 'No,' said the boy; 'the house does not enjoy a good character, and no one from here ever stops there.' 'Well,' said I, thinking no more of what he said, 'I shall be sure to find him. I will inquire after him as I go along.'

"The afternoon was getting on, when I came within sight of the inn of the Tête Noire. As you know, I am a little near-sighted, but I saw, as I drew near the auberge, that a conveyance of some kind was being taken round to the yard at the back of the house. This circumstance, however, I should have paid no attention to, had not my attention been suddenly caught by the violent barking of a dog, which seemed to be trying to gain admittance at the closed door of the inn. At a second glance I knew the dog to be yours. Pulling up my horse, I got down and ascended the steps of the auberge. One sniff at my shins was enough to convince Nelly that a friend was at hand, and her excitement as I approached the door was frantic.

"On my entering the house I did not at first see you, but on looking in the direction towards which your dog had hastened as soon as the door was opened, I saw a dark wooden staircase, which led out of one corner of the apartment I was standing in. I saw also, that you, my friend, were being dragged up the stairs in the arms of a very ill-looking man, assisted by (if possible) a still more ill-looking little girl, who had charge of your legs. At sight of me, the man deposited you upon the stairs, and advanced to meet me.

" 'What are you doing with that gentleman?' I asked.

" 'He is unwell,' replied the ill-looking man, 'and I am helping him up-stairs to bed.'

" 'That gentleman is a friend of mine. What is the meaning of his being in this state?'

" 'How should I know?' was the answer; 'I am not the guardian of the gentleman's health.'

" 'Well, then, I *am*,' said I, approaching the place where you were lying; 'and I prescribe, to begin with, that he shall leave this place at once.'

" 'I must own,' continued Dufay, 'that you were looking horribly ill, and, as I bent over, and felt your hardly fluttering pulse, I felt for a moment doubtful whether it was safe to move you. However, I determined to risk it.'

" 'Will you help me,' I said, 'to move this gentleman to his carriage?'

" 'No,' replied the ruffian, 'he is not fit to travel. Besides, what right have you over him?'

" 'The right of being his friend.'

" 'How do I know that?'

" 'Because I tell you so. See, his dog knows me.'

" 'And suppose I decline to accept that as evidence, and refuse to let this gentleman leave my house in his present state of health?'

" 'You dare not do it.'

" 'Why?'

" 'Because,' I answered, slowly, 'I should go to the Gendarmerie in the village, and mention under what suspicious circumstances I found my friend here, and because your house has not the best of characters.'

" 'The man was silent for a moment, as if a little baffled. He seemed, however, determined to try once more.'

" 'And suppose I close my doors, and decline to let either of you go; what is to prevent me?'

" 'In the first place,' I answered, 'I will effectually prevent your detaining me single-handed. If you have assistance near, I am expected to-night at Francy, and if I do not arrive there, I shall soon be sought out. It was known that I left Doulaise this morning, and most people are aware that there is an auberge on the road which does not bear the best of reputations, and that its name is La Tête Noire. Now, will you help me?'

" 'No,' replied the savage, 'I will have nothing to do with the affair.'

" 'It was not an easy task to drag you without assistance from the place where you were lying, out into the open air, down the steps, and to put you into my conveyance which was standing outside; but I managed to do it. The next thing I had to accomplish, was the feat of driving two carriages and two horses single-handed. I could see only one way of managing this. I led my own horse round to the gate of the stable-yard, where I could keep my eye upon him, while I went in search of your horse and carriage, which I had to get right without assistance. It was done at last. I fastened your

horse's head by a halter, to the back of my carriage, and then leading my own beast by the bridle, I managed to start the procession. And so (though only at a foot pace) we turned our backs upon the Tête Noire. And now you know everything.'

" 'I feel, Castaing, as if I should never be able to think of this adventure, or to speak of it again. It wears, somehow or other, such a ghastly aspect, that I sicken at the mere memory of it.'

" 'Not a bit of it,' said Dufay, cheerily; 'you will live to tell it as a stirring tale some winter night, take my word for it.'

Gentlemen, the prediction is verified. May the teetotum fall next time with more judgment!

" 'Wa'al, now!' said Captain Jorgan, rising, with his hand upon the sleeve of his fellow-traveller to keep him down; 'I congratulate you, sir, upon that adventure; unpleasant at the time, but pleasant to look back upon; as many adventures in many lives are. Mr. Tredgear, you had a feeling for your money on that occasion, and it went hard on being Stolen Money. It was not a sum of five hundred pound, perhaps?'

" 'I wish it had been half as much,' was the reply.

" 'Thank you, sir. Might I ask the question of you that has been already put? About this place of Lanrean, did you ever hear of any circumstances whatever, that might seem to have a bearing—any how—on that question?'

" 'Never.'

" 'Thank you again for a straightforward answer,' said the captain, apologetically. 'You see, we have been referred to Lanrean to make inquiries, and happening in among the inhabitants present, we use the opportunity. In my country, we always *do* use opportunities.'

" 'And you turn them to good account, I believe, and prosper?'

" 'It's a fact, sir,' said the captain, 'that we get along. Yes, we get along, sir.—But I stop the teetotum.'

It was twirled again, and fell to David Polreath; an iron-grey man; 'as old as the hills,' the captain whispered to young Raybrock, 'and as hard as nails.—And I admire,' added the captain, glancing about, 'whether Unchrisen Pearewen is here, and which is he!'

David Polreath stroked down the long iron-grey hair that fell massively upon the shoulders of his large-buttoned coat, and spake thus:

THE question was, Did he throw himself over the cliff of set purpose, or did he lose his way in the dusk and fall over accidentally, or was he pushed over by some person or persons unknown?

His body was found nearly fifty yards below the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees

that overhang the water at the foot of the track down the cliff. It was shockingly bruised and disfigured, so much so as to be hardly recognisable; but for his clothing, and the name on his linen, I doubt whether anybody could have identified him except myself. There was, however, no suspicion of foul play; the signs of rough usage might all have been caused by the body having been driven about amongst the stones that encumber the bed of the river a long way below the fall.

When I speak of the fall, I speak of the Ashenfall, by Ashendell village, within an hour's drive of this house. This, Gentlemen, is for the information of strangers.

He had been seen by many persons about the village during the day; I myself had seen him go up the hill past the parsonage towards the church; which I rather wondered at, considering who was buried there, and how, and why. I will even confess that I watched him; and he went—as I expected he would, since he had the heart to go near the place at all—round to the back of the church where Honor Livingston's grave is; and there he stayed, sitting by himself on the low wall for an hour or more. Sometimes, he turned to look across the valley—many a time and oft I had seen him there before, with Honor beside him, watching, while he sketched the beautiful landscape—and sometimes he had his back to it, and his head down, as if he were watching her grave. Not that there is anything pleasant or comforting to read there, as on the graves of good Christian people who have died in their beds; for, being a suicide, when they buried her on the north side of the church it was at dusk, and without any service, and, of course, no stone was allowed to be put up over it. Our clergyman has talked of having the mound levelled and turfed over, and I wish he would; it always hurts me when I go up to Sunday service, to see that ragged grave lying in the shadow of the wall, for I remember the pretty little lass ever since she could run alone; and though she was passionate, her heart was as good as gold. She had been religiously brought up, and I am quite sure in my own mind, let the coroner's inquest have said what it would, that she was out of herself, and Bedlam-mad when she did it.

The verdict on him was "accidental death," and he had a regular funeral—priest, bell, clerk, and sexton, complete; and there he lies, only a stone's throw from Honor, with a ton or two of granite over him, and an inscription, setting forth what a great man he was in his day, and what mighty engineering works he did at home and abroad, and how he sleeps now in the hope of a joyful resurrection with the just made perfect. These present strangers can read it for themselves; many strangers go up to look at it. His grave is as famous as the Ashenfall itself, and I have known folks come away with tears in their eyes after reading the flourishing inscription: believing it all like gospel, and saying how sad that so distinguished a man should have been cut off in the prime of his

days. But I don't believe it. He was never any more than plain James Lawrence to me—a young fellow who, as a lad, had paddled bare-legged over the stones of the river as a guide across for visitors; who had been taken a fancy to by one of them, and decently educated; who had made the most of his luck, and done a clever thing or two in engineering; who had come back amongst us in all his glory, to dazzle most people's eyes, and break little Honor Livingston's heart. The one good thing I know of him was, that he pensioned his poor old mother; but he did not often come near her, and never after Honor Livingston was dead—no, not even in her last illness. It was a marvel to everybody what brought him over here, when we saw him the day before he was found dead; but it was his fate, and he couldn't keep away. That is my view of it. About his death, and the manner of it, all Lanrean had its speculation, and said its say; but I held my peace. I had my opinion, however, and I keep it. I have never seen reason to change it; but, on the contrary, I can show you evidence to establish it. I do not believe he either threw himself over the cliff, or fell over, or was pushed over; no, I believe he was drawn over—drawn over by something below. When you have heard the notes he made in a little book that was found amongst his things after he was dead, you will know what I mean. His cousin gave that book to me, knowing I am curious after odd stories of the neighbourhood; and what I am going to read, is written in his hand. I know his hand well, and certify to it.

PASSAGES FROM JAMES LAWRENCE'S JOURNAL.

London, August 11, 1829.

Honor Livingston has kept her word with me. I saw her last night as plainly as I now see this pen I am writing with, and the ink-bottle I have just dipped it into. I saw her standing betwixt the two lights, looking at me, exactly as she looked the last time I saw her alive. I was neither asleep, nor dreaming-awake. I had only drunk a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, and was as much my own man as ever I was in my life. It is all nonsense to talk about fancy and optical delusions, in this case; I saw her with my eyes as distinctly as I ever saw her alive in the body. The hall clock had just struck eight, and it was growing dusk: exactly the time of evening, as I well remember, when she came creeping round by the cottage wall, and saw me through the open window, gathering up my books and making ready to go away from Ashendell. She was the last thought to have come into my mind at that moment, for I was just on the point of lighting my cigar and going out for a stroll, before turning in at the Daltons to chat with Anne. All at once, there she was, Honor herself! I could have sworn it, had I not seen them put her underground just a twelvemonth ago. I could not take my eyes off her; and there she stood, as nearly as I can tell, a minute—but it may have been an hour—and then the place

she had filled was empty. I was so much bewildered, and out of myself as it were, that for a while I could neither think of anything, nor hear anything, but the mad heavy throbbing of my own pulses. I cannot say that I was scared exactly; for the time I was completely rapt away; the first actual sensation I had was of my own heart thumping in my breast like a sledge-hammer.

But I can call her up now and analyse her—a wan, vague, misty outline, with Honor's own eyes full upon me. I can almost fancy I hear her asking again, "Is it true you're going, James? You're not really going, James?"

Now, I am not the man to be frightened by a shadow, though that shadow be Honor Livingston, whom they say I as good as murdered. I always had a turn for investigating riddles, spiritual, physiological, and otherwise; and I shall follow this mystery up, and note whether she comes back to me year by year, as she promised. I have never kept a diary of personal matters before, not being one who cares to see spectres of himself, at remote periods of his life, talking to him again of his adventures and misadventures out of yellow old pages that had better never have been written; but this is a marked event worth commemorating, and a well-authenticated ghost-story to me who never believed in ghosts before.

"It was a rather spiteful threat of Honor—"I'll haunt you till you come to the Ashenfall, where I'm going now!" I might have stopped her, but it never entered my mind what she meant, until it was done. I did not expect she would make a tragedy of a little love story; she did not look like that sort of thing. She was no ghost, bless her! in the flesh, but as round, rosy, dimpled a little creature as one would wish to see; and what could possess her to throw herself over the fall, Heaven only knows.—Bah! Yes, I know; I need tell no lies here, I need not do any false swearing to myself—the poor little creature loved me, and I wanted her to love me, and I petted and plucked her into loving me, because I was idle, and I had the opportunity; and then I had nothing better to tell her than that I was only in jest—I could not marry her, for I was engaged to another woman. She would not believe it. That sounded, to her, more like jest than the other. And she did not believe it until she saw me making ready to go; and then, all in a moment, I suppose, madness seized her, and she neither knew where she went, nor what she did.

I fancy I can see her now, coming tripping down the fields leading her little brother by the hand, and I fancy I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her shoulder as I asked her if she had any ripe cherries to sell. She looked the very mischief with those pretty eyes, and I was taken rather aback when she said, "I know you, Jemmy Lawrence." That was the beginning of it. Little Honor and her mother lived next door to mine, and she had not forgotten me though I had been full seven years away. I did not

know her, the gipsy, but I must needs go in and see her that evening; and so we went on until I asked her if she remembered when we went to dame-school together and when she promised to be my little wife? *If* she remembered! Of course she did, every word of it, and more; and she was so pretty, and the lanes in the summer were so pleasant, that sometimes my fancy did play Anne Dalton false, and I believed I should like Honor better; and I said more than I meant, and she took it all in the grand serious manner.

I was not much to blame. I would not have injured her for the world; she was as good a little soul as ever lived. Love and jealousy, as passions, seem to find their strongholds under thatch. If Phillis, the milkmaid, is disappointed, she drowns herself in the mill-pool; if Lady Clara gets a cross of the heart, she indites a lachrymose sonnet, and marries a gouty peer. If Colin's sweetheart smiles on Lubin, Colin loads his gun and shoots them both; if Sir Harry's fair flouts him, he whistles her down the wind, and goes a-wooing elsewhere. Had little Honor been a fine lady, she would be living still. Oh, the pretty demure lips, and the shy glances and rosy blushes! When I saw Anne Dalton to-day I could not help comparing her frigid gentility with poor Honor. Anne loves herself better than she will ever love any man alive. But then I know she is the kind of wife to help a man up in the world, and that is the kind of wife for me.

Honor Livingston lying on her little bed, and her blind mother feeling her cold dead face! I wish I had never seen it. I would have given the world to keep away, but something compelled me to go in and look at her; and I did feel then, as if I had killed her. Last night she was a shadowy essence of this drowned Ophelia and of her living self. She was like, yet unlike; but I knew it was Honor; and I suppose, if she has her will, wherever her restless spirit may be condemned to bide between whiles—on the tenth of August she will always come back to me, and haunt me until I go to her.

Hastings, August 11, 1830.

Again! I had forgotten the day—forgotten everything about that wretched business of poor Honor Livingston, when last night I saw her.

Anne and I were sitting together out in the verandah, talking of all sorts of common-place things—our neighbours' affairs, money, this, that, and the other—the sea was looking beautiful, and I was on the point of proposing a row by moonlight, when Anne said, "How lovely the evenings are, James, in this place. Look at the sky over the down, how clear it is!" Turning my head, I saw Honor standing on the grass only a few paces off, her shadowy shape quite distinct against the reds and purples of the clouds.

Anne clutched my hand with a sudden cry, for she was looking at my face all the time, and asked me, passionately, what I saw. With that, Honor was gone, and, passing my hand over my

eyes, I put my wife off with an excuse about a spasm at my heart. And, indeed, it was no lie to say so, for this visitation gave me a terrible shock.

Anne insisted on my seeing the doctor. "It must be something dreadful, if not dangerous, that could make you look in that way; you had an awful face, James, for a moment."

I begged her not to talk about it, assured her that it was a thing of very rare recurrence with me, and that there was no cure for it. But this did not pacify her, and this morning no peace could be had until Dr. Hutchinson was sent for and she had given the old gentleman her own account of me. He said he would talk to me by-and-by. And when he got me by myself, I cannot tell how it was, but he absolutely contrived to worm the facts out of me, and I was fool enough to let him do it. He looked at me very oddly, with a sort of suspicious scrutiny in his eye; but I understood him, and said, laughing, "No, doctor, no, there is nothing wrong here," tapping my forehead as I spoke.

"I should say not, except this fancy for seeing ghosts," replied he, dryly. But I perceived, all the time he was with me, that I was the object of a furtive and carefully dissembled observation, which was excessively trying. I could with difficulty keep my temper under it, and I believe he saw the struggle.

I fancy he wanted to have some talk with Anne by herself; but I prevented that, by never losing sight of him until he was safely off the premises. If he proposed a private interview while I was out alone, I prevented that, too, by immediately ordering Anne to pack up our traps, and coming back to town that very day. I have not been well since. I feel out of spirits, bored, worried, sick of everything. If the feeling does not leave me, in spite of all Anne may say, I shall take that offer to go to South America, and start by the next packet. I should like to see Dr. Hutchinson's face when he calls at our lodgings to visit his patient, and finds the bird flown.

London, August 20, 1830.

This wretched state of things does not cease. One day I feel in full, firm, clear possession of my soul; and the next, perhaps, I am hurried to and fro with the most tormenting fancies. I see shadows of Honor wherever I turn, and she is no longer motionless as before, but beckons me with her hand, until I tremble in every limb. My heart is sick almost to death. For three days now, I have had no rest. I cannot sleep at nights for hideous dreams; and Anne watches me stealthily, I see, and never remains alone with me longer than she can help. I can perceive that she is afraid of me, and that she suspects something, without exactly knowing what. To-day she must needs suggest my seeing a doctor here, and when I replied that I was going to South America, she told me I was not fit for it, in such a contemptuous tone of provocation that I lifted my hand and struck her. Then she quailed, and while shrinking under my eyes, she said, "James, your conduct

is that of a madman!" Since then, I know she sits with me in silent terror, longing to escape and find some one to listen to her grievances. But I shall keep strict ward that she does nothing of the kind. I will not have my foes of my own household, and no spying relatives shall come between us to put asunder those whom God has joined together.

Acapulco, March 17, 1831.

It is six months since I wrote the above. In the interval I have been miserably ill, grievously tormented both in mind and body; but now that I have got safely away from them all, with the Atlantic between myself and my wicked wife, whose conduct towards me I will never forgive, I can collect my powers of mind, and bend them again to my work. Burton came out in the same ship with me to engage in the same enterprise. After a few days' rest we intend setting out on our journey to the mining districts, where we are to act. My head feels perfectly light and clear, all my impressions are distinct and vivid again, and I can get through a hard day's close study without inconvenience. There was nothing but my miserable liver to blame, and when that was set right, all my imaginary phantoms disappeared. Umpleby said it had been coming on gradually for months, and that there was nothing at all extraordinary in my delusions; my diseased state was one always so attended more or less. And Anne, in her cowardly malignity, would have consigned me for life to a lunatic asylum! It was Umpleby who saved me, and I have put his name down in my will for a handsome remembrance. As for Anne, she has chosen to return to her family, and they may keep her; she will never see my face again, of my free will, as long as I live.

The picturesqueness of this place is not noteworthy in any high degree. The harbour is enclosed by a chain of mountains, and has two entrances formed by the island of Roquette; the castle of St. Diego commands the town and the bay, standing on a spur of the hills. Burton has been to and fro on his rambles ever since we landed; but I find the heat too great for much exertion, and when we begin our journey into the interior I shall have need of all my forces; therefore, better husband them now.

Mexico, April 24, 1831.

We are better off here than we anticipated. Burton has found an old fellow-pupil engaged as engineering tutor in the School of Mines, and there are civilised amusements which we neither of us had any hope of finding. The city is full of ancient relics, and Burton is on foot exploring, day by day. I prefer the living interests of this strange place, and sometimes early in the morning I betake myself to the market-place, and watch the Indians dress their stalls. No matter what they sell, they decorate their shops with fresh herbs and flowers until they are sheltered under a bower of verdure. They display their fruit in open basket-work, laying the

pears and raisins below, and covering them above with odorous flowers. An artist might make a pretty picture here, when the Indians arrive at sunrise in their boats loaded with the produce of their floating gardens. Next week, Burton, his friend, and I, are to set out for the mines of Moran and Real del Monte. I should have preferred to delay our journey a while longer for reasons of my own, but Burton presses, and feels we have already delayed longer than enough.

Moran, July 4, 1831.

I am sick of this place, but our business here is now on the verge of completion, and in a few days we start on our expedition to the mines of Guanamoto. The director, Burton, and myself, are all of opinion that immense advantages are to be gained by improving the working of the mines, which is, at present, in a very defective condition. There is great mortality amongst the Indians, who are the beasts of burden of the mines; they carry on their backs, loads of metal of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds at a time, ascending and descending thousands of steps, in files which contain old men of seventy, and mere children. I have not been very well here, having had some return of old symptoms, but under proper treatment they dispersed; however, I shall be thankful to be on the move again.

Pascuaro, August 11, 1831.

Can any man evade his thoughts, impalpable curses sitting on his heart, mocking like fiends? I cannot evade mine. All yesterday I was haunted by a terrible anxiety and dread. At every turn, at every moment, I expected to see Honor Livingston appear before me, but I did not see her. The day and the night passed, and I was freed from that great horror—how great I had not realised until its hour had gone and left no trace. This morning I am myself again; my spirits revive; I have escaped my enemy, and have proved that it was, indeed, but a subtle emanation of my own diseased body and mind. But these thoughts, these troublesome persistent thoughts, how combat them? Burton, very observant of me at all times, was yesterday watchful as an inquisitor; he said he hoped I was not going to have the frightful fever which is prevailing here, but I know he meant something else. I have not a doubt now, that Anne and all that confederacy warned him before we set sail, to beware of me, for I had been mad; that is the cursed lie they set abroad. Mad! All the world's mad, or on the way to it!

But if Honor had come back to me yesterday, we might have gone and have looked down together into hell, through the ovens of Jorulla. The missionaries cursed this frightful place, generations since; and it is accursed, if ever land was. Nothing more awful than this desolate burning waste, which the seas could not quench. When I remember it, and all I underwent yesterday, the confusion and horror return upon me again, and my brain swerves like the brain of a drunken man. I will write no more

—sufficient to record that the appointed time came and went, and Honor Livingston did not keep her word with me.

New Orleans, February, 1832.

I left Burton still in Mexico, and came here alone. His care and considerateness were more than I could put up with, and after two or three ineffectual remonstrances, we came to a violent rupture, and I determined to throw up my engagement, rather than carry it out in conjunction with such a man. There was no avoiding the quarrel. Was I to be tutored day by day, and the wine-bottle removed out of my reach? He dared to tell me that when I was cool, clear—myself, in short—there was no man my master in our profession; but that when I had drunk freely I was unmanageable as a lunatic! A lie, of course; but unscrupulous persecutors are difficult to circumvent. Anne's malice pursues me even here. When I was out yesterday, my footsteps were dogged pertinaciously wherever I went, and perhaps an account of my doings will precede me home; but if they do, I defy them all to do their worst.

Ashendell, August 9, 1839.

This old book turned up to-day, amongst some traps that have lain by in London all the years that I have spent, first in Spain and afterwards in Russia. What fool's-talk it is; but I suppose it was true at the time. I know I was in a wretched condition while I was in Mexico and in the States, but I have been sane enough and sound enough ever since the illness I had at Baltimore. To prove how little hold on me my ancient horrors have retained, I find myself at Ashendell in the very season of the year when Honor Livingston destroyed herself—to-morrow is the anniversary of her death. So I take my enemy by the throat, and crush him! These fantastical maladies will not stand against a determined will. At Moscow, at Cherson, at Archangel, the tenth of August has come and gone, unmarked. Honor failed of her threat everywhere except at Lisbon. I saw her there twice, just before we sailed. I saw her, when we were off that coast where we so nearly escaped wreck, rising and falling upon the waves. I saw her in London, that day I appointed to see Anne. But I know what it means: it means that I must put myself in Umpleby's hands for a few weeks, and that the shadows will forthwith vanish. Shadows they are, out of my own brain, and they take the shape of Honor because I have let her become a fixed idea in my mind. Yet it is very strange that the last time she appeared to me, I heard her speak. I fancied she said that it was Almost time; and then louder, "I'll haunt you, James, until you come to the Ashenfall, where I am going now!" And with that she vanished. Fancy plays strange tricks with us, and makes cowards of us almost as cleverly as conscience.

August 10.

I have had a very unpleasant impression on me all day. I wish I had resisted Linchley's

persuasions more steadily. I ought never to have come down here again. The excitement of its miserable recollections is too much for me. The man at the inn called me by my name this morning, and said he recollected me—looking up towards the church as he spoke. Damn him! All day I seem to have been acting against my will. What should possess me to go there, this afternoon? Round about among the graves, until I came to the grassy hillock on the north side of the church, where they buried Honor that night, without a prayer. I sat down on the low wall, and looked across to the hills beyond the river, listening to the monotonous sing-song of the fall. I would give all I possess to-day, to be able to tread back or to untread a score of the years of my life. It seems such a blank; of all I planned and schemed, how little have I accomplished! Watching by Honor's grave, I fell to thinking of her. What had either of us done that we should be so wretched? Is it part and parcel of the great injustice of life, that some must suffer so signally while others escape? The coarse grass is never cut at the north side of the church, nettles and brambles grow about the grave. Honor was mad, poor soul; they might have given her a prayer for rest, if they were forbidden to believe she died in hope. I prayed for her to-day—more need, perhaps, to pray for myself—and then there came a crazed whirl in my brain, and I set off to find Linchley. As I came down near the water, the fall sounded very tumultuous; it was sultry hot, and I should have liked to turn down by the river, but I said, "No, it is the tenth of August! If I am to meet Honor Livingston to-day, I'll not meet her by Ashen-fall!" So I came home to our lodgings, to find that Linchley had gone over to Warle, and had left a message that he should not return until tomorrow. I have the night before me alone; it is not like an English night at all; it is like the nights I remember at Cadiz, which always heralded a tremendous storm. And I think we shall have a storm here, too, before the morning.

Those were the last words James Lawrence ever wrote, Gentlemen. Further than this, no man can speak of his death; it is plain to me that one of his mad fits was coming on before he left Lisbon; that it grew and increased until he came here; and that here it reached its climax and urged him to his death. I believe in the ghosts James Lawrence saw, as I believe in the haunting power of any great misdeed that has driven a fellow-creature into deadly sin.

When David Polreath had finished, the chairman gave the teetotum such a swift and sudden twirl, to be beforehand with any interruption, that it twirled among all the glasses and into all corners of the table, and finally, flew off the table and lodged in Captain Jorgan's waistcoat.

"A kind of a judgment!" said the captain, taking it out. "What's to be done now? I know no story, except Down Easters, and they

didn't happen to myself, or any one of my acquaintance, and you couldn't enjoy 'em without going out of your minds first. And perhaps the company ain't prepared to do that?"

The chairman interposed by rising and declaring it to be his perroud perrivilege to stop preliminary observations.

"Wa'al," said the captain, "I defer to the President—which an't at all what they do in my country, where they lay into him, head, limbs, and body." Here he slapped his leg. "But I beg to ask a preliminary question. Colonel Polreath has read from a diary. Might I read from a pipe-light?"

The chairman requested explanation.

"The history of the pipe-light," said the captain, "is just this:—that it's verses, and was made on the voyage home by a passenger I brought over. And he was a quiet crittner of a middle-aged man with a pleasant countenance. And he wrote it on the head of a cask. And he was a most eternal time about it tew. And he blotted it as if he had wrote it in a continual squall of ink. And then he took an indigestion, and I physicked him for want of a better doctor. And then to show his liking for me he copied it out fair, and gave it to me for a pipe-light. And it ain't been lighted yet, and that's a fact."

"Let it be read," said the chairman.

"With thanks to Colonel Polreath for setting the example," pursued the captain, "and with apologies to the Honourable A. Parvis and the whole of the present company for this passenger's having expressed his mind in verses—which he may have done along of bein' sea-sick, and he was very—the pipe-light, unrolled, comes to this:

We sit by the fire so wide and red,

With the dance of the young within,
Who have yet small learning of cold and dread,
And of sorrow no more than of sin;
Nor dream of a night on a sleepless bed
Of waves, with their terrible wrecks o'erspread.

We sit round the hearth as red as gold,

And the legends beloved we tell,
How battles were won by the nobles bold,

Where hamlets of villains fell:
And we praise our God, while we cut the bread,
And share the wine round, for our heroes dead.

And we talk of the Kings, those strong proud men,
Who ravaged, confessed, and died;

And of churls who rabbled them off and again,
Perchance with a kindred pride—

Though the Kings built churches to pierce the sky,
And the rabbling churls in the cross-road lie.

Yet 'twixt the despot and slave half-free,

Old Truth may have message clear;

Since the hard black yew, and the lithe young tree,
Belong to an age—and a year,

And though distant in might and in leaf they be,
In right of the woods, they are near.

And old Truth's message, perchance, may be:

"Believe in thy kind, what'er the degree,
Be it King on his throne, or serf on his knee,
While Our Lord showers light, in his bounty free,
On the rock and the vale—on the sand and the sea."

They are singing within, with their voices dear,
To the tunes which are dear as well;
And we sit and dream while the words we hear,
Having tale of our own to tell—
Of a far midnight on the terrible sea,
Which comes back on the tune of their blithe old glee.

As old as the hills, and as old as the sky,—
As the King on his throne,—as the serf on his
knee,

A song wherein rich can with poor agree,
With its chorus to make them laugh or cry—
Which the young are singing, with no thought nigh,
Of a night on a terrible sea:

"I care for nobody; no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

The storm had its will. There was wreck—there was
flight

O'er an ocean of Alps, through the pitch-black
night,

When a good ship sank, and a few got free,
To cope in their boat with the terrible sea.

And when the day broke, there was blood on the sea,
From the wild hot eye of the sun outshd,
For the heaven was a-flame as with fire from Hell,
And a scorching calm on the waters fell,
As if Ruin had won, and with fiendish glee,
Sailed forth in his galley to number the dead.

And they rowed their boat o'er the terrible sea,
As mute as a crew made of ghosts might be:
For the best in his heart had not manhood to say,
That the land was five hundred miles away.

A day—and a week—There was bread for one man;
The water was dry. And on this, the few
Who were rowing their boat o'er the terrible sea,
To murmur, to curse, and to crave began.

And how 'twas agreed on, no one knew,
But the feeble and famished and scorched by the
sun,

With his pitiless eye, drew lots to agree,
What their hideous morrow of meat must be.

O then were the faces frightful to read,
Of ravening hope, and of cowardly pride
That lies to the last, its sharp terror to hide;
And a stillness as though 'twere some game of the
Dead,

While they waited the number their lot to decide—
There were nine in that boat on the terrible sea,
And he who drew NINE, was the victim to be.

You may think what a ghastly shiver there ran,
From mate to his mate, as the doom began.

Six—had a wife with a wild rose cheek;
Two—a brave boy, not a year yet old;
Eight—his last sister, lame and weak,
Who quivered with palsy more than with cold.

You may think what a breath the respered drew,
And how wildly still, sat the rest of the crew;
How the voice as it called spoke hoarser and slower;
The number it next dared to speak was—FOUR.

'Twas the rude black man, who had handled an oar
The best on that terrible sea of the few.
And ugly and grim in the sunshine glare
Were his thick parched lips, and his dull small
eyes,

And the tangled fleece of his rusty hair—
'Ere the next of the breathless the death-lot drew,
His shout like a sword pierced the silence through.

"Let the play end, with your Number Four.

What need to draw? Live along, you few
Who have hopes to save and have wives to cry
O'er the cradles of children free!
What matter if folk without home should die,
And be eaten by land or sea?

I care for nobody; no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me!"

And with that, a knife—and a heart struck through—
And the warm red blood, and the cold black clay,
And the famine withdrawn from among the few,
By their horrible meal for another day!

So the eight, thus fed, came at last to land,
And the tale of their shipmate told,
As of water found in the burning sand,
Which braves not the thirsty, cold.

But the love of the listener, safe and free,
Goes forth to that slave on that terrible sea.

For, fancies from hearth and from home will stray,
Though within are the dance and the song;
And a grave tale told, if the tune be gay,
Says little to scare the young.

While they sing, with their voices clear as can be,
Having called, once more, for the blithe old glee—

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

But the careless tune, it saith to the old,
Who sit by the hearth as red as gold,
When they think of their tale of the terrible sea:
"Believe in thy kind, whatever the degree,
Be it King on his throne, or serf on his knee,
While Our Lord showers good from his bounty free,
Over storm, over calm, over land, over sea."

Mr. Parvis had so greatly disquieted the
minds of the Gentlemen King Arthurs for some
minutes, by snoring with strong symptoms of
apoplexy—which, in a mild form, was his normal
state of health—that it was now deemed expedi-
ent to wake him and entreat him to allow him-
self to be escorted home. Mr. Parvis's reply to
this friendly suggestion could not be placed on
record without the aid of several dashes, and is
therefore omitted. It was conceived in a spirit
of the profoundest irritation, and executed with
vehemence, contempt, scorn, and disgust. There
was nothing for it, but to let the excellent
gentleman alone, and he fell without loss of time
into a defiant slumber.

The teetotum being twirled again, so buzzed
and bowed in the direction of the young fisher-
man, that Captain Jorgan advised him to be
bright and prepare for the worst. But, it started
off at a tangent, late in its career, and fell before
a well-looking bearded man (one who made
working drawings for machinery, the captain was
informed by his next neighbour), who promptly
took it up like a challenger's glove.

"Oswald Penreven!" said the chairman.

"Here's Unchris'en at last!" the captain
whispered Alfred Raybrock. "Unchris'en goes
ahead, right smart; don't he?"

He did, without one introductory word.

MINE is my brother's Ghost Story. It hap-
pened to my brother about thirty years ago,

while he was wandering, sketch-book in hand, among the High Alps, picking up subjects for an illustrated work on Switzerland. Having entered the Oberland by the Brunig Pass, and filled his portfolio with what he used to call "bits" from the neighbourhood of Meyringen, he went over the Great Scheideck to Grindlewald, where he arrived one dusky September evening, about three-quarters of an hour after sunset. There had been a fair that day, and the place was crowded. In the best inn there was not an inch of space to spare—there were only two inns at Grindlewald, thirty years ago—so my brother went to one at the end of the covered bridge next the church, and there, with some difficulty, obtained the promise of a pile of rugs and a mattress, in a room which was already occupied by three other travellers.

The Adler was a primitive hostelry, half farm, half inn, with great rambling galleries outside, and a huge general room, like a barn. At the upper end of this room stood long stoves, like metal counters, laden with steaming-pans, and glowing underneath like furnaces. At the lower end, smoking, supping, and chatting, were congregated some thirty or forty guests, chiefly mountaineers, char drivers, and guides. Among these my brother took his seat, and was served, like the rest, with a bowl of soup, a platter of beef, a flagon of country wine, and a loaf made of Indian corn. Presently, a huge St. Bernard dog came and laid his nose upon my brother's arm. In the mean time he fell into conversation with two Italian youths, bronzed and dark-eyed, near whom he happened to be seated. They were Florentines. Their names, they told him, were Stefano and Battisto. They had been travelling for some months on commission, selling cameos, mosaics, sulphur casts, and the like pretty Italian trifles, and were now on their way to Inter-laken and Geneva. Weary of the cold North, they longed, like children, for the moment which should take them back to their own blue hills and grey-green olives; to their workshop on the Ponte Vecchio, and their home down by the Arno.

It was quite a relief to my brother, on going up to bed, to find that these youths were to be two of his fellow-lodgers. The third was already there, and sound asleep, with his face to the wall. They scarcely looked at this third. They were all tired, and all anxious to rise at daybreak, having agreed to walk together over the Wengern Alp as far as Lauterbrunnen. So, my brother and the two youths exchanged a brief good night, and, before many minutes, were all as far away in the land of dreams as their unknown companion.

My brother slept profoundly—so profoundly that, being roused in the morning by a clamour of merry voices, he sat up dreamily in his rugs, and wondered where he was.

"Good day, signor," cried Battisto. "Here is a fellow-traveller going the same way as ourselves."

"Christien Baumann, native of Kandersteg,

musical-box maker by trade, stands five feet eleven in his shoes, and is at monsieur's service to command," said the sleeper of the night before.

He was as fine a young fellow as one would wish to see. Light, and strong, and well proportioned, with curling brown hair, and bright, honest eyes that seemed to dance at every word he uttered.

"Good morning," said my brother. "You were asleep last night when we came up."

"Asleep! I should think so, after being all day in the fair, and walking from Meyringen the evening before. What a capital fair it was!"

"Capital, indeed," said Battisto. "We sold cameos and mosaics yesterday, for nearly fifty francs."

"Oh, you sell cameos and mosaics, you two! Show me your cameos, and I will show you my musical boxes. I have such pretty ones, with coloured views of Geneva and Chillon on the lids, playing two, four, six, and even eight tunes. Bah! I will give you a concert!"

And with this he unstrapped his pack, displayed his little boxes on the table, and wound them up, one after the other, to the delight of the Italians.

"I helped to make them myself, every one," said he, proudly. "Is it not pretty music? I sometimes set one of them when I go to bed at night, and fall asleep listening to it. I am sure, then, to have pleasant dreams! But let us see your cameos. Perhaps I may buy one for Marie, if they are not too dear. Marie is my sweetheart, and we are to be married next week."

"Next week!" exclaimed Stefano. "That is very soon. Battisto has a sweetheart also, up at Impruneta; but they will have to wait a long time before they can buy the ring."

Battisto blushed like a girl.

"Hush, brother!" said he. "Show the cameos to Christien, and give your tongue a holiday!"

But Christien was not so to be put off.

"What is her name?" said he. "Tush! Battisto, you must tell me her name! Is she pretty? Is she dark, or fair? Do you often see her when you are at home? Is she very fond of you? Is she as fond of you as Marie is of me?"

"Nay, how should I know that?" asked the soberer Battisto. "She loves me, and I love her—that is all."

"And her name?"

"Margherita."

"A charming name! And she is herself as pretty as her name, I'll engage. Did you say she was fair?"

"I said nothing about it one way or the other," said Battisto, unlocking a green box clamped with iron, and taking out tray after tray of his pretty wares. "There! Those pictures all inlaid in little bits are Roman mosaics—these flowers on a black ground are Florentine. The ground is of hard dark stone, and the flowers are made of thin slices of jasper, onyx, cornelian, and so

forth. Those forget-me-nots, for instance, are bits of turquoise, and that poppy is cut from a piece of coral."

"I like the Roman ones best," said Christien. "What place is that with all the arches?"

"This is the Coliseum, and the one next to it is St. Peter's. But we Florentines care little for the Roman work. It is not half so fine or so valuable as ours. The Romans make their mosaics of composition."

"Composition or no, I like the little landscapes best," said Christien. "There is a lovely one, with a pointed building, and a tree, and mountains at the back. How I should like that one for Marie!"

"You may have it for eight francs," replied Battisto; "we sold two of them yesterday for ten each. It represents the tomb of Caius Cestius, near Rome."

"A tomb!" echoed Christien, considerably dismayed. "Diable! That would be a dismal present to one's bride."

"She would never guess that it was a tomb, if you did not tell her," suggested Stefano.

Christien shook his head.

"That would be next door to deceiving her," said he.

"Nay," interposed my brother, "the owner of that tomb has been dead these eighteen or nineteen hundred years. One almost forgets that he was ever buried in it."

"Eighteen or nineteen hundred years? Then he was a heathen?"

"Undoubtedly, if by that you mean that he lived before Christ."

Christien's face lighted up immediately.

"Oh, that settles the question," said he, pulling out his little canvas purse, and paying his money down at once. "A heathen's tomb is as good as no tomb at all. I'll have it made into a brooch for her, at Interlaken. Tell me, Battisto, what shall you take home to Italy for your Margherita?"

Battisto, laughed, and chinked his eight francs. "That depends on trade," said he; "if we make good profits between this and Christmas, I may take her a Swiss muslin from Berne; but we have already been away seven months, and we have hardly made a hundred francs over and above our expenses."

And with this, the talk turned upon general matters, the Florentines locked away their treasures, Christien restrapped his pack, and my brother and all went down together, and breakfasted in the open air outside the inn.

It was a magnificent morning: cloudless and sunny, with a cool breeze that rustled in the vine upon the porch, and flecked the table with shifting shadows of green leaves. All around and about them stood the great mountains, with their blue-white glaciers bristling down to the verge of the pastures, and the pine-woods creeping darkly up their sides. To the left, the Wetterhorn; to the right, the Eiger; straight before them, dazzling and imperishable, like an

obelisk of frosted silver, the Schreckhorn, or Peak of Terror. Breakfast over, they bade farewell to their hostess, and, mountain-staff in hand, took the path to the Wengern Alp. Half in light, half in shadow, lay the quiet valley, dotted over with farms, and traversed by a torrent that rushed, milk-white, from its prison in the glacier. The three lads walked briskly in advance, their voices chiming together every now and then in chorus of laughter. Somehow my brother felt sad. He lingered behind, and, plucking a little red flower from the bank, watched it hurry away with the torrent, like a life on the stream of time. Why was his heart so heavy, and why were their hearts so light?

As the day went on, my brother's melancholy, and the mirth of the young men, seemed to increase. Full of youth and hope, they talked of the joyous future, and built up pleasant castles in the air. Battisto, grown more communicative, admitted that to marry Margherita, and become a master mosaicist, would fulfil the dearest dream of his life. Stefano, not being in love, preferred to travel. Christien, who seemed to be the most prosperous, declared that it was his darling ambition to rent a farm in his native Kander Valley, and lead the patriarchal life of his fathers. As for the musical-box trade, he said, one should live in Geneva to make it answer; and, for his part, he loved the pine-forests and the snow-peaks, better than all the towns in Europe. Marie, too, had been born among the mountains, and it would break her heart, if she thought she were to live in Geneva all her life, and never see the Kander Thal again. Chatting thus, the morning wore on to noon, and the party rested awhile in the shade of a clump of gigantic firs festooned with trailing banners of grey-green moss.

Here they ate their lunch, to the silvery music of one of Christien's little boxes, and by-and-by heard the sullen echo of an avalanche far away on the shoulder of the Jungfrau.

Then they went on again in the burning afternoon, to heights where the Alp-rose fails from the sterile steep, and the brown lichen grows more and more scantily among the stones. Here, only the bleached and barren skeletons of a forest of dead pines varied the desolate monotony; and high on the summit of the pass, stood a little solitary inn, between them and the sky.

At this inn they rested again, and drank to the health of Christien and his bride, in a jug of country wine. He was in uncontrollable spirits, and shook hands with them all, over and over again.

"By nightfall to-morrow," said he, "I shall hold her once more in my arms! It is now nearly two years since I came home to see her, at the end of my apprenticeship. Now I am foreman, with a salary of thirty francs a week, and well able to marry."

"Thirty francs a week!" echoed Battisto. "Corpo di Bacco! that is a little fortune."

Christien's face beamed.

"Yes," said he, "we shall be very happy; and,

by-and-by—who knows?—we may end our days in the Kander Thal, and bring up our children to succeed us. Ah! If Marie knew that I should be there to-morrow night, how delighted she would be!"

"How so, Christien?" said my brother. "Does she not expect you?"

"Not a bit of it. She has no idea that I can be there till the day after to-morrow—nor could I, if I took the road all round by Unterseen and Frütigen. I mean to sleep to-night at Lauterbrunnen, and to-morrow morning shall strike across the Tschlingel glacier to Kandersteg. If I rise a little before daybreak, I shall be at home by sunset."

At this moment the path took a sudden turn, and began to descend in sight of an immense perspective of very distant valleys. Christien flung his cap into the air, and uttered a great shout.

"Look!" said he, stretching out his arms as if to embrace all the dear familiar scene: "O! Look! There are the hills and woods of Interlaken, and here, below the precipices on which we stand, lies Lauterbrunnen! God be praised, who has made our native land so beautiful!"

The Italians smiled at each other, thinking their own Arno valley far more fair; but my brother's heart warmed to the boy, and echoed his thanksgiving in that spirit which accepts all beauty as a birthright and an inheritance. And now their course lay across an immense plateau, all rich with corn-fields and meadows, and studded with substantial homesteads built of old brown wood, with huge sheltering eaves, and strings of Indian corn hanging like golden ingots along the carved balconies. Blue whortleberries grew beside the footway, and now and then they came upon a wild gentian, or a star-shaped immortelle. Then the path became a mere zigzag on the face of the precipice, and in less than half an hour they reached the lowest level of the valley. The glowing afternoon had not yet faded from the uppermost pines, when they were all dining together in the parlour of a little inn looking to the Jungfrau. In the evening my brother wrote letters, while the three lads strolled about the village. At nine o'clock they bade each other good night, and went to their several rooms.

Wearily as he was, my brother found it impossible to sleep. The same unaccountable melancholy still possessed him, and when at last he dropped into an uneasy slumber, it was but to start over and over again from frightful dreams, faint with a nameless terror. Towards morning, he fell into a profound sleep, and never woke until the day was fast advancing towards noon. He then found, to his regret, that Christien had long since gone. He had risen before daybreak, breakfasted by candlelight, and started off in the grey dawn—"as merry," said the host, "as a fiddler at a fair."

Stefano and Battisto were still waiting to see my brother, being charged by Christien with a friendly farewell message to him, and an invitation to the wedding. They, too, were asked, and

meant to go; so, my brother agreed to meet them at Interlaken on the following Tuesday, whence they might walk to Kandersteg by easy stages, reaching their destination on the Thursday morning, in time to go to church with the bridal party. My brother then bought some of the little Florentine cameos, wished the two boys every good fortune, and watched them down the road till he could see them no longer.

Left now to himself, he wandered out with his sketch-book, and spent the day in the upper valley; at sunset, he dined alone in his chamber, by the light of a single lamp. This meal despatched, he drew nearer to the fire, took out a pocket edition of Goethe's *Essays on Art*, and promised himself some hours of pleasant reading. (Ah, how well I know that very book, in its faded cover, and how often I have heard him describe that lonely evening!) The night had by this time set in cold and wet. The damp logs spluttered on the hearth, and a wailing wind swept down the valley, bearing the rain in sudden gusts against the panes. My brother soon found that to read was impossible. His attention wandered incessantly. He read the same sentence over and over again, unconscious of its meaning, and fell into long trains of thought leading far into the dim past.

Thus the hours went by, and at eleven o'clock he heard the doors closing below, and the household retiring to rest. He determined to yield no longer to this dreaming apathy. He threw on fresh logs, trimmed the lamp, and took several turns about the room. Then he opened the casement, and suffered the rain to beat against his face, and the wind to ruffle his hair, as it ruffled the acacia leaves in the garden below. Some minutes passed thus, and when, at length, he closed the window and came back into the room, his face and hair and all the front of his shirt were thoroughly saturated. To unstrap his knapsack and take out a dry shirt was, of course, his first impulse—to drop the garment, listen eagerly, and start to his feet, breathless and bewildered, was the next.

For, borne fitfully upon the outer breeze, now sweeping past the window, now dying in the distance, he heard a well-remembered strain of melody, subtle and silvery as the "sweet airs" of Prospero's isle, and proceeding unmistakably, from the musical-box which had, the day before, accompanied the lunch under the fir-trees of the Wengern Alp!

Had Christien come back, and was it thus that he announced his return? If so, where was he? Under the window? Outside in the corridor? Sheltering in the porch, and waiting for admittance? My brother threw open the casement again, and called him by his name.

"Christien! Is that you?"

All without was intensely silent. He could hear the last gust of wind and rain moaning farther and farther away upon its wild course down the valley, and the pine trees shivering, like living things.

"Christien!" he said again, and his own voice seemed to echo strangely on his ear. "Speak! Is it you?"

Still no one answered. He leaned out into the dark night; but could see nothing—not even the outline of the porch below. He began to think that his imagination had deceived him, when suddenly the strain burst forth again;—this time, apparently in his own chamber.

As he turned, expecting to find Christien at his elbow, the sounds broke off abruptly, and a sensation of intensest cold seized him in every limb—not the mere chill of nervous terror, not the mere physical result of exposure to wind and rain, but a deadly freezing of every vein, a paralysis of every nerve, an appalling consciousness that in a few moments more the lungs must cease to play, and the heart to beat! Powerless to speak or stir, he closed his eyes, and believed that he was dying.

This strange faintness lasted but a few seconds. Gradually the vital warmth returned, and, with it, strength to close the window, and stagger to a chair. As he did so, he found the breast of his shirt all stiff and frozen, and the rain clinging in solid icicles upon his hair.

He looked at his watch. It had stopped at twenty minutes before twelve. He took his thermometer from the chimney-piece, and found the mercury at sixty-eight. Heavenly powers! How were these things possible in a temperature of sixty-eight degrees, and with a large fire blazing on the hearth?

He poured out half a tumbler of cognac, and drank it at a draught. Going to bed was out of the question. He felt that he dared not sleep—that he scarcely dared to think. All he could do, was, to change his linen, pile on more logs, wrap himself in his blankets, and sit all night in an easy-chair before the fire.

My brother had not long sat thus, however, before the warmth, and probably the nervous reaction, drew him off to sleep. In the morning he found himself lying on the bed, without being able to remember in the least how or when he reached it.

It was again a glorious day. The rain and wind were gone, and the Silverhorn at the end of the valley lifted its head into an unclouded sky. Looking out upon the sunshine, he almost doubted the events of the night, and, but for the evidence of his watch, which still pointed to twenty minutes before twelve, would have been disposed to treat the whole matter as a dream. As it was, he attributed more than half his terrors to the prompting of an over-active and over-wearied brain. For all this, he still felt depressed and uneasy, and so very unwilling to pass another night at Lauterbrunnen, that he made up his mind to proceed that morning to Interlaken. While he was yet loitering over his breakfast, and considering whether he should walk the seven miles of road, or hire a vehicle, a char came rapidly up to the inn door, and a young man jumped out.

"Why, Battisto!" exclaimed my brother, in astonishment, as he came into the room; "what brings you here to-day? Where is Stefano?"

"I have left him at Interlaken, signor," replied the Italian.

Something there was in his voice, something in his face, both strange and startling.

"What is the matter?" asked my brother, breathlessly. "He is not ill? No accident has happened?"

Battisto shook his head, glanced furtively up and down the passage, and closed the door.

"Stefano is well, signor; but—but a circumstance has occurred—a circumstance so strange!

—Signor, do you believe in spirits?"

"In spirits, Battisto?"

"Ay, signor; for if ever the spirit of any man, dead or living, appealed to human ears, the spirit of Christien came to me last night, at twenty minutes before twelve o'clock."

"At twenty minutes before twelve o'clock!" repeated my brother.

"I was in bed, signor, and Stefano was sleeping in the same room. I had gone up quite warm, and had fallen asleep, full of pleasant thoughts. By-and-by, although I had plenty of bed-clothes, and a rug over me as well, I woke, frozen with cold and scarcely able to breathe. I tried to call to Stefano; but I had no power to utter the slightest sound. I thought my last moment was come. All at once, I heard a sound under the window—a sound which I knew to be Christien's musical box; and it played as it played when we lunched under the fir-trees, except that it was more wild and strange and melancholy and most solemn to hear—awful to hear! Then, signor, it grew fainter and fainter—and then it seemed to float past upon the wind, and die away. When it ceased, my frozen blood grew warm again, and I cried out to Stefano. When I told him what had happened, he declared I had been only dreaming. I made him strike a light, that I might look at my watch. It pointed to twenty minutes before twelve, and had stopped there; and—stranger still—Stefano's watch had done the very same. Now tell me, signor, do you believe that there is any meaning in this, or do you think, as Stefano persists in thinking, that it was all a dream?"

"What is your own conclusion, Battisto?"

"My conclusion, signor, is that some harm has happened to poor Christien on the glacier, and that his spirit came to me last night."

"Battisto, he shall have help if living, or rescue for his poor corpse if dead; for I, too, believe that all is not well."

And with this, my brother told him briefly what had occurred to himself in the night; despatched messengers for the three best guides in Lauterbrunnen; and prepared ropes, ice-hatchets, alpenstocks, and all such matters necessary for a glacier expedition. Hasten as he would, however, it was nearly mid-day before the party started.

Arriving in about half an hour at a place called

Stechelberg, they left the char, in which they had travelled so far, at a chalet, and ascended a steep path in full view of the Breithorn glacier, which rose up to the left, like a battlemented wall of solid ice. The way now lay for some time among pastures and pine-forests. Then they came to a little colony of chalets, called Steinberg, where they filled their water-bottles, got their ropes in readiness, and prepared for the Tschlingel glacier. A few minutes more, and they were on the ice.

At this point, the guides called a halt, and consulted together. One was for striking across the lower glacier towards the left, and reaching the upper glacier by the rocks which bound it on the south. The other two preferred the north, or right side; and this my brother finally took. The sun was now pouring down with almost tropical intensity, and the surface of the ice, which was broken into long treacherous fissures, smooth as glass and blue as the summer sky, was both difficult and dangerous. Silently and cautiously, they went, tied together at intervals of about three yards each: with two guides in front, and the third bringing up the rear. Turning presently to the right, they found themselves at the foot of a steep rock, some forty feet in height, up which they must climb to reach the upper glacier. The only way in which Battisto or my brother could hope to do this, was by the help of a rope steadied from below and above. Two of the guides accordingly clambered up the face of the crag by notches in the surface, and one remained below. The rope was then let down, and my brother prepared to go first. As he planted his foot in the first notch, a smothered cry from Battisto arrested him.

"Santa Maria! Signor! Look yonder!"

My brother looked, and there (he ever afterwards declared), as surely as there is a heaven above us all, he saw Christien Baumann standing in the full sunlight, not a hundred yards distant! Almost in the same moment that my brother recognised him, he was gone. He neither faded, nor sank down, nor moved away; but was simply gone, as if he had never been. Pale as death, Battisto fell upon his knees, and covered his face with his hands. My brother, awe-stricken and speechless, leaned against the rock, and felt that the object of his journey was but too fatally accomplished. As for the guides, they could not conceive what had happened.

"Did you see nothing?" asked my brother and Battisto, both together.

But the men had seen nothing, and the one who had remained below, said, "What should I see but the ice and the sun?"

To this my brother made no other reply than by announcing his intention to have a certain crevasse, from which he had not once removed his eyes since he saw the figure standing on the brink, thoroughly explored before he went a step farther; whereupon the two men came down from the top of the crag, resumed the ropes, and followed my brother, incredulously. At the narrow

end of the fissure, he paused, and drove his alpenstock firmly into the ice. It was an unusually long crevasse—at first a mere crack, but widening gradually as it went, and reaching down to unknown depths of dark deep blue, fringed with long pendent icicles, like diamond stalactites. Before they had followed the course of this crevasse for more than ten minutes, the youngest of the guides uttered a hasty exclamation.

"I see something!" cried he. "Something dark, wedged in the teeth of the crevasse, a great way down!"

They all saw it: a mere indistinguishable mass, almost closed over by the ice-walls at their feet. My brother offered a hundred francs to the man who would go down and bring it up. They all hesitated.

"We don't know what it is," said one.

"Perhaps it is only a dead chamois," suggested another.

Their apathy enraged him.

"It is no chamois," he said, angrily. "It is the body of Christien Baumann, native of Kandersteg. And, by Heaven, if you are all too cowardly to make the attempt, I will go down myself!"

The youngest guide threw off his hat and coat, tied a rope about his waist, and took a hatchet in his hand.

"I will go, monsieur," said he; and without another word, suffered himself to be lowered in. My brother turned away. A sickening anxiety came upon him, and presently he heard the dull echo of the hatchet far down in the ice. Then there was a call for another rope, and then—the men all drew aside in silence, and my brother saw the youngest guide standing once more beside the chasm, flushed and trembling, with the body of Christien lying at his feet.

Poor Christien! They made a rough bier with their ropes and alpenstocks, and carried him, with great difficulty, back to Steinberg. There, they got additional help as far as Stechelberg, where they laid him in the char, and so brought him on to Lauterbrunnen. The next day, my brother made it his sad business to precede the body to Kandersteg, and prepare his friends for its arrival. To this day, though all these things happened thirty years ago, he cannot bear to recal Marie's despair, or all the mourning that he innocently brought upon that peaceful valley. Poor Marie has been dead this many a year; and when my brother last passed through the Kander Thal on his way to the Ghemmi, he saw her grave, beside the grave of Christien Baumann, in the village burial-ground.

This is my brother's Ghost Story.

The chairman now announced that the clock declared the tictotum spun out, and that the meeting was dissolved. Yet even then, the young fisherman could not refrain from once more asking his question. This occasioned the Gentlemen King Arthurs, as they got on their hats and great coats, evidently to regard him as a young fisherman who was touched in his head,

and some of them even cherished the idea that the captain was his keeper.

As no man dared to awake the mighty Parvis, it was resolved that a heavy member of the society should fall against him as it were by accident, and immediately withdraw to a safe distance. The experiment was so happily accomplished, that Mr. Parvis started to his feet on the best terms with himself, as a light sleeper whose wits never left him, and who could always be broad awake on occasion. Quite an airy jocundity sat upon this respectable man in consequence. And he rallied the briskest member of the fraternity on being "a sleepy-head," with an amount of humour previously supposed to be quite incompatible with his responsible circumstances in life.

Gradually, the society departed into the cold night, and the captain and his young companion were left alone. The captain had so refreshed himself by shaking hands with everybody to an amazing extent, that he was in no hurry to go to bed.

"To-morrow morning," said the captain, "we must find out the lawyer and the clergyman here; they are the people to consult on our business. And I'll be up and out early, and asking questions of everybody I see; thereby propagating at least one of the Institutions of my native country."

As the captain was slapping his leg, the landlord appeared with two small candlesticks.

"Your room," said he, "is at the top of the house. An excellent bed, but you'll hear the wind."

"I've heard it afore," replied the captain. "Come and make a passage with me, and *you* shall hear it."

"It's considered to blow, here," said the landlord.

"Weather gets its young strength here," replied the captain; "goes into training for the Atlantic Ocean. Yours are little winds just beginning to feel their way and crawl. Make a voyage with me, and I'll show you a grown-up one out on business. But you haven't told my friend where he lies."

"It's the room at the head of the stairs, before you take the second staircase through the wall," returned the landlord. "You can't mistake it. It's a double-bedded room, because there's no other."

"The room where the seafaring man is?" said the captain.

"The room where the seafaring man is."

"I hope he mayn't finish telling his story in his sleep," remarked the captain. "Shall I turn into the room where the seafaring man is, Alfred?"

"No, Captain Jorgan, why should you? There would be little fear of his waking me, even if he told his whole story out."

"He's in the bed nearest the door," said the landlord. "I've been in to look at him, once, and he's sound enough. Good night, gentlemen."

The captain immediately shook hands with the landlord in quite an enthusiastic manner,

and having performed that national ceremony, as if he had had no opportunity of performing it for a long time, accompanied his young friend up-stairs.

"Something tells me," said the captain as they went, "that Miss Kitty Tregarthen's marriage ain't put off for long, and that we shall light on what we want."

"I hope so. When, do you think?"

"Wa'al, I couldn't just say when, but soon. Here's your room," said the captain, softly opening the door and looking in; "and here's the berth of the seafaring man. I wonder what like he is. He breathes deep; don't he?"

"Sleeping like a child, to judge from the sound," said the young fisherman.

"Dreaming of home, maybe," returned the captain. "Can't see him. Sleeps a deal more wholesomely than Arson Parvis, but a'most as sound; don't he? Good night, fellow-traveller."

"Good night, Captain Jorgan, and many, many thanks!"

"I'll wait till I 'arn 'em, boy, afore I take 'em," returned the captain, clapping him cheerfully on the back. "Pleasant dreams of—you know who!"

When the young fisherman had closed the door, the captain waited a moment or two, listening for any stir on the part of the unknown seafaring man. But, none being audible, the captain pursued the way to his own chamber.

CHAPTER IV. THE SEAFARING MAN.

Who was the Seafaring Man? And what might he have to say for himself? He answers those questions in his own words:

I begin by mentioning what happened on my journey, northwards, from Falmouth in Cornwall, to Steepways in Devonshire. I have no occasion to say (being here) that it brought me last night to Lanrean. I had business in hand which was part very serious, and part (as I hoped) very joyful—and this business, you will please to remember, was the cause of my journey.

After landing at Falmouth, I travelled on foot; because of the expense of riding, and because I had anxieties heavy on my mind, and walking was the best way I knew of to lighten them. The first two days of my journey the weather was fine and soft, the wind being mostly light airs from south, and south and by west. On the third day, I took a wrong turning, and had to fetch a long circuit to get right again. Towards evening, while I was still on the road, the wind shifted; and a sea-fog came rolling in on the land. I went on through, what I ask leave to call, the white darkness; keeping the sound of the sea on my left hand for a guide, and feeling those anxieties of mine before mentioned, pulling heavier and heavier at my mind, as the fog thickened and the wet trickled down my face.

It was still early in the evening, when I heard a dog bark, away in the distance, on the right-hand side of me. Following the sound as well as I could, and shouting to the dog, from

time to time, to set him barking again, I stumbled up at last against the back of a house; and, hearing voices inside, groped my way round to the door, and knocked on it smartly with the flat of my hand.

The door was opened by a slip-slop young hussey in a torn gown; and the first inquiries I made of her discovered to me that the house was an inn.

Before I could make more questions, the landlord opened the parlour door of the inn and came out. A clamour of voices, and a fine comforting smell of fire and grog and tobacco, came out, also, along with him.

"The taproom fire's out, says the landlord. "You don't think you would dry more comfortable, like, if you went to bed?" says he, looking hard at me.

"No," says I, looking hard at him; "I don't."

Before more words were spoken, a jolly voice hailed us from inside the parlour.

"What's the matter, landlord?" says the jolly voice. "Who is it?"

"A seafaring man, by the looks of him," says the landlord, turning round from me, and speaking into the parlour.

"Let's have the seafaring man in," says the voice. "Let's vote him free of the Club, for this night only."

A lot of other voices thereupon said, "Hear! hear!" in a solemn manner, as if it was church service. After which there was a hammering, as if it was a trunk-maker's shop. After which the landlord took me by the arm; gave me a push into the parlour; and there I was, free of the Club.

The change from the fog outside to the warm room and the shining candles so completely dazed me, that I stood blinking at the company more like an owl than a man. Upon which the company again said, "Hear! hear!" Upon which I returned for answer, "Hear! hear!"—considering those words to mean, in the Club's language, something similar to "How-d'ye-do." The landlord then took me to a round table by the fire, where I got my supper, together with the information that my bedroom, when I wanted it, was number four, up-stairs.

I noticed before I fell to with my knife and fork that the room was full, and that the chairman at the top of the table was the man with the jolly voice, and was seemingly amusing the company by telling them a story. I paid more attention to my supper than to what he was saying; and all I can now report of it is, that his story-telling and my eating and drinking both came to an end together.

"Now," says the chairman, "I have told my story to start you all. Who comes next?" He took up a tetterum, and gave it a spin on the table. When it toppled over, it fell opposite me; upon which the chairman said, "It's your turn next. Order! order! I call on the seafaring man to tell the second story!" He finished the words off with a knock of his hammer; and the Club (having nothing else to

say, as I suppose) tried back, and once again sang out altogether, "Hear! hear!"

"I hope you will please to let me off," I said to the chairman, "for the reason that I have got no story to tell."

"No story to tell!" says he. "A sailor without a story! Who ever heard of such a thing? Nobody!"

"Nobody," says the Club, bursting out altogether at last with a new word, by way of a change.

I can't say I quite relished the chairman's talking of me as if I was before the mast. A man likes his true quality to be known, when he is publicly spoken to among a party of strangers. I made my true quality known to the chairman and company, in these words:

"All men who follow the sea, gentlemen, are sailors," I said. "But there's degrees aboard ship as well as ashore. My rating, if you please, is the rating of a second mate."

"Ay, ay, surely?" says the chairman.

"Where did you leave your ship?"

"At the bottom of the sea," I made answer—which was, I am sorry to say, only too true.

"What! you've been wrecked?" says he. "Tell us all about it. A shipwreck-story is just the sort of story we like. Silence there all down the table!—silence for the second mate!"

The Club, upon this, instead of keeping silence, broke out vehemently with another new word, and said, "Chair!" After which every man suddenly held his peace, and looked at me.

I did a very foolish thing. Without stopping to take counsel with myself, I started off at score, and did just what the chairman had bidden me. If they had waited the whole night long for it, I should never have told them the story they wanted from me at first, having all my life been a wretched bad hand at such matters—for the reason, as I take it, that a story is bound to be something which is not true. But when I found the company willing, on a sudden, to put up with nothing better than the account of my shipwreck (which is not a story at all), the unexpected luck of being let off with only telling the truth about myself, was too much of a temptation for me—so I up and told it.

I got on well enough with the storm, and the striking of the vessel, and the strange chance, afterwards, which proved to be the saving of my life—the assembly all listening (to my great surprise) as if they had never heard anything of the sort before. But, when the necessity came next for going further than this, and for telling them what had happened to me *after* the saving of my life—or, to put it plainer, for telling them what place I was cast away on, and what company I was cast away in—the words died straight off on my lips. For this reason—namely—that those particulars of my statement made up just that part of it which I couldn't, and durstn't, let out to strangers—no, not if every man among them had offered me a hundred pounds apiece, on the spot, to do it!

"Go on!" says the chairman. "What happened next? How did you get on shore?"

Feeling what a fool I had been to run myself headlong into a scrape, for want of thinking before I spoke, I now cast about discreetly in my mind for the best means of finishing off-hand without letting out a word to the company concerning those particulars before mentioned. I was some little time before seeing my way to this; keeping the chairman and company, all the while, waiting for an answer. The Club, losing patience in consequence, got from staring hard at me to drumming with their feet, and then to calling out lustily, "Go on! go on! Chair! Order!"—and such like. In the midst of this childish hubbub, I saw my way to what I considered to be rather a neat finish—and got on my legs to ease them all off with it handsomely.

"Hear! hear!" says the Club. "He's going on again at last."

"Gentlemen!" I made answer; "with your permission I will now conclude by wishing you all good night." Saying which words, I gave them a friendly nod, to make things pleasant—and walked straight to the door. It's hardly to be believed—though nevertheless quite true—that these curious men all howled and groaned at me directly, as if I had done them some grievous injury. Thinking I would try to pacify them with their own favourite catch-word, I said, "Hear! hear!" as civilly as might be, whereupon, they all returned for answer, "Oh! oh!" I never belonged to a Club of any kind, myself; and, after what I saw of *that* Club, I don't care if I never do.

My bedroom, when I found my way up to it, was large and airy enough, but not over-clean. There were two beds in it, not over-clean either. Both being empty, I had my choice. One was near the window, and one near the door. I thought the bed near the door looked a trifle the sweetest of the two; and took it.

After falling asleep, it was the grey of the morning before I woke. When I had fairly opened my eyes and shook up my memory into telling me where I was, I made two discoveries. First, that the room was a deal colder in the new morning, than it had been over-night. Second, that the other bed near the window had got some one sleeping in it. Not that I could see the man from where I lay; but I heard his breathing, plain enough. He must have come up into the room, of course, after I had fallen asleep—and he had tumbled himself quietly into bed without disturbing me. There was nothing wonderful in that; and nothing wonderful in the landlord letting the empty bed if he could find a customer for it. I turned, and tried to go to sleep again; but I was out of sorts—out of sorts so badly, that even the breathing of the man in the other bed fretted and worried me. After tumbling and tossing for a quarter of an hour or more, I got up for a change; and walked softly in my stockings, to the window, to look at the morning.

The heavens were brightening into daylight,

and the mists were blowing off, past the window, like puffs of smoke. When I got even with the second bed, I stopped to look at the man in it. He lay, sound asleep, turned towards the window; and the end of the counterpane was drawn up over the lower half of his face. Something struck me, on a sudden, in his hair, and his forehead; and, though not an inquisitive man by nature, I stretched out my hand to the end of the counterpane, in spite of myself.

I uncovered his face softly; and there, in the morning light, I saw my brother, Alfred Raybrock.

What I ought to have done, or what other men might have done in my place, I don't know. What I really did, was to drop back a step—to steady myself, with my hand, on the sill of the window—and to stand so, looking at him. Three years ago, I had said good-by to my wife, to my little child, to my old mother, and to brother Alfred here, asleep under my eyes. For all those three years, no news from me had reached them—and the underwriters, as I knew, must have long since reported that the ship I sailed in was lost, and that all hands on board had perished. My heart was heavy when I thought of my kindred at home, and of the weary time they must have waited and sorrowed before they gave me up for dead. Twice I reached out my hand, to wake Alfred, and to ask him about my wife and my child; and twice I drew it back again, in fear of what might happen if he saw me, standing by his bed-head in the grey morning, like Hugh Raybrock risen up from the grave.

I drew my hand back the second time, and waited a minute. In that minute he woke. I had not moved, or spoken a word, or touched him—I had only looked at him longingly. If such things could be, I should say it was my looking that woke him. His eyes, when they opened under mine, passed on a sudden from fast asleep to broad awake. They first settled on my face with a startled look—which passed directly. He lifted himself on his elbow, and opened his lips to speak, but never said a word. His eyes strained and strained into mine; and his face turned all over of a ghastly white. "Alfred!" I said, "don't you know me?" There seemed to be a deadly terror pent up in him, and I thought my voice might set it free. I took fast hold of him by the hands, and spoke again. "Alfred!" I said—

Oh, sirs! where can a man like me find words to tell all that was said and all that was thought between us two brothers? Please to pardon my not saying more of it than I say here. We sat down together, side by side. The poor lad burst out crying—and got vent that way. I kept my hold of his hands, and waited a bit before I spoke to him again. I think I was worst off, now, of the two—no tears came to help me—I haven't got my brother's quickness, any way; and my troubles have roughened and hardened me, outside. But, God knows, I felt it keenly; all the more keenly, maybe, because I was slow to show it.

After a little, I put the questions to him which I had been longing to ask, from the time when I first saw his face on the pillow. Had they all given me up at home, for dead (I asked)? Yes; after long, long hoping, one by one they had given me up—my wife (God bless her!) last of all. I meant to ask next if my wife was alive and well; but, try as I might, I could only say "Margaret?"—and look hard in my brother's face. He knew what I meant. Yes (he said), she was living; she was at home; she was in her widow's weeds—poor soul! her widow's weeds! I got on better with my next question about the child. Was it born alive? Yes. Boy or girl? Girl. And living now; and much grown? Living, surely, and grown—poor little thing, what a question to ask!—grown of course, in three years! And mother?

Well, mother was a trifle fallen away, and more silent within herself than she used to be—fretting at times; fretting (like my wife) on nights when the sea rose, and the windows shook and shivered in the wind. Thereupon, my brother and I waited a bit again—I with my questions, and he with his answers—and while we waited, I thanked God, inwardly, with all my heart and soul, for bringing me back, living, to wife and kindred, while wife and kindred were living too.

My brother dried the tears off his face; and looked at me a little. Then he turned aside suddenly, as if he remembered something; and stole his hand in a hurry, under the pillow of his bed. Nothing came out from below the pillow but his black neck-handkerchief, which he now unfolded slowly, looking at me, all the while, with something strange in his face that I couldn't make out.

"What are you doing?" I asked him. "What are you looking at me like that for?"

Instead of making answer, he took a crumpled morsel of paper out of his neck-handkerchief, opened it carefully, and held it to the light to let me see what it was. Lord in Heaven!—my own writing—the morsel of paper I had committed, long, long since, to the mercy of the deep. Thousands and thousands of miles away, I had trusted that Message to the waters—and here it was now, in my brother's hands! A chilly fear came over me at the seeing it again. Scrap of paper as it was, it looked to my eyes like the ghost of my own past self, gone home before me invisibly over the great wastes of the sea.

My brother pointed down solemnly to the writing.

"Hugh," he said, "were you in your right mind when you wrote those words?"

"Tell me, first," I made answer, "how and when the Message came to you. I can't quiet myself fit to talk till I know that."

He told me how the paper had come to hand—also, how his good friend, the captain, having promised to help him, was then under the same roof with our two selves. But there he stopped. It was not till later in the day that I heard of what had happened (through this dreadful doubt about the money) in the matter of his sweetheart and his marriage.

The knowledge that the Message had reached

him by mortal means—on the word of a seaman, I half doubted it when I first set eyes on the paper!—eased me in my mind; and I now did my best to quiet Alfred, in my turn. I told him that I was in my right senses, though sorely troubled, when my hand had written those words. Also, that where the writing was rubbed out, I could tell him for his necessary guidance and mine, what once stood in the empty places. Also, that I knew no more what the real truth might be than he did, till inquiry was made, and the slander on father's good name was dragged boldly into daylight to show itself for what it was worth. Lastly, that all the voyage home, there was one hope and one determination uppermost in my mind—the hope, that I might get safe to England, and find my wife and kindred alive to take me back among them again—the determination, that I would put the doubt about father's five hundred pound to the proof, if ever my feet touched English land once more.

"Come out with me now, Alfred," I said, after winding up as above; "and let me tell you in the quiet of the morning how that Message came to be written and committed to the sea."

We went down stairs softly, and let ourselves out without disturbing any one. The sun was just rising when we left the village and took our way slowly over the cliffs. As soon as the sea began to open on us, I returned to that true story of mine which I had left but half told, the night before—and, this time, I went through with it to the end.

I shipped, as you may remember (were my first words to Alfred), in a second mate's berth, on board the Peruvian, nine hundred tons' burden. We carried an assorted cargo, and we were bound, round the Horn, to Truxillo and Guayaquil, on the western coast of South America. From this last port—namely, Guayaquil—we were to go back to Truxillo, and there to take in another cargo for the return voyage. Those were all the instructions communicated to me when I signed articles with the owners, in London city, three years ago.

After we had been, I think, a week at sea, I heard from the first mate—who had himself heard it from the captain—that the supercargo we were taking with us, on the outward voyage, was to be left at Truxillo, and that another supercargo (also connected with our firm, and latterly employed by them as their foreign agent) was to ship with us at that port, for the voyage home. His name on the captain's instructions was, Mr. Lawrence Clissold. None of us had ever set eyes on him to our knowledge, and none of us knew more about him than what I have told you here.

We had a wonderful voyage out—especially round the Horn. I never before saw such fair weather in that infernal latitude, and I never expect to see the like again. We followed our instructions to the letter; discharging our cargo in fine condition, and returning to Truxillo to load again as directed. At this place, I was so

unfortunate as to be seized with the fever of the country, which laid me on my back, while we were in harbour; and which only let me return to my duty after we had been ten days at sea, on the voyage home again. For this reason, the first morning when I was able to get on deck, was also the first time of my setting eyes on our new supercargo, Mr. Lawrence Clissold.

I found him to be a long, lean, wiry man, with some complaint in his eyes which forced him to wear spectacles of blue glass. His age appeared to be fifty-six, or thereabouts; but he might well have been more. There was not above a handful of grey hair, altogether, on his bald head—and, as for the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and the sides of his mouth, if he could have had a pound apiece in his pocket for every one of them, he might have retired from business from that time forth. Judging by certain signs in his face, and by a suspicious morning-tremble in his hands, I set him down, in my own mind (rightly enough, as it afterwards turned out), for a drinker. In one word, I didn't like the looks of the new supercargo—and, on the first day when I got on deck, I found that he had reasons of his own for paying me back in my own coin, and not liking *my* looks, either.

"I've been asking the captain about you," were his first words to me in return for my civilly wishing him good morning. "Your name's Raybrock, I hear. Are you any relation to the late Hugh Raybrock, of Barnstaple, Devonshire?"

"Rather a near relation," I made answer. "I am the late Hugh Raybrock's eldest son."

There was no telling how his eyes looked, because they were hidden by his blue spectacles—but I saw him wince at the mouth, when I gave him that reply.

"Your father ended by failing in business, didn't he?" was the next question the supercargo put to me.

"Who told you he failed?" I asked, sharply enough.

"Oh! I heard it," says Mr. Lawrence Clissold, both looking and speaking as if he was glad to have heard it, and he hoped it was true.

"Whoever told you my father failed in business, told you a lie," I said. "His business fell off towards the last years of his life—I don't deny it. But every creditor he had was honestly paid at his death, without so much as touching the provision left for his widow and children. Please to mention that, next time you hear it reported that my father failed in business."

Mr. Clissold grinned to himself—and I lost my temper.

"I'll tell you what," I said to him, "I don't like your laughing to yourself, when I ask you to do justice to my father's memory—and, what is more, I didn't like the way you mentioned that report of his failing in business, just now. You looked as if you hoped it was true."

"Perhaps I did," says Mr. Clissold, coolly. "Shall I tell you why? When I was a young man, I was unlucky enough to owe your father some money. He was a merciless creditor;

and he threatened me with a prison if the debt remained unpaid on the day when it was due. I have never forgotten that circumstance; and I should certainly not have been sorry if your father's creditors had given him a lesson in forbearance, by treating him as harshly as he once treated me."

"My father had a right to ask for his own," I broke out. "If you owed him the money and didn't pay it——"

"I never told you I didn't pay it," says Mr. Clissold, as coolly as ever.

"Well, if you did pay it," I put in, "then, you didn't go to prison—and you have no cause of complaint now. My father wronged nobody; and I won't believe he ever wronged *you*. He was a just man in all his dealings; and whoever tells me to the contrary——!"

"That will do," says Mr. Clissold, backing away to the cabin stairs. "You seem to have not quite got over your fever yet. I'll leave you to air yourself in the sea-breezes, Mr. Second Mate; and I'll receive your excuses when you are cool enough to make them."

"It is a son's business to defend his father's character," I answered; "and, cool or hot, I'll leave the ship sooner than ask your pardon for doing my duty!"

"You *will* leave the ship," says the supercargo, quietly going down into the cabin. "You will leave at the next port, if I have any interest with the captain."

That was how Mr. Clissold and I scraped acquaintance on the first day when we met together! And as we began, so we went on to the end. But, though he persecuted me in almost every other way, he did not anger me again about father's affairs: he seemed to have dropped talking of them at once and for ever. On my side I nevertheless bore in mind what he had said to me, and determined, if I got home safe, to go to the lawyer at Barnstaple who keeps father's old books and letters for us, and see what information they might give on the subject of Mr. Lawrence Clissold. I, myself, had never heard his name mentioned at home—father (as you know, Alfred) being always close about business-matters, and mother never troubling him with idle questions about his affairs. But it was likely enough that he and Mr. Clissold might have been concerned in money-matters, in past years, and that Mr. Clissold might have tried to cheat him, and failed. I rather hoped it might prove to be so—for the truth is, the supercargo provoked me past all endurance; and I hated him as heartily as he hated me.

All this while the ship was making such a speedy voyage down the coast, that we began to think we were carrying back with us the fine weather we had brought out. But, on nearing Cape Horn, the signs and tokens appeared which told us that our run of luck was at an end. Down went the barometer, lower and lower; and up got the wind, in the northerly quarter, higher and higher. This happened towards nightfall—and at daybreak next day, we

found ourselves forced to lay-to. It blew all that day and all that night; towards noon the next day, it lulled a little, and we made sail again. But at sunset, the heavens grew blacker than ever; and the wind returned upon us with double and treble fury. The Peruvian was a fine stout roomy ship, but the unhandiest vessel at laying-to I ever sailed in. After taking tons of water on board and losing our best boat, we had nothing left for it but to turn tail, and scud for our lives. For the next three days and nights we ran before the wind. The gale moderated more than once in that time; but there was such a sea on, that we durstn't heave the ship to. From the beginning of the gale none of us officers had a chance of taking any observations. We only knew that the wind was driving us as hard as we could go in a southerly direction, and that we were by this time hundreds of miles out of the ordinary course of ships in doubling the Cape.

On the third night—or rather, I should say, early on the fourth morning—I went below, dead beat, to get a little rest, leaving the vessel in charge of the captain and the first mate. The night was then pitch-black—it was raining, hailing, and sleetng, all at once—and the Peruvian was wallowing in the frightful seas, as if she meant to roll the masts out of her. I tumbled into bed the instant my wet oilskins were off my back, and slept as only a man can who lays himself down dead beat.

I was woke—how long afterwards I don't know—by being pitched clean out of my berth on to the cabin floor; and, at the same moment, I heard the crash of the ship's timbers, forward, which told me it was all over with us.

Though bruised and shaken by my fall, I was on deck directly. Before I had taken two steps forward, the Peruvian forged ahead on the send of the sea, swung round a little, and struck heavily at the bows for the second time. The shrouds of the foremast cracked one after another, like pistol-shots; and the mast went overboard. I next felt our people go tearing past me, in the black darkness, to the lee-side of the vessel; and I knew that, in their last extremity, they were taking to the boats. I say I *felt* them go past me, because the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind deafened me, on deck, as completely as the darkness blinded me. I myself no more believed the boats would live in the sea, than I believed the ship would hold together on the reef—but, as the rest were running the risk, I made up my mind to run it with them.

But before I followed the crew to leeward, I went below again for a minute—not to save money or clothes, for, with death staring me in the face, neither were of any account, now—but to get my little writing-case which mother had given me at parting. A curl of Margaret's hair was in the pocket inside it, with all the letters she had sent me when I had been away on other voyages. If I saved anything I was resolved to save this—and if I died, I would die with it about me.

My locker was jammed with the wrenching of the ship, and had to be broken open. I was, maybe, longer over this job than I myself supposed. At any rate, when I got on deck again with my case in my breast, it was useless calling, and useless groping about. The largest of the two boats, when I felt for it, was gone; and every soul on board was beyond a doubt gone with her.

Before I had time to think, I was thrown off my feet, by another sea coming on board, and a great heave of the vessel, which drove her farther over the reef, and canted the after-part of her up like the roof of a house. In that position the stern stuck, wedged fast into the rocks beneath, while the fore-part of the ship was all to pieces and down under water. If the after-part kept the place it was now jammed in, till daylight, there might be a chance—but if the sea wrenched it out from between the rocks, there was an end of me. After straining my eyes to discover if there was land beyond the reef, and seeing nothing but the flash of the breakers, like white fire in the darkness, I crawled below again to the shelter of the cabin stairs, and waited for death or daylight.

As the morning hours wore on, the weather moderated again; and the after-part of the vessel, though shaken often, was not shaken out of its place. A little before dawn, the winds and the waves, though fierce enough still, allowed me, at last, to hear something besides themselves. What I did hear, crouched up in my dark corner, was a heavy thumping and grinding, every now and then, against the side of the ship to windward. Day broke soon afterwards; and, when I climbed to the deck, I clawed my way up to windward first, to see what the noise was caused by.

My first look over the bulwark showed me that it was caused by the boat which my unfortunate brother-officers and the crew had launched and gone away in when the ship struck. The boat was bottom upwards, thumping against the ship's side on the lift of the sea. I wanted no second look at it to tell me that every mother's son of them was drowned.

The main and mizen masts still stood. I got into the mizen rigging, to look out next to leeward—and there, in the blessed daylight, I saw a low, green, rocky little island, lying away beyond the reef, barely a mile distant from the ship! My life began to look of some small value to me again, when I saw land. I got higher up in the rigging to note how the current set, and where there might be a passage through the reef. The ship had driven over the rocks through the worst of the surf, and the sea between myself and the island, though angry and broken in places, was not too high for a lost man like me to venture on—provided I could launch the last, and smallest, boat still left in the vessel. I noted carefully the likeliest-looking channel for trying the experiment, and then got down on deck again to see what I could do, first of all, with the boat.

At the moment when my feet touched the

deck, I heard a dull knocking and banging just under them, in the region of the cabin. When the sound first reached my ears, I got such a shock of surprise that I could neither move nor speak. It had never yet crossed my mind that a single soul was left in the vessel besides myself—but now, there was something in the knocking noise which started the hope in me that I was not alone. I shook myself up, and got down below directly.

The noise came from inside one of the sleeping berths, on the far side of the main cabin; the door of which was jammed, no doubt, just as my locker had been jammed, by the wrenching of the ship. "Who's there?" I called out. A faint, muffled kind of voice answered something through the air-grating in the upper part of the door. I got up on the overthrown cabin furniture; and, looking in through the trellis-work of the grating, found myself face to face with the blue spectacles of Mr. Lawrence Clissold, looking out!

God forgive me for thinking it—but there was not a man in the vessel I wouldn't sooner have found alive in her than Mr. Clissold! Of all that ship's company, we two, who were least friendly together, were the only two saved.

I had a better chance of breaking out the jammed door from the main cabin, than he had from the berth inside; and in less than five minutes he was set free. I had smelt spirits already through the air-grating—and now, when he and I stood face to face, I saw what the smell meant. There was an open case of spirits by the bedside—two of the bottles out of it were lying broken on the floor—and Mr. Clissold was drunk.

"What's the matter with the ship?" says he, looking fierce, and speaking thick.

"You shall see for yourself," says I. With which words I took hold of him, and pulled him after me up the cabin stairs. I reckoned on the sight that would meet him, when he first looked over the deck, to sober his drunken brains—and I reckoned right: he fell on his knees, stock-still and speechless as if he was turned to stone.

I lashed him up safe to the cabin rail, and left it to the air to bring him round. He had, likely enough, been drinking in the sleeping berth for days together—for none of us, as I now remembered, had seen him since the gale set in—and even if he had had sense enough to try to get out, or to call for help, when the ship struck, he would not have made himself heard in the noise and confusion of that awful time. But for the lull in the weather, I should not have heard him myself, when he attempted to get free in the morning. Enemy of mine as he was, he had a pair of arms—and he was worth untold gold, in my situation, for that reason. With the help I could make him give me, there was no doubt now about launching the boat. In half an hour I had the means ready for trying the experiment; and Mr. Clissold was sober enough to see that his life depended on his doing what I told him.

The sky looked angry still—there was no opening anywhere—and the clouds were slowly banking up again to windward. The supercargo knew what I meant when I pointed that way, and worked with a will when I gave him the word. I had previously stowed away in the boat such stores of meat, biscuit, and fresh water as I could readily lay hands on; together with a compass, a lantern, a few candles, and some boxes of matches in my pocket, to kindle light and fire with. At the last moment, I thought of a gun and some powder and shot. The powder and shot I found, and an old flint pocket-pistol in the captain's cabin—with which, for fear of wasting precious time, I was forced to be content. The pistol lay on the top of the medicine-chest—and I took that also, finding it handy, and not knowing but what it might be of use. Having made these preparations, we launched the boat, down the steep of the deck, into the water over the forward part of the ship which was sunk. I took the oars, ordering Mr. Clissold to sit still in the stern-sheets—and pulled for the island.

It was neck or nothing with us more than once, before we were two hundred yards from the ship. Luckily, the supercargo was used to boats; and muddled as he still was, he had sense enough to sit quiet. We found our way into the smooth channel which I had noted from the mizen rigging—after which, it was easy enough to get ashore.

We landed on a little sandy creek. From the time of our leaving the ship, the supercargo had not spoken a word to me, nor I to him. I now told him to lend a hand in getting the stores out of the boat, and in helping me to carry them to the first sheltered place we could find in shore on the island. He shook himself up with a sulky look at me, and did as I had bidden him. We found a little dip or dell in the ground, after getting up the low sides of the island, which was sheltered to windward—and here I left him to stow away the stores, while I walked farther on, to survey the place.

According to the hasty judgment I formed at the time, the island was not a mile across, and not much more than three miles round. I noted nothing in the way of food but a few wild roots and vegetables, growing in ragged patches amidst the thick scrub which covered the place. There was not a tree on it anywhere; nor any living creatures; nor any signs of fresh water that I could see. Standing on the highest ground, I looked about anxiously for other islands that might be inhabited; there were none visible—at least none in the hazy state of the heavens that morning. When I fairly discovered what a desert the place was; when I remembered how far it lay out of the track of ships; and when I thought of the small store of provisions which we had brought with us, the doubt lest we might only have changed the chance of death by drowning for the chance of death by starvation was so strong in me, that I determined to go back to the boat, with the desperate notion of making another trip to the vessel for water

and food. I say desperate, because the clouds to windward were banking up blacker and higher every minute, the wind was freshening already, and there was every sign of the storm coming on again wilder and fiercer than ever.

Mr. Clissold, when I passed him on my way back to the beach, had got the stores pretty tidy, covered with the tarpaulin which I had thrown over them in the bottom of the boat. Just as I looked down at him in the hollow, I saw him take a bottle of spirits out of the pocket of his pilot-coat. He must have stowed the bottle away there, as I suppose, while I was breaking open the door of his berth. "You'll be drowned, and I shall have double allowance to live upon here," was all he said to me, when he heard I was going back to the ship. "Yes! and die, in your turn, when you've got through it," says I, going away to the boat. It's shocking to think of now—but we couldn't be civil to each other, even on the first day when we were wrecked together!

Having previously stripped to my trousers, in case of accident, I now pulled out. On getting from the channel into the broken water again, I looked over my shoulder to windward, and saw that I was too late. It was coming!—the ship was hidden already in the horrible haze of it. I got the boat's head round to pull back—and I did pull back, just inside the opening in the reef which made the mouth of the channel—when the storm came down on me like death and judgment. The boat filled in an instant; and I was tossed head over heels into the water. The sea, which burst into raging surf upon the rocks on either side, rushed in one great roller up the deep channel between them, and took me with it. If the undertow, afterwards, had lasted for half a minute, I should have been carried into the white water, and lost. But a second roller followed the first, almost on the instant, and swept me right up on the beach. I had just strength enough to dig my arms and legs well into the wet sand; and though I was taken back with the backward shift of it, I was not taken into deep water again. Before the third roller came, I was out of its reach, and was down in a sort of swoon, on the dry sand.

When I got back to the hollow, in shore, where I had left my clothes under shelter with the stores, I found Mr. Clissold snugly crouched up, in the driest place, with the tarpaulin to cover him. "Oh!" says he, in a state of great surprise, "you're not drowned?" "No," says I; "you won't get your double allowance, after all." "How much shall I get?" says he, rousing up and looking anxious. "Your fair half share of what is here," I answered him. "And how long will that last me?" says he. "The food, if you have sense enough to eke it out with what you may find in this miserable place, barely three weeks," says I; "and the water (if you ever drink any) about a fortnight." At hearing that, he took the bottle out of his pocket again, and put it to his lips. "I'm cold to the bones," says I, frowning at him for a drop. "And I'm warm to the marrow," says he, chuckling, and

handing me the bottle empty. I pitched it away at once—or the temptation to break it over his head might have been too much for me—I pitched it away, and looked into the medicine-chest, to see if there was a drop of peppermint, or anything comforting of that sort, inside. Only three physis bottles were left in it, all three being neatly tied over with oilskin. One of them held a strong white liquor, smelling like hartshorn. The other two were filled with stuff in powder, having the names in printed gibberish, pasted outside. On looking a little closer, I found, under some broken divisions of the chest, a small flask covered with wicker-work. "Ginger-Brandy" was written with pen and ink on the wicker-work, and the flask was full! I think that blessed discovery saved me from shivering myself to pieces. After a pull at the flask which made a new man of me, I put it away in my inside breast-pocket; Mr. Clissold watching me with greedy eyes, but saying nothing.

All this while, the rain was rushing, the wind roaring, and the sea crashing, as if Noah's Flood had come again. I sat close against the super-cargo, because he was in the driest place; and pulled my fair share of the tarpaulin away from him, whether he liked it or not. He by no means liked it; being in that sort of half-drunken, half-sober state (after finishing his bottle), in which a man's temper is most easily upset by trifles. The upset of *his* temper showed itself in the way of small aggravations—of which I took no notice, till he suddenly bethought himself of angering me by going back again to that dispute about father, which had bred ill-blood between us, on the day when we first saw each other. If he had been a younger man, I am afraid I should have stopped him by a punch on the head. As it was, considering his age and the shame of this quarrelling betwixt us when we were both cast away together, I only warned him that I *might* punch his head, if he went on. It did just as well—and I'm glad now to think that it did.

We were huddled so close together, that when he coiled himself up to sleep (with a growl), and when he did go to sleep (with a grunt), he growled and grunted into my ear. His rest, like the rest of all the regular drunkards I have ever met with, was broken. He ground his teeth, and talked in his sleep. Among the words he mumbled to himself, I heard as plain as could be father's name. This vexed, but did not surprise me, seeing that he had been talking of father before he dropped off. But when I made out next, among his mutterings and mumblings, the words "five hundred pound," spoken over and over again, with father's name, now before, now after, now mixed in along with them, I got curious, and listened for more. My listening (and, serve me right, you will say) came to nothing: he certainly talked on, but I couldn't make out a word more that he said.

When he woke up, I told him plainly he had been talking in his sleep—and mightily taken aback he looked when he first heard it. "What

about?" says he. I made answer, "My father, and five hundred pound; and how do you come to couple them together, I should like to know?" "I couldn't have coupled them," says he, in a great hurry—"what do I know about it? I don't believe a man like your father ever had such a sum of money as that, in all his life." "Don't you?" says I, feeling the aggravation of him, in spite of myself; "I can just tell you my father had such a sum when he was no older a man than I am—and saved it—and left it for a provision, in his will, to my mother, who has got it now—and, I say again, how came a stranger like you to be talking of it in your sleep?" At hearing this, he went about on the other tack directly. "Was that all your father left, after his debts were paid?" says he. "Are you very curious to know?" says I. He took no notice—he only persisted with his question. "Was it just five hundred pound, no more and no less?" says he. "Suppose it was," says I; "what then?" "Oh, nothing?" says he, and turns sharp round from me, and chuckles to himself. "You're drunk!" says I. "Yes," says he; "that's it—stick to that—I'm drunk"—and he chuckles again. Try as I might, and threaten as I might, not another word on the matter of the five hundred pound could I get from him. I bore it well in mind, though, for all that—it being one of my slow ways, not easily to forget anything that has once surprised me, and not to give up returning to it over and over again, as time and occasion may serve for the purpose.

The hours wore on, and the storm raged on. We had our half rations of food, when hunger took us (I being much the hungrier of the two); and slept, and grumbled, and quarrelled the weary time out somehow. Towards dusk the wind lessened; and, when I got up, out of the hollow to look out, there was a faint watery break in the western heavens. At times, through the watches of the long night, the stars showed in patches for a little while, through the rents that opened and closed by fits in the black sky. When I fell asleep towards the dawning, the wind had fallen to a moan, though the sea, slower to go down, sounded as loud as ever. From what I could make of the weather, the storm had, by that time, as good as blown itself out.

I had been wise enough (knowing who was near me) to lay myself down, whenever I slept, on the side of me which was next to the flask of ginger-brandy, stowed away in my breast-pocket. When I woke at sunrise, it was the supercargo's hand that roused me up, trying to steal my flask while I was asleep. I rolled him over headlong among the stores—out of which I had the humanity to pull him again, with my own hands.

"I'll tell you what," says I, "if us two keep company any longer, we shan't get on smoothly together. You're the oldest man—and you stop here, where we know there is shelter. We will divide the stores fairly, and I'll go and shift for myself at the other end of the island. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes," says he; "and the sooner the better."

I left him for a minute, and went away to look out on the reef that had wrecked us. The splinters of the Peruvian, scattered broadcast over the beach, or tossing up and down darkly, far out in the white surf, were all that remained to tell of the ship. I don't deny that my heart sank, when I looked at the place where she struck, and saw nothing before me but sea and sky.

But what was the use of standing and looking? It was a deal better to rouse myself by doing something. I returned to Mr. Clissold—and then and there divided the stores into two equal parts, including everything down to the matches in my pocket. Of these parts I gave him first choice. I also left him the whole of the tarpaulin to himself—keeping in my own possession the medicine-chest, and the pistol; which last I loaded with powder and shot, in case any sea-birds might fly within reach. When the division was made, and when I had moved my part out of his way and out of his sight, I thought it uncivil to bear malice any longer, now that we had agreed to separate. We were cast away on a desert island, and we had death, as well as I could see, within about three weeks' hail of us—but that was no reason for not making things reasonably pleasant as long as we could. I was some time (in consequence of my natural slowness where matters of seafaring duty don't happen to be concerned) before I came to this conclusion. When I did come to it, I acted on it.

"Shake hands, before parting," I said, suiting the action to the word.

"No!" says he; "I don't like you."

"Please yourself," says I—and so we parted.

Turning my back on the west, which was his territory according to agreement, I walked away towards the south-east, where the sides of the island rose highest. Here I found a sort of half rift, half cavern, in the rocky banks, which looked as likely a place as any other—and to this refuge I moved my share of the stores. I thatched it over as well as I could with scrub, and heaped up some loose stones at the mouth of it. At home in England, I should have been ashamed to put my dog in such a place—but when a man believes his days to be numbered, he is not over-particular about his lodgings, and I was not over-particular about mine.

When my work was done, the heavens were fair, the sun was shining, and it was long past noon. I went up again to the high ground, to see what I could make out in the new clearness of the air. North, east, and west there was nothing but sea and sky—but, south, I now saw land. It was high, and looked to be a matter of seven or eight miles off. Island, or not, it must have been of a good size for me to see it as I did. Known or not known to mariners, it was certainly big enough to have living creatures on it—animals or men, or both. If I had not lost the boat in my second attempt to reach the vessel, we might have easily got to it. But

situated as we were now, with no wood to make a boat of but the scattered splinters from the ship, and with no tools to use even that much, there might just as well have been no land in sight at all, so far as we were concerned. The poor hope of a ship coming our road, was still the only hope left. To give us all the little chance we might get that way, I now looked about on the beach for the longest morsel of a wrecked spar that I could find; planted it on the high ground; and rigged up to it the one shirt I had on my back for a signal. While coming and going on this job, I noted with great joy that rain water enough lay in the hollows of the rocks above the sea line, to save our small store of fresh water for a week at least. Thinking it only fair to the supercargo to let him know what I had found out, I went to his territories, after setting up the morsel of a spar, and discreetly shouted my news down to him without showing myself. "Keep to your own side!" was all the thanks I got for this piece of civility. I went back to my own side immediately, and crawled into my little cavern, quite content to be alone. On that first night, strange as it seems now, I once or twice nearly caught myself feeling happy at the thought of being rid of Mr. Lawrence Clissold.

According to my calculations—which were made by tying a fresh knot every morning in a piece of marline—we two men were just a week, each on his own side of the island, without seeing or communicating, anyhow, with one another. The first half of the week, I had enough to do with cudgelling my brains for a means of helping ourselves, to keep my mind steady.

I thought first of picking up all the longest bits of spars that had been cast ashore, lashing them together with ropes twisted out of the long grass on the island, and trusting to raft-navigation to get to that high land away in the south. But when I looked among the spars, there were not half a dozen of them left whole enough for the purpose. And even if there had been more, the short allowance of food would not have given me time sufficient, or strength sufficient, to gather the grass, to twist it into ropes, and to lash a raft together big enough and strong enough for us two men. There was nothing to be done, but to give up this notion—and I gave it up. The next chance I thought of was to keep a fire burning on the shore every night, with the wood of the wreck, in case vessels at sea might notice it, on one side—or the people of the high land in the south (if the distance was not too great) might notice it, on the other. There was sense in this notion, and it could be turned to account the moment the wood was dry enough to burn. The wood got dry enough before the week was out. Whether it was the end of the stormy season in those latitudes, or whether it was only the shifting of the wind to the west, I don't know—but now, day after day, the heavens were clear and the sun shone scorching hot. The scrub on the island (which was of no great account)

dried up—but the fresh water in the hollows of the rocks (which was, on the other hand, a serious business) dried up too. Troubles seldom come alone; and on the day when I made this discovery, I also found out that I had calculated wrong about the food. Eke it out as I might, with scurvy grass and roots, there would not be above eight days more of it left when the first week was past—and, as for the fresh water, half a pint a day, unless more rain fell, would leave me at the end of my store, as nearly as I could guess, about the same time.

This was a bad look-out—but I don't think the prospect of it upset me in my mind, so much as the having nothing to do. Except for the gathering of the wood, and the lighting of the signal-fire, every night, I had no work at all, towards the end of the week, to keep me steady. I checked myself in thinking much about home, for fear of losing heart, and not holding out to the last, as became a man. For the same reasons I likewise kept my mind from raising hopes of help in me which were not likely to come true. What else was there to think about? Nothing but the man on the other side of the island—and be hanged to him!

I thought about those words I heard him say in his sleep; I thought about how he was getting on by himself; how he liked nothing but water to drink, and little enough of that; how he was eking out his food; whether he slept much or not; whether he saw the smoke of my fire at night, or not; whether he held up better or worse than I did; whether he would be glad to see me, if I went to him to make it up; whether he or I would die first; whether if it was me, he would do for me, what I would have done for him—namely, bury him, with the last strength I had left. All these things, and lots more, kept coming and going in my mind, till I could stand it no longer. On the morning of the eighth day, I roused up to go to his territories, feeling it would do me good to see him and hear him, even if we quarrelled again the instant we set eyes on each other.

I climbed up to the grassy ground—and, when I got there, what should I see but the supercargo himself, coming to my territories, and wandering up and down in the scrub through not knowing where to find them!

It almost knocked me over, when we met, the man was changed so. He looked eighty years old; the little flesh he had on his miserable face hung baggy; his blue spectacles had dropped down on his nose, and his eyes showed over them wild and red-rimmed; his lips were black, his legs staggered under him. He came up to me with his eyes all of a glare, and put both his hands on my breast, just over the pocket in which I kept that flask of ginger-brandy which he had tried to steal from me.

"Have you got any of it left?" says he, in a whisper.

"About two mouthfuls," says I.

"Give us one of them, for God's sake," says he.

Giving him one of those mouthfuls was just

about equal to giving him a day of my life. In the case of a man I liked, I would not have thought twice about giving it. In the case of Mr. Clissold, I did think twice. I would have been a better Christian, if I could—but just then, I couldn't.

He thought I was going to say, No. His eyes got cunning directly. He reached his hands to my shoulders, and whispered these words in my ear:

"I'll tell you what I know about the five hundred pound, if you'll give me a drop."

I determined to give it to him, and pulled out the flask. I took his hand, and poured the drop into the hollow of it, and held it for a moment.

"Tell me first," I said, "and drink afterwards."

He looked all round him, as if he thought there were people on the island to hear us. "Hush!" he said; "let's whisper about it." The next question and answer that passed between us, was louder than before on my side, and softer than ever on his. This was the question:

"What do you know about the five hundred pound?"

And this was the answer:

"It's *Stolen Money*!"

My hand dropped away from his, as if he had shot me. He instantly fastened on the drop of liquor in the hollow of his hand, like a hungry wild beast on a bone, and then looked up for more. Something in my face (God knows what) seemed suddenly to frighten him out of his life. Before I could stir a step, or get a word out, down he dropped on his knees, whining and whimpering in the high grass at my feet.

"Don't kill me!" says he; "I'm dying—I'll think of my poor soul. I'll repent while there's time—"

Beginning in that way, he maundered awfully, grovelling down in the grass; asking me every other minute for "a drop more, and a drop more;" and talking as if he thought we were both in England. Out of his wanderings, his beseechings for another drop, and his miserable beggar's-petitions for his "poor soul," I gathered together these words—the same which I wrote down on the morsel of paper, and of which nine parts out of ten are now rubbed off!

The first I made out—though not the first he said—was that some one, whom he spoke of as "the old man," was alive; and "Lanrean" was the place he lived in. I was to go there, and ask, among the old men, for "Tregarthen—"

(At the mention by me of the name of Tregarthen, my brother, to my great surprise, stopped me with a start; made me say the name over more than once; and then, for the first time, told me of the trouble about his sweetheart and his marriage. We waited a little to talk that matter over; after which, I went on again with my story, in these words:)

Well, as I made out from Clissold's wanderings, I was to go to Lanrean, to ask among the old men for Tregarthen, and to say to Tregarthen, "Clissold was the man. Clissold bore

no malice: Clissold repented like a Christian, for the sake of his poor soul." No! I was to say something else to Tregarthen. I was to say, "Look among the books; look at the leaf you know of, and see for yourself it's not the right leaf to be there." No! I was to say something else to Tregarthen. I was to say, "The right leaf is hidden, not burnt. Clissold had time for everything else, but no time to burn that leaf. Tregarthen came in when he had got the candle lit to burn it. There was just time to let it drop from under his hand into the great crack in the desk, and then he was ordered abroad by the House, and there was no chance of doing more." No! I was to say none of these things to Tregarthen. Only this, instead:—"Look in Clissold's Desk—and, if you blame anybody, blame miser Raybrock for driving him to it." And, oh, another drop—for the Lord's sake, give him another drop!

So he went on, over and over again, till I found voice enough to speak, and stop him.

"Get up, and go!" I said to the miserable wretch. "Get back to your own side of the island, or I may do you a mischief, in spite of my own self."

"Give me the other drop, and I will!"—was all the answer I could get from him.

I threw him the flask. He pounced upon it with a howl. I turned my back—for I could look at him no longer—and climbed down again to my cavern on the beach.

I sat down alone on the sand, and tried to quiet myself fit to think about what I had heard. That father could ever have wilfully done anything unbecoming his character as an honest man, was what I wouldn't believe, in the first place. And that the wretched brute I had just parted from was in his right senses, was what I wouldn't believe, in the second place. What I had myself seen of drinkers, at sea and ashore, helped me to understand the condition into which he had fallen. I knew that when a man who has been a drunkard for years, is suddenly cut off his drink, he drops to pieces like, body and mind, for the want of it. I had also heard ship-doctors talk, by some name of their own, of a drink-madness, which we ignorant men call the Horrors. And I made it out, easy enough, that I had seen the supercargo in the first of these conditions; and that if we both lived long enough without help coming to us, I might soon see him in the second. But when I tried to get farther, and settle how much of what I had heard was wanderings and how much truth, and what it meant if any of it was truth, my slowness got in my way again; and where a quicker man might have made up his mind in an hour or two, I was all day, in sore distress, making up mine. The upshot of what I settled with myself was, in two words, this:—Having mother's writing-case handy about me, I determined first to set down for my own self's reminder, all that I had heard. Second, to clear the matter up if ever I got back to England alive; and, if wrong had been done to that old man, or to anybody else, in father's name (with-

out father's knowledge), to make restoration for his sake.

All that day I neither saw nor heard more of the supercargo. I passed a miserable night of it, after writing my memorandum, fighting with my loneliness and my own thoughts. The remembrance of those words in father's will, saying that the five hundred pound was money which he had once run a risk with, kept putting into my mind suspicions I was ashamed of. When daylight came, I almost felt as if I was going to have the Horrors too, and got up to walk them off, if possible, in the morning air.

I kept on the northern side of the island, walking backwards and forwards for an hour or more. Then I returned to my cavern; and the first thing I saw, on getting near it, was other footsteps than mine marked on the sand. I suspected at once that the supercargo had been lurking about watching me, instead of going back to his own side; and that, in my absence, he had been at his thieving tricks again.

The stores were what I looked at first. The food he had not touched; but the water he had either drunk or wasted—there was not half a pint of it left. The medicine-chest was open, and the bottle with the hartshorn was gone. When I looked next for the pistol, which I had loaded with powder and shot for the chance of bird-shooting that never came, the pistol was gone too. After making this last discovery, there was but one thing to be done—namely—to find out where he was, and to take the pistol away from him.

I set off to search first on the western side. It was a beautiful clear, calm, sunshiny morning; and as I crossed the island, looking out on my left hand and my right, I stopped on a sudden, with my heart in my mouth, as the saying is. Something caught my eye, far out at sea, in the north-west. I looked again—and there, as true as the heavens above me, I saw a ship, with the sunlight on her topsails, hull down, on the water-line in the offing!

All thought of the errand I was bent on, went out of my mind in an instant. I ran as fast as my weak legs would carry me to the northern beach; gathered up the broken wood which was still lying there plentifully, and, with the help of the dry scrub, lit the largest fire I had made yet. This was the only signal it was in my power to make that there were men on the island. The fire, in the bright daylight, would never be visible to the ship; but the smoke curling up from it, in the clear sky, might be seen, if they had a look-out at the mast-head.

While I was still feeding the fire, and so wrapped up in doing it, that I had neither eyes nor ears for anything else, I heard the supercargo's voice on a sudden at my back. He had stolen on me along the sand. When I faced him, he was swinging his arms about in the air, and saying to himself over and over again, "I see the ship! I see the ship!"

After a little, he came close up to me. By the look of him, he had been drinking the hartshorn, and it had strung him up a bit, body and

mind, for the time. He kept his right hand behind him, as if he was hiding something. I suspected that "something" to be the pistol I was in search of.

"Will the ship come here?" says he.

"Yes, if they see the smoke," says I, keeping my eye on him.

He waited a bit, frowning suspiciously, and looking hard at me all the time.

"What did I say to you yesterday?" he asked.

"What I have got written down here," I made answer, smacking my hand over the writing-case in my breast-pocket; "and what I mean to put to the proof, if the ship sees us and we get back to England."

He whipped his right hand round from behind him, like lightning; and snapped the pistol at me. It missed fire. I wrenched it from him in a moment, and was just within one hair's breadth of knocking him on the head with the butt-end, afterwards. I lifted my hand—then thought better, and dropped it again.

"No," says I, fixing my eyes on him steadily; "I'll wait till the ship finds us."

He slunk away from me; and, as he slunk, looked hard into the fire. He stopped a minute so, thinking to himself—then he looked back at me again, with some mad mischief in him, that twinkled through his blue spectacles, and grinned on his dry black lips.

"The ship shall never find *you*," he said. With which words, he turned himself about towards his own side of the island, and left me.

He only meant that saying to be a threat—but, bird of ill-omen that he was, it turned out as good as a prophecy! All my hard work with the fire proved work in vain; all hope was quenched in me, long before the embers I had set light to were burnt out. Whether the smoke was seen or not from the vessel, is more than I can tell. I only know that she filled away on the other tack, not ten minutes after the supercargo left me. In less than an hour's time the last glimpse of the bright topsails had vanished out of view.

I went back to my cavern—which was now likelier than ever to be my grave as well. In that hot climate, with all the moisture on the island dried up, with not quite so much as a tumbler-full of fresh water left, with my strength wasted by living on half-rations of food—two days more at most would see me out. It was hard enough for a man at my age, with all that I had left at home to make life precious, to die such a death as was now before me. It was harder still to have the stinging of death sharpened—as I felt it, then—by what had just happened between the supercargo and myself. There was no hope, now, that his wanderings, the day before, had more falsehood than truth in them. The secret he had let out was plainly true enough and serious enough to have scared him into attempting my life, rather than let me keep possession of it, when there was a chance of the ship rescuing us. That secret had father's good name mixed up with it—and here was I, instead

of clearing the villanous darkness from off of it, carrying it with me, black as ever, into my grave.

It was out of the horror I felt at doing that, and out of the yearning of my heart towards you, Alfred, when I thought of it, that the notion came to comfort me of writing the Message at the top of the paper, and of committing it in the bottle to the sea. Drowning men, they say, catch at straws—and the straw of comfort I caught at was the one chance in ten thousand, that the Message might float till it was picked up, and that it might reach you. My mind might, or might not, have been failing me, by this time—but it is true, either way, that I did feel comforted when I had emptied one of the two bottles left in the medicine-chest, had put the paper inside, had tied the stopper carefully over with the oilskin, and had laid the whole by in my pocket, ready, when I felt my time coming, to drop into the sea. I was rid of the secret, I thought to myself; and, if it pleased God, I was rid of it, Alfred, to you.

The day waned; and the sun set, all cloudless and golden, in a dead calm. There was not a ripple anywhere on the long oily heaving of the sea. Before night came I strengthened myself with a better meal than usual, as to food—for where was the use of keeping meat and biscuit when I had not water enough to last along with them? When the stars came out and the moon rose, I gathered the wood together and lit the signal-fire, according to custom, on the beach outside my cavern. I had no hope from it—but the fire was company to me: the looking into it quieted my thoughts, and the crackling of it was a relief in the silence. I don't know why it was, but the breathless stillness of that night had something awful in it, and went near to frightening me.

The moon got high in the heavens, and the light of her lay all in a flood on the sand before me, on the rocks that jutted out from it, and on the calm sea beyond. I was thinking of Margaret—wondering if the moon was shining on our little bay at Steepways, and if she was looking at it too—when I saw a man's shadow steal over the white of the sand. He was lurking near me again! In a minute, he came into view. The moonshine glinted on his blue spectacles, and glimmered on his bald head. He stooped as he passed by the rocks and looked about for a loose stone: he found a large one, and came straight with it on tiptoe, up to the fire. I showed myself to him on a sudden, in the red of the flame, with the pistol in my hand. He dropped the stone, and shrank back, at the sight of it. When he was close to the sea, he stopped, and screamed out at me, "The ship's coming! The ship's coming! The ship shall never find you!" That notion of the ship, and that other notion of killing me before help came to us, seemed never to have left him. When he turned, and went back by the way he had come, he was still shouting out those same words. For a quarter of an hour or more, I heard him, till the silence swallowed

up his ravings, and led me back again to my thoughts of home.

Those thoughts kept with me, till the moon was on the wane. It was darker now, and stiller than ever. I had not fed the signal-fire for half an hour or more, and had roused myself up, at the mouth of the cavern, to do it, when I saw the dying gleams of moonshine over the sea on either side of me change colour, and turn red. Black shadows, as from low-flying clouds, swept after each other over the deepening redness. The air grew hot—a sound came nearer and nearer, from above me and behind me, like the rush of wind and the roar of water, both together, and both far off. I ran out on to the sand, and looked back. The island was on fire!

On fire at the point of it opposite to me—on fire in one great sheet of flame that stretched right across the island, and bore down on me steadily before the light westerly wind which was blowing at the time. Only one hand could have kindled that terrible flame—the hand of the lost wretch who had left me, with the mad threat on his lips and the murderous notion of burning me out of my refuge, working in his crazy brain. On his side of the island (where the fire had begun), the dry grass and scrub grew all round the little hollow in the earth which I had left to him for his place of refuge. If he had had a thousand lives to lose, he would have lost that thousand already!

Having nothing to feed on but the dry scrub, the flame swept forward with such a frightful swiftness, that I had barely time, after mastering my own scattered senses, to turn back into the cavern to get my last drink of water and my last mouthful of food, before I heard the fiery scorch crackling over the thatched-roof which my own hands had raised. I ran across the beach to the spur of rock which jutted out into the sea, and there crouched down on the farthest edge I could reach to. There was nothing for the fire to lay hold of between me and the top of the island-bank. I was far enough away to be out of the lick of the flames, and low enough down to get air under the sweep of the smoke. You may well wonder why, with death by starvation threatening me close at hand, I should have schemed and struggled as I did, to save myself from a quicker death by suffocation in the smoke. I can only answer to that, that I wonder too—but so it was.

The flames eat their way to the edge of the bank, and lapped over it as if they longed to lick me up. The heat scorched nearer than I had thought, and the smoke poured lower and thicker. I lay down sick and weak on the rock, with my face close over the calm cool water. When I ventured to lift myself up again, the top of the island was of a ruby red, the smoke rose slowly in little streams, and the air above was quivering with the heat. While I looked at it, I felt a kind of surging and singing in my head, and a deadly faintness and coldness crept all over me. I took the bottle that held the Message from my pocket, and dropped it into the sea—then crawled a little way back over

the rocks, and fell forward on them before I could get as far as the sand. The last I remember was trying to say my prayers—losing the words—losing my sight—losing the sense of where I was—losing everything.

The day was breaking again, when I was roused up by feeling rough hands on me. Naked savages—some on the rocks, some in the water, some in two long canoes—were clamouring and crowding about on all sides. They bound me, and took me off at once to one of the canoes. The other kept company—and both were paddled back to that high land which I had seen in the south. Death had passed me by once more—and Captivity had come in its place.

The story of my life among the savages, having no concern with the matter now in hand, may be passed by here in few words. They had seen the fire on the island; and paddling over to reconnoitre, had found me. Not one of them had ever set eyes on a white man before. I was taken away to be shown about among them for a curiosity. When they were tired of showing me, they spared my life, finding my knowledge and general handiness as a civilised man useful to them in various ways. I lost all count of time in my captivity—and can only guess now that it lasted more than one year and less than two. I made two attempts to escape, each time in a canoe, and was balked in both. Nobody at home in England would ever, as I believe, have seen me again, if an outward-bound vessel had not touched at the little desert island for fresh water. Finding none there, she came on to the territory of the savages (which was an island too). When they took me on board, I looked little better than a savage myself, and could hardly talk my own language. By the help of the kindness shown to me, I was right again by the time we spoke the first ship homeward-bound. To that vessel I was transferred; and, in her, I worked my passage back to Falmouth.

CHAPTER V. THE RESTITUTION.

CAPTAIN JORGAN, up and out betimes, had put the whole village of Lanrean under an amicable cross-examination, and was returning to the King Arthur's Arms to breakfast, none the wiser for his trouble, when he beheld the young fisherman advancing to meet him, accompanied by a stranger. A glance at this stranger, assured the captain that he could be no other than the Seafaring Man; and the captain was about to hail him as a fellow-craftsman, when the two stood still and silent before the captain, and the captain stood still silent, and wondering before them.

"Why, what's this!" cried the captain, when at last he broke the silence. "You two are alike. You two are much alike! What's this!"

Not a word was answered on the other side, until after the seafaring brother had got hold of the captain's right hand, and the fisherman brother had got hold of the captain's left hand; and if ever the captain had had his fill of hand-shaking, from his birth to that hour, he had it

then. And presently up and spoke the two brothers, one at a time, two at a time, two dozen at a time for the bewilderment into which they plunged the captain, until he gradually had Hugh Raybrock's deliverance made clear to him, and also unravelled the fact that the person referred to in the half-obliterated paper, was Tregarthen himself.

"Formerly, dear Captain Jorgan," said Alfred, "of Lanrean, you recollect? Kitty and her father came to live at Steepways, after Hugh shipped on his last voyage."

"Ay, ay!" cried the captain, fetching a breath. "Now you have me in tow. Then your brother here, don't know his sister-in-law that is to be, so much as by name?"

"Never saw her; never heard of her!"

"Ay, ay, ay!" cried the captain. "Why, then we every one go back together—paper, writer, and all—and take Tregarthen into the secret we kept from him?"

"Surely," said Alfred, "we can't help it now. We must go through with our duty."

"Not a doubt," returned the captain. "Give me an arm apiece, and let us set this ship-shape."

So, walking up and down in the shrill wind on the wild moor, while the neglected breakfast cooled within, the captain and the brothers settled their course of action.

It was, that they should all proceed by the quickest means they could secure, to Barnstaple, and there look over the father's books and papers in the lawyer's keeping; as Hugh had proposed to himself to do, if ever he reached home. That, enlightened or unenlightened, they should then return to Steepways and go straight to Mr. Tregarthen, and tell him all they knew, and see what came of it, and act accordingly. Lastly, that when they got there, they should enter the village with all precautions against Hugh's being recognised by any chance; and that to the captain should be consigned the task of preparing his wife and mother for his restoration to this life.

"For, you see," quoth Captain Jorgan, touching the last head, "it requires caution any way; great joys being as dangerous as great griefs—if not more dangerous, as being more uncommon (and therefore less provided against) in this round world of ours. And besides, I should like to free my name with the ladies, and take you home again at your brightest and luckiest; so don't let's throw away a chance of success."

The captain was highly lauded by the brothers for his kind interest and foresight.

"And now, stop!" said the captain, coming to a stand-still, and looking from one brother to the other, with quite a new rigging of wrinkles about each eye; "you are of opinion," to the elder, "that you are ra'ather slow?"

"I assure you I am very slow," said the honest Hugh.

"Wa'al," replied the captain, "I assure you that to the best of my belief I am ra'ather smart. Now, a slow man ain't good at quick business; is he?"

That was clear to both.

"You," said the captain, turning to the younger brother, "are a little in love; ain't you?"

"Not a little, Captain Jorgan."

"Much or little, you're sort preoccupied; ain't you?"

It was impossible to be denied.

"And a sort preoccupied man, ain't good at quick business; is he?" said the captain.

Equally clear on all sides.

"Now," said the captain, "I ain't in love myself, and I've made many a smart run across the ocean, and I should like to carry on and go ahead with this affair of yours and make a run slick through it. Shall I try? Will you hand it over to me?"

They were both delighted to do so, and thanked him heartily.

"Good," said the captain, taking out his watch. "This is half-past eight A.M., Friday morning. I'll jot that down, and we'll compute how many hours we've been out, when we run into your mother's post-office. There! The entry's made, and now we go ahead."

They went ahead so well, that before the Barnstaple lawyer's office was open next morning, the captain was sitting whistling on the step of the door, waiting for the clerk to come down the street with his key and open it. But, instead of the clerk, there came the master: with whom the captain fraternised on the spot, to an extent that utterly confounded him.

As he personally knew both Hugh and Alfred, there was no difficulty in obtaining immediate access to such of the father's papers as were in his keeping. These were chiefly old letters and cash accounts: from which the captain, with a shrewdness and despatch that left the lawyer far behind, established with perfect clearness, by noon, the following particulars.

That, one Lawrence Clissold had borrowed of the deceased, at a time when he was a thriving young tradesman in the town of Barnstaple, the sum of five hundred pounds. That, he had borrowed it, on the written statement that it was to be laid out in furtherance of a speculation, which he expected would raise him to independence: he being, at the time of writing that letter, no more than a clerk in the house of Dringworth Brothers, America-square, London. That, the money was borrowed for a stipulated period; but that when the term was out, the aforesaid speculation had failed, and Clissold was without means of repayment. That, hereupon, he had written to his creditor, in no very persuasive terms, vaguely requesting further time. That, the creditor had refused this concession, declaring that he could not afford delay. That, Clissold then paid the debt, accompanying the remittance of the money, with an angry letter, describing it as having been advanced by a relative to save him from ruin. That, in acknowledging the receipt, Raybrock had cautioned Clissold to seek to borrow money of him no more, as he would never so risk money again.

Before the lawyer, the captain said never a

word in reference to these discoveries. But when the papers had been put back in their box, and he and his two companions were well out of the office, his right leg suffered for it, and he said:

"So far, this run's begun with a fair wind and a prosperous—for don't you see that all this agrees with that dutiful trust in his father, maintained by the slow member of the Raybrock family?"

Whether the brothers had seen it before or no, they saw it now. Not that the captain gave them much time to contemplate the state of things at their ease, for he instantly whipped them into a chaise again, and bore them off to Steepways. Although the afternoon was but just beginning to decline when they reached it, and it was broad daylight, still they had no difficulty, by dint of muffling the returned sailor up, and ascending the village rather than descending it, in reaching Tregarthen's cottage unobserved. Kitty was not visible, and they surprised Tregarthen sitting writing in the small bay-window of his little room.

"Sir," said the captain, instantly shaking hands with him, pen and all, "I'm glad to see you, sir. How do you do, sir? I told you you'd think better of me by-and-by, and I congratulate you on going to do it."

Here, the captain's eye fell on Tom Pettifer Ho, engaged in preparing some cookery at the fire.

"That crittur," said the captain, smiting his leg, "is a born steward, and never ought to have been in any other way of life. Stop where you are, Tom, and make yourself useful. Now, Tregarthen, I'm going to try a chair."

Accordingly, the captain drew one close to him, and went on:

"This loving member of the Raybrock family you know, sir. This slow member of the same family, you don't know, sir. Wa'al, these two are brothers—fact! Hugh's come to life again, and here he stands. Now, see here, my friend! You don't want to be told that he was cast away, but you do want to be told (for there's a purpose in it) that he was cast away with another man. That man, by name, was Lawrence Clissold."

At the mention of this name, Tregarthen started and changed colour. "What's the matter?" said the captain.

"He was a fellow-clerk of mine, thirty—five—and-thirty—years ago."

"True," said the captain, immediately catching at the clue: "Dringworth Brothers, America-square, London City."

The other started again, nodded, and said, "That was the House."

"Now," pursued the captain, "between those two men cast away, there arose a mystery concerning the round sum of five hundred pound."

Again Tregarthen started and changed colour. Again the captain said, "What's the matter?"

As Tregarthen only answered, "Please to go on," the captain recounted, very tersely and plainly, the nature of Clissold's wanderings on the barren island, as he had condensed them

in his mind from the seafaring man. Tregarthen became greatly agitated during this recital, and at length exclaimed:

"Clissold was the man who ruined me! I have suspected it for many a long year, and now I know it."

"And how," said the captain, drawing his chair still closer to Tregarthen, and clapping his hand upon his shoulder, "how may you know it?"

"When we were fellow-clerks," replied Tregarthen, "in that London House, it was one of my duties to enter daily in a certain book, an account of the sums received that day by the firm, and afterwards paid into the banker's. One memorable day—a Wednesday, the black day of my life—among the sums I so entered, was one of five hundred pounds."

"I begin to make it out," said the captain. "Yes?"

"It was one of Clissold's duties to copy from this entry, a memorandum of the sums which the clerk employed to go to the banker's paid in there. It was my duty to hand the money to Clissold; it was Clissold's to hand it to the clerk, with that memorandum of his writing. On that Wednesday, I entered a sum of five hundred pounds received. I handed that sum, as I handed the other sums in the day's entry, to Clissold. I was absolutely certain of it at the time; I have been absolutely certain of it ever since. A sum of five hundred pounds was afterwards found by the House to have been that day wanting from the bag, from Clissold's memorandum, and from the entries in my book. Clissold, being questioned, stood upon his perfect clearness in the matter, and emphatically declared that he asked no better than to be tested by 'Tregarthen's book.' My book was examined, and the entry of five hundred pounds was not there."

"How not there," said the captain, "when you made it yourself?"

Tregarthen continued:

"I was then questioned. Had I made the entry? Certainly I had. The House produced my book, and it was not there. I could not deny my book; I could not deny my writing. I knew there must be forgery by some one; but the writing was wonderfully like mine, and I could impeach no one if the House could not. I was required to pay the money back. I did so, and I left the House, almost broken-hearted, rather than remain there—even if I could have done so—with a dark shadow of suspicion always on me. I returned to my native place, Lanrean, and remained there, clerk to a mine, until I was appointed to my little post here."

"I well remember," said the captain, "that I told you that if you had had no experience of ill-judgments on deceiving appearances, you were a lucky man. You were hurt at that, and I see why. I'm sorry."

"Thus it is," said Tregarthen. "Of my own innocence, I have of course been sure; it has been at once my comfort, and my trial. Of Clissold I have always had suspicions almost amounting to certainty, but they have never

been confirmed until now. For my daughter's sake and for my own, I have carried this subject in my own heart, as the only secret of my life, and have long believed that it would die with me."

"Wa'al, my good sir," said the captain, cordially, "the present question is, and will be long, I hope, concerning living, and not dying. Now, here are our two honest friends, the loving Raybrock and the slow. Here they stand, agreed on one point, on which I'd back 'em round the world, and right across it from north to south, and then again from east to west, and through it, from your deepest Cornish mine to China. It is, that they will never use this same so-often-mentioned sum of money, and that restitution of it must be made to you. These two, the loving member and the slow, for the sake of the right and of their father's memory, will have it ready for you to-morrow. Take it, and ease their minds and mine, and end a most unfortunate transaction."

Tregarthen took the captain by the hand, and gave his hand to each of the young men, but positively and finally answered, No. He said, they trusted to his word, and he was glad of it, and at rest in his mind—but there was no proof, and the money must remain as it was. All were very earnest over this; and earnestness in men, when they are right and true, is so impressive, that Mr. Pettifer deserted his cookery and looked on quite moved.

"And so," said the captain, "so we come—as that lawyer-crittur over yonder where we were this morning, might—to mere proof; do we? We must have it; must we? How? From this Clissold's wanderings, and from what you say, it ain't hard to make out that there was a neat forgery of your writing committed by the too smart Rowdy that was grease and ashes when I made his acquaintance, and a substitution of a forged leaf in your book for a real and true leaf torn out. Now, was that real and true leaf then and there destroyed? No—for says he, in his drunken way, he slipped it into a crack in his own desk, because you came into the office before there was time to burn it—and could never get back to it arterwards. Wait a bit. Where is that desk now? Do you consider it likely to be in America-square, London City?"

Tregarthen shook his head.

"The House has not, for years, transacted business in that place. I have heard of it and read of it, as removed, enlarged, every way altered. Things alter so fast in these times."

"You think so," returned the captain, with compassion; "but you should come over and see me, afore you talk about *that*. Wa'al, now. This desk, this paper—this paper, this desk," said the captain, ruminating and walking about, and looking, in his uneasy abstraction, into Mr. Pettifer's hat on a table, among other things. "This desk, this paper—this paper, this desk," the captain continued, musing and roaming about the room, "I'd give——"

However, he gave nothing, but took up his steward's hat instead, and stood looking into it, as if he had just come into Church. After that

he roamed again, and again said, "This desk, belonging to this House of Dringworth Brothers, America-square, London City——"

Mr. Pettifer, still strangely moved and now more moved than before, cut the captain off as he backed across the room, and bespake him thus:

"Captain Jorgan, I have been wishful to engage your attention, but I couldn't do it. I am unwilling to interrupt, Captain Jorgan, but I must do it. I know something about that House."

The captain stood stock-still, and looked at him—with his (Mr. Pettifer's) hat under his arm.

"You're aware," pursued his steward, "that I was once in the broking business, Captain Jorgan?"

"I was aware," said the captain, "that you had failed in that calling and in half the businesses going, Tom."

"Not quite so, Captain Jorgan; but I failed in the broking business. I was partners with my brother, sir. There was a sale of old office furniture at Dringworth Brothers when the House was moved from America-square, and me and my brother made what we call in the trade a Deal there, sir. And I'll make bold to say, sir, that the only thing I ever had from my brother, or from any relation—for my relations have mostly taken property from me, instead of giving me any—was an old desk we bought at that same sale, with a crack in it. My brother wouldn't have given me even that, when we broke partnership, if it had been worth anything."

"Where is that desk now?" said the captain.

"Well, Captain Jorgan," replied the steward, "I couldn't say for certain where it is now; but when I saw it last—which was last time we were outward-bound—it was at a very nice lady's at Wapping, along with a little chest of mine which was detained for a small matter of a bill owing."

The captain, instead of paying that rapt attention to his steward which was rendered by the other three persons present, went to Church again, in respect of the steward's hat. And a most especially agitated and memorable face the captain produced from it, after a short pause.

"Now, Tom," said the captain, "I spoke to you, when we first came here, respecting your constitutional weakness on the subject of sun-stroke?"

"You did, sir."

"Will my slow friend," said the captain, "lend me his arm, or I shall sink right back'ards into this blessed steward's cookery?—Now, Tom," pursued the captain, when the required assistance was given, "on your oath as a steward, didn't you take that desk to pieces to make a better one of it, and put it together fresh—or something of the kind?"

"On my oath I did, sir," replied the steward.

"And by the blessing of Heaven, my friends, one and all," cried the captain, radiant with joy—"of the Heaven that put it into this Tom Pettifer's head to take so much care of his head against the bright sun—he lined his hat with the

original leaf in Tregarthen's writing—and here it is!"

With that, the captain, to the utter destruction of Mr. Pettifer's favourite hat, produced the book-leaf, very much worn, but still legible, and gave both his legs such tremendous slaps, that they were heard far off in the bay, and never accounted for.

"A quarter-past five P.M.," said the captain, pulling out his watch, "and that's thirty-three hours and a quarter in all, and a pritty run!"

How they were all overpowered with delight and triumph; how the money was restored, then and there to Tregarthen; how Tregarthen, then and there, gave it all to his daughter; how the captain undertook to go to Dringworth Brothers and re-establish the reputation of their forgotten old clerk; how Kitty came in, and was nearly torn to pieces, and the marriage was reapointed; needs not to be told. Nor, how she and the young fisherman went home to the post-office to prepare the way for the captain's coming, by declaring him to be the mightiest of men who had made all their fortunes—and then dutifully withdrew together, in order that he might have the domestic coast entirely to himself. How he availed himself of it, is all that remains to tell.

Deeply delighted with his trust, and putting his heart into it, he raised the latch of the post-office parlour where Mrs. Raybrock and the young widow sat, and said:

"May I come in?"

"Sure you may, Captain Jorgan!" replied the old lady. "And good reason you have to be free of the house, though you have not been too well used in it, by some who ought to have known better. I ask your pardon."

"No you don't, ma'am," said the captain, "for I won't let you. Wa'al to be sure!" By this time he had taken a chair on the hearth between them. "Never felt such an evil spirit in the whole course of my life! There! I tell you! I could a'most have cut my own connexion—Like the dealer in my country, away West, who when he had let himself be outdone in a bargain, said to himself, 'Now I tell you what! I'll never speak to you again.' And he never did, but joined a settlement of oysters, and translated the multiplication-table into their language. Which is a fact that can be proved. If you doubt it, mention it to any oyster you come across, and see if he'll have the face to contradict it."

He took the child from her mother's lap, and set it on his knee.

"Not a bit afraid of me now, you see. Knows I am fond of small people. I have a child, and she's a girl, and I sing to her sometimes."

"What do you sing?" asked Margaret.

"Not a long song, my dear.

Silas Jorgan

Played the organ.

That's about all. And sometimes I tell her stories. Stories of sailors supposed to be lost, and recovered after all hope was abandoned." Here the captain musingly went back to his song:

"Silas Jorgan

Played the organ,"

—repeating it with his eyes on the fire, as he softly danced the child on his knee. For, he felt that Margaret had stopped working.

"Yes," said the captain, still looking at the fire. "I make up stories and tell 'em to that child. Stories of shipwreck on desert islands and long delay in getting back to civilised lands. It is to stories the like of that, mostly, that

Silas Jorgan
Plays the organ."

There was no light in the room but the light of the fire; for, the shades of night were on the village, and the stars had begun to peep out of the sky one by one, as the houses of the village peeped out from among the foliage when the night departed. The captain felt that Margaret's eyes were upon him, and thought it discreetest to keep his own eyes on the fire.

"Yes; I make 'em up," said the captain. "I make up stories of brothers brought together by the good providence of God. Of sons brought back to mothers—husbands brought back to wives—fathers raised from the deep, for little children like herself."

Margaret's touch was on his arm, and he could not choose but look round now. Next moment her hand moved imploringly to his breast, and she was on her knees before him: supporting the mother, who was also kneeling.

"What's the matter?" said the captain.
"What's the matter?"

Silas Jorgan
Played the——"

Their looks and tears were too much for him, and he could not finish the song, short as it was.

"Missress Margaret, you have borne ill fortune well. Could you bear good fortune equally well, if it was to come?"

"I hope so. I thankfully and humbly and earnestly hope so!"

"Wa'al, my dear," said the captain, "p'raps it has come. He's—don't be frightened—shall I say the word?"

"Alive?"

"Yes!"

The thanks they fervently addressed to Heaven were again too much for the captain, who openly took out his handkerchief and dried his eyes.

"He's no further off," resumed the captain, "than my country. Indeed, he's no further off than his own native country. To tell you the truth, he's no further off than Falmouth. Indeed, I doubt if he's quite so fur. Indeed, if you was sure you could bear it nicely, and I was to do no more than whistle for him——"

The captain's trust was discharged. A rush came, and they were all together again.

This was a fine opportunity for Tom Pettifer to appear with a tumbler of cold water, and he presently appeared with it, and administered it to the ladies: at the same time soothing them, and composing their dresses, exactly as if they had been passengers crossing the Channel. The extent to which the captain slapped his legs, when Mr. Pettifer acquitted himself of this act of stewardship, could have been thoroughly appreciated by no one but himself: inasmuch as he must have slapped them black and blue, and they must have smarted tremendously.

He couldn't stay for the wedding; having a few appointments to keep, at the irreconcilable distance of about four thousand miles. So, next morning, all the village cheered him up to the level ground above, and there he shook hands with a complete Census of its population, and invited the whole, without exception, to come and stay several months with him at Salem, Mass., U.S. And there, as he stood on the spot where he had seen that little golden picture of love and parting, and from which he could that morning contemplate another golden picture with a vista of golden years in it, little Kitty put her arms around his neck, and kissed him on both his bronzed cheeks, and laid her pretty face upon his storm-beaten breast, in sight of all: ashamed to have called such a noble captain names. And there, the captain waved his hat over his head three final times; and there, he was last seen, going away accompanied by Tom Pettifer Ho, and carrying his hands in his pockets. And there, before that ground was softened with the fallen leaves of three more summers, a rosy little boy took his first unsteady run to a fair young mother's breast, and the name of that infant fisherman was Jorgan Raybrock.

THE END.

THE NEW SERIAL STORY,
GREAT EXPECTATIONS,
By CHARLES DICKENS,

IS CONTINUED FROM WEEK TO WEEK UNTIL COMPLETED IN AUGUST, IN
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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